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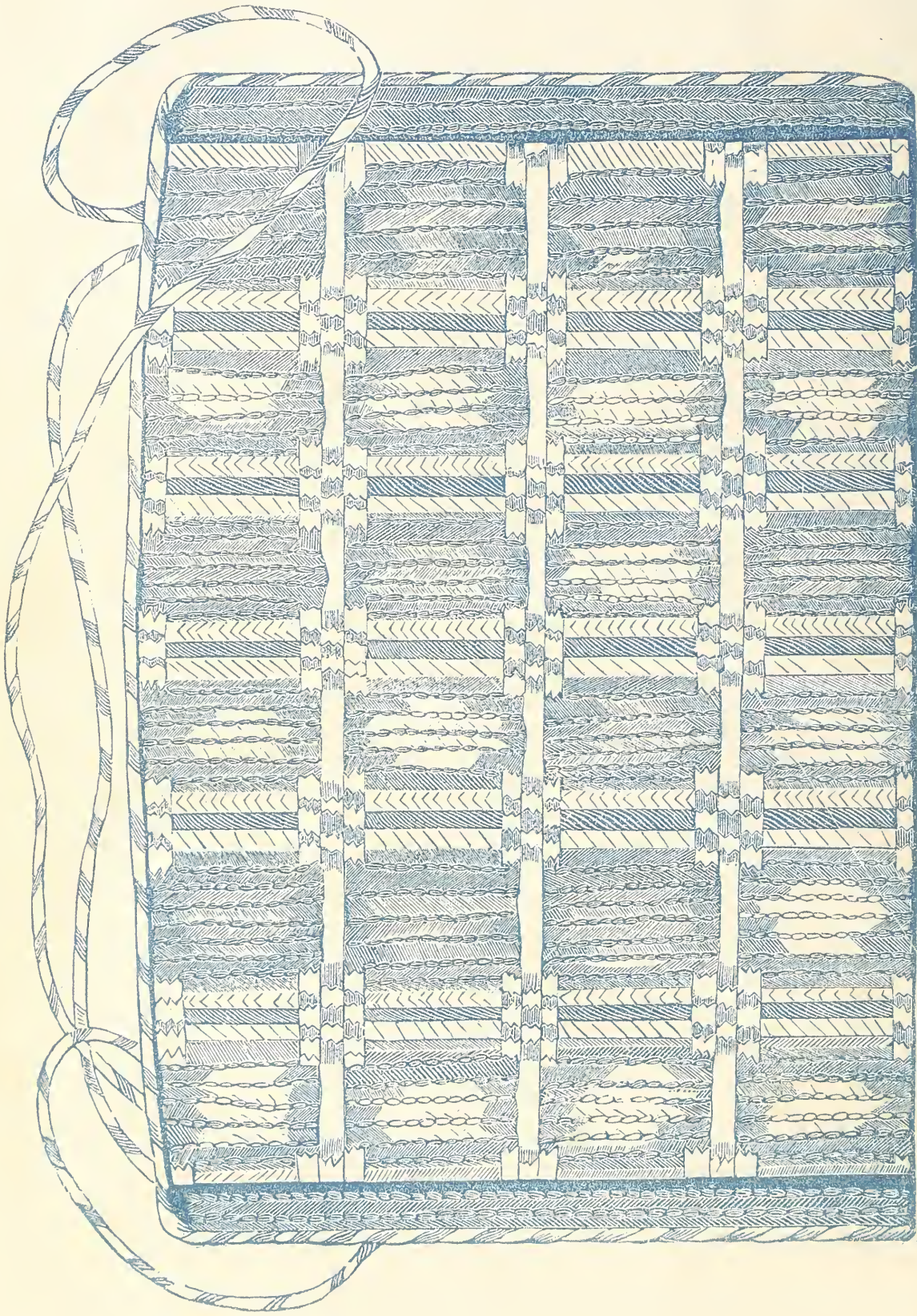




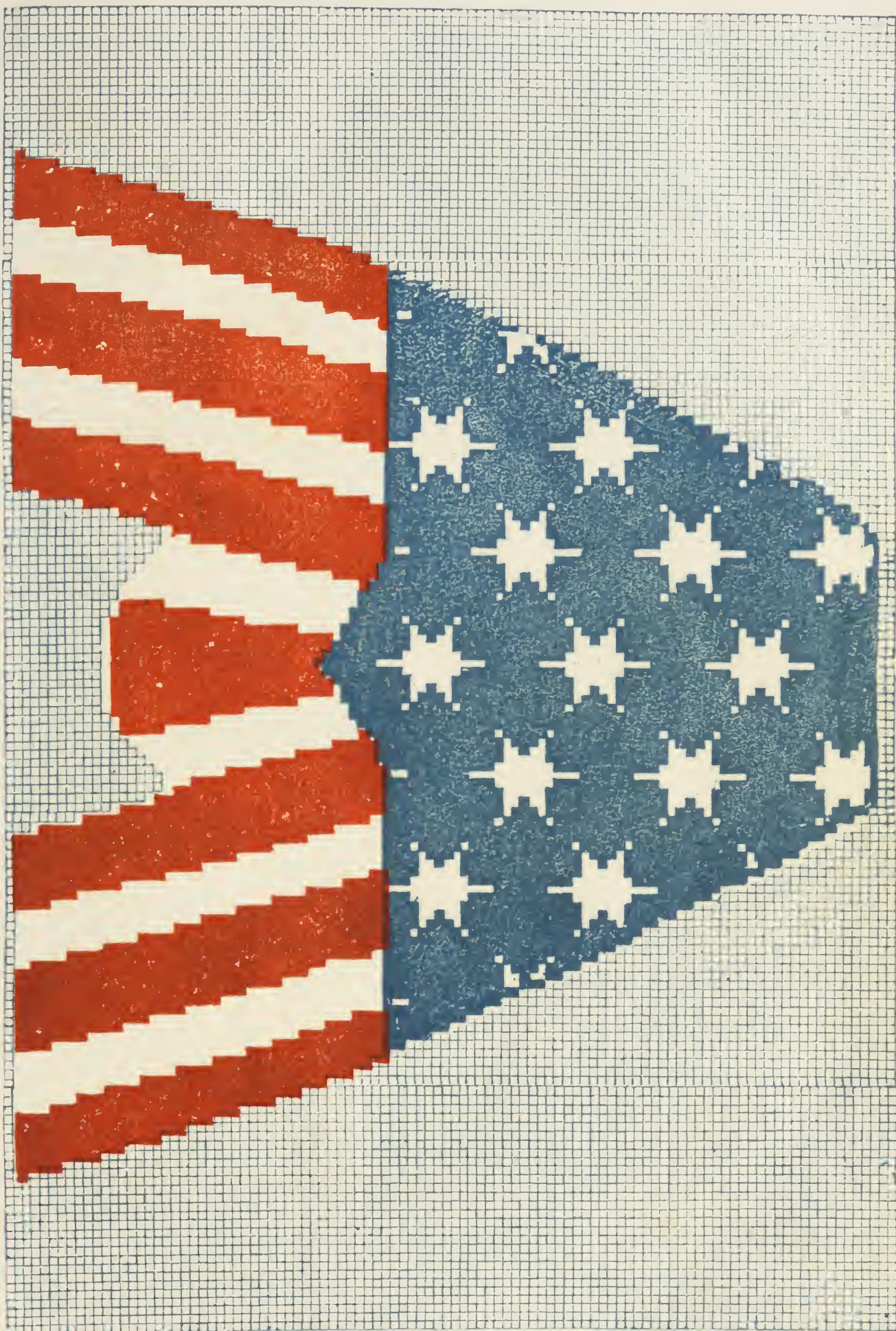
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GODDEY'S UNRIVALLED COLONIAL FASHIONS.





LADIES' WORK BAG



GODEY'S AMERICAN SLIPPER.

GODEY'S
LADY'S BOOK

AND

MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

VOL. LIII.—FROM JULY TO DECEMBER,
1856.

PHILADELPHIA:
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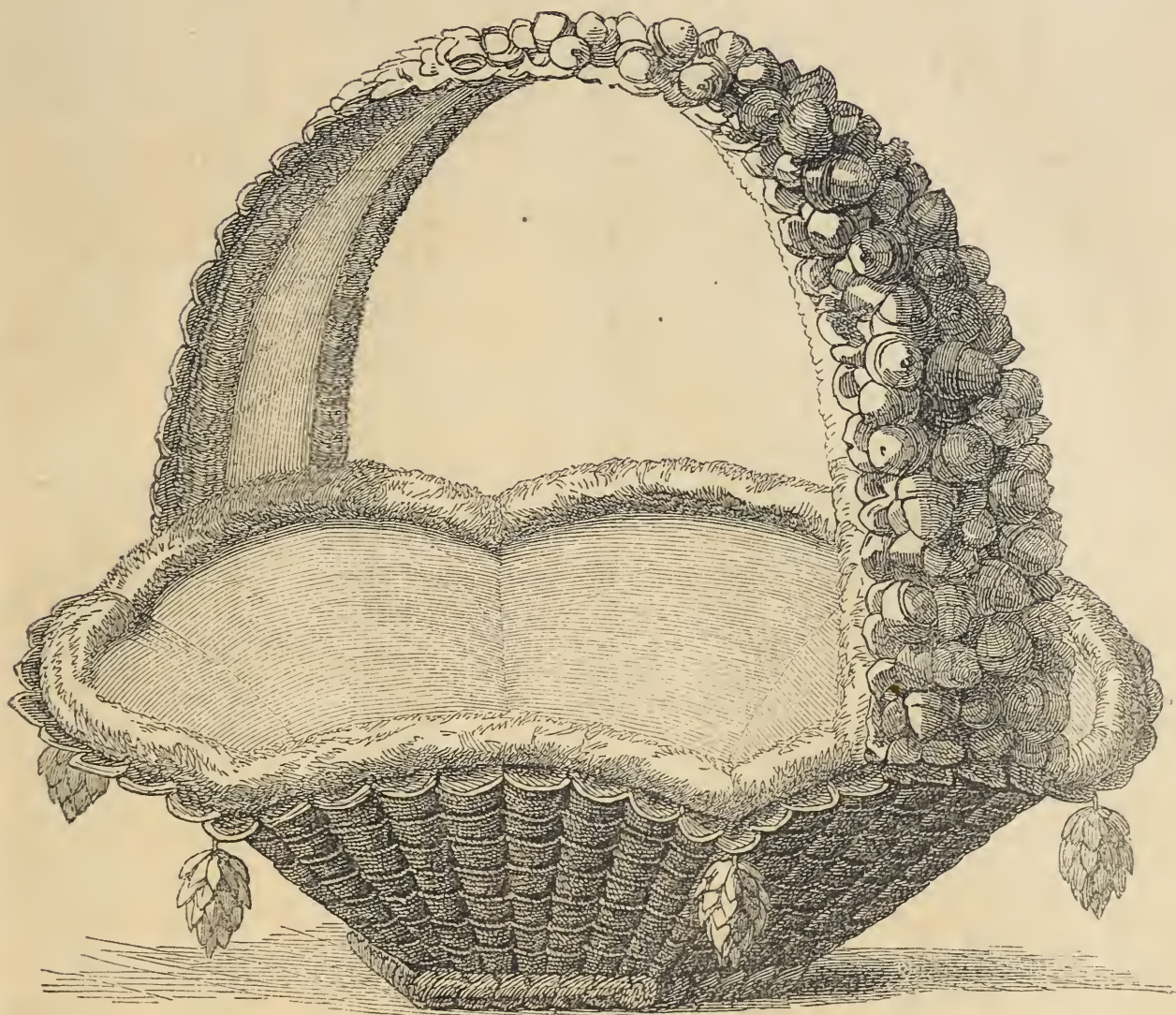
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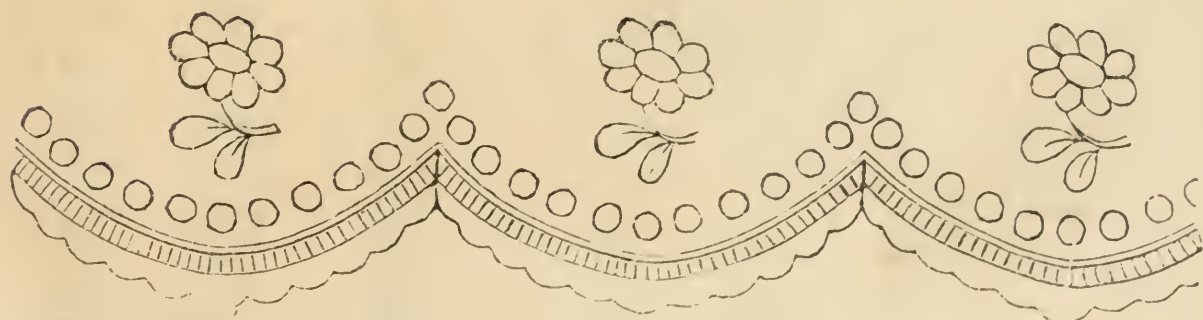
BASKET OF ACORNS AND PINE BURRS.



FINISH FOR INFANT'S SHIRTS.



EMBROIDERY FOR AN INFANT'S SKIRT.



"NO! NEVER MORE!"

BALLAD.

COMPOSED BY W. T. TINSLEY,

And dedicated to his friend, S. W. Holdredge, Glen's Falls, N. D.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves. The tempo is marked *Moderato.* and the dynamics are *mf*. The notation includes a *Ritard.* marking. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 6/8.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics. The dynamics are *mf* and *pp*. The lyrics are: "No, never more! My setting sun Hath sunk its evening rays, And this poor heart has near - ly done With". The notation includes a *pp* marking. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 6/8.

cres. hope of bet - ter days. *mf* I feel it in the elay - cold hand, The hard and fast ex - pir - ing breath; For now so near the

mf *mf* *pp*

Lento *colla voce* *pp*

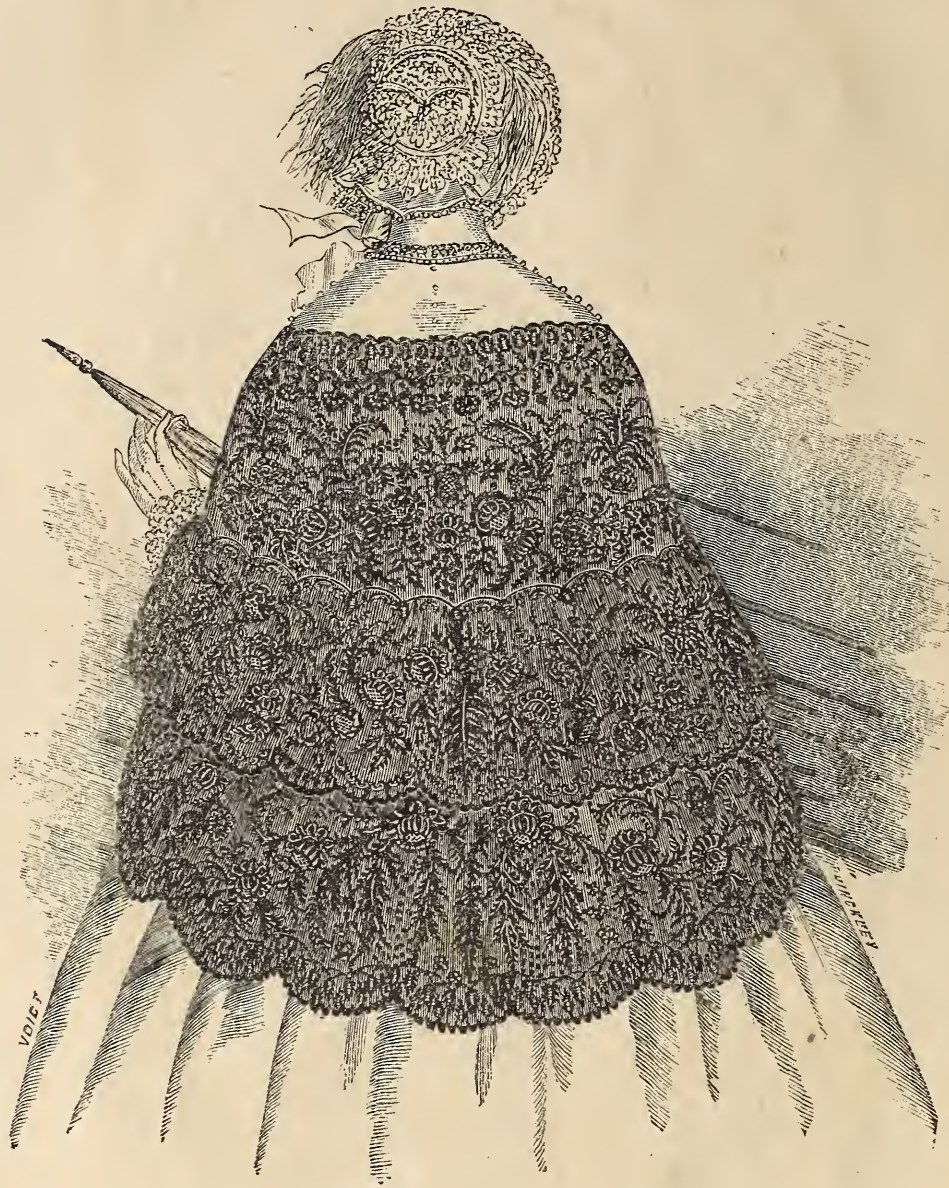
mf *for* tomb I stand, I feel the chilling air of Death!

mf *Smorzando.* *pp* *pp*

2.
 No, never more! I may not view
 The summer vale and hill,
 The glorious heaven, the ocean blue,
 The forests dark and still,
 The evening's beauty, once so dear,
 That bears the glowing thoughts above,
 When nature seems to breathe and hear
 The voiceless eloquence of love.

3.
 No, never more! When prisoners wait
 The death-call to their doom,
 And see, beyond their dungeon gate,
 On the scaffold and the tomb,
 Their gaze how fervently they cast!
 So death to life a charm hath given,
 And made it loveliest at the last.

4.
 No, never more! And now, farewell!
 The bitter word is said;
 And soon above my green-roofed cell
 The careless foot will tread.
 My heart will find its rest above;
 The cares of earth are passing by;
 And O, it is a voice of love
 That whispers, "it is time to die!"

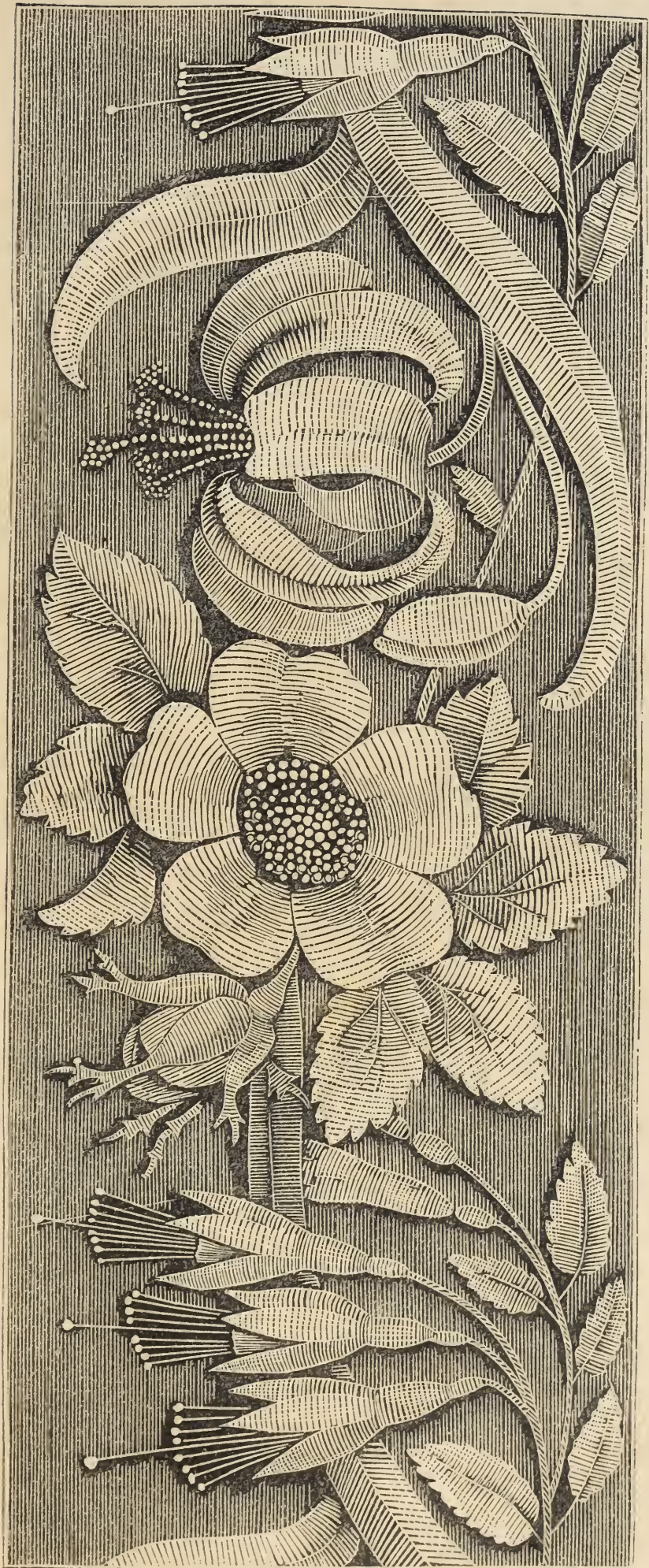


BLACK LACE MANTILLA.

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

In our issue this month the black lace illustrated is one from a great variety of similar fabrics, made in mantillas, shawls, &c., expressly for the warm weather.

The great diversity of patterns in the garments, each vying with the other in its elegant and elaborate design, renders illustration of them almost impossible. Being made at his own establishment (one which Mr. Brodie has in operation at Paris), no other house can furnish them, the designs being exclusively his own. The one above is made with a double flounce. Shawl shapes are also much favored.

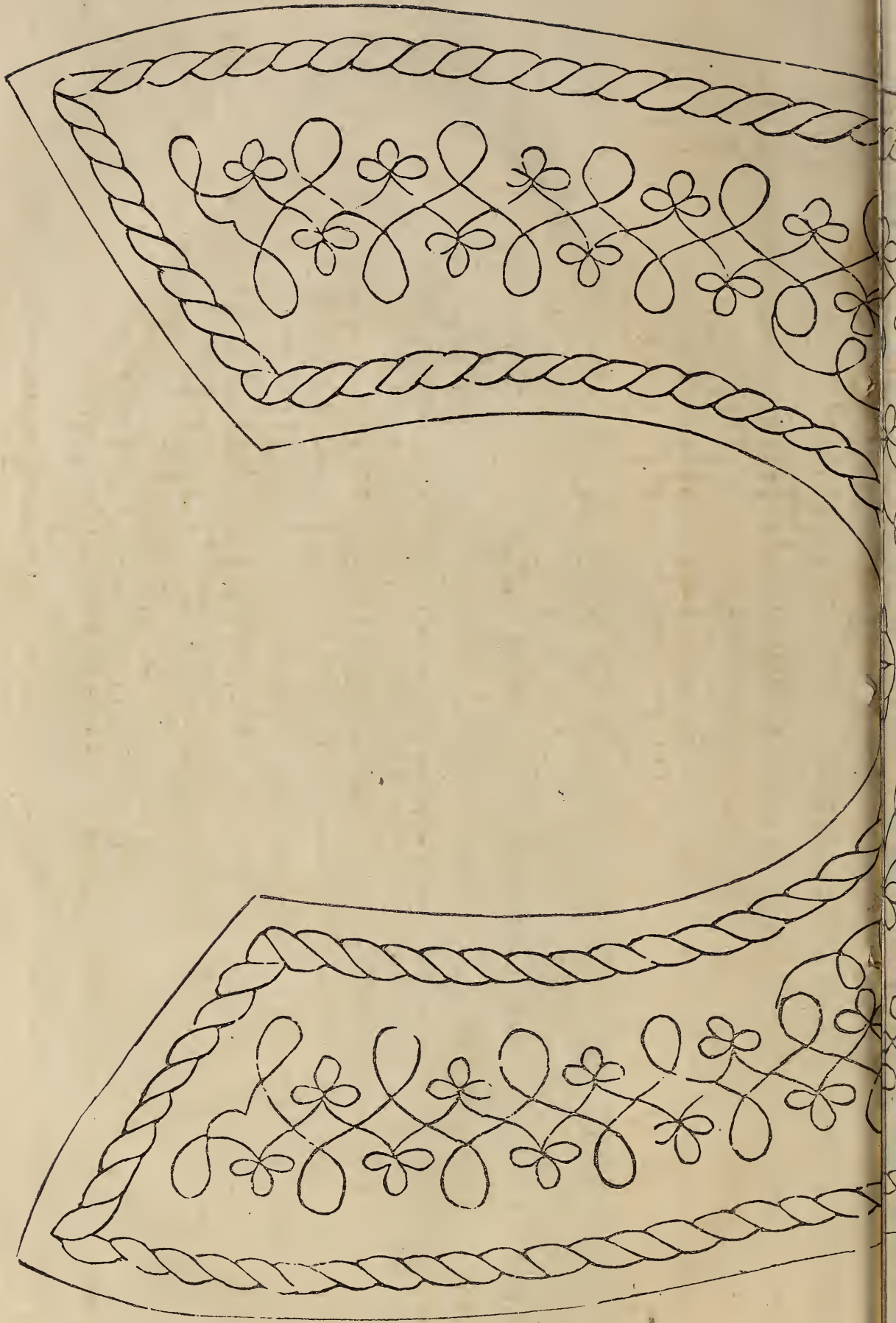


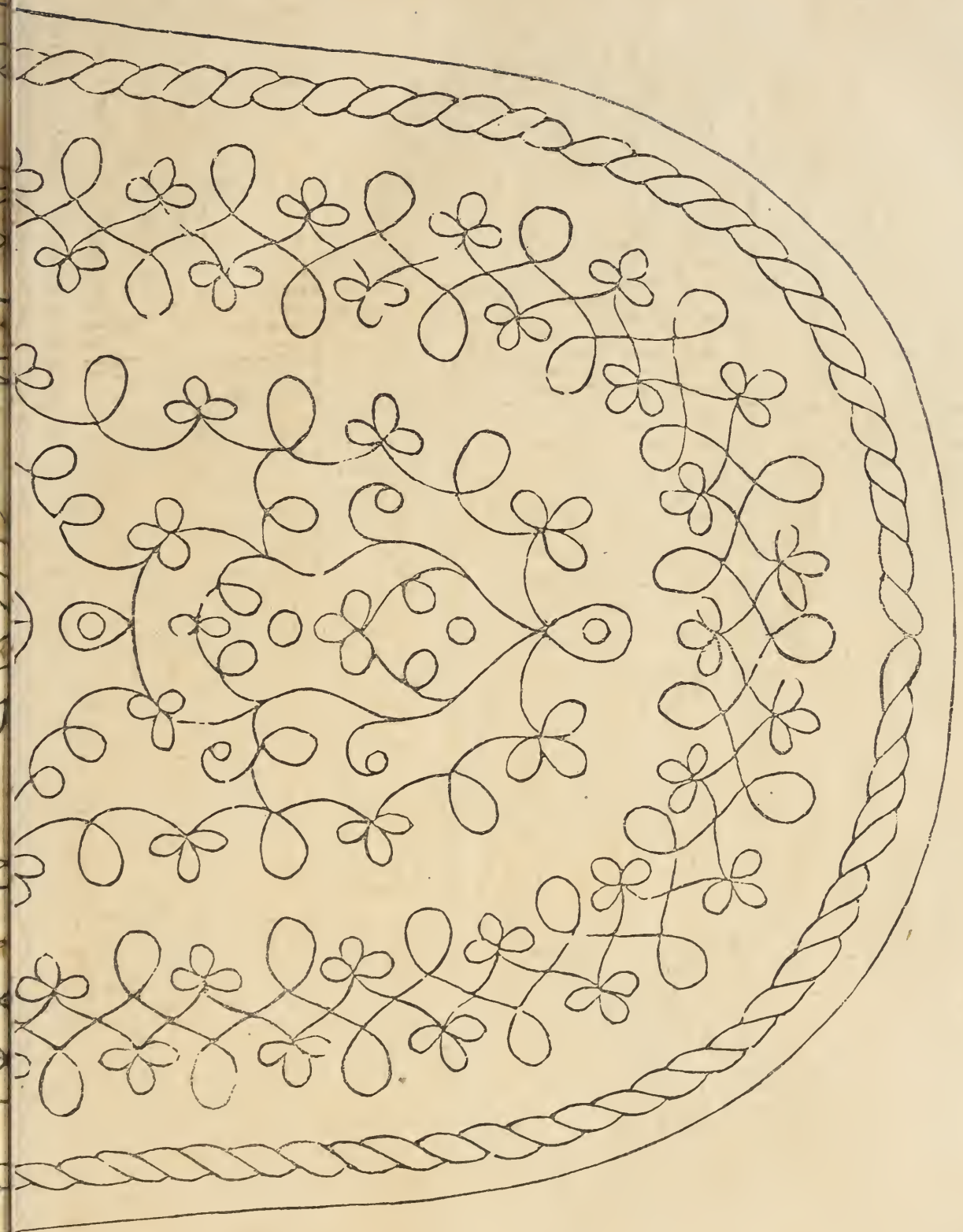
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

FOR TABLE COVERS, OTTOMANS, OR PILLOWS.

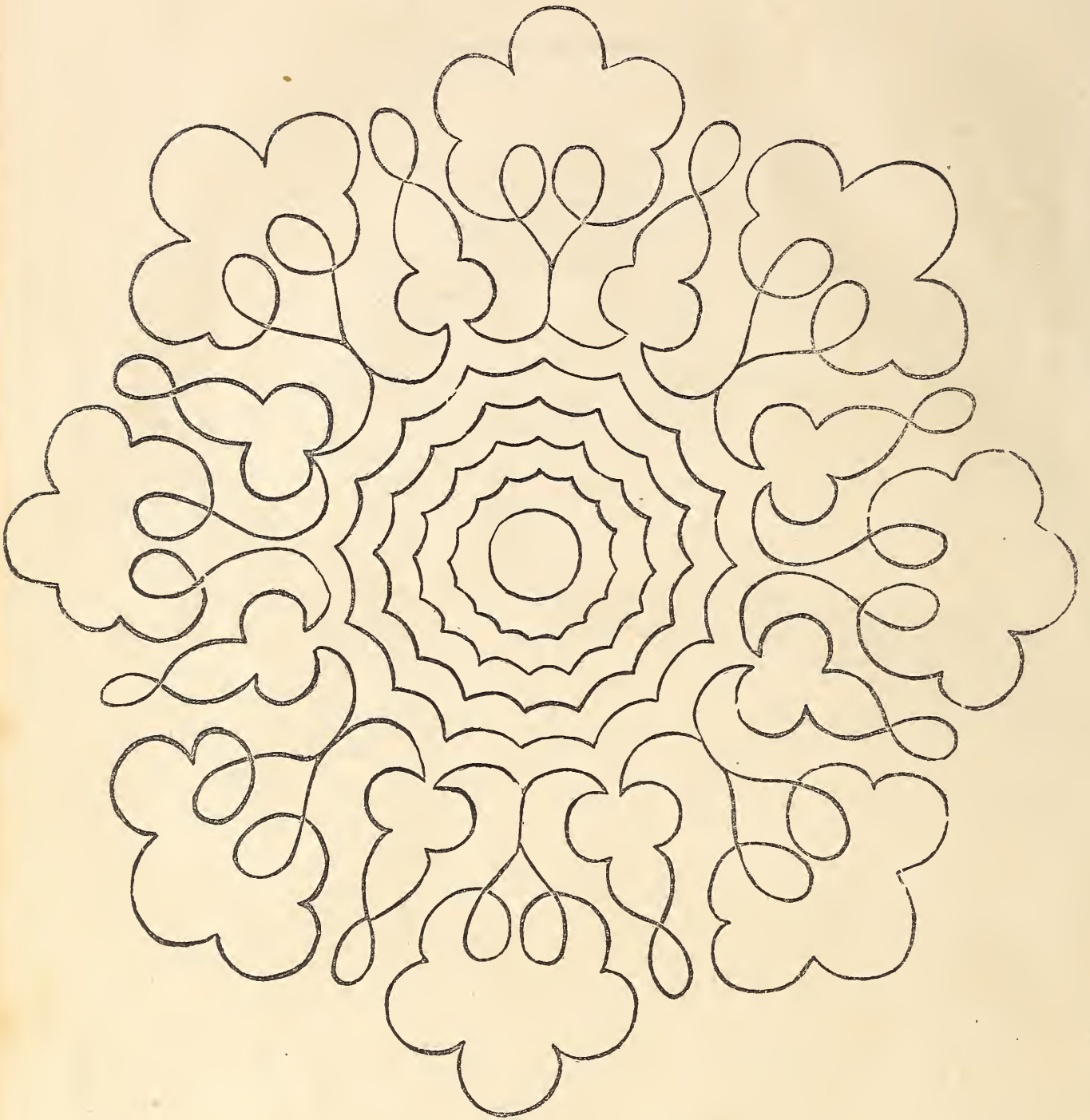
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AN INFANT'S BIB.

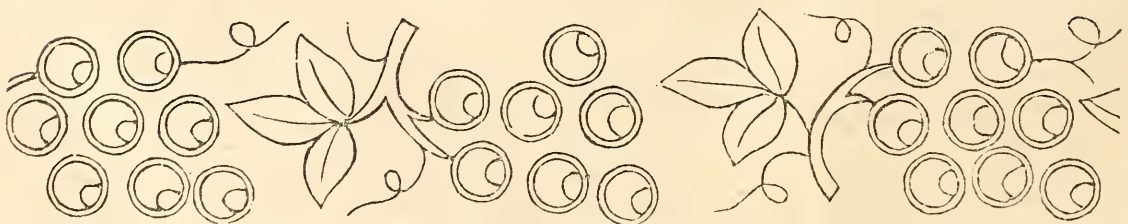




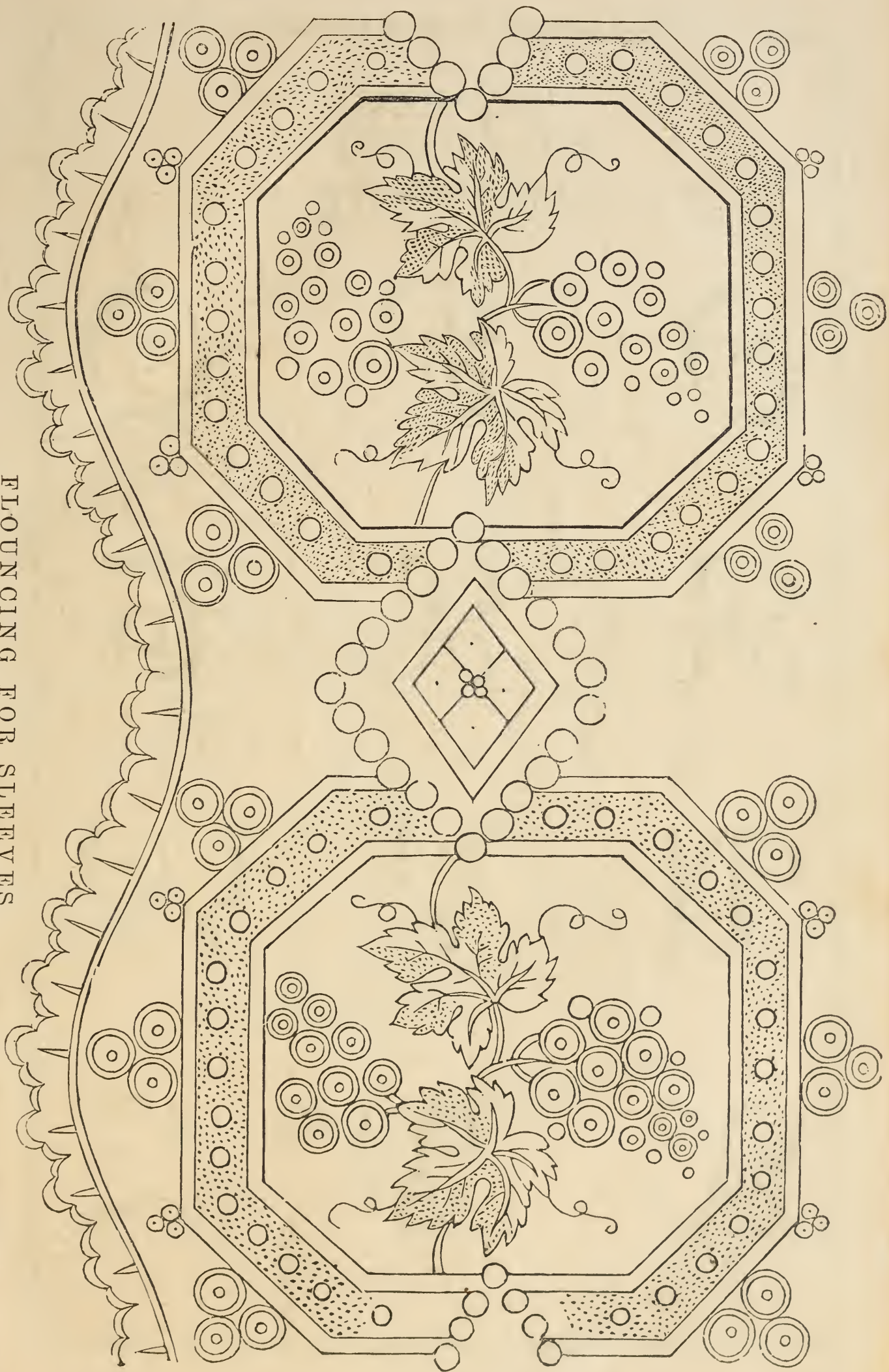
BRAIDED PIN-CUSHION.



INSERTING FOR A CHILD'S SPENCER.



FLOUNGING FOR SLEEVES.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING A LADY'S WARDROBE.

(Concluded from June number.)

O P Q

R S T

U V W

X Y Z

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1856.

HOW AND ABOUT UMBRELLAS.



JONAS HANWAY,
(THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN WHO EVER CARRIED AN UMBRELLA.)

WE have just received from London an amusing book, entitled "Umbrellas and their History," by William Sangster. It furnishes a curious example of the amount of entertainment which may be obtained from what would seem, at first sight, a very barren subject. It gives

us the history of the umbrella in ancient and modern times, discusses its advantages, and embroiders the whole subject with quotations from the classics, and entertaining stories. He makes the parasol more ancient than the umbrella, and carries its history back to a very remote period

in the annals of the Chinese and the Hindoos. The Assyrians, according to Layard, limited the use of the parasol to their king. No subject durst use it. The use of the parasol by the Egyptians and Persians is proved by sculptures on their most ancient monuments. The umbrella appears to have been in use among the higher classes in Greece and Rome, as we learn from passages in Pausanias, Ovid, Claudian, and Juvenal.

“In all eastern countries, with the exception of China and Turkey, the parasol was reserved exclusively for the great men of the land, and, consequently, its manufacture must have formed a very comfortable monopoly, and the title of Court Parasol Maker must have been anything rather than an empty one. In China, however, the parasol is borne by every native of the flowery land, and in Turkey umbrellas of European manufacture are generally found. But even here the old state distinction appears to be maintained in some degree, for no one is allowed to pass the palace without lowering his umbrella.”

The history of the parasol and umbrella in modern times is curious. One is surprised that such useful articles should have come into general use at so recent a period. Our author says:—

“The general use of the parasol in France and England was adopted, probably from China, about the middle of the seventeenth century. At that period, pictorial representations of it are frequently found, some of which exhibit the peculiar broad and deep canopy belonging to the large parasol of the Chinese government officials, borne by native attendants.

“John Evelyn, in his Diary for the 22d of June, 1664, mentions a collection of rarities shown him by one Thompson, a Catholic priest, sent by the Jesuits of Japan and China to France. Among the curiosities were ‘fans like those our ladies use, but much larger, and with long handles, strangely carved, and filled with Chinese characters,’ which is evidently a description of the parasol.”

The author shows by quotations from Gay and Swift that the ladies used umbrellas to protect them from the rain in their time, say in Queen Anne's reign, during the early part of the eighteenth century. It was not till about the middle of that century that umbrellas first began to be used by men in London. Our author says:—

“It is recorded, in the life of that eminent philanthropist, Jonas Hanway, the friend of chimney-sweeps, and sworn foe to tea, that he

was the first man who ventured to dare public reproach and ridicule by carrying an umbrella. He probably felt the benefit of the umbrella during his travels in Persia, where they were in constant use as a protection against the sun. It was more than probable, however, that Jonas Hanway's neatness in dress and delicate complexion led him, on his return from abroad, to appreciate a luxury hitherto only confined to the ladies. Mr. Pugh, who wrote his life, gives the following description of his personal appearance, which may be regarded as a gem in its way:—

“‘In his dress, as far as was consistent with his ideas of health and ease, he accommodated himself to the prevailing fashion. As it was frequently necessary for him to appear in polite circles on unexpected occasions, he usually wore dress-clothes with a large French bag. His hat, ornamented with a gold button, was of a size and fashion to be worn as well under the arm as on the head. When it rained, a small *parapluie* defended his face and wig.’”

Thus it appears that it is only one century since men in England began to use the umbrella. At present, we might say there is hardly a man in England or the United States, without one:

One chapter of our author's book is devoted to what he calls umbrella stories, of which we shall give but one (of the extravaganza sort), with copies of the illustrations.

“One of the most remarkable instances on record, in which the umbrella was the agency of a man's life being saved, occurred, according to his own statement, to our old friend Colonel Longbow. Of course our kind readers know him as well as we do, for not to do so ‘would be to argue yourselves unknown.’ At any continental watering-place, Longbow, or one of his family—for it is a large one—can be met with. He is, indeed, a wonderful man—on intimate terms with all the crowned heads of Europe, and proves his intimacy by always speaking of them by their Christian names. He is at once the ‘guide, philosopher, and friend’ of every stranger who happens to form his acquaintance; a very easy task, be it remarked; and, though so great a man, is not above dining at your expense, and charming by the terms of easy familiarity with which he imbibes your champagne or your porter, for all is alike to him, as long as he has not to pay for it.

“Well! the other day we happened to meet the colonel, and he speedily contrived to discover that we were on the point of going to dine, and we invited him to share our humble meal, as a graceful way of making a virtue of

necessity, for, had we not done so, he would have had no hesitation in inviting himself.

During dinner, conversation, of course, turned upon one all-engrossing subject, the war, and the colonel proceeded to give us his experiences of the Crimea, and the miraculous escape he owed to an umbrella.

"It appeared that he had gone out with his friend, Lord Levant, on a yachting excursion in the Mediterranean, and they eventually found their way into the Black Sea. Stress of weather compelled them to put into the little port of Yalta, on the north coast, where they went on shore. The colonel, on the Lucretian principle of 'Suave mari magno,' &c., proceeded the next morning to the verge of the precipice to observe the magnificent prospect of a sea running mountains high. As it was raining at the time, he put up a huge gingham umbrella he happened to find in the hotel. Suddenly, however, a furious blast of wind drove across the cliff, and lifted the colonel bodily in the air. Away he flew far out to sea, the umbrella acting as a parachute to let him fall easy.

"Now to most men this would only have been a choice of evils, a progress from Scylla to Charybdis: not so to our colonel. On coming up to the surface after his first dip, he found that swimming would not save him; so he quietly emptied out the water contained in the umbrella, seated himself upon it, and sailed tri-

umphantly into the harbor, like Arion on his dolphin.



"Our face, on hearing this anecdote, must have betrayed the scepticism we felt, for the colonel proceeded to a corner of the room, and produced the identical umbrella. Of course, such a proof was irresistible, and we were compelled to do penance for our unbelief by lending the gallant colonel a sovereign, for 'the bank was closed.' We thought the anecdote cheap at the price."



BEAUTY OUT WEST:

OR, HOW THREE FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADIES SPENT A YEAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

(Continued from page 499.)

MR. SUTHERLAND was deep in animated conversation with his guest when they were called to the table. After introducing him to his daughters, the talk was resumed; and the girls were surprised to see how their father plunged into mill-dams, rolled over saw-logs, floated rafts, grew warm over a steam-mill, and rode over the imaginary track of a pinery railroad, at the imminent danger of neglecting the muffins and strawberries. As for Mr. Smith, he could talk and eat, too; doing full justice to the cold birds, and see what was about him at the same time. He would be telling the worth of an acre of pine-trees lying near such a stream, or the cost of getting such a quantity of logs into the river, looking all the time straight into Blanche's beautiful face, as if communicating the facts to her.

After tea, the topics of conversation became more general. Smithville, its size, age, society, and prospects, were discussed; the stranger embellishing his items with shy sarcasms, or sensible observations that kept his auditors amused. Even Blanche ventured to inquire if there were any dry-goods shops in Smithville.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "seven dry-goods and grocery stores, where you can buy dress-goods only a year out of fashion; fourteen families of enterprising eastern men came west to make their fortunes, nine pianos, and a great many idle young ladies; twenty families who set themselves up to form a circle; three men worth a hundred thousand dollars; four churches, one organ, a lyceum, a union-school, five saw-mills, some pretence, some good sense, a continual odor of pine smoke, two or three fashionable parties every winter, a daily mail, a few carriages, and a little of everything else."

The young lady hardly knew whether to resent the rapid, half-satirical, half-humorous style in which her question was answered, or to laugh too, but finally said, by way of apology, that "she had been informed that there was no civilization nor fancy-stores, or anything of the kind, this side of Detroit."

"And yet you could make up your mind to live without either?" asked the stranger, in a

softer voice, looking curiously into her lovely, delicate countenance.

"For the love of papa," was the gentle reply, and Blanche stole her hand into her father's.

The affection of that correct reply redeemed all the nonsense of her artificial remarks before the homely good sense, perhaps rude prejudice, of the young surveyor.

"It is a brave child that makes such a martyr of herself," he said, playfully. "May I ask one of the ladies to play for me a little while? I think that 'if music hath power to soothe the savage breast,' that same one ought to take pity upon my barbarity. I have been in the woods until I have grown wild."

Maggie, willing to oblige, went to the piano. She sang two or three old-fashioned songs which she thought would please his taste best. In the last, he surprised them all by joining in a rich, sweet, powerful voice, that would not have done discredit to the stage, and which proved no small degree of cultivation.

"Why, you sing beautifully, Mr. Smith," exclaimed Blanche.

"I've taught the singing-school for two winters in Smithville," was the reply, in a deprecating tone, as if in excuse for surprising them by singing at all. "Will not you be as good as your sister has been?" he added, as Maggie left the piano.

Blanche took her place and played a brilliant passage from a new Italian opera, not with any particular wish to delight their novel guest, but with a little wicked desire to confound him by some music which should be beyond his comprehension.

"That is very sparkling and airy," said he, as she retired from the instrument, "but I like this part of the same opera best," and he took the seat she relinquished, and played a more difficult passage with the skill of a master. "That is magnificent! grand as the sight of a western river rolling through a mighty forest." He spoke in a deep, absorbed tone, as the last note died away.

His companions sat in silence for a moment. They did not know what to make of this ano-

maly, "this Jack of all trades," who, though modest, could not be disconcerted, and though accomplished, was unpolished in outward seeming, and independent in manner and speech, as the "squatter" who occupied the next log-hut; this singing-master, phrenologist, and surveyor, and what else time only might develop.

He turned, after speaking, to Maggie, as if to read sympathy in her fine eyes with him in his admiration for this glorious burst of music. She was regarding him with an expression which suddenly increased the feeling of his pulse, although her glance was instantly dropped, and a soft blush wavered over her cheeks. He did not know whether it was love of the music only which gave such a glow of pleasure to her enkindled look. At that moment she was more beautiful than belle Blanche—the poetry of her nature was set to melody in her eyes.

"I must go," said the young man, "with many thanks for your kind hospitality. I will see you again about this pinery business, Mr. Sutherland; I think the steam-mill ought to be put up by all means."

"Quite a coming down from an Italian opera," mused Maggie. None of the family were willing to see the person, whose frankness had won upon their esteem, attempt a walk of nine miles at that late hour, although he professed it could be done with ease, and was no hardship to him; so their really cordial invitation was at last accepted, and the rest of the evening flitted rapidly away. They would themselves have wondered at their own warm-heartedness in begging him to stay, had they remembered the stateliness with which it was their wont to extend invitations, and the difficulty with which a stranger got the *entree* of their city laws. But they were in a new country, amid puzzling people, where distinctions of society were so gradually blended that it was unsafe to presume upon any abrupt declension; besides, they felt their own need of kindness and friendly deeds, in this harsh and lonely new life of theirs.

"You will have to put the bear in your bedroom, Maggie, and come and sleep with me. I shall be afraid bruin would crush all my delicate toilet arrangements, and break down my little French bedstead. I should have to cry, as the cub did in the nursery story—'who's been sleeping in my bed?'" whispered Blanche, as the two went through the library (we shall designate the several portions of the one hall of the Sutherland cottage by the names the inmates were pleased to give them) to make some preparations for the repose of their guest.

"How can you?" murmured Maggie, reprovingly. "If he only had his hair cut, and a black coat on, he would be as much of a gentleman as Sydney De Witt, and a great deal more of one than that simpleton Thaddeus Juan Brown, with his execruciating dress and manners—'smelling of musk and of insolence'—and with his soul refined down to nothing at all; but whom you seemed to admire so much."

"I am sure he is a very sweet man, Maggie; and I should not think it possible you could compare Mr. Smith with him."

"Oh, darling," said the older sister, kissing the lips that were beginning to pout like roses in the act of blossoming, "if you call such a man as that 'a sweet man,' I shall think your fashionable education has ruined your good sense as well as your simplicity of tastes."

Harrison Smith did feel an uncomfortable fear that he should destroy something by his clumsiness when he got into Maggie's fairy bedroom; for fairy it was, though the walls were of logs. She had draped it with white cloth, and covered the floor with a soft carpet. Her little rose-wood dressing-table had a fine oval mirror above it, and all the luxuries of the toilet upon it.

"What a face!" ejaculated Harrison, as he looked in the glass, and "what hands!" as he turned to wash them in a basin of rare porcelain. "It's a wonder those dainty creatures could be so polite to me. That eldest young lady has more good sense than I gave any fashionable woman credit for; and Maggie—ah, there's a rare combination of qualities in her! that dark, poetical eye and spiritual brow are what I have often imagined to myself—but Blanche is so bewitching. Mercy! won't she set the brains of the young men whirling wherever she goes? I must keep mine steady, as I have done thus far; so here's to bed and to sleep, without any dreams of her beauty to disturb the sound slumber of a hard-working man. Good-night to the three fair sisters; their father ought to be a happy man," and the surveyor was asleep in a moment.

The next morning, at breakfast, Mr. Smith asked permission to bring his cousin, the daughter of the uncle with whom he lived, to call upon them. They signified their pleasure at the proposition; and he then said that he should be so busy the rest of the week that he was not certain he could bring his cousin before the next, but hoped that would not prevent their riding to church with him upon Sabbath, if he should come for them.

The girls were really eager to go and gratify their curiosity about Smithville, but they were

unaccustomed to accepting civilities from a gentleman whose credentials had not been presented and proved unexceptionable. They looked at their father to answer for them.

The ice was rapidly melting from Mr. Sutherland's ideas before the unaffected goodness of the young stranger's attempts to make their new home less lonely. He had heard, no doubt, that Harrison Smith, of Smithville, although he was a surveyor, was one of the leading young men of that village, and would be no discreditable acquaintance.

"My daughters will be pleased to go; and I shall be glad to have them; for my greatest dread is that they will tire of their monotonous life in this wilderness."

So it was all arranged, and their guest bade them a cheery good-morning, rejoicing in the thought that he had contrived a way to see them so soon again, and giving his last earnest look at Maggie.

Blanche could hardly wait for them to get out of hearing before she commenced clapping her hands and dancing around the room.

"Now, then, my passion-flower, here is something better for your journal than accounts of making biscuits and milking cows. Papa was right about the adventures. We will have plenty, I am sure. Come, sit down this moment, and write it out."

"Write what out?" asked Maggie, striving to affect indifference, although the color did deepen in her cheeks.

"Oh, now, *blue-belle*, don't pretend not to know! Why, all about it, of course. How you went out, after the fashion of peasant-girls, to gather strawberries, and wore a wreath of violets for your head; and how you met a lion in the forest who turned into a strange, handsome man at the sight of his *Una*; but how a little of the lion's man was still left hanging about his face, which made him very delightfully uncouth; and how he followed you home, and threw a spell over us all, like the enchanters of old, so that, even when he forgot himself, and growled, we could not be frightened; and how he could sing like a siren between the growls; and how he had *such* eyes that they penetrated the susceptible breast of the poet-sister, and—"

"You had better take the journal into your own hands, since you have such powers of narrative," said Maggie, with just enough petulance to delight her sister with the idea that she had succeeded in disturbing her.

"That young man has fine business talent," said Mr. Sutherland to Louise. "He sketched out a plan by which I might reinstate my for-

tunes in a year or two if I only had a few thousand dollars capital."

"I wish that you had, dear father, the requisite means," sighed Louise.

Although she took the lead in the household affairs, and conducted herself with the most commendable courage, Louise's heart was far from being wholly engaged in that humble home. She had not so much imagination as Maggie, and could not invest homely realities with any ideal charm, except what her affections gave them; neither had she the high spirits of the childish Blanche, so that this new lot fell rather more heavily upon her than the others; and yet she was the adviser and comforter of all.

The two days yet remaining of that week passed without any circumstances of note, except a wild chase two of the sisters had after a washerwoman, in which they wearied themselves very greatly. Their nearest neighbor, whose assistance they had hoped to secure, had a child sick, and they were obliged to walk another mile, and coax very hard for the somewhat obstinate woman, whom they found, to consent to come and assist them.

"Fine folks better learn to help themselves," she said, shortly, when first solicited.

"But we *are* learning," said Maggie. "We do all our work; but I do not think we are strong enough to wash."

"Besides, we do not know how," pleaded Blanche, with the tears in her beautiful eyes. "Oh, please to come, Mrs. Marks! We have walked three miles, and are so tired, and cannot go any further."

The dignity of Mrs. Marks softened a little at the young girl's sweet voice, as whose would not? and, as Maggie followed up the advantage gained by the offer of a gold dollar if she would come and do the washing and scrub out the kitchen, she reluctantly consented.

"To think of such a woman putting on airs," laughed Blanche, as they returned slowly home.

"Everybody is independent out West," replied her companion.

CHAPTER III.

THE next Sabbath was a beautiful day. The young ladies had been in the habit of indulging in an hour more of sleep upon Sunday morning; but upon this occasion they felt a novel necessity for relinquishing this luxury, as they could hardly prepare for their ride to church otherwise.

A cup of coffee, bread and butter, and straw-

berries, formed their breakfast ; then the dishes were to be rinsed up, and then toilets to be made, and all before nine o'clock.

"Horrible ! barbarous ! how *can* we live and endure it?" murmured Blanche, occasionally, as she tried to help the others, and fluttered about like a bird, doing about as much good.

Yet, somehow, despite of her own astonishment, she never felt better in her life. Her cheeks were almost *too* rosy for her fastidious taste, and the blood went tingling through her veins as if she had quaffed ambrosia, and so she had—the real, life-giving, health-bestowing nectar from the fountain of youth—the fresh morning air, flavored with violets and mingled with wild-rose dew, and drank from the glowing goblet which Hebe June presented her. Then, too, to add to this pleasant excitement, was that of exercise taken freely and gayly. It was no wonder her dainty foot "scarce bent the leather," and that her eyes overflowed with brilliant light.

"Somehow, papa, I feel so happy ; and yet I am sure it is a very great privation to have to arise so early," she said, as she passed her father, where he sat idly in his dressing-gown.

"How fortunate it was that we resolved to learn to dress ourselves, and dispensed with our maid last year !" said Louise to Maggie, as they fastened each other's dresses.

The lace collar was but just fastened around the slender throat, and the last ringlet adjusted, when a carriage, drawn by two spirited black horses, dashed up to the door.

"What handsome horses !" said Louise.

"And what a handsome man !" said Blanche.

As for Maggie she said nothing, but her speaking eye kindled, and then drooped.

Was that really Mr. Harrison Smith of Smithville ? Yes ; for there were the laughing, deep-blue eyes and manly form ; but the beard was trimmed and glossy, and the hair brushed into rich curls, and the surveyor's dress was exchanged for a handsome black frock-coat, white linen pantaloons, and Congress gaiters. He did not look like a Broadway exquisite ; every one, except Blanche, thought he looked much better, and more like a man, capable of taking care of himself and protecting his gentler companions, and even Blanche had exclaimed that he was handsome.

As for the young man, when he looked at the three beautiful women in their bright summer silks, fluttering flounces, tiny pretences of bonnets, and elegant scarfs, he was half angry at his own folly in offering to escort a bevy of fashionable females into the village church.

He ! who had always spoken of this class with contempt, and had been wont to deem them as senseless as their models in the dressmaker's shop, with the exception of a little combination of falsehood, vanity, and affectation. His keen eye searched their faces. He saw there no betrayal of the consciousness that they were brilliantly arrayed ; ease, but not pride, was in their manners—repose, and not the coldness of arrogance ; and, in one face, he saw a flush of feeling as natural as any wild girl of the woods might have shown, and oh ! so much more refined and spiritual. The expression of that face banished all regret and awkwardness ; he was himself again, only more joyous, more genial than before.

When Maggie gave him her hand to be helped into the carriage, he could have pressed it to his heart in a rapture ; but his reverence for that bright, ethereal creature, so refined, like porcelain beyond the potter's clay, was greater than his passion. It seemed, as he took his seat by her side in the carriage, that the golden sunlight of June had never flooded the world so gayly before.

The road wound by the river bank, and was lovely with shadowy forest and flowery plain upon one side, and the broad, blue, rushing stream upon the other. The poetical nature of Maggie was all aroused. The sweet words of bards, made sweeter by the soft emotion with which she uttered them, flowed from her lips. Her companion took up the thread of feeling, and answered it with an eloquence as delightful as unexpected. She thought herself in a fairy world, and wondered at a politely repressed yawn which she heard from Blanche.

"The village, the village !" cried the latter, presently.

"How swiftly we have come !" said Maggie. "Those are fine horses, Mr. Smith."

The bell was tolling for the minister when they passed before the little Episcopal church, at whose architecture the girls quietly smiled. Their escort gave them a seat in a square pew at the head of the aisle, and then left them to take his own place with the choir. They were aware that, as they faced the principal portion of the congregation, they were "the cynosures of neighboring eyes ;" but they bore it very bravely, and entered into the spirit of the services with religious simplicity. They missed the dim grandeur of their own church, the lofty spaces, the arches which seemed to point to heaven, the stained windows which seemed to burn with a joyous worship, and something of the stately ceremonials. But that did not pre-

vent them from addressing themselves to thoughts of praise and gladness.

The music was better than they expected. There was a small organ, which was made the most of by Harrison Smith, who, they saw, was leader of the choir. As there were but three singers, and the voice which was missing was one whose loss she could supply, Maggie joined in the singing. Her voice was very fine, and, as she answered the leader, in some of the parts, she seemed to be joining with him in spirit in the melodious thanksgiving, so earnestly they sang to one another. Sweeter and fuller rose her voice, and more grandly his chimed in, until the hearts of the hearers were lifted upon the unseen waves of music into a higher world of feeling.

When the two met, after church, some bond seemed to have drawn them nearer than when they last looked into each other's eyes. Mr. Smith brought with him, from the gallery, his cousin, a dashing girl, not very pretty, but with a spirited good-hearted expression.

She urged them so cordially to go home with her to dinner that they could not refuse, or would not have refused had not Louise recollected that while they were feasting her father would go famishing.

"Cannot he help himself to something out of the pantry, to keep him from absolute starvation, until you return?" laughed Miss Smith, reluctant to resign her guests.

"Papa would never dream of such a thing," replied Louise. "He could not boil an egg or a cup of coffee, or even look for a piece of cold chicken, he is so used to trusting himself blindly to the care of the female portion of the household."

"He does not understand the mysteries of housekeeping as well as I," said Harrison. "I keep my tent-house very well; can boil beans, make coffee, toast bread, and broil a bird to perfection."

"Here is our house just by," continued Miss Smith. "We will not keep you to dinner, then, but step in and take a glass of wine, or something to refresh you before riding again."

They went in and found double-parlors well furnished, in some respects; a rich carpet, a good piano, and some handsome articles of rose-wood furniture; but no pictures worth mentioning, and no little articles of *vertu* betraying a cultivated taste. The father of Miss Smith was one of the "hundred thousand dollar men" that Harrison had spoken of, and had things as well as *he* knew how.

Arabelle, their young hostess, brought them

some cake, and, as they did not take wine, some cold water; and, after promising to come very soon to call upon them, permitted them to depart.

Their ride home was rather warm, though a cool breeze from the river kept the heat from being oppressive.

Of course, they urged their kind escort to stay to dinner.

"Oh, dear, dear!" sighed Louise, clasping her hands, and almost crying, as she stood in the kitchen in close consultation with Maggie. "How I wish we had a servant! How *can* we cook a nice dinner out of these materials? and I so inexperienced!"

"Never mind, dear sister, we shall do nicely. Mr. Smith can exist without soup for dinner, we know. We have the chickens our neighbor brought us yesterday, in the oven roasting; we can have an omelet and potatoes, and I will make some blanc-mange. How glad I am we have a cow! then those convenient strawberries with cream, and Blanche's fruit-cake. It is nice enough for *anybody*."

They tied on aprons, and set cheerily to work. In an hour a comfortable dinner was served; and though the young ladies looked a little more flushed than was becoming, that inconvenience soon passed away.

It was almost sunset when their visitor turned his horses' heads homeward. It would be folly to represent that it was not a tedious and disagreeable piece of work to clear the table and put away the dishes after he left; to take care of the milk, make a cup of tea, and perform the various duties devolving upon the sisters. They went through with it all, consoling themselves as youthful spirits may.

Their experience in housekeeping thenceforward was a mingling of the amusing and the perplexing. Mrs. Marks came to bring them eggs and fowls, and to learn them to make butter. They succeeded in engaging her to come one day every week, and do their washing and all the coarse work there was about, and to instruct them in those homely arts of which they were ignorant.

The first time Louise made the butter alone, it looked very handsomely, and the family all complimented her upon her success. But come to taste it, it did not fulfil its promise. It was, Maggie said, "stale, flat, and unprofitable." After many anxious suggestions, it was finally discovered that she had forgotten to salt it.

"You need not laugh so, Blanche, for you know very well that you insisted upon my making an omelet without any eggs yesterday."

"It is rather dangerous for any of us to laugh at the other, for fear the tables will be turned," said Mr. Sutherland.

"Well! you may all laugh at me as much as you please. Anything to keep you from melancholy. For my part, I feel inclined to solemn reveries upon the worthlessness of human acquirements, when I find myself boiling the eggs an hour without softening them, salting the custards, and sweetening the gravy for the meats, ironing my laces on the wrong side, making my bed so that I cannot sleep in it, and slicing off my fingers when I slice the bread," said Maggie, with her usual merry attempt to make their mistakes turn to good account, in the way of making them ludicrous if nothing else.

One morning, Louise concluded that she would preserve some strawberries for future use; and all three went out to gather them, and before noon had as much of the delicious fruit as they could desire. After dinner, each had just got comfortably settled to hulling the berries, and with an apron on, a dish in her lap, and a napkin to wipe her fingers, when two carriages drove up, and a bevy of young people from the village alighted and appeared at the door.

With a dignity which gave a grace to every circumstance, Louise received them. If her guests had found her scrubbing the floor, they would have thought that the most charming occupation in the world, so did she invest all that she did with the grace which belonged to her.

There were Mr. and Miss Smith, whom they already knew; Miss Morton, a rather delicate-looking girl, somewhat too diffident, but pleasing; Mr. Charles Williams, a tall young man, owner of the best store in Smithville; his sister Emily, an affected young lady, with artificial curls; Miss Carrie Brown, a little gypsyish brunette, as pretty as she was piquant, and, doubtless her lover, Mr. Duval, a graceful youth just home from college. These were some of the *élite* of Smithville, come to do honor to the inhabitants of the log-house. The prestige of their former splendor still surrounding them was sufficient to secure the admiration of the visitors. The young ladies Sutherland had not so much difficulty in entertaining their guests, as the latter had, from allowing their eyes to wander with too much curiosity over the novel combination which formed the grand suite of rooms of the cottage. However, all things served for mutual pleasure; what there was *outré*, or unfinished in the manners of their guests, their friendliness, and the real good sense and education of some of them, all pleased those who had been confined so strictly all their lives

in excessive conventionalities; while, upon the other hand, this mingling of beauty and superior elegance with their rude surroundings interested the other party. Bright smiles were interchanged. Black-eyed Carrie Brown fell desperately in love with Mr. Sutherland, to the secret uneasiness of her young lover; and Mr. Sutherland was delighted with her sprightly beauty and wit. They conversed in the most lively manner; as Maggie afterwards declared, "papa's handsome face beamed with a suspicious brightness." Mr. Duval, with no chance to turn his lady-love's attention from her fascinating host, thought to revenge himself by being equally devoted to Miss Blanche. What he began in pique, soon became very much in earnest; for Blanche was too irresistibly beautiful not to make an impression upon the heart of a youth of twenty. The call, in which all these emotions had time for play, was of rather more than the usual length for a first visit; as Louise offered some slight refreshments, since they had ridden out so far to see her.

After an hour's agreeable conversation, the visitors went away. Edwin Duval did not fail to turn his head, after entering the carriage, to catch a last glimpse of the bright face of Blanche, as she stood plucking a wild rose-bud to twine in her golden locks. This last lingering look did not pass unobserved by Carrie, who thought it her inalienable right to be pouting and sullen all the way home, to punish him for it.

"Put it down in your journal that papa has fallen a prey to the arts of a pair of black eyes," said Louise, after they were gone.

"Pshaw, what nonsense for *you*, Louise," exclaimed the father, coloring slightly.

Nevertheless, his mischievous daughters took notice that he stood before the mirror shortly after, and observed himself with a half-pleased, half-melancholy eye.

"Don't fail to add that Edwin Duval is the most cityfied youth we have yet beheld in these wilds, and has a mouth as pretty as a woman's," added Blanche. "Oh, dear! how I wish *I* could have an adventure such as Maggie had with her lion! It would be so nice to tell Maud Arabesque!"

An evening or two after this, the girls were enjoying their usual bath in the river. It was a warm, bright, moonlight night, fit for naiads to sport in. It would be hard to find three naiads as lovely as the three girls in their long bathing dresses, their curls caught carelessly back from their faces, playing a thousand graceful pranks in the sparkling element. At every motion the flashing water broke into silver ripples and

shining circles of light. They tossed up the waves with their hands, to see them descend in showers of pearls and diamonds upon the bosom of the stream. The dark line of pine forest back from the shore, the murmuring river below, the full moon in the heaven above, the silence, the solitude, were all so beautifully combined, that they lingered long in the warm pleasant water. Alas for the beauty of human bliss! Blanche, so happy and beautiful, Blanche, so young and beloved, in the excess of her frolic mood, forgot how suddenly the sandy bottom over which the edge of the stream swept broke off into greater depths and a rapid current. She lost her footing so suddenly and went down, that, although she was a very good swimmer, she strangled, and could not recover herself. She came to the surface only to toss her white arms in the moonlight, to turn a pale face an instant to the sky, and sink again.

Maggie, with shrieks of terror, rushed to the house for her father, while Louise, more self-possessed, swam out to grasp her sister when she rose again, and support her until her father appeared.

At this moment a boat shot rapidly out of the shadow of the bank to the spot, a strong arm dived where the golden locks were again beginning to float, caught the slight form and lifted it into the canoe.

"Ugh!" said a guttural voice, "White Rose no dead."

An Indian! Louise was frightened sufficiently before, but now she could hardly keep herself from sinking. She would have fled to land, but her sister was in the birchen bark. In the pallid light she saw a tall, straight form, black hair hanging around the shoulders, and a pair of glittering eyes. She was about to lay hold of the edge of the canoe, but with a dexterous movement, he caused it to avoid her touch and dart off. She thought that he was about to carry off Blanche, and gave a slight scream; but he turned the boat to the shore, and with a strike or two of the paddle landed it on the beach, at the same instant that Mr. Sutherland appeared upon the scene. Without the slightest notice of the agonized father, the Indian sat down on the shore, took the insensible girl in his arms, blowed in her mouth, pressed upon her breast, pinched her nostrils, and in about three minutes had her restored to animation.

Blanche thought herself in a dream when she opened her eyes upon that wild and swarthy countenance; and when she felt herself lifted and carried in those brawny arms, she still tried

to release herself as from a disagreeable dream of having been lost and carried off by savages.

It was not for some moments after he had carefully deposited her upon her bed that she recollected the circumstances preceding her drowning; and her father had then to explain that the Indian had been her preserver.

He still stood by the couch, speaking nothing, gazing at her with glowing eyes, giving even Mr. Sutherland an unpleasant sensation, although he felt very grateful for his aid in rescuing his child. Now Blanche was mortally afraid of an Indian; the thought of one had always filled her with dread; but she was gentle and generous, so she stretched out her pretty, soft hand from beneath the coverlid to the silent savage, and said, "Thank you."

It seemed he understood English; he took the white hand an instant, and went out from the house without speaking.

"There is the adventure you were wishing for," said Maggie, when they had all recovered somewhat from their fright and felt able to laugh at past danger.

"We shall never dare to go in bathing again," half whispered Louise. "It is my impression that that Indian was lurking in the shadow of the bank all the time, keeping watch upon us."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the other two, "it would have scared us to death to have known it."

"He was only admiring your performances, I suppose," said their father. "The Indians here dare not do any harm, if they had the disposition. There is a small part of a tribe about twenty miles from here, who supply the white inhabitants with baskets, berries, bead-work, venison, and the like. They are very harmless."

Still, the girl's vision, that night, was haunted by dusky forms stealing out of unexpected haunts.

Late the next afternoon the Indian suddenly appeared at the door. He held by a rope-bridle a pair of beautiful little wild ponies, and had in a basket upon his back some elaborate specimens of bead-work. By means of signs and broken English he made Mr. Sutherland understand that he had brought him these things in exchange for White Rose, pointing to Blanche, whom he wanted for his squaw.

The astonishment and amusement of the father were great, but he treated the offer politely, explaining how impossible it would be for White Rose to live in a wigwam, and that he could not spare her yet. The poor fellow, a really fine-looking and dignified savage, turned

a mournful and eager glance upon the fair girl, where she sat blushing and trembling at her little work-table, heaved a deep sigh, and turned away.

Letting down his basket a little ways from the door, he selected the prettiest pair of moccasins he had, and separated one of the ponies from its companion. Leading it back and placing the bridle in Mr. Sutherland's hand, and putting down the moccasins upon the steps —“for White Rose,” he said, and was gone.

All the family felt sorry for their generous Indian friend, his noble face had betrayed such deep disappointment; but youthful human nature could not resist so fine a chance for mischievous sallies; and poor Blanche, overwhelmed with confusion at the mirth at her expense, finally burst into tears as her only refuge.

“There now, darling, before I would allow them to plague me!” exclaimed her father, taking her on his lap. “It's just envy, Blanche. They have never had an offer, and are vexed to think the youngest has the first one. Besides, they want your pony. You can well afford to let them laugh at you. Come, let us look at your present!”

“Oh, if I only had a saddle, now, how happy I should be!” exclaimed the volatile young girl, as she patted her pony's neck, and longed to spring upon his back.

She was able, after that, to bear the ridicule which broke forth upon sundry occasions, wear her moccasins without shame, and even hoped that Maggie would not forget to record “her first offer.”

The next time Mr. Smith came to the house, as he was now doing more frequently upon business with Mr. Sutherland, the whole adventure came out piece by piece, Blanche begging all the time for her sisters to be silent.

“I do not blame him, I am sure. He showed a finer appreciation than I should suspect a savage possessed of,” said Harrison, when the story was told, looking upon the heroine with

eyes very plainly indicative of profound admiration.

That earnest look struck a strange pang to the heart of Maggie; she grew grave, and when rallied upon her silence, laughed and made merry in an abrupt hysterical manner.

She was sure that there could be nothing so low in her nature as envy, and yet she felt still more unhappy when she heard Mr. Smith asking Blanche if he might make her present available, by adding a saddle to the gift.

Blanche refused, and said that she had pocket-money enough to buy her a saddle, but would commission him to purchase it and bring it out to her. He would not take her money, but brought the saddle the next time he came.

Visits to the cottage were now not unfrequent. The young people of Smithville were glad to ride out along the lonely river and call upon the interesting family in the log-hut. Invitations were sent, and escorts provided to every little gathering in the village, to which they could be prevailed upon to go.

Mr. Sutherland was eagerly sought after with his daughters. Young Duval and Carrie Brown liked to ride out to the Sutherlands, and went often. They never failed to quarrel with each other upon the way home, and yet they did not cease going.

A change, scarcely perceptible, had come over Maggie. Her disposition was more fitful than before. Sometimes she was very gay, sometimes very silent. Deep feeling brooded in her soft dark eye, and stirred her bosom; not happy emotion always, for her face was often melancholy, and she wrote a great deal in a private journal, and a good many poems which she would not read to her friends.

As for Harrison Smith, he began to talk of a partnership. What kind of a partnership? Perhaps he *thought* upon a partnership of hearts for life, but he only spoke of one in business.

(To be concluded.)

“HALLOWED BE THY NAME.”

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

(See Plate.)

FATHER in Heaven, “hallowed be thy name!”
 How full of holy meaning are the words,
 And he alone to breathe them forth may claim,
 Whose spirit with their harmony accords:
 Yet who is there, O Lord, that sinneth not?
 Whose heart may ever thus in tune be found?
 Who hath not wandered from thee, or forgot
 The song of Heaven in earth's uncertain sound?

Father in Heaven, “hallowed be thy name!”
 Such incense may the babe and suckling raise;
 The innocent brightness of the young heart's flame
 The God of Heaven accepts as perfect praise.
 Make me then, Lord, like to a little child,
 Teach me to pray as little children pray,
 Ere yet, by folly and the world beguiled,
 Their feet are tempted from the right to stray.

MATERNAL COUNSELS TO A DAUGHTER.

THE HEALTH.

“Cleanliness is next to godliness.”—*Old Proverb.*

“WE are fearfully and wonderfully made,” is the reflection of the Psalmist; and the most cursory examination of the human frame will show us the truth of the observation. We cannot consider any part of the mortal habitation of our immortal souls without wondering at and admiring the marvellous adaptation of each part to the use for which it is designed, and to its connection with all the others. Look at the contrivances for protecting that delicate and invaluable member, the eye, from any accidental injury: the overhanging brow, which forms a pent-house over it; the eyelashes, which themselves receive any particles of dust that might otherwise hurt it; and let us watch the rapid and involuntary movement by which the lids instantaneously close on the approach of danger; and we need not go any further in our investigations to be assured that nothing less wise than Infinite Wisdom has planned every part of our bodies, and adapted all so as to combine the utmost perfection.

And since every peculiarity in the human frame is destined for some wise purpose; and every fibre, vein, and muscle has its own particular office; we may be well assured that we cannot neglect any part, or prevent it from performing its own duties, without serious injury to the whole; without, in fact, deteriorating or destroying our health—one of the most precious gifts of a beneficent Creator.

“But we cannot prevent illness. It is an affliction sent from the hand of God, and all we can do is to bear it patiently.” This is the argument both of persons and nations; and the former neglect the means of preserving their individual health, while nations defer to employ, or utterly ignore those sanitary reforms which would certainly save the lives of thousands every year. The fact is, we lose health as we do many other blessings; not because it is the will of the Almighty, but because it is *our own*. We are far too fond of throwing on a higher power the responsibility of our own acts of indolence or of sin.

Take the case of the father of a family, who knows that his income dies with him, and that only by insuring his life can he secure his family

from want after his death. Does he do so? Not at all. He is willing to “trust to Providence;” but he is not willing to make the smallest personal sacrifice for the sake of those he loves. So some day he dies; and his children are left in poverty; and perhaps an appeal is made to the charity of the public for those who should have been comfortably provided for, had the parent used the means God placed within his reach for saving them.

So, each time that the cholera has visited our shores, it has slain the greatest number of victims where there has been a want of pure air and water, and where the people and their habitations are deficient in cleanliness; and it is ascertained, beyond the shadow of doubt, that wherever cleanliness has taken the place of dirt, the pestilence has lost its power. Shall we, then, call our indolent neglect of proper precautions by the name of “submission to the will of God?” Certainly not. It is our criminal negligence which causes the destruction we almost invite.

Again: a young girl exposes herself to violent vicissitudes of temperature, and goes out on a wet day with thin boots and fine stockings, and she gets a cold and is laid up on a sick bed. Or she laces so tightly that every part of the body is out of order—her lungs have no room to receive air—her heart is so cramped it cannot beat properly—her stomach is squeezed into such dimensions that no part of its offices are properly performed, and she becomes consumptive or dyspeptic; or she allows the perspiration to accumulate on her skin till all the delicate pores are choked up, and fever supervenes. But if, from any of these causes, she becomes a confirmed invalid, let her not think that this sickness was inevitable, but rather conclude that it is the punishment of her neglect of those conditions of health which the Almighty intends we should employ.

We have enumerated these common instances of evils in our own power to avert, to impress on you the truth, that *Heaven helps those who help themselves*; let blessings be scattered as thickly in our path as the manna was of old in the camp of the Israelites, it is still our own hand that must gather them around us. Nor

did this in any way alter the great truth, that all blessings come from heaven; since the means to obtain them are put into our own hands.

The principal conditions requisite for the maintaining the body in health and strength, are Cleanliness, Exercise, and suitable Food and Dress.

CLEANLINESS.—Personal purity is so essential to a refined woman, that it is wonderful it should not be more thoroughly and universally practised than it is. A lady would be shocked to be seen with dirty face or soiled hands; but it does not strike her that every part of the skin equally needs ablution. The reason of this is, that all the surface of the skin, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, is so covered with the pores, through which all the waste or injurious particles of the body are thrown off in the form of insensible perspiration, that a pin's point cannot be run in anywhere without touching one. When these pores are choked up, from want of cleanliness, fever and many other diseases are liable to ensue. Hence the necessity, in which all medical men agree, for every part of the person to be thoroughly sponged over once every day. No bed-room should be without the means for doing this, if a large bath cannot be had. A sponge of the coarse sort called honey-comb is better than a fine one, as it holds more water, and almost can be used for a shower-bath. Cold water gives a far more invigorating bath than tepid; but those who are not very early inured to it must begin it cautiously. The feet should *never* be set in cold water before the face, neck, and upper part of the body have been well sponged with the same. But some constitutions can never bear the shock of cold water, and then tepid must be used. In both cases, a healthy glow must be produced by friction with a coarse rough towel, or a flesh-brush. A little spirits of wine thrown into cold water, the first morning or two, will generally prevent the bather from taking cold.

The hands, nails, and teeth must always be carefully attended to. The teeth demand the greatest care, and should be washed after every meal, as well as the last thing at night. Pure cold or tepid water is said to be the best thing in a general way, with a little charcoal or white soap occasionally.

A visit should be paid to a dentist once every six months.

Nothing adds so much to the charm of a woman's appearance as fine hair; and the most beautiful will be spoiled by neglect. It should be thoroughly brushed every night, and washed occasionally with soft water and the yolk of

eggs, which has all the cleansing power of soap without its harshness. Those who wear curls should never roll the hair in stiff paper of any sort, and especially not in newspapers, as the roughness breaks the hair. The ends should be cut every fortnight.

Great care should be taken of the nails. Those of the feet require even more than the fingernails, as they are liable to grow in with the pressure of boots, and to cause serious inconvenience: they should be pared away at the sides, and those of the hands allowed to form a point in the centre. The skin should be carefully rubbed back to give the nail the long almond-like form which is thought so great a beauty: this should be done every time they are washed.

EXERCISE is another essential condition to health, as well as to the proper development of the powers. The word, as popularly used, implies *walking*, which gives exercise to the legs only. But it is not less desirable that the *arms* should have free play, and this can only be done by either calisthenics or by the simpler method of doing some portion of the household work. There is no better exercise in the world than rubbing a table or a sideboard, or sweeping a room; and it is certain that half the young ladies who are now reclining on the sofa in delicate health, weary of themselves and almost of life, would be far better and happier if they took daily some portion of the household duties, especially the active part of them. Every muscle and limb would have its share of exertion, a genial glow throughout the frame would be produced, and the general health would be certainly improved. But, under whatever form, a certain amount of exercise must be taken daily, to maintain the health; and exercise in the open air is not always practicable, besides that it does not answer the purpose entirely. Whenever it does not rain during the entire day, however, a walk should be taken for at least an hour, with the precaution of changing any damp clothes immediately on re-entering the house, and carefully wiping and rubbing the feet if they are at all wet.

ANAGRAM.—The Republic of North America affords the following anagram, thus: "The United States of North America," contains—"First, the mad tea act—the Union rose." Now if we transpose the same, it will furnish the following anagram: "The Constitution made earth safer;" or, "The Constitution made earth's fear."

NELLIE—MY SISTER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

WE were poor people, reader, but our parents always said they were rich in Nellie and me. We lived in a little gable-roofed cottage, with a gray chimney crowning it. Morning-glories and sweetbrier looked in at all the front windows, while a great grape-vine, with its purple clusters, just out of reach of my hand, hugged the back side of the house.

I do not remember ever wishing I was rich but once, and that was when I overheard mamma and papa saying how much it cost to send sister Nellie to school, for she was a great scholar.

She was very beautiful, that sister of mine. She stands before me now, so fair and life-like, though it is seven long years since the grass first grew green over the white hands they folded on her bosom when she lay down under the willow to sleep. I have never seen anything like the color of her eyes, unless it be the brown furrows which sometimes lie heaped up in a belt of far-off sky just at twilight; and sometimes a sunbeam strays over the half-ripened side of a peach, and then I whisper to myself, "That is like Nellie's cheek."

Have you ever seen water-lilies lean over the waves, reader, to catch a glimpse of the beauty mirrored there? Well, just so fair and fragile in the sculpture-like delicacy of its proportions was the form of my sister Nellie.

Let me see; it must be eight years this very month since the occurrence of that event which braided such bright flowers of hope and love in the life-warp of my Nellie. Oh! such dark clouds, such black surging billows! She had gone out to walk, for she was very fond of solitary pedestrian excursions. The day was declining, and mamma had grown somewhat uneasy at her protracted absence, when we heard the wicket open suddenly, and quick footfalls along the gravel-walk. The next moment there was a loud imperative knock at the front door. Mamma opened it, then staggered back with very pale cheeks at the sight it revealed.

Nellie was lying white and death-like in the arms of a young gentleman, her long nut-brown curls floating away from the pallor of her cheeks, and well-nigh sweeping the ground.

"No, madam, your daughter is not dead—not even injured—she has only fainted," said the

young man, answering the question he read in mamma's eyes, but which her lips could not consummate. "A little care will soon restore her."

He carried my sister in, mamma leading the way, and laid her down on the lounge in the bedroom. I hovered anxiously about her, while mamma bathed her temples with camphor, and the gentleman chafed her cold hands, meanwhile explaining the circumstance which had occasioned her fainting. He was riding hastily home to his father's, when his horse, a high-spirited animal, took fright at something in the road, and dashed off, headlong, with his driver. On turning a sharp angle in the road he came so suddenly upon my sister as to knock her down, and then he sprang from his horse, and, raising her, discovered that she had fainted; and the dark, fine eyes of the gentleman expressed more of regret at the circumstance than even the graceful apology which he offered mamma.

Well, the life-tinge rippled slowly back to Nellie's cheek, and she opened her brown eyes and stared wonderingly around her. In a few moments she sat up, with mamma's arm about her waist, and replied to the eager inquiries of the gentleman that she felt quite well.

I remember he remained with her until she had walked twice across the room, to assure him she was entirely recovered, and then, with another long admiring glance on her face, he bade us farewell.

The next day the stranger stopped at the door a moment to inquire if my sister was quite well after her recent fright, and, on the subsequent one, a magnificent bouquet was left for Miss Graham, with the compliments of Edward Preston attached to the card which accompanied the rich exotics. We knew, then, that the gentleman was the son of old Squire Preston, who lived in the tall mansion on the hill, with the great pillars gleaming out, white and ghostly, from the jasmine and roses which coiled lovingly around them. A proud, exclusive family were the Prestons, mingling very little with the society in the village. "Edward was never a bit like them," Nelly said, with a blush. They had been playfellows in childhood.

A few days after, Nellie and I went out to

take a walk, at sunset, and Mr. Preston came very suddenly upon us. I could not help admiring the courtly grace with which he lifted his hat and asked permission to accompany us to a slight elevation not far off, which, he said, would not only afford a fine view of the sunset, but furnish us a picture of exquisite landscape beauty.

Of course, Nellie and I could not decline this invitation, and the young man was very careful, assisting us, particularly my sister, over every stone or obstacle in the road. And then how charmingly he talked, getting surreptitious glances of Nellie's face all the time—that face that looked so strangely fair, with the dying day-beams flitting, like angels' fingers, among her brown curls.

Mr. Preston accompanied us home, that night, and, when he had said "Good-evening," and left us, I turned back on the door-step, and saw him standing very still, watching Nellie all the while. I told her, and the crimson drifted into her cheeks as she said, "Don't look, Annie, don't!"

The next day, there came two very richly-bound volumes of "Longfellow's Poems," for my sister. "Miss Nellie, from her friend Edward," was written, in a beautiful hand, on the fly-leaf of the cover.

But mamma looked very grave when she saw these, and that afternoon she and Nellie had a long private conversation. I only overheard these words: "Remember, my child, that the proud father would never consent to his marrying the daughter of poor and humble parents. Education and natural refinement of taste and feeling would vainly plead in your favor. Wealth and social elevation must be the dowry of the woman who marries the son of Squire Preston." What a sensible woman my mother was! and so *ladylike*, too. I always thought Nellie's gentle, graceful manner was her bequest. I went into the room, after mamma had left it, and found Nellie crying; one hand was over her eyes, but I could see the tears travelling fast through her fingers. The books were wrapped in the white paper which had enveloped them when they were received. I *guessed*, then, that she intended to return them, and wished that beautiful gentleman had given them to me. I'd like to see *me* giving them back if he had!

The next afternoon brought with it Mr. Preston. I don't know what Nellie said to him, but she came into the bedroom where mamma and I sat, looking greatly agitated, and said: "Mother, I have done as you wished, and returned the books; but he will not receive them, and he

requests that you will favor him with a private interview." Mamma rose up, and walked into the little parlor, and Nellie paced up and down the bedroom with two bright stains in her cheeks, and, when I spoke to her, she did not hear, until I had repeated my question twice, and then she started and stared at me, saying, "Don't talk to me now, little sister, don't!"

Mamma's low voice floated to my ear, and so did the gentleman's more distinctly, for the parlor was not very far off; and, at last, I heard him say, in a low, emphatic voice, replying to some remark of hers—"As if wealth or social elevation, Mrs. Graham, were to be brought in comparison with your peerless child. She is, in herself, a jewel above all price. I care not for her antecedents. I ask, I desire no dowry but her matchless self. No false ideas of social rank or equality can influence me in this matter. *Your daughter* is all I solicit. Do not, my dear madam, darken my entire life by a refusal." There was a pause, and, when mamma's reply came, it was spoken so low that I could not catch the words; but, in a short time, she returned to the bedroom, saying to Nellie, "My child, you have my consent to answer the question he will ask you on my return as you like." How solemnly mamma spoke!

"And papa?" asked Nellie, eagerly, though she blushed very red.

"I will talk the matter over with him, this evening," said mamma, smiling quietly.

Nellie knew it was settled then. Papa generally thought as mamma did.

"Goodness alive! What do I hear! Is the boy mad? Going to marry John Graham's daughter, who couldn't raise three thousand dollars to save his neck from the gallows!" and, in the extreme horror which the bare contemplation of so monstrous a fact elicited, old Squire Prescott sprang from his easy-chair, utterly oblivious of gout, rheumatism, and a formidable array of other ailments which found a permanent localization in his corpulent self, and commenced pacing rapidly his wife's apartment.

"I know it, John; the news has really overcome me. I doubt whether my nerves will ever recover from the shock they have this morning received;" and the lady leaned back on the lounge with an air and sigh, expressive of such entire physical and mental prostration that it was really quite affecting to behold.

"Well, well, wife!" ejaculated the Squire, who, it must be confessed, did not seem so deeply impressed by his wife's melancholy situation as the circumstances seemed to require;

"the fact is, it won't do to be talking about 'nerves' now. The boy's of age, and this is a free country (unfortunately). He can act as he likes, and all I can do or say won't make this confounded matter a whit better. I can cut him off with a shilling, but—" here the squire's voice was not so emphatically belligerent, "you know he's all we've got, Aurelia, and it would be a tough thing to do that. But we must circumvent him some day. By fair means or foul, we must prevent his marrying that girl. Ugh! it makes me sick to think of it."

"Yes, we *must* prevent it," said the lady on the lounge, with more animation than her recent exhaustion would have seemed to warrant. "It would certainly prove the death of me to be brought into intimate contact with such people. What a shockingly plebeian taste Edward must possess; and he can have his choice among the wealthiest of the land; and just returned from college, too, where his career has been so brilliant, to throw himself away on John Graham's daughter! She is a little beauty, though, that Nellie Graham, there's no denying it. I've seen her at church sometimes, and always wondered at nature's making such a mistake as to lavish that world of loveliness where it would stay hidden under a cottage."

"We must get him out of her way without letting him know our object in doing so. That'll be the first stroke towards accomplishing our end," interrupted the squire, whose gouty extremity was perpetrating astonishing pedestrian feats that morning. "And," here the squire's tone sank significantly, "didn't you, wife, imitate handwriting remarkably well when I first knew you?"

"Yes," said the lady, as a dim perception of her husband's meaning broke into her mind, "I was always peculiarly dexterous at executing *fac-similes*. Besides that, I would do anything to save our family from the disgrace of such a *mésalliance*."

"When? I have it," said the Squire, with an exultant chuckle, as he brought down his hand on the rosewood table.

"Oh, now! *do* speak a more cheery farewell than that, my Nellie, or those brown, tear-filled eyes will haunt me all the time I am gone. You know, darling, I would not leave you, but the call is really an imperative one. I stood out against it as long as I could; but my father's rascally agent has involved the whole business in so many perplexing contingencies that nothing but personal supervision will disentangle it. My father's health will not admit of his going,

and I had not the heart to refuse his solicitations when joined with my mother's, though they were complied with at a great cost to myself."

"And you have done just what my own heart approves, Edward," said my sister, as she crushed down the sob which was rising to her throat. "I am heartily ashamed of myself for betraying this weakness, but, somehow, a foolish, undefinable fear has been haunting my spirit for the last week, and I have looked forward to this parting with strange dread."

"And it has written itself so legibly on your sweet face, my beloved, taking away all the brightness of your old-time smile. Do let me see it once more before I go. Can it be possible! the clock is striking eight! Where has the last hour gone? I have to say good-by to father and mother; and the stage leaves in twenty minutes. Nellie, for *my* sake, take good care of yourself. When the spring-time clothes with her green the trees that are now browning in the autumn breath, I will return to you; and then! oh that blissful *and then!* for we shall never part more. Good-by, for a little time, my Nellie."

"Good-by, Edward; and the God, whose blue sky will still be above us, keep you from all evil!"

Edward Preston drew the fair, uplifted brow very tenderly to his lips, and the next moment he was gone.

Ay, Nellie Graham, well may you stand under that old vine-girdled portico, with the tears dripping hotly through your small fingers, and the shadow that has been tracking you for this many a day lying down to sleep heavily on your heart, for the darkness will soon be closing around you, and the waters going over your head!

* * * * *

"No letter yet, papa?" and Nellie stole out of the room, in the sombre late autumn twilight, to weep all alone, for Edward had been absent a month, and Nellie had not heard from him during that time.

"No letter yet, papa?" Another month had passed; the snow lay white on the ground, but it was not whiter than Nellie's cheek, as she slowly left the room, and mamma followed her with sad, tear-filled eyes.

"There! a letter for you at last, my child," spoke the glad, hearty tones of my father; and he laid it in Nellie's eager hands. Another month had passed, and she was lying on the lounge in mamma's bedroom; but her cheeks wore the hue of the pillow no longer.

How the white fingers trembled as they tore

away the seal. A moment after, the rose hue died out in Nellie's cheek, and a shriek, the memory of whose exceeding anguish, though six long years lie between the hour of its birth and the present, well nigh palsies the hand that now seeks to record it from my sister's lips, and she lay senseless on the floor. I cannot fling you a picture of those dark, dark hours, reader; for the tears blind my eyes so, my hand forgets its cunning, and my pen refuses to do its work.

Very brief, and very bitter, was the letter that came to Nellie, telling her in a few cold sentences that the dream of his youth had passed; that the heart of Edward Preston now quickened with love for another, far, far above the beautiful cottage girl; and he asked her to release him from the engagement he had rashly made, and the vows he had cursed himself for speaking.

"MR. PRESTON: Give yourself no further uneasiness with regard to the engagement formerly existing between us. I cancel it this moment, and am greatly obliged to you (since you have proved thus inconstant) for affording me an opportunity of doing so. Yours,

"ELLEN GRAHAM."

In that brief note, written the next day, my sister Nellie "slayed all the hopes of her future." I remember how she pressed down her small throbbing fingers on the paper, so that Edward Preston should never dream that the hand which wrote those cold words quivered, or that the heart whose pride dictated them was breaking! breaking!

"Annie, my little pet sister, as I used to call you, *you* at least will not look coldly on me; tell me what is it that troubles you?" I had gone out in the woods a little way from our house that fair May afternoon to have a cry all by myself, for sister Nellie had been telling me, that very day, that she was going home in a little while, and when the long grass strayed over her grave, I must be a good girl to papa and mamma, and take her place with them, and at last we might all come to her.

It was a favorite haunt of Nellie's, that little woodland bower, where the tall trees leaned over, and wrapping their long arms together, formed a dark green wall through which the sun could not find a playing place. There Edward Preston came suddenly upon me; had one risen up ghastly and sheeted from the dead, I could not have been more startled, more shocked!

But he advanced toward me, and then all the

wrong that he had done to me and mine, all the horror, all the loathing with which I have grown to associate his name, rose up to repel his approach, and, springing up, I answered him—"Go away, go away, you bad, wicked man! You shall not touch me, you who wrote that awful letter, you who have killed my sister Nellie. Oh! as mamma says, 'You may go unpunished for a season; but your sin will surely find you out.'" I stopped short, trembling in every limb, utterly confounded at the anathematizing torrent which was issuing from my lips. Edward Preston's eyes were riveted in wild bewilderment on my face.

"I will solve this mystery if God grants me another hour of my life," came, after a momentary pause, from between his compressed lips; he wheeled suddenly round, and rushed in the direction of our cottage.

"Nellie, Nellie, my beautiful, my beloved! Oh, to find you once more, and thus!" And Edward Preston sprang into mamma's bedroom, regardless of her presence, sprang to the bedside of my unconscious sister, for her physical being was too weak to sustain the first shock of his presence.

The young man wrapped his arms round her, and laid his head on her bosom. "Nellie, darling," he said, in a voice pathetically tender, "open those brown eyes and look on me once more. There has been a long dreadful shadow between us. Look up, dearest, and tell me you have been true to me as I have been to you, in every pulsation of my heart. Look up, and tell me you did not write that long cruel letter." And at the sound of that beloved voice, Nellie's brown eyes unclosed and roamed eagerly over the gentleman's face. She opened her lips, but the words had no audible birth, for she had not strength to consummate their utterance.

"Mr. Preston!" Mamma's voice was gentle but very firm, for the surprise and bewilderment which Edward Preston's abrupt entrance had momentarily bequeathed were now vanished. "Before any further communications take place between my daughter and yourself, I desire a private interview with you in the parlor. The mystery which surrounds your conduct must be revealed. It may be, we have mutually suffered wrong—Nellie, my child, *trust* your mother"—for mamma read the prayer in my sister's eager eyes.

"Yes, *trust* her, Nellie, even as I do, for very foul wrong must have been done both of us," said Edward Preston, as he bent fondly over my sister for a moment, and then left the room with mamma.

"Nellie, my sweet girl, I restore him to you, true and worthy of your love as he was when you plighted him your troth," said my mother, as she returned to Nellie after a half hour's absence, accompanied by Edward Preston.

"Oh, an enemy has done this!" ejaculated the young man, as he looked with mournful fondness on Nellie's thin pale face. "Curses on him, for the bloom he has taken from those cheeks. If I could only find him!" And his brow darkened.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," came low and impressive from my mother's lips.

"Oh, Edward, it is enough to feel that you are here! to know you are true to me! I can forget and forgive all who have wronged us now!" and Nellie's thin fingers floated among the short brown curls, and the old time smile rippled through the bed of dimples round her lips, as her brown head was pillowed on the bosom of Edward Preston.

That night all was revealed. That cruel letter, which had wellnigh broken Nellie's heart, was the offspring of another brain than that of Edward Preston's; and the brief cold epistle in Nellie's delicate Italian hand, telling him that another love now brightened the hearthstone, where the flame of girlish fancy which he had kindled had died out forever, furnished entire solution to Edward Preston's long silence.

"Nellie, darling, do not tell me so! I cannot bear it! O God! my God, spare her to me!" and the strong man bowed his head on his pillow, and sobbed in the bitterness of his heart like a very child.

And Nellie twined her small transparent fingers within his own, and talked to him long and lovingly of the bright home, and the white plains, out of which rise the everlasting hills to which she was going before; and Edward Preston's sobs grew hushed before that low soothing voice, which seemed already to have caught somewhat of the melody of angels, and at last he lifted his head, and said, "Nellie, dearest, as you would have borne my name upon earth, will you not bear it with you to that brighter world to which our father is calling you?"

They were married, reader. Two days later, a fair May sunset looked in with its holy smile upon that solemn bridal. Nellie's brown hair flowed away from her white brow which the blue veins crossed so legibly. How beautiful

she looked in her white dress, and the half smile straying over her lips which the heart sometimes passes to the face when the pulses are growing very low.

Two days later, the fair May sunset looked into that bedroom and witnessed another bridal. Alas, alas! there were no kisses, no smiles, only tears, for Nellie was wedded unto death.

Seven years have gone down to their graves. I sit here in mamma's bedroom, and the May sunset looks in at the window, and its long golden fingers wrap themselves round the hand which travels across my paper. Far off, a white monument gleams cold and ghastly through the willow that droops by its side—"Ellen, wife of Edward Preston, aged twenty," is engraven on it. Sister, sweet sister! seven times has the winter hung her white bridal sheets over thy grave, and the spring woven her green vestments around it; seven long years have the strains from the spirit harp flowed over the white fields where the burial-mounds are never heaped, and the wail of the autumn never moaned through the breeze.

Squire Preston and his wife sleep there too, only a little way from Nellie. A year ago, when the proud lady lay on her death-bed, she sent for me. That fearful revelation! But I promised to forgive it, and God help me to forget.

Last month, reader, when the stars of the April time looked like the meek, prayerful eyes of the seraphs, out of the pale blue sky, Edward Preston and I went to Nellie's grave, and as we stood there in the night silence, he drew his arms around my waist, and spoke to me: "Annie, sweet sister of my Nellie, here, beside the grave where I laid her down in my agony to slumber, seven long years ago, do now I ask you to take the place in my heart which was once hers. Annie, dearest, will you look up with those brown eyes, so like her own, and say whether you can be a second Nellie to me?"

And there, in solemn starlight by Nellie's grave, I *did* look up, and my eyes made answer to Edward Preston.

Before May takes the crown of roses from her forehead, or the jubilee of her heart rises into the deep chant of the summer, there will be another bridal at our cottage, and no voice will be uplifted in scorn or disapproval that Edward Preston has chosen the cottage girl for his bride.

Look down from thy home in the heavens, and bless the nuptials of thy beloved, O Nellie, my sister!

THE ART OF MAKING WAX FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

WAX FLOWERS.

To understand properly the making of models of flowers from wax, we must first allude to the materials employed, then to the procuring of proper shapes or patterns, afterwards to the fashioning of these materials, cut to the required patterns into the object to be imitated, and finally, the natural arrangement and finishing of each part, the decorating it with artificial leaves, tendrils, &c., and the grouping of the whole together into an harmonious contrast.

ARTICLES AND MATERIALS REQUIRED.

The materials of which imitative flowers are made, are sheets of wax of many different colors, to form the petals, leaves, &c., and wire of different thicknesses covered with green silk. The articles used to fashion and color the flowers are curling pins, various dry and water colors, ox gall, tinting brushes, camel's-hair pencils, a pair of scissors to cut the wax, shapes of tin, card, or stiff paper, varnish for certain flowers, white and green down for dusting over such as appear mealy. If the waxen sheets are made at home, other trifling articles are necessary: this is always advisable with those who consume much wax, because the home-made sheets do not cost a quarter as much as those bought, and also because the person making these things herself, is able to procure, with accuracy, every tint required, and to make her wax of every size and thickness; indeed we never knew an artist who could imitate successfully even the generality of flowers, much less the extraordinary ones, as the *Stapelias*, the *Orchideous* plants, &c., who did not make for herself all the wax required. It is right then first to describe fully this process.

Making Sheets of Wax.—Have ready at the commencement of the operation about two pounds of white wax, one long mould candle (four to the pound), or else a quarter of a pound of pure tallow—the following colors, ground in oil, or else in a dry state, chrome yellow, light and dark, Prussian blue, cobalt or French ultramarine (the former is the best), carmine and Chinese or permanent white; these will make every tint required. You will want also a small saucepan with a lip, or what is better, two saucepans, one to go readily into the other, in the manner of a glue-pot; a clean glue-pot is itself

much to be preferred. The object of this double vessel is, that the outer one should have water put in it, while the inner vessel holds the wax, thus the latter being melted by the heat of boiling water only, never burns, boils over, or gets discolored. If a single vessel be used, it should not be placed on the fire, but only on the hob; in all cases there should be a cover over it. The next thing wanted is a square tin mould, made one inch deep, two and a half inches wide, and five or six long, made in the manner of a cake tin, with a wire around the top. This is all that is required for casting the wax first into blocks. You had first better make some white, because that color is more used than any other, and the scraps left will cast again for other colors; it will take half a pound of wax to fill the above sized mould, and the block thus made will cut up into five or six dozen sheets or more.

White.—Cast some transparent, and others a little opaque; the former will be made by putting half a pound of wax and one ounce of tallow in summer, and two ounces of tallow in winter, together with half a teaspoonful of salad oil in winter, into the saucepan; then, when melted, stirring it up well with a bone spoon, or a piece of wood, and pouring it into the mould. When hard, dip the mould into hot water for a moment, which will melt the sides of the lump, so as to allow it to be separated from the tin; it is then ready for cutting into sheets. If it is to be an opaque white, stir up with the wax, when melted, more or less of the permanent or Chinese white; pour it, when of a uniform color. A very little white will suffice, as it must never be much colored. Another receipt for white wax is one pound of wax and one ounce of Canada balsam; for colored wax one ounce of spirits of turpentine may be used instead of Canada balsam.

Yellow.—Mix with the transparent wax and tallow more or less chrome yellow, either light or dark, according to the tint required. There are generally four yellows made, primrose color, light yellow, fit for certain carnations, roses, tulips, &c., dark yellow as for the jonquil and orange.

Pinks and Reds.—Color with different quantities of carmine. It may be made of four shades, which we may call for their depth of color, 1, 2, 3, 4. The first being excessively pale, fit for

the blush rose; the two next, ordinary rose colors; and the darkest, which is a deep red, like the damask rose, various red hyacinths, &c.

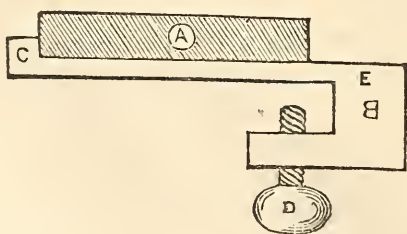
Blues.—There are but two colors of blue wax usually made, one by a light blue, colored with cobalt, the other a full tint, formed of Prussian blue and wax. The first is for light-colored blue hyacinths, the other for dark hyacinths and some of the companulas.

Greens.—There will be required six or seven different tints of green, from the light grass-green of the primrose leaf, to the deep green of the camellia; they are all colored by the different admixtures of light chrome yellow and Prussian blue.

There are numerous other colors required, but they are produced by coloring the white wax by means afterwards described. This is chiefly because most flowers which are colored are not alike on both sides, and are generally quite white towards the centre of the flower, and to use a colored wax for such a purpose would be to give a muddiness, that would entirely spoil the effect of the tint. Waxen sheets made in the above manner will not be either brittle in cold weather, nor too yielding in hot, nor are they much altered by time.

To save expense, it is always advisable to cut into sheets the blocks first made of white and other light color, before any darker colors are made, because the scraps and spoiled sheets may then be melted up again for the darker tints; for example, scraps of primrose wax will melt for a yellow or green, pink for a red, yellow for an orange, a light green to a darker tint, and so on. Also, in the after modelling of the flowers, the scraps are all valuable. If wax is frequently melted it will require a little spirits of turpentine added to it.

We must now return to the white block cast, and show how it is to be cut into sheets. First, it is necessary to have a stop to fasten to the table the lump of wax; a piece of wood, three inches wide, and of which the following is a section, is well adapted for the purpose.



A, is the block of wax; B, the machine; the part C E rests on the table, to which it is held safely by the screw D; at C is a crosspiece of wood, which prevents the block of wax, repre-

sented as shaded in the cut, from slipping off. You must now get a carpenter's shave, called a spokeshave (and those are of the best shape which are used by coopers). The wooden part which slides over the block of wax should be flat, and it should have rather a wide mouth or orifice where the iron passes. Grease well the iron and wooden under-face of the shave, and then force it along the wax, so as to cut off a thin slice, to make the surface even. This first slice will not be fit for use, nor yet perhaps the second or third. Soon, proceeding in the same manner, and keeping the tool well greased, slices or sheets will be cut off of equal and proper thickness. Such as are good must be kept for use, the rest remelted.

A second method of cutting up the block, is to hold it in the hand, and force it along the greased surface of a larger wide-mouthed carpenter's plane.

A third method, which may be pursued by everybody without expense, is to have a number of pieces of writing paper, cut rather smaller than the mould in which the wax has been cast. Take the block of wax out of the mould, and put into the mould so much paper as will just raise the block above the wired edge of the tin mould. Then fastening the mould, wax and all, firmly to a table, either by resting it on the stay before mentioned, or otherwise, as convenient; cut the top off even by a thin bladed dinner knife, taking care to run the knife steadily along the edge of the mould. Now take out the block, and put in a piece of paper to raise it up; put it in again, and you can cut off a sheet equal in thickness to the paper: the same operation repeated will give another slice, and so on raising up the block by a piece of paper each time after a piece has been cut off. The only inconvenience here is the removal of the block of wax each time from the casting mould; to prevent this, the stay which fixes to the table may have sides to it, when it is proposed to cut the wax by a knife, and it having no stop at one end of it, it can be taken out, and a piece of paper put beneath it with little trouble. If it be required to have long leaves, like those of a hyacinth, the mould to cast the wax in should be seven inches long, and one inch wide.

Colors required.—The ordinary colors used in painting flowers on paper, will also be required in imitating them in wax. The colors should all be transparent and bright, browns, blacks, and other dark colors are rarely ever wanted; for black we recollect only two uses, that of painting the anthers of the garden tulip, and to mix with carmine for the very dark rose, but

even in this last case it is not necessary. The most useful colors are, two shades of chrome yellow, smalt (powder blue), and Prussian blue, carmine, in powder, to color the wax, and afterwards, where necessary, to give a uniform tint to the petals. The following in cakes, to be rubbed in the ordinary way of water colors, but

with a little colorless ox gall, to make the colors lay upon the greasy surface of the wax. Cobalt, carmine, chrome, burnt sienna, sap green, Prussian blue, &c. These are to be laid on with the ordinary camel's-hair pencils, and are adapted to make the ornamental marking of the flowers, such as the streaks of the tulip and carnation.

PETER MULROONEY.

HOW HE ADVERTISED FOR A WIFE, AND WHAT HAPPENED.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, THE YOUNGER.

IF the reader should desire to know how it came to pass that I took our old acquaintance, Peter Mulrooney, into my service again, having a full consciousness of his singular proclivities, I am afraid I can scarcely answer his question, even to my own satisfaction. Certain it is, that, notwithstanding his many egregious blunders, he had so far enlisted my sympathies, but more especially those of my family, in his behalf, as to induce me to receive him again, in a sort of miscellaneous capacity which it would be difficult to define.

Perhaps, after all, the true secret of this favoritism lay in the depths of our own nature, and had its origin in the amusement he continually afforded us. His easy rollicking character might also have been some recommendation; for, pugnacious as Peter was constitutionally, there was not a single spice of malice in his composition. Indeed, I have seldom met with a man in whom good humor was more continually predominant. Even his own mishaps rarely ruffled his temper any longer than the passing moment; while his subsequent reflections were so humorous, that, notwithstanding the annoyances he so frequently occasioned by his ludicrous mistakes, we, somehow or other, came to the conclusion that "we could well spare a better man."

In one particular, Peter especially interested the younger members of my family—he was an admirable story-teller. Hour after hour, when, I am sorry to say, he should have been more profitably engaged, he would sit within the shadow of the old elm on the lawn, and recount, to the eager youngsters who clustered about him, a great variety of stories, having the "ould counthry" for their scene of action. Some of these were intensely marvellous—while others abounded with practical fun and frolic; and in this manner, dividing his time, most unequally

it must be confessed, between working and story-telling, he passed his days, not a little to his own content, and scarcely less to the delectation of the children.

At first, his systematic idleness annoyed me not a little; but Mrs. Urban, with whom Peter, by his praise of the children, had become a great favorite, interposed so effectually in his behalf, that my faint show of opposition was speedily silenced, and henceforth he came to be regarded as a privileged person. It would, however, be unjust to him if I should say he abused his privileges, or was at all neglectful in the performance of any duties that were especially assigned him. What he was told to do, that he did cheerfully, sometimes well, more often indifferently; and occasionally in so strangely perverted a manner, that the sense of vexation presently gave way to a burst of irrepressible laughter. It is not, however, with any of his ordinary mishaps, that I have to deal at present; but with a misadventure personal to himself.

Some three months after Peter came back to us, he began to exhibit a degree of flashiness and juvenility in his apparel, that at first excited our wonder, and subsequently interested us in a very different way. His speech, also, became blander, and more oily; and instead of the marvellous adventures with which he had previously delighted the children—and, I am not ashamed to add, myself and Mrs. Urban likewise—his discourse now turned wholly upon stories "all about coortin."

He told how Mike Finnigan, the son of a poor widow, and one "as hadn't a thraneen to his name," won the love of a grand Irish princess, "a discindant of the kings of Munster," who married him out of pure affection, gave him fine clothes to wear, and a magnificent horse to ride, put innumerable gold rings upon

his fingers, and provided the rarest delicacies for his daily table. How the fortunate man improved under her tutelage, and—for the period of the story was laid in the heroic ages—became a mighty warrior, and a renowned hunter, who, surrounded by a formidable array of “Kerns and gallow-glasses,” kept his state right royally. Coming down to a more civilized period, Peter also told of another daring Irishman, Shamus O'Reagan by name, who, with no other recommendations than assurance and good looks, aspired to the hand of a miser's wealthy widow, a lady who was reputed to possess “goold an' jooels” enough to purchase a principality; and how, by praising her beauty and extolling her graciousness, he finally succeeded in carrying her off from a whole army of wealthier suitors, bought an entire county, kept open house, and had dukes and lords for his guests. He had a third story of a personage, whom he called Con McCrea, “a broth of a boy, at all the palthern an' fairs;” who, finding the Emerald Island too small for a gentleman of his fighting capacities, migrated to the “Aast Ingees,” and entering the service of one of the numerous potentates of that interesting region, attained high military command, and finally, on the decease of his royal master by a convenient dose of poison, reached the culminating point of Irish ambition by marrying the widowed Begum, and exercising despotic authority over millions of swarthy subjects. These, and various other narratives, all tending to show the realization of wealth and power through the medium of matrimony, had, by often revolving them, so inflamed the imagination of the susceptible Peter, that, from his subsequent movements, it became evident he was himself disposed to seek fortune and respectability in a somewhat similar manner. The first intimation we received of his designs, was his attempting to win, by a *coup de main*, the heart of a venerable dowager in our own immediate neighborhood; but the good old lady, though delighted with his gallantry, and gratified with his attentions, was not at all impressible in the only way in which Peter desired to be rewarded. Nothing baffled by this rebuff, Peter next sought to ingratiate himself into the affections of the only daughter of a wealthy, but illiterate German farmer; but, to his great astonishment, she preferred Hans Spiegel and saur kraut, to Peter Mulrooney and blarney. Beaten, but not conquered, Peter suddenly became particularly attentive to a homely maiden lady, of small means but large expectations, and as our friend Mulrooney regarded himself in exactly the same category, he naturally concluded

there would arise a sympathetic feeling between them. But alas, for human calculations! Miss Prudence Frizzle proved most uninterestingly frigid. These repeated rebuffs cooled, for a little while, the impassioned ardor of master Peter, whose taciturnity very visibly increased, greatly to the disappointment of the children, who began to fear that his capacity for telling funny stories had suffered a notable decline.

But the lightness and elasticity natural to a temperament intensely Irish speedily prevailed. A great idea took possession of Peter; not original indeed, but productive nevertheless of most profound sensations; and to his imaginative mind full of magnificent promise. Day after day he revolved the notion he had conceived, until he became astonished at the perfect ease with which any individual might acquire an independent fortune, and only wondered that every unmarried man did not adopt a project so tempting and yet so practicable.

Peter's first knowledge of a royal road to wealth and social station, arose from a paragraph which one of the members of my household read aloud from a newspaper for the amusement of certain company then present. It was headed “A WIFE WANTED.” Some one laughingly remarked, “that the applicant could scarcely fail of being successful, inasmuch as the journal in question was read by at least twenty thousand persons, among whom, it might be fairly inferred, there were three thousand unmarried females.” Peter listened breathlessly. Three thousand unmarried women all addressed at one time by a single letter of invitation! The reflection was a startling one. It was courting by wholesale. The grandeur of the venture struck Peter with astonishment, especially when he compared the severe simplicity of the operation with the magnitude of the result. Three thousand matrimonial hooks, radiating from a common centre, all baited with the same bait, and all brought into simultaneous operation at one cast of the hand, was an innovation upon old customs which could only have originated with a man of extraordinary genius. This breaking down of conventionalisms opened a new world to the susceptible Peter, who gave vent to his feelings by constantly repeating to himself—

“Coortin' by letther! three thousand women, an' all at wanst! Och, by the mortal, but that bates bannagher over an' over! Sure there's many an' many a purty colleen as 'll be glad on the chance, I does be thinkin'; yea thin, an' the grand flahool ladies too, for that mather, for all their shiny silks an' sattins, an' their goolden chains.”

Peter's resolution was taken. He too would advertise for a wife. Of course, we were at the time in happy ignorance of the important cogitations in which Mulrooney was indulging, though we could not help noticing, as somewhat remarkable, his thoughtful and preoccupied manner. What added also to the apparent strangeness of his conduct, as his matrimonial scheme approached a crisis, was the mysterious visits he made to certain of his countrymen residing in the vicinity of the mine banks, some five miles distant. The riddle was, however, in rapid process of solution. Early one morning he rapped at the door of my library, and in quite an excited manner thrust towards me a soiled and crumpled piece of paper.

"Sure I'll not be afther troublin' ye, if 'tisin't convenient," said he; "but would yer honner be plazed to look over this bit of a letter."

Thinking merely it one of those queer epistolary compositions with which the Irish are so fond of regaling their friends in the old country, I glanced at first carelessly over the billet; but my attention was speedily arrested, not by the chirography, which was uncouth enough; nor the orthography, which was worse; but by the peculiar importance of the subject matter. The paper was headed—

"WORNTE A WYFE."

It commenced in due legal form as follows:—

"No orl men bi thees presens, that a gintleman from Ireland, of respectible konneckshuns, and a profishint in the natheral siences, also good lookin', wornts to younite hissself in the bownds of mattheramunny wid a lady of good family and who is a dacent woman. Age betuxt 8 tene and 30 five; a few yeres makin' no differ.

P. S. Wun as has propperty in her own rite preferred.

P. S. Number 2. To see cumpany, and for persunal inspeckshun, he will be at Mike Cassidy's house, Number 4 Mungumery Street, up stares, every mornin' and evenin' ontill furdur notis. Inkwire for P. M., at the kichen dure up the ally.

Noty Beny. As 'tis sarious he is, and intinshuns onnerabel, it is hoped that nobody will come to see him widout good rason."

It may well be imagined how difficult it was to maintain a decent degree of gravity while perusing this precious document. Striving to compose my features as much as possible, I endeavored to assume a puzzled look, as I inquired—

"Well, Peter, what does all this mean?"

"Mane?" replied he. "That letther? 'Tis

a scrape of a pen that wan Dinnis Mahool writ for me, an' manes mattheramunny, I does be thinkin'!"

"I understand that perfectly; but who is this Irish gentleman that calls himself a proficient in the natural sciences?"

"Ah, now be aisey, Misther Urbin," said Peter, with a sly twinkling sidelong glance; "sure ye know that 'tis myself the letther does be spaken of."

"Indeed, Mr. Mulrooney," said I, making him a profound bow, "I was not aware you were so accomplished."

"Faix! but I'd like to know what 'ud I be good for if I wasn't!" replied Peter, taking refuge in a favorite response of his.

"Excuse my ignorance; but pray, what are the natural sciences?"

"Arrah, now," said Peter, evasively, "would ye have me make a dickshunarey of myself; an' you a raal gintleman, wid a head full of larnin' an' a cart load of books to the fore? Ayeh! 'tis sorry I'd be not to have betther manners nor that."

"I did not ask for a compliment, but a definition. I want you to tell me, in as few words as possible, what are the natural sciences."

"Atin' an' dhrinkin'," said Peter, boldly; "an' if any wan man can bate me in the exercise of thim fackilties, by my troth but I'd like to see him, that 's all. Is the letther right, sir?"

"Capital, of its kind," said I, gravely; and, having accorded him permission of absence, it was not long before Peter was prepared to set off for town, arrayed in his holiday clothes, with the glossiest of silk hats set jantily sidewise on his head, and in his hand a good stout shillelah. The little ones ran out to bid him good-by, and, while I was standing on the lawn, I caught sight of Mrs. Urban laughingly waving him an adieu from the open window of the nursery.

The air of gallant confidence with which Mulrooney approached me induced me to say a passing word.

"Surely," said I, "you are not going to walk all the way to town!"

"Troth an' I am not, Misther Urbin," he responded, with a toss of his head. "I wouldn't be afther demaneing myself so much. I shall throuble the stame cars to take me this time, anyhow."

"The passenger cars have passed half an hour since, and, if you desire to reach the city to-day, you will have to put up with the burthen train."

"Augh!" said he, "look at that now! Sure I tould the dhriver to wait. Bad luck to him

for sarvin' me the dirthy thrick! Oh, but 'tis too bad to put me in the burden cars wid fat hogs, an' butther kegs, an' other quare animal crathures!"

Grumbling at his mishap, Peter set off at a half trot, and, in a few minutes, was screened from our sight by intervening trees.

Some four days elapsed, and we heard nothing from our friend Peter. Mrs. Urban began to grow uneasy, and, to confess the truth, I was not altogether without certain misgivings myself; but, towards sunset, I heard a great shout, and a clapping of tiny hands, and then the shrill voices of the children shouting joyously, "Here comes Peter!"

Presently I saw them bounding down the avenue to meet him; and, curious to observe what sort of a mood our blundering Irishman had returned in, I drew nearer to the window. The very first glance sufficed to show that something had gone wrong; for his gait was slow and thoughtful, and he walked in a bent posture with his hands clasped behind him. On the children he merely bestowed a moody nod of recognition, and his whole aspect wore such an air of gloom that the little fellows shrunk back and clustered together, chilled and disappointed.

Stepping out upon the lawn, as he approached, I bade him welcome, and inquired after the health of his new wife.

"Och! millia murther! Misther Urbin," said he; "but 'tis I that have made a great gandher of myself; an', instead of comin' back to yees like a dacent and respectable man, as sure I ought to be, considherin' my bringin' up, I'm ashamed to look ye'r honor in the face by rason of the misfortunes that did be followin' me hot fur all the while I was gone."

"Misfortunes, Mulrooney! I do not understand you."

"Sure enough, now, how should ye," said Peter, "an' you, and the kind misthress, an' the purty childhre all livin' so aisey like in the counthry, wid the green grass undher yer feet, an' the blue sky above yees, an' the singin' birds makin' music in the trees. Oh, begorra! but 'tis little music I've heard since I've been gone; barrin' the noise of cars, an' wagons, and the clattherin' of faymale tongues, an' the rattlin' of sticks and stones, wid a sprinklin' of brick-bacts by way of divarshin, an' that's no lie."

"I am afraid you have been getting yourself into some kind of mischief, Peter."

"Is it fightin' ye mane? Troth an' I dunno; but sure I am that 'tisn't the batin that 'ud be throublin' me at all. Look at my coat, sir.

Did ye iver see the likes o' that? Murthered inthirely!"

I confessed that its soiled and ragged appearance indicated considerable rough usage, and, taking heart at my expression of sympathy, Peter went on.

"You see, sir, whin I left here I wint down to the railroad, an' axed the man at the station for a passage in the cars."

"The cars is gone," sez he.

"Sure I know that," sez I, "but 'tis the burden cars I mane."

"Oh!" sez he. "If ye travels by thim the company's not responsible."

"What d'ye mane?" sez I.

"Put yer name to that paper," sez he. "'Tis a conthracontract that, if ye does git killed by any accident happenin' to the cars, ye'll agree not to call on the company for damages."

"Oh, murdher! is it there ye are?" sez I. "Sure but I'd be a great Omadhaun to sign the likes o' that. 'Tisn't rasonable that I'd be afther lettin' the cars batther my brains out, an' I not thry to make my forthin by it."

"Rasonable or not," sez he, "they won't take ye widout yer hand is to the paper."

"Ayeh, now," sez I, argufyin' the matther wid him, "only look at the cruel of the thing: to prevint a gintleman that's smashed all to flindhers, an' as dead as the ould kings of Munsther, from havin' the satisfackshin of bein' paid for it. Have a dacent regard for a man's feelin's," sez I.

"It's my ordhers," sez he; an', by jabers, Misther Urbin, he made me sign away my life widout recoorse; but I tould the engine man if he murdhered me widout my consint I'd bate him worse than he wor niver bate before. But, afther all, Misther Urbin, there wor no murdher done, an', by good luck, I got safe and sound to Mike Cassidy's. That night I put the notice of Mattheramunny in the papers, while Biddy Cassidy put the grate room up stairs in ordher for me to resave company.

"The next mornin' I sated myself in Cassidy's big arum chair, at the head of a table covered all over wid a clane white cloth, an' so, wid a dudheen of tobaccy in my fist, an' a noggin of whiskey to the fore, I waited, wid the composure of a feelosopher an' the patience of a blissed marthyr, to enthertain any respectable faymales that 'ud be plased to honor me wid a matthermonial call. Well, sir, I dunno how 'twas, but hour afther hour wint by, an' sorra' a sowl showed their face at the dure, foreby that of Biddy Cassidy lookin' in now an' thin wid her—

"Good luck to ye, Pether."

“‘Thank ye, Biddy,’ sez I; ‘but ’tis long a comin’.’

“‘Betther late nor niver,’ sez she; ‘so kape up yer sperits, man.’

“‘Faix,’ sez I, takin’ a sup o’ the noggin, ‘’tis the sperits that does be kapin’ me up.’

“‘Whisht!’ sez she. ‘I hear somebody,’ an’ wid that she slams the dure, and goes throt, throt, throt down stairs; an’ thin, afther a little, a saft step came pit pat, an’ thin a little low cough, an’ a scratchin’ at the dure for all the wureld like a rat behind the wainscut.

“‘Who’s there?’ sez I.

“‘Is Misther P. M. at home?’ sez a thin chirp of a voice.

“‘Come in,’ sez I; ‘he’ll be plased to see ye;’ an’ wid that, Misther Urbin, in comes a little pale-faced shlip of a colleen, about the height of my stick, and dhrops me a curchy.

“‘My respects to ye, darlin,’ sez I. ‘Maybe ye have a message for me.’

“‘He, he, he!’ sez she, lookin’ at me, an’ gigglin’.

“‘What is it?’ sez I.

“‘Is your name Misther P. M.?’ sez she, tittherin’.

“‘Iss,’ sez I.

“‘The man as wants a wife?’ sez she.

“‘The jintleman that is desirous of conjubial felicity,’ sez I, wid all the dignity I could muster.

“‘Oh!’ sez she.

“‘What’s the matther?’ sez I.

“‘Av ye plase, Misther P. M., I’m come,’ sez she.

“‘Troth an’ I see that!’ sez I; ‘but what does be botherin’ me out an’ out is to know what yere come for.’

“‘I’m come to be married, av ye plase,’ sez she.

“‘Augh, tunderashin!’ sez I to myself. ‘Did I ever hear the likes o’ that! How ould are ye, my little colleen?’ sez I.

“‘E’en a most fifteen,’ sez she.

“‘Aych!’ sez I, ‘’tis mightly throubled I am to disthress ye; but sure, I think ’tis betther for me to marry an’ ould woman of twinty.’

“‘Then ye won’t have me?’ sez she, puttin’ the corner of her pinafore to her eyes, an’ bustin’ out a cryin’.

“‘Och! wirrasthru, acushla!’ sez I, soothe-rin her. ‘Why will ye spoil yer beautiful eyes, whin the shine of ’em ’ud brake the hearts of so many illigant young gintlemen? sure I’d be plased to marry ye this blissed day, barrin’ that I have the rheumatiz, an’ the asthmatiz, an’ the galvaniz, an’ all the other izzes, the likes of

which is best beknownd to the docther an’ the poticary.’

“‘Oh!’ sez she, ‘if that’s the case’—

“‘An’ a mighty bad case it is,’ sez I.

“‘An, you so old too,’ sez she.

“‘Aych! ’tishn’t much younger I’ll be afther growin’, I does be thinkin’.’

“‘An’ wid gray hairs,’ sez she.

“‘’Tis a sign that I’m ould enough to be y’er father an’ mother,’ sez I.

“‘That’s thrue,’ sez she; ‘an’ I don’t think I’ll have yees.’

“‘Oh, begorra;’ sez I, ‘but I’m of that same opinion.’

“‘Good-mornin’ Misther P. M.,’ sez she.

“‘Give ye good-day, little bib an’ tucker,’ sez I. ‘Take care of the holes in the stairs, an’ plase don’t come back again till I sind for yees.’

“‘Augh! if that’s a specimin of young Ameriky in calicoes, how will I manage wid them as comes in silks an’ bloomers,’ sez I. ‘But what’s that thramplin’ I hear? Good luck to ye, Pether,’ thinks I to myself, ‘maybe ’tis some grand flahool lady come to see ye,’ but instid o’ that, Misther Urbin, in hobbles a crazy ould woman, dressed in black tatters, stuck all wid red, an’ blue, an’ yellow ribbin’.

“‘Oh, my dear husband!’ sez she, flinging her arums about me, ‘so I’ve found ye at last.’

“‘Och! millia murther! what does she mane, I wondher? Lave me go av ye plase;’ sez I, puttin’ her off from me, ‘’tisnt myself that yere lookin’ afther, but some other jintleman.’

“‘’Tis yerself; ’tis yerself!’ sez she, screechin’. ‘Havin’t I waited for ye seventy and siven long years; iver since the great flood when Noah was dhrowned by St. Patrick in the lake of Comeen dhu? An’ I talked to the moon yesther night, an’ the moon said you wor come; an’ I went an’ axed the wather, an’ the wather said you wor come; an the stars laughed an’ clapped their hands. So I put on my purty weddin’ clothes an’ wint about an’ axed the people, an’ they tould me you wor at Mike Cassidy’s.’

“‘Bad luck to the rapscallions;’ sez I to myself, ‘to sind a mad woman afther me for the thrick of the thing. Where’s Biddy Cassidy, I wonder? Ochone! what’ll I do wid the poor ould thing, an’ she lookin’ so long for her husband?’

“‘Whisht!’ sez she. ‘I hear a grate blue bottle fly talkin’ to the Princess of Fairy land; an’ they ’re colloguing to take ye away wid em; but I’ll hould ye fast, I’ll hould ye fast!’

“‘Hands off, av ye plase,’ sez I. ‘Oh, by the mortial, but ’tis in a mighty bad way I am Biddy Cassidy! come to me, Biddy Cassidy!’

“‘What is it?’ sez Biddy, thrampin’ up stairs.

“‘Ayeh!’ sez I, ‘tis a mad woman, an’ I half sthrangled.’

“‘Och!’ sez she, houldin’ her fat sides wid the laughter. ‘Isn’t this a quare sight that I see? Don’t be flustrated, Pether, avich! ’tis only Poor Madge Donally; but how she come here is the grate wondher.’

“‘Sorra a bit I know,’ sez I; ‘but take her away av ye plase; ’tis a bad time to be throubled wid an ould woman out of her head, an’ I expectin’ company.’

“‘Oh, be asey!’ sez Biddy, ‘I’ve larned how to put the comether over her. Madge, acushla,’ sez she, ‘there’s a grand flahool weddin’ down stairs, an’ the groom’s a waitin’ for ye to give away the bride.’

“‘Where’s my feathers,’ sez Madge, ‘an’ my goold chains?’

“‘They won’t wear feathers, nor chains, the day, I does be thinkin’!’ sez Bridget, wid a wink at me. ‘But I’ve got some red ribbins below to thrick ye out wid.’

“‘I’ll go,’ sez Madge; ‘I’ve a letter from the Grand Turkey as lives in the Aist Ingees, over the salt say; will I read yees a taste of it?’

“‘Na bocklish!’ sez Biddy, ‘sure its betther kep fresh for the company;’ an’ wid that she takes the poor ould craythur by the arum an’ throts her out.

“‘Ayeh! Pether,’ sez I to myself, ‘but I does be thinkin’ yees brought yer pig to a bad market the day. Och! murder! an’ I dhressed up all so fine, to be axed in marriage by a weeny coleen no higher nor my feet, an’ made a husband of by a crazy ould vanithee. Oh, by this, an’ by that, ’tis too bad any way; an’ that’s no lie.’

“‘Well, sir, while I wor consolin’ my distressed feelin’s wid a taste of whiskey, there comes a tunderin knock at the dure, an’ widout sayin’, ‘by yer lave,’ in bounces a stout red faced colleen, wid a dirty white gown, an’ her hair all in disordher about her eyes.’

“‘Are you the jintleman as writ that?’ sez she, houldin’ up a crumpled piece of newspaper.

“‘Maybe I am,’ sez I, spakin’ short, by rason of not likin’ her at all.

“‘It sez here,’ sez she, ‘that you ’re wantin’ a wife, an’ brother Jim sez’—

“‘Stop a bit,’ sez I. ‘Iss it yer brother Jim that sint ye?’

“‘Iss!’ sez she.

“‘Well, then, be plased to give my compliments to yer brother Jim, an’ tell him I’ve althered my mind.’

“‘Then you won’t have me,’ sez she.

“‘Troth, an’ I believe not!’ sez I.

“‘You, you, you are an’ ould, good for nothing, low Irisher,’ sez she.

“‘Thank ye, mam,’ sez I.

“‘I’ll tell brother Jim, mind if I don’t.’

“‘Faix! I wish nothing betther.’

“‘He’ll beat good manners into ye.’

“‘Many thanks to him; I’m always willin’ to larn.’

“‘Ye’re a monsther!’ sez she. ‘A low, Irish monsther!’

“‘A what?’

“‘A monsther!’

“‘Divil a bit o’ munsther man am I. Sure I come from Connaught, and so did my father before me. Munsther, indade!’

“‘Well, I’m going!’

“‘Are ye, now? Troth, an’ I must say that’s kind of ye, affther all. An’ so ye’re goin’! ’Tisn’t at all sorry to part wid ye, I am, an’ that’s no lie.’

“‘Oh, by this, an’ by that, only thin to hear how her tongue wint; for all the wureld like the clapper of a mill. I dunno what it was she said, but sure I am, it didn’t sound at all complimentary. She threatened over an’ over to bring brother Jim, an’ I tould her over an’ over I’d be plased to see him; an’ thin, at last, she wint off in a tearin passion, an’ if the truth must be tould I wasn’t at all sorry to see the back part of her bonnet. But she promised all the way down stairs to interjuice me to her brother Jim, an’ upon my conscience, I must do her the justice to say she kept her word; for, not long affther, who should come to Mike Cassidy’s dure but this same Jim, wid half a dozen others at his back. He axed, was I at home? ‘To be sure I was,’ sez Cassidy, ‘won’t ye walk in.’ ‘No,’ sez they, ‘we’ll wait till he comes down.’ So wid that Cassidy runs up to me an’ sez, sez he, ‘Pether, avich! can ye stand a batin’?’”

“‘Troth, an’ I dunno,’ sez I.

“‘Maybe ye’d rather fight?’ sez he.

“‘Is it fight, did ye say?’ sez I, jumpin’ up an’ sazin’ hould of my shellelah; ‘oh, by the powers, but ye couldn’t plase me betther. But, who is the jintleman?’

“‘Sorra bit do I know!’ sez he, ‘but one they call Jim.’

“‘Is it there ye are?’ sez I. ‘Faiz! thin here goes my hand to the work.’

“‘An’ mine too,’ sez Mike; ‘an’ there’s Dan Costegan watin’ in the back room ready to give us a lift for the sake of ould Cannaught.’

“‘But maybe ’tis only jokin’ they are,’ sez I.

“‘Oh, yea thin, go to the windy an’ see.’

“‘I’ll do that same,’ sez I, an’ so I wint an’

looked out. Och! Mither Urbin, sure there niver wor heard such a hullabaloo! 'That's he,' sez one; 'oh, the rascally Irisher,' sez another; 'come down, or we'll-dhrag ye down,' sez a third.

"'Aisey, gintlemen,' sez I; 'hould on till I come down of myself,' an' wid that, I grips my shillelah an' joins Mike an' Dan in the passage.

"'Now thin, boys,' sez I. 'Hurrah for ould Ireland! whoop, whooroo!'

"Troth an' I dunno how 'twas, Mither Urbin, but whether they wor too many for us, or I had lost the knack of fightin', sure I am, I got a dacent batin'the day. By good luck the poleesh come up afore I wor kill enthirely, an' Mike Cassidy an' my frind Dan have rason to be thankful likewise; fore by just thin they wor both sprawlin' in the gutther, an' I undher thim. But I bruk the head of brother Jim for all that. Well, sir, tattered an' bedhraggled as we wor, they marched us all off to a magisthrates, who,

afther a dale of talkin' an' colloquin', bound us over to kape the pace."

"And this, I hope, then, is an end of your matrimonial speculation, Mulrooney."

"Oh, bedad, sir," was his reply; "'tis hard to say; sure, 'tis an' Irishman I am, an' love the sex; an' have no objeckshun in the wureld to a dacent batin'."

"So you are still determined to look out for a wife?"

"What can a poor boy do, sir? Sure 'tisn't rasonable to expect that a wife 'ud be lookin' out for me."

There was no denying this, and so Peter, with a scrape of his foot and a touch of his forelock, took his departure. The next morning I found him at his customary work, crooning over to himself the words of an old song, and looking as gay and careless as ever. I need not add, the children were delighted with the change.

CHARADES IN ACTION.

Answer to Charade in the May number—CAB-BAGE.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

POOR TENANT. HIS WIFE. HIS FAMILY.
ANGRY LANDLORD.

SCENE—House of Poor Tenant comfortably furnished.

Enter POOR TENANT in a state of extreme dejection. His WIFE, who follows him, endeavors to console him, but in vain, for he only stamps and presses his forehead the more. She

clings to him and demands the cause of his sorrow. He pulls from his pocket a placard written, "RENT DAY TO-MORROW." She falls back in horror, and weeps.

Enter HIS FAMILY, who, seeing the Father and Mother's affliction, are overcome by their feelings. They turn aside their heads and sob audibly.

Poor Tenant addresses His Family. He a second time exhibits his placard, and the sorrow of the group becomes extreme. He tells



them, by pulling his pockets inside out, that he has not a penny. He points to his comfortable furniture, and informs them that the Angry Landlord will seize it all for rent. Sinking into a chair, he is overwhelmed in his grief. His Wife and Family gather round him, and ask in

what way they can assist him. They offer to bear away their goods that night, and carry them beyond the reach of the Angry Landlord. A gleam of joy passes over the countenance of Poor Tenant. He embraces his children, and His Wife blesses them.



His Family then seize the chairs, and carry them on tiptoe into the passage. They return stealthily, until the whole room is stripped. Then casting a long farewell look at the ceiling of their forefathers' home—they strike a touching tableau, and *exeunt* Poor Tenant, His Wife, and Family, mournfully.

Enter ANGRY LANDLORD, with a pen in his mouth, and a ledger under his arm. He stamps



loudly on the floor of Poor Tenant's house, but nobody comes. He stamps again and again, his face wearing an expression of surprise and disgust. In a great passion he raves about the room, expressing in action his indignation at all the furniture having been removed. He swears to be revenged, and draws a writ from his pocket.

Exit Angry Landlord, still swearing vengeance.



canonicals of red table-cover and lace cuffs. He walks grandly, and is followed by CARDINALS in sacerdotal robes of bed-curtains, and devout PRIESTS in ladies' cloaks with the hoods over their heads. They tell their beads of coral necklaces.

The Pope seats himself in the arm-chair throne, and the Priests commence kissing his toe. He blesses each one as he rises. The Irish Gentleman advancing, beseeches by gestures Cardinals to permit him to take one fond embrace. They are pleased with his earnestness, and consent. He casts himself on his knees and kisses it madly.

They then invite the English Gentleman also to advance and be blessed. He folds his arms and refuses disdainfully. The Pope is enraged,



ACT II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE POPE OF ROME. CARDINALS. PRIESTS.
IRISH GENTLEMAN. ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.
PAPAL SOLDIERS.

SCENE.—*Interior of a Chapel at Rome. Around it are hung pictures, and at the end is the arm chair for the Pope's throne.*

Enter IRISH GENTLEMAN and ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, arm-in-arm, to view the beauties of the chapel. They are both delighted with the pictures, and while the Irish Gentleman kneels down, the English one carves his name on the door, to tell all further visitors that he has been there.

The solemn music of a piano is heard, and Enter THE POPE OF ROME, dressed in full

and rises from his throne. The Cardinals gather menacingly round English Gentleman, and the Priests threaten him with wild gesticulations. The Irish Gentleman in vain endeavors to restore peace. His friend is once more besought to yield, but still refuses. The Pope beckons to his Priests, when

Enter PAPAL SOLDIERS, and surround English



Gentleman, who still remains with his arms crossed. He refuses to stir, and addresses the Pope and his Court in language of contempt. The Guards are ordered to do their duty, and force English Gentleman away with the point of their brooms. (*Soft Music.*) *Exeunt* Pope, Cardinals, and Priests, solemnly, the Irish Gentleman cheering.

ACT III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GRANDFATHER. HIS SON. GRANDMOTHER.
HER DAUGHTER (*Wife to His Son*).
THEIR CHILDREN. VISITORS. SERVANTS.
MUSICIANS.

SCENE.—*Old Hall in the Mansion of His Son.*
Long table down the centre, with chairs.

Enter SERVANTS bearing grand feast, which they arrange on the table. They then stand behind the chairs.

Enter GRANDFATHER, GRANDMOTHER, HIS SON, HER DAUGHTER, THEIR CHILDREN, and VISITORS in holiday costume. Grandfather is so old he can scarcely walk, and is supported by His Son, whom he blesses. Grandmother is placed next to Her Daughter, and Their



Children dance about with delight. When they are seated at table, they eat.

Enter Servants bearing large dish with brown silk bundle in it for plum-pudding. Their Children rise from the table and dance round it.

As soon as the dinner is removed, His Son gives a signal, when

Enter MUSICIANS with imitation instruments in their hands. Their Children serve them with wine and plum-pudding. (*Affecting picture.*) Grandfather goes out and fetches a bunch of Mistletoe, which he hangs to the lamp. They all laugh, and are delighted with the wickedness of Grandfather. He laughs and coughs a great deal, and all Their Children thump him on the back to make him better.

The Visitors then take the Young Ladies, who appear dreadfully bashful, and drag them screaming and tittering under the Mistletoe, where they embrace them theatrically, by crossing their heads over their shoulders. Grandmother is delighted, and presses her sides with mirth,



when one of Their Children takes her hand, and pulls her under the Mistletoe and kisses her. Grandfather pretends to be jealous, and the fun increases.

Several of the Gentlemen are smitten with the charms of the Ladies, and after they have kissed them, proceed to the corners, where they fall on one knee and propose. The Ladies weep, hesitate, and point to Grandfather. The Gentlemen beseech the Grandfather to consent. He weeps, and blesses them.

Musicians begin playing a court dance, all the party standing up. The old Grandfather taking Grandmother's hand, leads off the dance.



GRAND TABLEAU.

AMARANTHINE FLOWERS.

BY ROBERT G. ALLISON.

YE who visit Religion's bowers,
May gather there unfading flowers;
But seek them not in the gay parterre,
For they ne'er can flourish there:
Seek them in some humble heart,
Where they rich perfume impart:

The air of Heaven around them blows;
No one e'er blight's influence knows.
Removed to that pure, heavenly clime,
Where in Eternity is merged time,
Where light ne'er yields to night's gloom,
They in immortal verdure bloom.

LA TENENTINA.

BY J. T. GOZES.

SIGNORA LUCREZIA'S apartment was one of the best in Via Felice. It was on the second floor; the front windows faced the street, the back looked on a square court which opened into gardens. The house itself was built along two sides of this court, and, owing to this construction, the windows were too near each other. From my bedroom I could have shaken hands with Signora Lucrezia as she stood at the window of her own mysterious bower beside the kitchen.

Lucrezia was a woman, who, on a broader, loftier stage, would have acted as a Semiramis, or Catherine II. Crafty and yet frank, generous yet sordid, impulsive yet designing, she epitomized in herself the contradictory phases of Italian character. I have known her act in the most disinterested manner, yet I should not have dared to scrutinize her weekly bills with microscopic acuteness. She had a great deal of talent, but was quite uneducated.

On my first arrival in Rome, she nursed me during a serious attack of Roman fever with the kindest solicitude. I was then a stranger in the land, and she had no reason to think I was more abundantly provided with fortune's gifts than the generality of my artist brethren, yet all necessary expenses were supplied at her own risk, and with the most generous liberality. I must acknowledge, however, that, almost universally in Italy, and especially in Rome, the relation between landlord or landlady and lodger, is a much more satisfactory one than elsewhere. Many young artists, with few friends and no resources, have found affectionate nurses, patient creditors, and sincere friends in their *Padrone* or *Padrona*. The best Italian will endeavor to overreach you, for with them it is a kind of mental gymnastic; but the worst are invariably good-natured. All her lodgers had a regard for Lucrezia.

On the whole, she was a noble specimen of Italian womanhood, and a more practised hand than mine should record, to do her fitting justice, her faults and her virtues. She was a type for a Balzac to describe and analyze. But, as she acted a part in a most interesting life episode, which I wish briefly to relate, I must devote a few lines to her mental and personal portraiture.

She was a handsome woman. Her hair, which, in the morning, and sometimes during the whole day, would hang in long rusty strings down her back, was, in the evening, dark and shining. It was braided back in the heavy, hanging plait, fastened by the silver crescent Roman women are so fond of wearing, and which gave a Diana look to her noble head. The head itself was well placed, the mouth red and humid, the teeth small, white, and even. The peculiarity of the face was in the eyes. They had a feline property of darkening, at times, into black, and at others of discharging their color, till they seemed of a pale yellowish green. When any unusual emotion possessed her, two red sparks, like fierce rubies, would glow deep within. I never heard such dramatic and musical Italian as from her mouth, nor have I ever met with such natural grace of gesture. All Italians are born mimics, but she would sometimes *act* a story to me as she related it, with a raised arm and an "Ascolta" worthy of Rachel herself. She had the keenest sense of humor, and her joyous racy laugh was as sparkling and cordial as a bumper of Orvieto.

She was a widow, and it was so clearly the interest of her brother, Signor Vincenzo, that she should not marry again, that I was not surprised that, in spite of her numerous admirers, she had hitherto preferred none.

She had not been happy as a wife, and the red sparks glowed in her eyes as she spoke of her husband; but her abiding regret was that she was childless. I never knew a woman so tenderly fond of children.

Soon after I became acquainted with her, a young French lieutenant came to lodge in the house, and, from that moment, the brother felt how precarious was his tenure as master of Lucrezia's house, and guardian of her heart. He hated the Frenchman with the instinctive hatred and distrust which all Italians feel for Frenchmen, added to the private and personal reason that, should his sister marry again, his position, even if he remained in the house, would be entirely different. There is such an incorrigible idleness in the Italian character that he would, probably, have remained as a subaltern in the house he had ruled over as master;

but there would be no effort, short of murder, that he would leave untried to prevent that catastrophe.

The presence of these French must be a perpetual thorn in the flesh to husbands, fathers, and brothers, in Rome. Intermarriages are more frequent than is supposed, and there is the perpetual spur of rivalry and contrast. Yet I expect the result to be beneficial, and I anticipate great things from the youth of Rome born during this mixture of races.

This young man was a remarkably handsome person, with very youthful and caressing manners. I have always remarked that persons with these manners inspire the most enduring and self-sacrificing attachments. There is something of parental feeling which blends with the love they excite; and what woman does not respond when that chord is touched?

So did Lucrezia love this "curled darling" with the meridian fervor of her clime and her years. In this love she had merged her whole fiery heart. He received her kindness with the waywardness of a petted child. Alas for a woman when her brightest happiness consists in being tolerated and endured by the man she loves! She thought he loved her, but his manner was gentle to all women, and she believed that, as soon as some pecuniary anxieties of which he spoke were relieved, he would declare himself. He, himself, was too young, and, besides, as I afterwards learned, too preoccupied, at the time, to read her feelings. In his boyish impatience of private anxieties, which were almost too great a burden to bear, he yearned for a confidant and adviser. Had it not been for Signor Vincenzo he would have had no concealments from Lucrezia; but he distrusted the brother in proportion as he admired and liked the sister. Meanwhile, Lucrezia, absorbed by her own feelings, saw nothing but his fair face and her own love.

If Signor Vincenzo opened the door for me with a darker scowl than usual in his hollow eyes, and, if I heard his sister's vibrating sweet contralto ringing through some air of Verdi's, as she went about her household occupations, I knew that the young Frenchman must have been propitiating the one and alarming the other by some kind and affectionate attention which, to both, savored of matrimony.

Never had I seen Lucrezia to so much advantage as at this time. Her eyes looked dark and soft; she was dressed with propriety and care, and, evidently, the finest elements of her being were on the surface. Love, the beautifier, seemed to have restored the bloom of early

youth to her cheek, and the glow of youthful hope to her heart. Alas! she told me, one day, with a sparkling smile, that the Frenchman expected his sister, who was to pass a little time with him previous to his going to Algiers on regimental business. A room was fitted up beside her sitting-room for herself, and she prepared hers for the young lady.

One evening there was a stir in the house; I inquired the reason.

"The 'Tenentina' had arrived."

"The sister of the lieutenant?"

"Si, Signor."

The individual who was thus styled I saw the next morning, when I perceived a slender, girlish form and a thin white hand putting up a muslin curtain in the window of the little room.

Knowing the conventual manner in which French girls are brought up, I thought it strange that so young a girl should be trusted, by her friends, with so young a man as her brother, and a soldier, too. I remember, a wild suspicion shot through me as Lucrezia was speaking to me about them. These sudden revelations, which, in daily language, are called suspicions, but which amount, with me, to certitudes, for they are invariably confirmed and justified by facts, are remarkable. I consider them strong links in that chain of evidence which supports the theory of an absolute and continual spiritual influence acting upon us. To what else could we attribute these wonderful intuitions?

For a few days I saw nothing of the young stranger. Sometimes during the evening, when the room was lighted, I noticed a little figure, which seemed to belong to a girl in her earliest youth, moving about, putting things in order, or diligently and quietly working by her lucerna. When the weather became warmer, she would sit at her occupations by the open window, but still almost entirely concealed by the curtain. She was a plain little thing, somewhat freckled, extremely fair, pale, and small. I had not seen her many times before I felt convinced there was no tie of blood between her and the lieutenant. They were of different races; and every look and gesture proved a contrasted organization. Brothers and sisters, however unlike in feature and complexion, bear, always, that resemblance which is the effect of mental and moral growth under identical culture, and of successive generations affected by the same outward influences. There was nothing of this here. Their love, too, had not the frank and genial expression which belongs to the fraternal relation. There was a rapturous, triumphant adoration on his side, met by a grave but impass-

sioned submission on hers, which, to me, seemed strange and unnatural.

Be it as it might, who would not have been touched by the miracles of quiet love and devotion in that girl's heart? What a life was she content to endure to be beside her pseudo brother! No nun in her cell could lead a daily existence of such entire self-abnegation. Imprisoned, as one might say, in that narrow chamber, which she never left but for early mass, she was always washing, sewing, or ironing for the graceless "Tenante." God help her! I thought this a heavy penalty to pay for girlish error. Yet, somehow, I could not connect the idea of frailty with her. I would rather have believed in any impossible mystery than in her guilt; and yet came the ever recurring thought, "She is not his sister." All in the house seemed to feel a compassionate tenderness and respect for her. If they suspected that all was not as it appeared, they were charitably silent. They would have been so under any circumstances, for Italians have no ferocity of virtue about them. They are universally kind to a fallen sister. There is a possibility, therefore, for her to redeem the past, for she is not bound to her sin by the brand which forever separates her from an atoning future.

Vincenzio was the first who, I think, whispered into Lucrezia's ears that this was a rival, not a sister; but so blind, or so generous, or so confident was she that I do not believe she credited it. There was a superb consciousness of her superior personal attractions which was natural to a handsome woman contrasting herself with that slight pale girl. There was a resolute and touching trust in the fond dream to which she had abandoned herself, which was pathetic in one usually so self-dependent and self-relying.

But the whispered doubts began, at last, to have effect. The moral atmosphere of the house was sultry and dark with impending thunderstorms. Yet not a word was spoken; it seemed as if a direct accusation would bring incontestable proof; and Lucrezia dreaded this most of all. Are we not all like this? Instead of breasting the sea of sorrow with a noble fortitude, we cling despairingly to the feeblest weed on the shore, or we seek to cross it on some "bridge of glass," which will but crack beneath our weight, and precipitate us, with tenfold force, into the gulf below.

Lucrezia's sufferings, at this time, must have been dreadful. She was pale as death, her whole person in disorder, and her eyes were absolutely absorbed into the red points, and shrunk into

her head. She never entered the Tenentina's room. I have seen her pace her own for hours, sometimes gravely, steadily, with head bent low, at others with hurried, broken steps, arms flung up wildly, and hair streaming over her shoulders. It seems an almost profane comparison; but in the grandeur of her form, and the stormy violence of these frenzied feelings, she recalled to me that great tragic figure of the Greek dramatist—the Phædra.

Once, as I was walking in a street leading to the capitol, I met her. In this street is a narrow court, and so placed in this court, that its very existence is a mystery to the greater part of the Romans themselves, is a small chapel. It was built with a portion of his slowly accumulated earnings by a poor carpenter. Though so small it would not hold half a dozen persons, it is so pretty, so tastefully decorated, so carefully swept and garnished, and its fresh flowers, its ever burning lamp, and its charmed circle of stillness in the very heart of a city, are so attractive, that I rarely pass it without stepping in. I seem, when I do so, to possess one of those secret and magic charms which transport the wearer *where* he pleases *when* he pleases. In a minute I exchange the squalid or full streets for almost entire solitude, day for night relieved but by one star. It is like a snow-drop blooming on the wayside, in this dirty neighborhood, and I am almost the only person whose eyes are unsealed, so as to gaze upon it.

None, but a few of the very poor, offer up their devotions in it; but, on this day, as I entered it, I was passed by a woman who rather rushed than walked by me. Her veil was folded many times over her face, but I recognized Lucrezia. She entered the chapel, paused a moment, dipped her fingers in the holy water mechanically, and then prostrated herself before the altar. Her head was bent till it touched the marble pavement, and her whole frame shook with the violence of her emotions. She seemed to have had only strength to carry her burden there, and drop beneath its weight at the feet of mercy. I slipped away as noiselessly as I had entered. I would not, for the world, that, in this her hour of humiliation, she had recognized me.

Besides her claims upon my gratitude, in spite of her glaring faults, her fierce temper, her headstrong passions, there was something in this woman with which I had sympathy. She was always genuine, thoroughly in earnest in good and evil. There was no hypocrisy and no puerile vanity. She might assimilate to the tigris, but never to the parrot or monkey.

As I returned home, I meditated on the strange contrast of characters domiciled in that sunny house in Via Felice, and on the conflicting passions which agitated them. Lucrezia agonized, suspicious, despairing; Vincenzo, watching remorselessly for the sake of his selfish interests. The Frenchman, gay, bland, but impenetrable; the young lady, pure and innocent in appearance as Una herself, but with an undefined shadow of ill resting on her.

That evening Lucrezia, after arranging my rooms, proceeded to water some flowers of her own which were on my "terrazza." Her movements, always graceful and undulating, had, to-day, a melting languor which softened and refined her. It was the exhaustion which follows a storm, when the ocean still trembles, ere it lapses into rest. But I must here confess that, for grandeur of bearing and majesty of "portaments," as they call it, I have seen no women like the Romans. When they walk they do not tip about on their toes with a mincing step like their more refined sisters in other countries, but the whole foot is planted firmly and evenly on the ground. They prove that they descend from a sandalled race. Forms so ample and so dignified seem fit to nurse heroes, and, by nature, the lowest Roman woman is gifted with a nobility of air which we Anglo-Saxons think the unimpeachable prerogative of the nobly born alone. Gibson's celebrated model Grazia (though *she* was not Roman by birth, but lived there a number of years) was a poor, uneducated creature, yet she looked a Pythoness, and moved a Zenobia.

"Look at this arid earth," said Lucrezia, in her soft, musical Italian. "It is as dry as if it were a portion of the desert itself, yet daily I water it. You see how fast it absorbs the water I pour over it, and which does not leave the slightest trace upon it. So soon is love forgotten by men. They accept it, but their natures are too hard to retain a single recollection of it when the poor heart that gave its all is withdrawn." What poetry to thought and language does sorrow give poor Lucrezia!

She remained talking on indifferent subjects. As she stood on the balcony we saw the light in the opposite room, and, as usual, we could see the little figure seated by the table working. But there was an indescribable air of fatigue over the whole person, and the head drooped languidly over the work. Presently, the tenente came in; he stooped down and kissed her forehead, and, for a moment, the little hand rested on his shoulder. He seemed urging her to go out. She refused, and, after another kiss on the

pale brow, he left the room. We saw her lay down her work, look after him, as it were, and then the head dropped low, low down on the arms, and she wept without restraint.

"Brother and sister?" said Lucrezia, through her set teeth, and with clenched hands, while her eyes blazed.

"Why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" she said, with a sudden change of manner; "but, if I have been deceived, no matter."

I could not help thinking of Racine's Roxana—

*"Avec quelle insolence, et quelle cruante
Il se jouaient de ma crédulité."*

The position of the rivals was somewhat similar; their characters, perhaps, still more so.

Lucrezia, like Roxana, was both protectress and rival. She had been asked to receive the young lady, and to befriend her during her brother's absence. There was a caressing tyranny in the young man which was irresistible to the passionate woman who so idolized him. She would have gladly walked over the stony and barren sands of the Arabia Petrea of doubt to emerge, at last, beside him in the Arabia Petrea of love. He was to be two months absent; she would wait, she would endure till his return. Vincenzo, with all his spying, had never detected aught in proof of their suspicions. She would offend neither brother nor sister by uttering her doubts—"pazienza."

I could trace a change in her feelings from the studied and gloomy calm of her manners.

The departure of the young man for Algiers aided in this, as she was no longer daily stung by witnessing his affectionate solicitude for his pale idol.

Some time after his departure, I became acquainted with my young neighbor under circumstances which, however trifling they may seem to others, convinced me of her purity as entirely as if she had been my own sister or child. I met her on the stairs of our house; she was following me, and I slackened my pace till she had reached me, and then bowed to her. She saluted me with a grave and gentle inclination of the head. That was the first impulse of habitual and innocent unconsciousness of being considered in an equivocal situation; then something of pity and sorrow in my look seemed to strike her, and I saw her blush to the very roots of her hair—an indignant, an impetuous flush, as if she had received some personal indignity. She hastened in so quickly that she dropped a little parcel she held in her hand. I allowed her to precede me into the house, and then

waited a quarter of an hour before I knocked at her door. I entered and found her sobbing like a child. Bonnet and shawl were thrown off, and she looked so young and so desolate that I was touched to the heart. Those tears should have been shed on a mother's breast instead of alone, unpitied, suspected, and, perchance, forsaken. I returned the parcel, said a few words to which she listened with an abstracted wistful air, and left her. But I felt more convinced than ever there was a mystery. Good was around her and emanated from her. There was a personal impress of purity in the whole aspect of the little room. Good thoughts had harbored there and made it holy, and an atmosphere, as of prayer, had sanctified it. Withal, so quiet and unpretending, I could have pressed that little white hand, which, as I could see, bore marks of incessant labor, with chivalrous reverence.

After this, I went occasionally to see the little lady, and became slightly acquainted with her. She did not encourage my visits, but did not positively prohibit them. I think she had penetration enough to perceive I was sincerely anxious to be her friend. Her demeanor was unvaried, quiet, and calm. She grew paler and paler, however, and the eyes looked dim and tear-stained, and the poor lids were red, as if with incessant crying; but I never again witnessed tears.

It was mournful to contrast the excessive youth with the resolute yet patient endurance which was the abiding expression of the face. Not a word did she breathe about the "tenente;" but I knew he had not written for many weeks. She had had but one letter since he left.

Lucrezia seemed as one beside herself. "Be kind, be charitable, be motherly. What a bitter emphasis on that word, to be left in this position. Here is a girl, thrown on my hands, entirely destitute. I cannot send her back to her relations. Who are they? I cannot send her to him"—and she would lash herself into a fresh fury.

The poor girl must have suffered much. I knew she was taunted for her patient and faithful confidence that news would come, that he would write, that he would send. Her gentle sweetness, and the indefatigable diligence with which she assisted in everything she could, at times disarmed Lucrezia, but only for a while. A thousand devils seemed to goad her on; the red spots in the eyes became permanent, and gave her a wicked look; mortified love, and pride, envy, and the positive fear of having been made a dupe, irritated her to frenzy. Still it was in the character of the woman that, when I offered

to pay a weekly sum—which should forever remain a secret between us—to defray, at all events, part of the extra expense, she refused. "*Caro mio*, why should *you* pay for her? No. Do you think I grudge the miserable trifle she consumes—she eats like a bird? But it is his audacity I resent. How he must laugh at my imbecility!" I fear she was glad to have the right to humiliate her suspected rival. There had been always something uncongenial in the characters of these two women. They were like limpid water and mellow oil—it was not possible for them to blend. Could the younger one, from the first, have attached herself to her, Lucrezia might have been won. But, from the first, there was a repugnance; the girl was gentle and even kind, but always silent, always reserved. It was impossible to deny it, but that childlike creature commanded respect. All loved her but Lucrezia, yet was there a line of demarcation which kept her apart from all. I have entered her room repeatedly with offers of service on my tongue; but I have left them unuttered. She was so shielded by her own modesty and stillness that even kindness, if unauthorized, seemed unwarrantable. She exerted herself admirably, bent till late at night over some needlework, or busied herself during the day with household matters. She seemed regardless of personal fatigue, and resolute that Lucrezia should not have a right to complain of her. Poor girl! Was this the bower of love for which she had left her home, her parents, her friends? It was a severe lesson, a rude apprenticeship. A severe lesson! but I never detected regret in the expression of her countenance. Sorrow, anxiety, yes; but never regret or repentance. Indeed, latterly, there had been a sort of troubled brightness in her face, as of the dawn of some great hope. It seemed too new to burn steadfastly, but it was so radiant at intervals that it glorified the pale little face into beauty. When I caught this expression, she reminded me invariably of Guido's *Speranza* in San Pietro di Vincoli. That Hope so holy that she is sublimed into Faith.

One day, when I went to see her, I found her (rare moment of idleness) leaning back on her sofa, and looking, with clasped hands, at a print which hung in the room. It was *Overbeck's Prayer in the Garden*. Facing the spectator who looks upon the print is a vast and luminous cross—the revealed answer to the prayer of the Son of God. The divine face is turned towards it, and, therefore, unseen; but the light from the cross shines over the kneeling figure.

"It teaches us the holiness of suffering," I said.

"Yes, if we could but realize it; but how rebellious some of us are!"

I saw the tears could scarcely be kept back.

"You are not rebellious, I am sure."

"Yes, I am; it is so hard."

"Can I serve you?" I burst forth.

"No. I have one clear duty—obedience. I must be silent."

"But who wills you should suffer?"

"My father willed it;" and she started, and, with a nervous smile more melancholy than tears, she rose and commenced her usual employment.

That poor little wan face, with its pathetic yet heroic attempt at endurance, haunted me the whole day. Who was this father? Who had inflicted this hard penance, this isolation and this questionable position? and for what fault was it an expiation? I paused, and that pure brow and those gentle eyes, uplifted to the glorified cross, seemed to reproach me, and I would not continue that train of thought.

We may seek to disguise ourselves and to deceive others; circumstances may cast a false light or a false shadow upon us; the world may wilfully misunderstand and misvalue us, but our characters are sure, sooner or later, to find their level. Beside us ever are shining witnesses, who attest the reality of our words and acts, and whose influence is always felt by those with whom we come into contact. This spiritual magnetism is unerring.

A few days after this, I was pleased to see the postman's cocked hat (even postmen have a dignified costume in Rome) enter the house. There were two letters, one for the Signora and one for the Tenentina. There was a silence, and then a sudden and violent slamming of doors, and a voice raised in the highest pitch, and uttering the wildest and most frenzied abuse.

"For the love of the Madonna, Signor, go to them! My mistress will kill her! Signora Lucrezia is like a mad woman!" The poor servant rushed to me with those words, and, with a blind impulse, rather than resolve, I flew into the Tenentina's room.

She was on the sofa, pale as death, trembling violently, and grasping tightly an open letter. Her eyes were closed, she could not help hearing, but she would not see the fury before her.

Lucrezia, with a loose dress flung round her, her hair hanging down, her face convulsed with contending passions, was tearing up and down the room, but, like a wild animal circling round her prey, every turn brought her nearer to the couch. I think, if she had but once touched her, she would have wished to tear her to pieces.

"Read, read!" she said, and she flung a letter towards me. "He has written to me—they are on the eve of a battle" (her voice shook)—"whatever happens, he commits her to my care—it is time I should know all—she is *not* his sister—I have read no more—how dared he deceive me! He had all but told me he loved me; but it was to cajole me into receiving—his sister." (How the words were jerked out!) "I must love his child for his sake—he must be mad, a mother!—and I who have so prayed to be a mother to feel that joy—little hands—a little head laid here" (striking her breast)—"never—never—and that false girl—this incarnate falsehood—but I will not bear it—she must go this moment—she must leave this house—how he must have laughed at his dupe!—he says he looks upon me as a mother—a mother to both—they are orphans—I tell you I am mad—but she must leave me"—

"Stop, Lucrezia," said a stern voice; "she is my wife." In a moment the Frenchman's arms were round the quivering, trembling form on the sofa, and she, in the joy and surprise, seemed to have found life and strength, for she rose, and, clinging to him, and without looking at Lucrezia, said: "Let us go."

"One moment," said the young man, the responsibilities of whose position had given that touch of firmness and decision which was all that was wanting to perfect the beauty of his countenance. "One moment. It is my duty to explain how it is I have allowed my wife" (he was deeply agitated) "to be placed in a position unworthy of her." He then explained. The young lady was the daughter of a German who had settled recently at Civita Vecchia. He was a widower, and adored his daughter—his only child. The regiment to which the lieutenant belonged was quartered at Civita Vecchia; and the young people became acquainted and attached to each other.

Soon afterwards, the regiment received orders to proceed to Rome. Before leaving Civita Vecchia, however, the German fell dangerously ill, and aware that, in a short time, his poor child—his Annina—would be left alone, unprotected, and portionless among strangers, he besought the young man to marry her at once. It was necessarily a secret marriage, for there is a strict law in the French army that no subaltern can marry until he can settle a sufficient sum on his wife, which may serve for a provision should she become his widow. This was impossible at the time. The Frenchman had little beside his pay, and this little was unavailable, for he was not master of it till he attained his majority.

"Make her your wife, and call her your sister till you can publicly acknowledge her. But I shall not rest in my grave unless there is one honest heart between her and the cruel world." He died soon after the Frenchman left Civita Vecchia. His daughter remained with him till his death, and then joined her husband.

What a heavy punishment had the father's want of faith in God entailed on the daughter!

"Our troops were victorious," he continued. "I have been promoted, and I can now proclaim my marriage; but I have only a fortnight's leave, and must return; but I could not rest till I had put all right here. If you knew what she has suffered from this concealment, from this fraud, as she calls it! how she besought me to reveal all to you, Lucrezia—but it would have been our ruin, our absolute ruin. God knows what I suffered at this necessity; but all was at stake. I was bound, hand and foot, till I was of age; but when she wrote"—here a little hand was put before his mouth. "But, when she told me of this blessed hope, then I was as one deranged with joy and fear—so young, alone, and our affairs not yet settled; but I hoped that you, Lucrezia" (with an accent of manly reproach), "knew me, and would trust me. I have a thousand faults, but I am not an ungrateful dog. I thought I could trust to your kindness, you who, next to Annina, I have loved, and—but no matter. Farewell. You shall hear from me."

"No; hear me," said Lucrezia, and her voice sounded so hollow and strange that we all started. While the young man spoke, the crimson flush in her face had faded to a deadly paleness, and her bosom heaved as it would burst; tears, larger than I had ever seen from human eyes, coursed down her cheeks. She gasped for breath, and then, with one headlong effort, fell at Annina's feet. The almost inconceivable patience, self-abnegation, and fortitude of that pale girl had touched her to the quick. She recognized and did homage to the power of a real, noble, pure love. All her furious misjudgments and suspicions faded away as the gleam of an angel's wing chases away demons. Then the circumstances of his having loved and married before he had ever seen her took away from the sting of rivalry, and rapid, and violent in all her emotions, she changed at once.

"Forgive me. Only stay and let me prove to you my repentance. I will serve you as a slave. I will care for you as a mother. Do with me as you will; but forgive me."

Annina gathered up to the heart which she had so ennobled by her noble love; was too happy not to forgive. She gave her her hand. I left them.

In a few days the Tenente went to Algiers with a light heart, for he had made every arrangement for Annina's comfort. She still went by the name of the Tenentina, that caressing little name, which so identified her with him, had no shame in its sound now. And when, three months afterwards, her little baby was born, Lucrezia's arms were the first held out to it.

That babe returned tenfold to Lucrezia her kindness to his father. She had found an object, and a sinless one, for the passionate love of her wild heart. She suffered, no doubt, at times, but that purification which always is the consequence of unselfish love did not belie itself in her case. She became a better and purer woman.

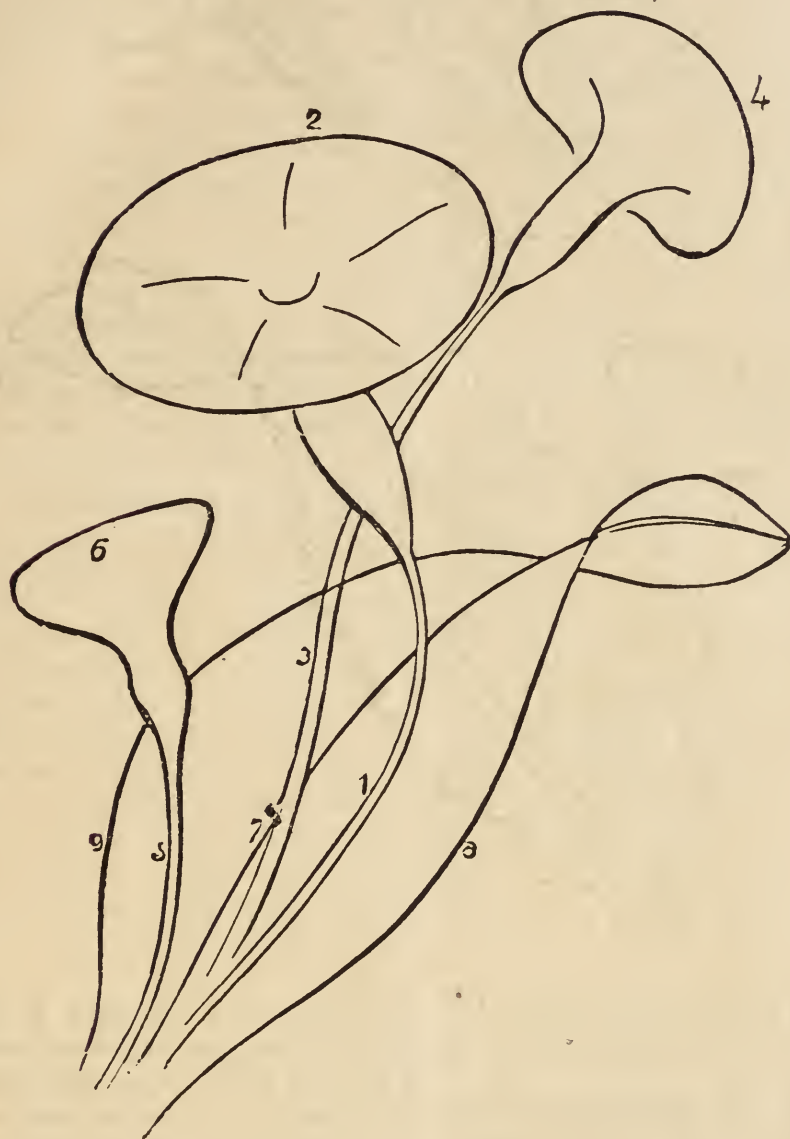
Shortly after the husband's return, the young married couple went to France and settled there; but yearly Lucrezia visited them. These visits were her yearly sabbaths, and influenced the rest of her life.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

BRIDES, on the occasion of their marriage repair to the ceremony bareheaded; and, in the district round about, the mother of a newly-married man, on his arrival at his house for the first time with his wife, throws some rice or grain behind the back of her daughter-in-law, to warn her that after that day of joy and festivity she must devote herself to the more serious cares of a good housewife. If old persons marry, or a widower and a widow, they are probably aroused on the day of their nuptials by a noisy *scampanata*, or ringing of bells and knocking of saucepans, very much resembling the old English custom of marrowbones and leavers. In almost all parts of the island, during the solemnization of the ceremony of marriage, the husband places one of his knees on the dress of his bride, which prevents the secret powers from any malignant trick: for these latter, it appears, in the absence of this rite, on the pronouncement of the sacred words, "Vos conjungo," are apt to whisper others which have a bad effect on the future population of the island. Porto Farrajo possesses another custom which is common in the island on the occasion of marriages; which is, that two persons prevent the exit of the newly-married couple from the church, by holding a scarf across the entrance. This is removed on the first approach of the happy pair without even a request. The origin of this custom is unknown, and no reason of any kind is assigned for it.

THE ART OF SKETCHING FLOWERS FROM NATURE.

Fig. 13.



GROUP OF PRIMROSES.—The following directions for proceeding with the sketch of a group of primroses, it is hoped will suffice for the student's guidance in sketching any single flower, or simple group.

The slight sketch represented by fig. 13 exemplifies the instructions of Rules I and II, as to the disposition of the whole subject. The several lines and parts are numbered in the order in which they should be drawn. The position of the stem (1) of the principal flower is first indicated (Rule III), to which is added, according to Rule II, the oval form (2) of the corolla, with the centre and five divisions slightly marked. The second line is the stem (3) of the

flower behind (4), showing the back or under part of its corolla of a semilunar form. The third line indicated is the stem of the bud (5) with its undeveloped corolla (6) of a triangular form. Lastly, the principal vein or midrib of the leaf (7) is represented passing behind the stems, to which are added the compound curves indicating the edges of the lamina (8 and 9).

In the completion of the sketch, as shown in fig. 14, the same order ought to be followed out as has been pursued in disposing the several parts of the preliminary outline (Rule III).

Every part of this group was carefully sketched from originals, without the least attempt at bending, or altering them from their natural

Fig. 14.



position. The art has been simply confined to their arrangement and disposition with respect to each other.

It will be seen that all the principles set forth in the foregoing articles are in some measure illustrated in this example; for instance, of the three stems, two are simple curves, the third is a compound one; of the three principal lines forming the leaf, one, the midrib, is a simple curve, whilst the edges of the lamina are both compound curves. The three corollas are all of different sizes and forms, and varied as to position and place.

Of all the lines composing the group, no two are alike, and each is intersected by others, without any abruptness or interference with the sweep of the whole. Thus art has been employed, not to the detriment of truth, but con-

trariwise, and the artist is vain enough to believe that, had the sketch been presented to any one unbiassed by the previous cognizance of rules having been followed in the execution, it would have been admired for its *natural* gracefulness as well as truth; but now he has let out his secret, it is possible that with some the approbation may be in a measure qualified.

In conclusion, the learner must bear in mind that although this, and the examples of the following figures, may afford practice in copying, they are not given with that intention merely, but as a means of communicating the necessary instructions for sketching similar subjects from nature. A flower ought therefore always to be obtained, when possible, and its representation proceeded with, step by step, as shown in the directions accompanying each subject.

HOW I CAME TO DETEST BABIES!

"There is no speculation in those eyes;
Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold:
Avaunt, and quit my sight!"

SHAKSPEARE.

WERE you ever asked to hold a baby for a stranger? If not, and you ever *should* be, don't do it. Now, I am myself remarkably fond of babies—at least I *used* to be—and I say emphatically, don't do it. I considered a baby as the type of everything pure, amiable, innocent, gentle, and lovable—a *rara avis*—a paragon—a mundane cherub, until I became its cat's-paw—its dupe—its victim! Parents loved me almost as much as I loved their children. I used to dangle the unconscious little bits with such sedulous perseverance and unwavering success that papas hailed me as a universal god-father; and as to mammas—in *their* estimation, soothing syrup was a subterfuge in comparison with *me*; an idle application (if any *application* can be said to be *idle*); and I was considered, in fact, the *beau-ideal* of nurses—the *ne plus ultra* of doctors—a real blessing to nursing mothers.

Babies were *once* my passion and my weakness; and *now* the intensest passion is *too* weak to express my detestation and horror of them. The effect has disgusted me with the cause; and, just as a burned child dreads the fire which involuntarily injured it, so do I loathe the sight of the innocent occasion of the most terrible hour I ever spent in my life.

And after such an agreeable day, too! Such a calm sea—such a zephyr-like breeze—such a cheerful sun—such a glorious sky! And then the viands on board—everything was first-rate, from champagne to periwinkles. And then the captain, and the passengers—all were harmonious but the two new-married couples; they were the only contrast; but then, to be sure, one pair was *going* to spend the honeymoon, and the other had spent it, leaving no small change for the future. How all seemed *couleur de rose* to the one, and everything jaundice to the other. Wonderful what a month *will* do!—a month!—an hour! Look at myself; look at my —. Is there any stronger word than "antipathy?" If so, pray suggest it; for I'm in want of the sternest expletive that can be culled from the fiercest page in the dictionary to express my deep-rooted sentiment! And to think that I should owe it to a bonnet of the

purest style—a pair of boots of faultless symmetry—and—twins!

You remember how perfectly riveted I stood; but of course you don't; how should you? you were not there. I'll tell you, then. I'll read you a lesson shall last you a lifetime; and, if I harrow your feelings in doing so, it's not *my* fault—it's my misfortune. I was the victim of circumstance; and, if your blood runs cold at the bare recital, what must mine have done at the clothed reality?

Were I a mental artist, I should paint in detail, and in florid colors, the delightful continental tour which I had just completed, so that the flood of light should throw out the shadow of the picture in deeper shade, and make it alike truthful and impressive; but I scorn all studied effects: and, besides, I have no doubt that you have as little patience as I have time; and so let it suffice that I *had* made a delightful tour—had reached Calais in an unruffled frame of mind, and was about to step upon the deck of the steamer that was to transport me to Dover, when my attention was—I am bound to say, unfortunately—attracted, riveted by a lady preceding me, who wore the most engaging substitute for a bonnet (I don't know the technical name, but I mean the complicated something worn behind the ears to keep the back hair in), and the most undeniably perfect boots that I had ever beheld. With one eye upon the head, and the other upon the heels, I observed nothing further till I fairly confronted her on the deck, when I perceived that on either arm rested an infant. This was an attack upon my sympathies right and left; and, had I been their father, I couldn't have taken a deeper interest in either them or the fair young creature who nursed them.

She certainly was both fair and young, above five-and-twenty years of age, and as beautiful as a May morning. I looked about for her husband or servant, or somebody or something belonging to her; but nobody and nothing appeared; and, when the steamer started, she was still companionless and luggageless, save and except the bonnet, boots, and babies. Thus she sketched upon the tablet of my heart a most interesting picture, with a pencil of treble-B power, and I determined to present her with an early proof.

"Pray, madam," said I, priding myself upon my ingenuity in opening a conversation, "are you not afraid of the custom-house?"

"Sir?" she replied haughtily, the angry crimson rising to her temples.

"I mean," I continued, rather disconcerted, "from the value of the articles you carry with you."

"Sir?" still more loftily, and frowning as fiercely as an unwrinkled brow and gentle blue eyes *could* frown.

Finding myself perfectly unsuccessful in attempting to take poetical license with the excise laws, I hastened to assure the lady that I merely meant to infer that the wealth of the Indies would, no doubt, be a bagatelle in comparison with the value that *some* would set upon the lovely little infants in her arms.

The color receded from the lady's temples; she smiled, and I was at home.

"You are not their mother, of course, madam?" I ventured to say—"evidently too young!"

She *was* their mother, and my triumph was complete. From that moment I was established as her *compagnon de voyage*—taking possession of my new honor by relieving her of one of her charming incumbrances.

Perhaps you never *had* a charming incumbrance, and are no judge. I am; and I stake the credit of that judgment upon the fact of its being the most engaging infant that ever sucked coral! It was only three months old, and yet smiled like a cherub on a tombstone. And then to be blessed with two of them! Happy pair, thought I, to have *such* a pair.

I soon learned the lady's story from her own lips; for my share of self-proposed responsibility levelled all distance between us, and I became one of the family in a twinkling. Her husband, she said, was an officer; they were to have come over together in the last boat, but, unluckily, he had started first to arrange about the luggage—the dear babes having required some delicate attention at the last moment; and she was unfortunately a minute too late, and so lost her passage. She therefore telegraphed to Dover to express her intention of following by the next boat alone, as it was arranged to leave her French maid behind her: and thus it was that I had the felicity of a charming *tête-à-tête*. Her husband, replying telegraphically, had expressed his concern at her having to travel *solus*, particularly as business required him to be in town as early as possible; but, as she stated, expressed a hope that the courtesy of some fatherly passenger, attracted by the interest of her position, would

prevent any annoyance arising from want of protection.

I at once glowed with the feelings of a fatherly passenger, accepted the responsibility, and husbanded all the little pleasantnesses I was master of for the novel occasion. I was quite alive to the absurdity of my situation should my fellow-passengers become aware that we were utter strangers; but I trusted to making them, by my familiar manners, imagine that we were husband and wife; and, upon hinting to my fair friend the advisability of encouraging such a supposition, was charmed by a ready acquiescence.

She was really a most agreeable companion—lively and full of intelligence, with a sufficient dash of enthusiasm to render her a most interesting person; and, notwithstanding a somewhat fragile frame, she was decidedly a strong-minded woman—evidenced, indeed, by her courage in undertaking the journey unattended.

The short passage appeared shorter than ever, and I was quite sorry at its termination; however, there was still another journey to contemplate, and, getting my luggage duly passed by the officers, we proceeded to the railway station. A train was just preparing to start, and the first bell rang as I procured the tickets, so that all was bustle and confusion. We got comfortably seated each with a precious charge upon our knee, carefully rolled up and closely and thickly veiled; for, as they were both sleeping, the young mother was most anxious to free them from the risk of draughts (particularly the one I nursed, which, it appeared, had a cold in its precious eyes), and she was giving me strict charge not to uncover it, for fear of inflammation, when she suddenly recollected that she had left her reticule in the waiting-room. I called out for some one to go in search of it, but the poor thing was so anxious lest it should be lost—and with it a well-filled purse and her dear husband's miniature—that she sprang out of the carriage herself, and rushed towards the office. As she disappeared, the departure bell rang, and the train was put in motion. I cried out for some one to give notice to stop it, but some one didn't; and the door was slammed to by the guard as he hurried past; and, before I could recover my bewilderment, the engine was tearing along at thirty miles an hour.

Here was a predicament! What was to be done? There was no one in the carriage to advise with, and I began to picture the lady's alarm at the discovery of my involuntary abduction of the infant twin. I soon, however, cooled; and, after a little reasoning, came to the conclusion that, apart from the chagrin of losing

a pleasant companion, I need fear nothing for the lady or myself. *She* would, of course, feel no anxiety about her child, knowing it was in good keeping; whilst any uneasiness on *my* part, at the risk of being saddled with an unwelcome little stranger, was removed by the recollection that her husband was to meet the train at London Bridge; and, from her description of him, and the display of my little temporary pledge, I felt no doubt that I should be able to restore my baggage to its rightful owner. To make assurance doubly sure, I resolved to send a message back to Dover, from the first station where such a proceeding was practicable, stating the circumstance to the station-master, and giving my name and address.

As I said, I had no fellow-travellers in my carriage, so thought I might as well, for a time, get rid of my sleeping partner. Accordingly, I placed it, carefully wrapped up as it was, on the next seat to my own—putting it at the very back to prevent the possibility of its rolling off, and giving it the additional covering of a light overcoat, to keep off the risk of inflammation to its dear little eyes. I then took a book from my pocket to divert my thoughts, but soon began to yawn. I had been travelling a good deal for some days past; and, what with fatigue, sea air, the excitement of my peculiar position, and the monotonous noise and motion of the train, the letters danced before me—flitted in a mist—became invisible. I slept.

Station after station was passed without rousing me to consciousness, probably from the fact of no one entering my compartment of the carriage; but I dreamed enough to fill a volume. In every scene the chief actor was, naturally enough, the officer's interesting wife; and she assumed as many shapes as Proteus. One I particularly remember: Fancy took me back to the deck of the steamer; and my companion told me, with tears in her eyes, that she was a widow—had fallen in love with me—and implored me to reciprocate the sentiment. My heart melted in a moment, and I was giving utterance to a fervid vow, when she exclaimed, "Prove it by following me," and immediately dived into the sea with her twins, rising immediately, and skimming alongside, with her long hair floating on the water, and holding up in either hand a comb and a looking-glass, after the most approved fashion of mermaids.

The shock of this startling transformation, and the sudden stoppage of the train, roused me to a half consciousness, just sufficient to make me aware of the entrance of a corpulent passenger, who got in complaining, after the man-

ner of corpulent passengers in general, of the lamentable narrowness of railway doors and seats. Before I had thoroughly awakened, I was growled back to unconsciousness, and left a prey to new dreams, consisting of fairy combinations, and eccentric effects, only to be witnessed in pantomimes of the first water. The species of nightmare under which I labored must have rendered me anything but an agreeable fellow-traveller, for I was again aroused by an angry request "to snore less like a bassoon."

I started from my sleep with an uneasy sensation of having neglected a duty; but, of what nature my senses were, for a few seconds, too great wanderers to determine. I rubbed my eyes, shook myself, and then recollected my interesting charge; I stared round the carriage, every seat of which was vacant but one. On that one sat the stout passenger: it was the seat next the door, with the back to the engine; his corpulence had restrained him from struggling further on, and he had deposited his heavy trunk upon the temporary bed of the wretched little twin!

"For gracious's sake, rise," I exclaimed, frantically, "and take some other seat!"

"No, thank you," he replied, gruffly; "I took this because it was the best."

"Another moment may be too late!" I roared; "you don't know what you are sitting on."

"You should take better care of your property," he replied, testily. "If people will throw their coats about they must expect to get them crumpled."

"If you do not instantly get up," I exclaimed, "I'll force you! Wretched man, you are sitting on a twin!"

"You're dreaming, my little man," was the corpulent passenger's astonished rejoinder.

At this moment we reached another station, and the stout gentleman, after looking me full in the face, with a pitying expression, tapping his forehead and shaking his head, as if he thought me mad, lumbered out of the carriage, leaving me alone with—what?—was it a living child, or—?

The horrible suggestion almost deprived me of the power of determining the question. I raised the coat that I had thrown over it, and there it lay, as flat as if it had passed through a mangle. I felt its side; there was no pulsation; I thrust my hand under the folds of the veil, and its face was cold as ice. I hadn't the courage to look at it, but sat trembling like an aspen leaf.

My first impulse was to give an alarm, but the thought instantly flashed across me that I should

be the first on whom suspicion would fall. I could give no explanation as to my possession of the child beyond what I have already stated; and might it not be possible that the whole thing was a trick to pass it off upon me? In that case the wicked mother would never appear to prove my case, and the jury would find ample motive for my wanting to get rid of it. If, on the other hand, the affair was *not* a trick, how could I face the wretched mother? Impossible! I couldn't, *wouldn't* do it.

After ten minutes of mental agony, I resolved to keep the secret in my own breast, and quietly deposit the withered lily in my own garden.

But a new terror sprang up. The husband was to meet his wife at the London Bridge terminus. He would, of course, anxiously observe every passenger that alighted; would recognize, in my arms, his child by its dress, and perhaps give me in charge on suspicion of a triple assassination. One was enough at a time, and more than I could bear; for, though I had no actual hand in the terrible result, it was my want of foresight and vigilance that led to the catastrophe; and I felt *like* a murderer!

My only chance of escape lay in concealing the victim. How? Should I leave it under the seat, or throw it out of the window? No; in either case its little remains would be found, and I should be hunted out and hanged without remorse. At present no one had seen it in my possession since its mother went in search of that fatal reticule; even the stout gentleman had not *seen* it; and, if he *had*, I felt satisfied that he was not the man to come forward and claim his share in the transaction. My coat was not ample enough for the purpose of concealment, but there was my carpet bag! It was a full-sized one, but only moderately occupied, as I had purchased another travelling-bag in France, from its ingenious make. I now set about transferring the contents of one to the other, making a small parcels'-delivery of myself by stowing away the surplus in every available pocket. Then commenced my horrible occupation.

There are, probably, few persons who have tried the experiment; but, if I wished to revenge myself upon an enemy by an act of self-punishment, I should certainly desire him to undergo the sensation of packing a suffocated infant in a travelling-bag.

I had barely completed the revolting occupation, when the train again stopped, without, however, any passengers alighting. Conscience attributed this to my own deed. Had the corpulent gentleman telegraphed my hurried words,

and was I already to be arrested? Fear impelled me to implore the guard for an explanation; it was simply that we were to be shunted on to a siding to allow the express train to pass us.

This, in fact, was the train put on for continental travellers; but the ringing of the bell at the station had prevented my asking the question. Continental travellers?—thought of horror! Might not the mother herself be in the train? But where were the twins? Alas! both probably sleeping tranquilly; one in its mother's arms; the other—in my carpet bag!

Certain detection would await me if I proceeded to London Bridge; for how could I hope to evade the searching eye of a mother? Nothing seemed left for it but a speedy exit; but that was denied me, for no passengers were allowed to alight at the point we stopped at; and, again, with a drooping heart, I was in motion. Moments seem minutes, and minutes hours, for the next few melancholy miles. I never felt terror at being alone before; but now, the misery of loneliness—*worse* than loneliness—the consciousness of a lifeless presence overwhelmed me with horror, and a burning fever seemed to scorch every drop of blood in my shrinking veins; then a cold sickness rendered me motionless, almost senseless, and an icy perspiration oozed from the roots of my hair and my very finger ends. I would have shrieked if only to break the blight of stillness by hearing my own voice, but the power was denied me; and I sat in rigid agony with my aching, wide-stretched eyes rooted upon the now hateful travelling-bag, not daring to close them for an instant, lest some hideous spectre should emerge to denounce me as a murderer!

In this state of lethargic fear I remained a passive sufferer until we arrived at another station, when my blood again circulated freely as the prospect of flight opened before me. While hastily gathering up my luggage, I was again almost prostrated by hearing uttered in a loud voice, "Any gentleman in this train with a baby?" I sank back into the seat in a state of abject fear.

The question was repeated and re-repeated by the guard along the whole train, till it died away in the distance; but its echo sang in my brain in shrill and discordant notes. The carriage-door opened, and I sprang forward to leap out, when on the step confronting me stood the mother of the twins!

The tide rushed back upon my heart, and my head throbbed as if it would burst. As I receded, *she* advanced; I sank into a seat, *she* took the opposite one. Was it real or was it a spec-

tre? The pressure of her hand reassured me, but only to render me in a still more pitiable state at the reflection that I again sat face to face with my fellow-voyager, with the travelling-bag between us!

Again the engine snorted, we dashed on at full speed, and I felt as if I were hurrying on to perdition.

The gentle tones of the unconscious mother grated on my ear in cruel discord.

"You did not expect to see me here!" she exclaimed; "but I was so fearful of missing you in the crowd and bustle of the London terminus, that I explained my dilemma to the officials, and induced them to allow me to alight from the express train when it stopped for a supply of water. But you look pale; has anything happened?"

"Merely surprised at our sudden meeting," I said, with difficulty.

"I am afraid you have suffered much inconvenience on my account," she added.

Inconvenience! After the terrible calamity and its consequences, how unutterably absurd the word sounded!

"But where is my child?" she added, after looking curiously around.

The question smote me like a thunderbolt.

She half rose, with painful anxiety depicted on her countenance, saying, "Surely nothing has happened! Where is my other child?"

To attempt to parry the question would have been folly; better, then, that we should both be crushed at once by the reply.

"Madam," I exclaimed, in a scarcely audible voice, "it is gone!"

"Gone!" she cried; "oh! where—where is it?"

Her question suggested a subterfuge; for could I tell her the whole dreadful truth at once? Thus it is that one fault begets another; and I added falsehood to mine by pretending that, as I held the little innocent to the window, it leaped from my arms.

"Impossible!" she exclaimed, furiously; "*you have made away with it!*"

"On my honor—on my soul!" I asseverated.

"It is useless to deny it!" she almost screamed, interrupting me. "You must have learned my secret."

"Your secret?"

"Yes; but indeed my husband did not know of it."

"Your husband not know of it! Was it not his?"

"No; he objected to it from the first; and I was about to convey it to one who had a right to

its possession, and who esteemed and prized it almost beyond anything. Oh! what shall I do?"

"Whatever mystery hangs about the case, I sympathise with you, madam, from my heart, at your sad loss," I exclaimed; "and would give anything for the power of tranquillizing you."

"Restore it, then, for I know it is still in your possession; or even," she added, lowering her voice, as if she feared to be overheard—"even a part of it!"

Her eyes were restless, and she appeared wandering.

"Yes," she continued, in a tone of dejection, "I will consent even to a great sacrifice. Take out the contents of the head: present them, if you are married, to your wife, in my name; but let me have the body."

"Be soothed, madam!" I cried, shuddering and recoiling; for it seemed that her wits were leaving her.

"Then more—take more!" she urged, frantically; "what part you please! but let me have *some* little remains."

"Take all!" I cried, pointing to the carpet-bag, and hiding my eyes.

Presently I ventured to reopen them, and observed her hastily exposing its contents. Then, casting a look of suspicion upon me, she buried her nails in the face, and commenced tearing it open.

I sprang up with the intention of leaping from the window, but my purpose was diverted by perceiving her draw from the head a quantity of lace.

"It has not been tampered with," she cried, delightedly. "Then, sir, you are *not* a custom-house officer?"

"A custom-house officer!" I repeated, in a state bordering on bewilderment.

"Yes," she replied; "I thought you were, when you first addressed me; but your frank manner reassured me until I missed the—*baby!*"

"Then you are *not* the mother of twins?"

"Never had but one in my life, sir."

"And the other?"

"Was a mere dummy; contrived to stow away smuggled lace in. Why, haven't you found that out *yet?*"

"Oh, madam!" I exclaimed, "I have suffered the pangs of a slayer of innocents for the last hour; and am now so happy that I could—and I *did*—and never stopped to count them!"

The mystery was one no longer. It appeared that my fair companion (who, by the by, was the wife of a reputable tradesman, and *not* an officer) was under some heavy obligation to a

wealthy patroness, who was—like many folks, wealthy and poor—an admirer of nothing that was not difficult of attainment. Being about to make holiday with her husband, she had thoughtlessly given a promise to smuggle over an inconceivable number of yards of the rarest kind of lace, and was supplied with the money for the purpose. The husband set his face against it; but, at his wife's earnest entreaty and promise never to do so any more, he consented; and the ruse of the "twin" was resorted to as the least likely to create suspicion. The missing each other at the steamboat was a fact: and the young wife managed to play her part so ingeniously, by ringing the changes with the *real* and the *dummy*, that I could have sworn I heard

them both crowing with equal vigor. The true one was, of course, my plaything on the steamer, and the false one my bane in the carriage; and it was the sight of a custom-house officer on the platform that made her pretend to have lost her reticule, and hide till the train was fairly in motion, when she knew all fear of detection was past.

I should, perhaps, have forgotten the circumstance by this time, but for an unfortunate habit of dreaming; and, as this one incident is constantly being reproduced, with every variety of conceivable dilemma, I have made up my mind to enter a protest against any and every thing less than frocks and trousers; and that's how I CAME TO DETEST BABIES.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.—MADEIRA.

BY CORTEZ.

THE discovery of Madeira is attributed to quite a romantic cause. It seems that about the middle of the fourteenth century (Edward III. being King of England), one Robert Macham, a gentleman of respectability, but not of noble birth, fell in love with Anne Dorset, a young lady of high degree. She returned his love, but

"The course of true love never did run smooth,"

and her relatives objected to the match. In those days folks didn't stop for trifles: so Macham was confined, and Anne Dorset was married to a wealthy nobleman, who took her to his residence at Bristol. Macham and his friends followed on their track. One of his friends, disguised as a groom, took service with the nobleman; and, after some delay, the lovers escaped to the seaside, and embarked in a vessel which had been kept in readiness for the purpose. They made sail for the coast of France; but a storm arose which drove the vessel out of the Channel; and for thirteen days they were driven about at the mercy of the wind and waves. On the fourteenth day they discovered land, which proved to be the island of Madeira. They went on shore, and wandered delighted over the place. The birds sang around and close to them; the animals, unaccustomed to the sight of man, came fearlessly about them; everything, in short, breathed of innocence and nature. But the third day a storm arose and raged over the island; and, when it had passed over, their vessel had disappeared. All their

hope of escape being thus cut off, and Anne Dorset, attributing all their misfortune to herself, and completely horror-stricken by this final mishap, died in a few days.

"Lady Nancy she died, as it might be to-day;
Lord Lovel he died to-morrow."

So says the well-known pathetic ballad which describes the tragical deaths of Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell; and, of course, Robert Macham did likewise. He died five days after his "ladye love," and they were buried under the same tree.

Their companions left the island in the vessel's boat, which had been saved, and were wrecked on the coast of Morocco, where Morales, a Spanish pilot, learned their discovery from them, and, on his return to Castile, communicated the facts to King Henry II., who sent an expedition which re-discovered and claimed the island for Spain. Of its subsequent history, and how it became the property of Portugal, it is not necessary here to speak.

The island is one mass of mountain rising to the highest summits in the centre; descending, on the north, to a range of lofty cliffs, bounded by the ocean; and to a lower and gentler character of coast on the south. The jagged outline of the ridge, the rudely shaped, tower-like rocks, and numerous pyramidal shapes, are striking features in the mountain. Throughout, the island is riven with deep ravines and gorges, forming many valleys radiating to the sea.

The cultivation is confined to the coast, or to the bottoms of some of the valleys, and occupies altogether a small proportion of the surface.

The cultivation of the vine forms, of course, the principal feature. A little corn is grown; not more than enough for two months' consumption of the inhabitants.

The immense quantity of flowers on all sides must strike all strangers with surprise. Go where you will, even to the tops of the mountain, and everywhere you find a gorgeous profusion of flowery beauty which cannot be surpassed.

Many of the flowers, too, are of kinds which with us are seen only in greenhouses, and are highly prized by us in consequence. *Here the cattle eat geraniums of the choicest kinds*, and the beef and milk are thought by many to have the flavor of the plant; the honey actually has it. Myrtle, rose, violet, everything is here to charm the eye with floral beauty.

Fruits are equally plentiful. Everything seems to grow here; as by following the rise of the mountain great varieties of climate and temperature can be obtained.

In our worthy consul's garden I saw the following trees growing in close proximity: Fig, coffee, olive, banana, orange, lemon, mango, peach, cocconut, magnolia, cherimoya, and others more common; also a curious tree called *durante*, which has a short, knotted trunk running up about five feet, and then branching off in all directions into a sort of vine, which has to be supported upon an arbor, and after a time forms a perfectly impenetrable mass of tangled vine. It has a flower a little like the heliotrope, and forms a most beautiful bower.

The town of Funchal has no particular merit to recommend it. It is picturesquely situated at the foot of the mountain, and its neat white houses with red tile roofs and countless turrets offer a pleasing contrast with the vine-clad hills, which present every variety of shade of green, and upon which are scattered the villas of the wealthier inhabitants. The town itself is clean, and is kept so by the streams of water which, descending from the mountain, pass through the streets.

The most striking objects in connection with the town, as seen from the bay, are the Loo Rock (which stands alone in the water, a few hundred feet from the shore, and has a very volcanic appearance), and a tall brick pillar on the beach, which was erected by a cracked individual for the purpose of unloading boats outside the surf, by means of a gigantic crane which was to be placed on the top of the pillar. It never was, though, and the pillar has never been

finished, and stands a monument of folly. It might be used as the tower of a light-house, but that would call for more energy than the authorities possess.

Wherever Portugal has sway, idleness and want of enterprise reign supreme.

In going on shore, the ship's boats have to stop outside the surf, which sometimes runs very high upon the beach; and small boats, built for the purpose, come from shore and take you in. Sometimes you are drenched with water, and sometimes (though not often) capsized in the surf. You get ashore at last, however, and are at once surrounded by beggars in filth and rags, who offer to your notice every variety of disgusting sores and deformities. Their name is Legion; and it requires a struggle to get by them. It is impossible to give to any, for the others would never quit you; and, as begging is a trade with them, one has not much trouble in abstaining from acts of charity.

You get away from them at last, and, crossing the beach, enter a very pretty street, shaded on both sides by luxuriant trees, and with a stream of water pouring down the centre. You begin to admire its beauty, but are at once surrounded by a crowd of men and boys, who have, by some mysterious telegraphic communication, been made aware of your landing, and who have, each of them, a horse which they insist upon your hiring. You are almost put upon one against your inclination. They rush madly up and down the street, screaming at the top of their voices, and it requires all your eyes to avoid being run over.

You may ride a fine horse for a very small sum, and the owner goes with you on foot, and you cannot ride away from him. The roads being mostly up and down hill, he holds on to the horse's tail half the time; and, at the end of your ride, the man is at your side ready to receive his horse and pay. Twenty miles will make no difference: your man keeps up with you, and never seems tired.

The needlework of Madeira (shawls, mats, tidies, &c.) is very beautiful, and is offered to you in abundance, and at prices which seem absurd. Work which must have occupied several weeks' constant labor selling for two or three dollars only. However, a dollar goes a great way in nearly all countries but ours, and especially where the people live much upon fruits which can almost be had for the picking.

The men here wear conical little cloth caps like inverted funnels, and it is remarkable how they can keep them on, for they merely sit upon the top of the head.

The churches of Madeira are not worth either visit or description, except the church of *Nossa Senhora del Monte* (our Lady of the Mount) which is on the side of the mountain, at an elevation of two thousand feet, and one of the most conspicuous objects from the bay. However, when you arrive there, you find nothing to see except the scenery, of which a splendid view is obtained from the *plateau* in front of the church.

The great charm of Madeira (after its unequalled climate) consists in the hospitality of its inhabitants both foreign and native. There is probably no place in the world where a more open-hearted, generous hospitality can be found; and the visitor who goes there with proper introductions will have more good dinners to eat, and more good wine to drink than he, perhaps, ever had in his life before.

What Madeira! We talk here of our fine old

wines; but we never had any such as can be met at some private houses on the island.

There are no carriages in Madeira. They could not be used to any extent, as the streets are nearly all up hill, and very steep. Palanquins are very generally used by both male and female; and very comfortable they are, too; carried by two men whose regular step prevents any disagreeable jolting. One reclines in his palanquin, and enjoys a large share of the *otium cum dignitate* while going out in the heat of the day, and up hill to a dinner party. They are made, generally, of wicker-work; have a cushion extending the whole length, with a back piece and arms; and a curtain which can be pulled over the whole length to protect you from the sun.

There are several excellent hotels in Madeira, where the fare is abundant and good, and the prices moderate.

HIAWATHA POETRY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

IN an article on "Education in the Sandwich Islands," in the "Penny Magazine" of June 9, 1838, the following passage occurs:—

"The compiler of the Hawaiian grammar, in an essay on the language, gives a view of the difficulties he has found in his progress. The principal ones are the want of documents as authorities and examples, the great vagueness and diversity of the forms of speech in different places, and even in different individuals in the same place; the unskilfulness of the natives who are appealed to as guides, and their disposition to accommodate their language to the idioms and ignorance of the persons they converse with. The best authorities are found to be the letters of chiefs written to each other, the laws or charges delivered to the people, and the addresses of the people to their chiefs. In all these documents the best language would naturally be chosen, and there would be no temptation to use foreign words or idioms, which they are so apt to slide into. Perhaps one of the best guides would be the ancient national poetry of the islands, which is very copious, and frequently recited: much of this has been written, and we have seen some specimens which evince considerable spirit and feeling. We shall conclude this article with a literal translation of a short piece on the creation of the island of Owhyhee.

"Born was the island;
It budded, sprang up, it increased, blossomed, and expanded;
It blossomed on the top, it became Owhyhee.
Owhyhee became an island;
The land was loose, Owhyhee trembled;
It waved in the air, the earth waved,
By Akea it was fixed;
Fast by the roots the island and the earth was fixed,
Fast in the air, by the right hand of Akea,
Fast was Owhyhee fixed.
Owhyhee became an island."

This scrap of Sandwich Island poetry seems very much like an imitation of Hiawatha, although it was translated literally from the language of the natives, some seventeen years before Hiawatha was written. Does this circumstance, and the resemblance of the new poem to certain productions of ancient Swedish and other northern poets, detract, in the least, from the merits of Mr. Longfellow's production? We say No! It rather proves that the accomplished American poet has seized upon the identical form, as well as the spirit, in which all savage nations express themselves in their earliest attempts at poetry, whether they live in the sunny isles of the Pacific, or the frozen regions of Scandinavia. It proves that Hiawatha is exactly what it professes to be—the poetry of savage life.

MRS. PEABODY AND THE SCHOTTISCH.

BY ALICE GREY.

MRS. PEABODY was a lady residing in the country, at some distance from the great city of Gotham. She was very unsophisticated; indeed she would have been called "rather verdant" by those *au fait* to the proceedings of fashionable life. However, this good lady had a daughter who was a parlor-boarder at a large school in New York, and last winter came to town to see her. During her stay, she made her home at the house of a distant relative, with whom her daughter often spent her holidays. Richly did she enjoy her visit. She saw all the lions of the city, attended every panorama there was to be found, went to Niblo's to see Mademoiselle Loyolide, to Barnum's Museum to see the Chinese family, listened faithfully to a whole Italian opera, and cried "delightful" when it was finished, albeit she was inwardly wondering what the people could see in it so mighty fine. She ate oysters and ice-cream at Thomson's, partook to the full of the peculiarly female enjoyment of shopping, and promenaded Broadway to her heart's content. But the crowning wonder of all was yet to come.

"I intend, my dear Mrs. Peabody," said her hostess one morning, "to give a small party while you are here. You do not think of leaving us before next week, I trust."

"No, Mrs. Peabody hoped not," congratulating herself meanwhile upon the opportunity of seeing a little of up-town aristocracy. In the buoyancy of her heart, she went down to Stewart's, and bought her daughter Ellen a new dress for the occasion—happily, however, guided in her selection by Mrs. Taylor's taste.

Mrs. Peabody was not sufficiently rustic to suppose that knitting-work would form part of the amusement of the company, or to expect the refreshment of tea, either black or green; but still we must confess that her anticipations of the evening's entertainment were rather behind the age. Not so those of her daughter. When the young lady was placed at school, her parents had given orders that no pains should be spared regarding accomplishments; consequently, dancing, in all the fashionable varieties of propinquity, had not been neglected. She adored the Polka, was fond of exhibiting a pretty foot and ankle in the Bolero, and was an adept in

the schottisch. Her ideas then were set to music as she arrayed herself that eventful night. Long before she had adjusted to her satisfaction the Grecian knot into which her tresses were gathered, her mother's preparations were completed. Disregarding her daughter's warning that nothing would be ready so early, she descended to the parlors. What was her astonishment to find not a creature there, and the gas not yet turned on! Making her way to a side bracket which was burning dimly, she looked at her watch, and saw it was after nine. Thunderstruck at finding it so late, up ran the good lady to Mrs. Taylor's door to see what could be the matter. Scarcely waiting to knock, she flew impetuously into the room, nearly frightening her hostess out of her senses. Quite relieved when she found her errand, Mrs. Taylor laughingly assured her "there was time enough; the company would be there soon," and returned to her occupation of fastening some marabout feathers in her hair.

"Well," thought Mrs. P., "I wonder when they mean to go away, if they come so late. However, if they are not here yet, I'll have time to go and put Ellen in mind of bringing down her music. They'll want her to play to-night, I know, and I'm not going to have her refuse, after taking lessons of Mr. Yerinn so long."

"Why, ma," said Miss Ellen, when her mother entered, telling her for goodness sake not to forget her music, "they won't want me to play to-night. They'll have a musician, I suppose—perhaps a band."

"You don't mean that no one will ask you to play? Mrs. Taylor certainly will."

"Why no, indeed, ma."

"Then when, in the name of wonder, are you to play, if not in company? Do you suppose I lay out so much money on your music just for you to be able to play to your father and me at home?"

"No, certainly; but young ladies very seldom play in parties where there's dancing; only at musical *soirées*."

"Only at musical soirées!" repeated Mrs. Peabody and after standing a moment she left the room.

It was nearer ten than nine before even the first

instalment of Mrs. Taylor's "few friends" were assembled in the glittering rooms.

"Her definition of a few must be different from the Bible one," said Mrs. Peabody to herself, "for I'm sure there is five times as many here already."

The first hour passed without Mrs. Peabody's making any further mistake than asking a lady, who appeared in a splendid white crape shawl, if "she had not better throw off her shawl," adding, "that she would send it to the dressing-room if she wished;" and calling Mrs. Taylor's eldest daughter Jane instead of Jenny, before one of her most fashionable beaux—not knowing that since Jenny Lind's *début* there are no more Jane's in New York.

At length the music struck up, and dancing commenced. Mrs. Peabody had a good position for observing the dances, and her daughter was seated by her side. The fair country girl attracted much attention, but she did not dance, not liking to leave her mother so soon. Mrs. P. was entirely engrossed by the scene before her. When the first couple began to Polka, she opened her eyes very widely; but she soon said to herself, "Of course they are brother and sister, or engaged, perhaps married."

But, as she saw one after another follow on, and at last Miss Taylor herself place her hand on the shoulder of a gentleman whom she knew was no relation whatever, and join the dances, her horrified astonishment exceeded all bounds.

"Dreadful, dreadful! And did Mr. Taylor actually sanction such improprieties!"

After a time there was a pause, and during the interval Miss Taylor approached with a moustached stranger, and presented him to her daughter. Soon another stream rang through the rooms, and while Mrs. Peabody was thinking "Here comes more of this disgraceful exhibition," the gentleman carelessly murmured something she did not hear, and extended his arm. Ellen rose, and the stranger, encircling her waist, whirled her away to the music of the fascinating Schottisch.

Her daughter, yes, it was her own daughter that that impertinent man was whirling round the room in that style! And her own daughter that so coolly and quietly permitted such a liberty! Had Ellen no delicacy, no sense of propriety left? This had never entered her thoughts, even as she watched the others, that her own daughter could be made a partaker in such an improper exhibition. And how dared the man do such a thing? to take her from her very side, right before her eyes! Suddenly recovering her

powers of speech and locomotion, Mrs. Peabody darted across the room, and seizing Ellen by the arm in the midst of a graceful *balancé*, exclaimed, "Let go of my daughter, sir!"

The astonished gentleman almost unconsciously retained his hold, not certain whether it was not a crazy woman who was addressing him. Mrs. Peabody then grasped his arm and shook it violently, repeating, "Let go of my daughter, sir, instantly; I will not have this. She shall not disgrace herself, if others do."

The tone and manner immediately attracted every one's attention. The poor man, frightened almost to death, made a sudden retreat from Ellen as if she had been a serpent. Mrs. P. was left alone with her daughter in the centre of the room, all eyes fixed upon them. How fervently did poor Ellen pray that some accident would happen at the gas-works, and leave the company in total darkness! But no; the diamonds, real and imitation, sent back the light as dazzlingly as ever—no earthquake came to her relief—the floor would not open and let her sink through, and she at last rushed sobbing from the room, deep mortification and disappointment struggling in her breast.

Her mother stood still, fanning with renewed zeal, her eyes glowing with "righteous indignation." All was confusion in those brilliant rooms. Some of the ladies, thinking it a good opportunity to show off sweet sensibility, made demonstrations of fainting—several got up a small edition of a scream—scent bottles were drawn forth, and eye-glasses put in requisition. In a few moments there was a real uproar. No one understood Mrs. Peabody. Among the refined and fastidious fashionables of New York there assembled, not one comprehended her feelings. Astonishment, fright, and sarcasm, were the only emotions excited. Never before had those frescoed walls witnessed such a scene. Mrs. Taylor made great exertions to calm her excited guests, and things were at last restored to their old train.

Mrs. Peabody had seen some of the fashionable amusements of New York. She had seen fashionable dancing for the first, and she hoped for the last time. She left the city, laying her positive and solemn commands upon her daughter never again to be guilty of the glaring impropriety of dancing any of the fashionable dances.

Among the guests at Mrs. Taylor's party the scene which she caused—an anomaly in the history of fashionable life—was long remembered; and MRS. PEABODY AND THE SCHOTTISCH was long a byword among them.

“'TWERE SWEET TO THINK THAT
THIS MAY BE.”

BY NORMAN W. BRIDGE.

(Inscribed to my friends.)

OH, shall I find a quiet grave
By some lone stream of cadence sweet,
Where in a nook or eddying wave
The swan might anchor her young fleet
'Twere sweet to think that this may be
When glowing Phœbus loiters,
As prow-curved trains so gracefully
Glide o'er sequestered waters.

Will grasses rank, and flowerless weeds,
Upon my humble mound be seen,
Or grace and bloom, from floral seeds,
On mossy turf with ivy screen?
'Twere sweet to think that this may be
When nature's hand is wreathing
In vernal robes each wood and lea,
And winds soft prayers are breathing.

Will bards with music in their wing
More sigh-like sweet than harps of ours,
Those lovers of the meads of spring—
Oft kiss and fan my cottage flowers?
'Twere sweet to think that this may be
When days are warm and sunny,
And air-poised humming-bird and bee
From rose-lips gather honey.

Will lips that oft have pressed my own,
And touched with me the spirit-lute,
E'er breathe my name in pensive tone,
When mine have long been cold and mute?
'Twere sweet to think that this may be
When breast-like gales are sighing,
O'er fading flowers in wood and lea,
And leaves of autumn dying.

Will loving eyes that mine hath met
E'er for my presence fondly yearn,
And shed warm tears of heart regret
For what can never more return?
'Twere sweet to think that this may be
When friends, the warmest hearted,
Converse of smiles no more to see—
Voices for aye departed.

Will those that felt my heart-strings thrill
In tones congenial with their own,
Miss chords in life's harmonic rill,
When from its banks my soul has flown?
'Twere sweet to think such things in store
When lonely hearts are sighing
For life on that celestial shore,
Where friends are never-dying.

As they have been a friend to me
In sickness, sorrow, want, and pain,
Will neighbors to my memory
In coming years as true remain?
'Twere sweet to think this boon in store,
When eyes, now bright, are faded,
Fair brows with age are wrinkled o'er—
Dark locks with silver shaded.

Will those that shun the fatherless,
While struggling with misfortune's wave,
With sighs recall their selfishness,
When I no aid nor pity crave?

'Twere sweet to think such things in store,
When health for aye is blasted,
The shaft draws near the bosom's core,
And life is almost wasted.

As mourners round the flower-draped hearse,
Where heart-pressed blossoms faded lie,
Will life-warm friendships o'er my verse
E'er pause, and muse, reglance, and sigh?
'Twere sweet to think that this may be,
When in my numbers varied,
Earth's sweetest buds and flowers are seen
Untimely crushed and buried.

Will one now listening to my lyre,
And noting down the cadence here,
When its last trembling notes expire,
E'er hold the strain and lyrist dear?
'Twere sweet to think this boon in store,
When she, I fancy, hearest
The bard his heart in song out-pour
On earthly laurels dearest.

'Twere sweet such poesy to weave
As charms a nation's ear and heart,
Unfading bloom and fragrance leave
Around our name when we depart:
To give the harp, in our last lay,
Vibrations dying never,
To swan-like sing and float for aye
Our poet-winding river.

But shrine to me were sweeter far
In nature's eye, and voice, and book—
The smile of sun, and moon, and star,
The hymn of wind, bough, bird, and brook:
The heaven-writ verse on leaf and flower,
In volumes published yearly,
Or one sweet soul in friendship's bower,
Heart worshipped long and dearly.

THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE.

BY H. B. B.

BEAUTIFUL is spring—cheerful, bright spring,
Enlivening scenery; mild, pleasant weather—
The face of creation, each created thing,
To praise the Creator, uniting together.

Inspiring season! Buds, leaflets, and flowers,
Emitting their fragrance, their beauties display.
'Midst the groves, in green fields, on the vine-covered
bowers,
Are the little wing'd psalmists, thanksgiving all day.

Released from stern winter's icy embraces
The rivulets, limpid, resuming their motion;
In their transparent waters, the merry-finned races,
Now gladden'd with joy, show sportive devotion.

Have we duly reflected on life's fleeting stream?
Of eternity's ocean, to which it is taken?
Life's time to eternity is but a dream!
Life's only a dream from which all must awaken.

Oh! if life's but a dream, 'tis the time set apart,
When the soul must insure eternal salvation;
And the spring-time of life, the time when the heart,
Young, hopeful, and ardent, should make preparation

T O E M M A .

BY ADA L—.

SWEET sister, when your soft eyes bend
In pensive sadness, o'er these lines;
Let fancy, fondest mem'ries blend
Of by-gone times.

When hope's bright bow of promise cast
Delusive hues, o'er childhood's hours;
They steal like odors from the past,
Or breath of flowers.

Some youthful trusts which brightly glowed,
Have perished in their hours of birth;
While undreamed joys from love have flowed
To brighten earth.

Forever like a star of light
Thou hast, my sister, been to me;
And when I would see all look bright,
I turn to thee.

Nor have I ever turned in vain
To see with love, thy fair face shine;
It half-robb'd sorrow of its pain,
That voice of thine.

And oft it cheers my heart to know,
Where'er I be, that prayers of thine
Nightly, from pure lips warmly flow,
For weal of mine.

Loved sister, hear my wish for thee,
Good angels guard *thee* from all care,
And oh! may we though parted be,
A heaven share.

C A R M I N A L A U D I S .

BY ANNA M. D. M'COY.

How dear to me those songs divine,
That from my infancy I've heard!
Sweet memories cluster round each line
And sacred peace flows from each word.

Alike when blessings fill my cup,
Or when I feel the chastening rod.
That song shall still inspire my hope
Of "all thy mercies, O my God."

Should, one by one, my dear loved friends
Forget, or act a treacherous part—
Sing, for sweet peace sad music lends,
"Give me a calm, a thankful heart."

And when my heart its coldness mourns,
Its vile ingratitude to God—
Sing, till with holy zeal it burns,
Of that blest "fountain filled with blood."

If, lured by folly's glittering snare,
I, careless, tread the downward road,
Sing, till my soul joins in the prayer,
"Oh for a closer walk with God!"

When standing by the graves of those
Whose love we prized, whose loss we weep—
Sing of their calm, their sweet repose,
"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!"

And when my dying hour shall come,
Sing to me, o'er and o'er again,
Of that bright "land" beyond the tomb,
"Where rests no shadow, falls no stain."

Then may I hear the angel's song,
And, sweeter still, my Saviour's voice
Welcome me, with the ransomed throng,
To share in heaven's eternal joys.

L O V E ' S D O I N G S .

BY S. E. W.

TRADITION saith in days of old,
The world was in its prime;
Ere passion's stain with varied hue,
Had spread through every clime.
The earth was ornamented then
By what was sweet and bright;
And purity so dwelt in all,
That roses e'en were white.

The cheek of beauty ever fair,
Was moulded smooth and round,
No little witching dimples e'en
Upon it could be found.
But on a soft and sunny day,
The flowers fell asleep;
Just then a roguish little bark,
Came dancing o'er the deep.

Its silken sails were swelling high,
With soft and balmy air;
And entering the Ganges broad,
It left its cargo there.
A boy with bow and quiver light,
Was all the wealth it bore,
A tender, winning, loving child,
As ever graced that shore.

He sprang upon the earth with air,
And step so light and free,
The zephyrs sighed to know who
The agile youth could be.
But straight he hied to mossy dell,
Where roses blow and twine,
And thrust his pretty, curly head
In webs of eglantine.

There, 'neath the bloom on mossy bed,
A maiden lay in dreams,
As purely fair as lilies are,
That kiss the purling streams.
This sportive urchin—daring boy,
On frolic always bound—
Upon her cheek his finger press'd,
And left a dimple round.

This novel little mischief done,
He laughed in merry bliss,
And from the fair unconscious one
He stole a quiet kiss;
When, lo! her snowy, dimpled cheek
Was crimsoned by a flush,
That shed its hue upon the flowers,
And gave the rose its blush.

Write, said a dying friend, upon my gravestone,
 "THEY SHALL HUNGER NO MORE."

BY FANNY FALES.

WEARY, and sick, and sad,
 Tossing the long days on a bed of pain
 One dream I have, one yearning all in vain,
 Even as Kizpah had.

Around my dying brow,
 Through close-drawn blinds the summer zephyr blows,
 Laden with winged song, perfume of the rose—
 I scarcely heed it now.

Oft as I sink to sleep,
 In dreams I feast on viands spread around,
 'Till, startled by a shadow, or a sound,
 I wake, sometimes to weep.

I with beloved ones nigh,
 And the board bountiful! 'tis God's decree—
 They cannot aid, but oh, they grieve for me,
 Grieve that I suffer—die.

Peace, peace! a little while,
 And my slow feet will reach the blessed shore,
 Where none can thirst, or hunger ever more;
 Friends, dear ones, with a smile

Write it upon my grave;
 And when ye come with flowers, at morn or eve,
 Read, thanking God, nor for a moment grieve
 That e'en love could not save.

They hunger *there* no more.
 Hunger for bread, with famished lips and eyes—
 Hunger for love, that as we follow flies—
 Hunger for hopes, all o'er.

They hunger *there* no more.
 Hunger for joys we ne'er can taste again—
 Hunger for solace of a little pain—
 Hunger no more—no more.

Joy, joy! no more, no more.
 Oh, starving heart, take comfort on your way;
 Oh, fainting heart, but watch, and wait, and pray,
 They hunger *there* no more.

Ay, write it when I die
 Upon my gravestone; sufferings below
 Are trifles to the rapture I shall know
 With Christ, the Lamb, on high.

My slow feet near the shore—
 I will be patient, and await God's will;
 And friends, though grieving, read this, and be still,
They hunger there no more.

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

BY A STRAY WAIF.

"Not lost! not lost! we shall meet again
 Where love exults in eternal spring:
 And our spirits, freed from earthly stain,
 Repose secure 'neath the angel wing.
 No more, oh joy! will the parting grief
 Fall on our hearts with its with'ring power,
 As bitter winds shrivell'd flower and leaf,
 That clust'ring clung to our desolate bower."
 'Twas ever thus the poor maniac sung,
 Wand'ring around each love-hallowed scene;
 A shattered bark whose anchor still clung
 To the shore where her life-wreck had been.

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Through summer heat, and the wintry blast,
 Though hunger pinched and her feet were bare,
 With woful smile on her way she passed,
 Singing her plaintive, yet hopeful air:

"Not lost, beloved! we shall meet once more,
 And smile at the pangs of our parting here;
 The flowers shall bloom like they bloomed before,
 As spring revives from the faded year.
 I do but wait till our Father's call
 Bids me ascend from this home of clay,
 As the chrysalis breaks its prison thrall
 And flies to its flowery realms away."

The years rolled on, and the maniac bride
 Saw the Reaper still passing her by,
 Though youth was gleaned in its bloom and pride,
 And age gave the garner a full supply;
 The eye waxed dim, and her back was bent,
 And the life-stream moved sluggish and slow,
 Yet 'round her accustomed haunts she went
 Chanting her ditty of plaintive woe.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

BY EFFIE JOHNSON.

I'VE been dreaming, sadly dreaming
 Of the bright and happy hours
 When thy smile was resting o'er me
 Like the sunlight o'er the flowers.

And I feel thy hand's soft pressure
 Thrilling all my heartstrings o'er,
 And I see thy dark eye beaming
 Gently on me as of yore.

When the twilight shadows deepening,
 Tell us of the day's decline,
 Still I hear thy soft voice whisper
 "Would a poet's harp were mine!"

To the night's mysterious music
 Still in speechless awe I bow;
 Beam the same bright stars above me;
 But oh, dearest! where art thou?

Far away among the angels
 Now a "golden harp" is thine;
 Swiftly, swiftly speed the hours
 When thy resting-place be mine.

SONNET.—TASSO.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

How consecrated is the sod which holds
 Thy honored dust, O Tasso, crowned when dead!
 Now, lilies, violets fragrance round thee shed,
 And laurels shadowing thy tomb, mine eye beholds—
 Intwined thy memory in the breasts
 Of Italy's proud daughters, for the love
 Thou, erst, didst to sweet Leonora bear,
 Thy tutelary angel. Innocent,
 She peacefully like dove, anigh thee rests,
 While to her dreaming spirit still appear
 The visions of the golden evening spent,
 In thy dear company. Rest—rest in peace,
 For in Jerusalem above, content,
 Thou, now, may'st sing of thy own soul's release.

“LITTLE DROPS OF DAY.”

BY HENRY T. HARRIS.

“Pa!” said a little boy of five summers, “the stars, what are they? Are they not little drops of day?”

Oh! ever glorious stars of night,
Heaven's poetry divine,
With what unchanging light and power
Ye do forever shine!

Do people, like unto us, dwell
In your bright realms away?
Or are ye, as the child has asked,
But “little drops of day?”

We look up to thee when the night
Your far-off homes reveals;
And softly, with a noiseless wing,
The light upon us steals,
And then with wonder long we gaze
Upon each glorious ray,
Until we think, like the sweet child,
That ye are “drops of day.”

Yes, we are lost in wonder, while
We contemplate the power
That fixed you in your spheres, and bade
You light the evening hour.

Unchanged, unchanging, ever there,
Far as the Milky Way;
We wonder not the child has asked
If ye are “drops of day.”

If man's proud intellect were lost
In studying such high themes;
If poets fail to learn of them
In their sweet twilight dreams;
How could a little child but ask,
In his poetic way,
If those bright worlds that hang on high
Are “little drops of day?”

Bright stars that pave the heaven's blue dome
With blazing gems of light,
Who wreathest with a diadem
The raven arch of night!
Oh! ye are ever glorious, and
The poet's rhyme will say
To that sweet poet-child, that ye
Are “little drops of day.”

THE POOR MAN'S HOME.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THEY say that mine is a humble home,
And they call me very poor;
Yet are the prints of the fairies' feet
All o'er my sanded floor;
And I hear sweet sounds of mirthfulness,
That greet me at break of day;
And the fairies bright come across my path
Ere I start with my spade away.

And when at eve I am safely housed,
One fairy will slice my bread;
And a little one will climb my knee,
For a kiss ere she goes to bed.
Then let them prate of their houses rich,
Of their jewels, and silver, and gold;
I have what is better—fairies bright,
Whose love is not to be sold.

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES AND ENIGMAS
IN JUNE NUMBER.

20. Knight-hood. 21. Mid-ship-man. 22. A note.
23. A bottle. 24. A pencil.

CHARADES.

25.

My *first* a failure may describe,
Yet names what gallants prize;
My *second* dominates a tribe,
My *whole* the wise despise.

26.

My *first* in a sailing-ship 's sure to abound;
Both on her and yourself may my *second* be found;
And yet I conceive, on connecting the two,
'Twill not be appropriate reckoned by you.

ENIGMAS.

27.

DOOMED on cold water to exist,
We should the sympathies enlist
Of fellow-creatures all,
Whose enviable lot may be
To live on earth in luxury,
With water at their call.

28.

If but my origin you'll trace,
You'll wonder I've so fair a face;
For you 'll detect (but spare your scorn)
A dirty ragamuffin born.
Yet, spite of my mean pedigree,
You favor, trust, and honor me
With what your heart must hold most dear;
And deem my confidence sincere.
Then I your high regard maintain
By valued services, that gain
Fresh estimation every day
In many a fascinating way.
I vastly aid, as you must find,
To cheer and edify your mind.
Your fortune frequently I hold;
And compensate the want of gold.
With equal truth I may aver,
I'm often love's prime minister!
Though sometimes I'm an instrument
In causing you much discontent;
Withholding, it may be, from you
What you may deem your rightful due.
Then, too, in sin I largely share,
And slander, lies, and scandal bear
(And carry, much to my disgrace,
Upon a smooth seductive face).
This praise, howe'er, to me belongs—
My virtues far outweigh my wrongs;
For all good qualities are mine,
And life's best treasures I enshrine;
Gems of inestimable price,
Whose worth no money could suffice.
Now obvious must be to your eyes
The object I enigmatize.

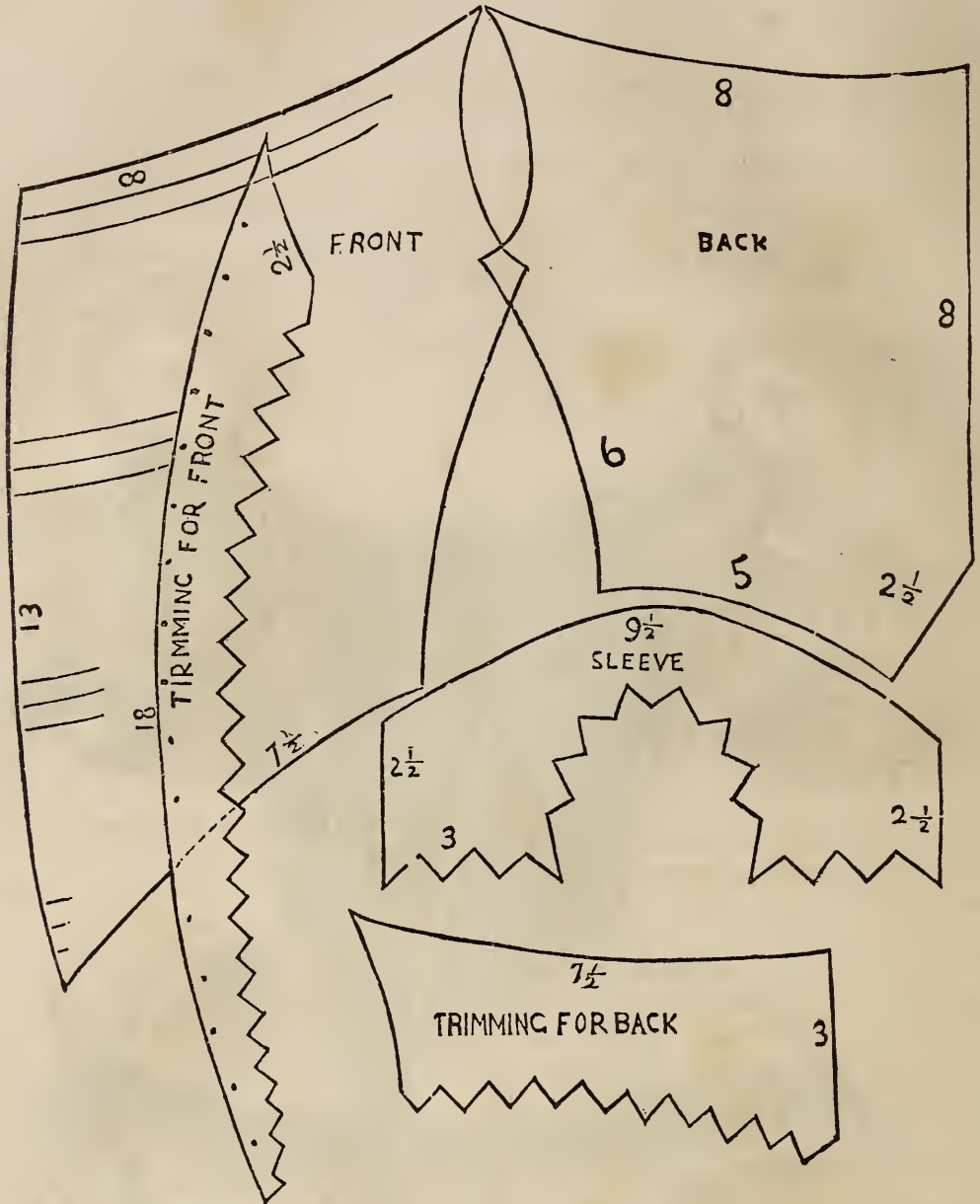
OUR PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

BOY'S DRESS.



THE dress we give this month is for a boy of four or five years of age. The body is made of velvet, generally blue or green, with narrow bands of black velvet, as shown in the engraving. The trimming up the front is vandyked at the edge, with a plain piece of velvet of the same color, but of a lighter shade, laid underneath, finished on the opposite side with narrow lace. The skirt is white, with pressed vandyked velvet, with a scalloped velvet to match that on

the body placed underneath. The buttons up the front may either be flat or ornamented bell buttons; if the latter, they should be gold and white. The ribbons on the shoulders and the tassel must match the color of the velvet. This dress is the newest out this season, and looks extremely well either with or without white drawers. We give in our diagram all the parts, with their proper measurements in inches for the body and sleeve.



WORKING PATTERN.



NAMES.



NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.

Fig. 1.—Style of arranging the hair for a young lady, suitable for dinner or evening. The hair is divided into three parts on each side, leaving

Fig. 1.



about an equal quantity at the back. The first roll is towards the forehead; the second is reversed, and the third and heaviest follows the direction of the first.

Fig. 2.—Shows the effect from the back of the head, where the remainder is turned flat over an ornamental twist comb, the top of which only is seen. The ends of the bandeaux are disposed

Fig. 2.



in braids around it. For a young girl having a mass of hair to dispose of, nothing could be more simply elegant than the contour given to the head and throat by this disposition. Lace basque, or spencer, of black Brussels net, insertion, and edging.

Fig. 3.—Headdress for a concert or evening

party. A light Persian scarf, of azure and gold, twisted into the bandeaux behind, as seen in

Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.—Where it falls gracefully upon the shoulder.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.—Interior of a bonnet for a young girl,

Fig. 5.



setting close to the face, and tied with a ribbon, bow, and strings.

Fig. 6.—Canezon of lace, intended to be worn over a plain silk, with low undraped corsage. It consists of a berthé, chemisette, bretelles, and sleeves. The foundation is of plain net, on which are set insertions and edgings of Valenciennes. Knots of satin ribbon of some pretty shade on the sleeves, shoulders, and fastening the lappets of the bretelle at the waist.

Fig. 7.—Jacket or basque, intended for morning wear, also convenient and comfortable for travelling. It is made of plain cashmere de bège, mohair, or any other suitable material. A small lappel turns back from the throat, the space being filled by a cambric frill, with a narrow lace edge. Plain sleeves turned back. Trimmed with narrow velvet, or flat silk braid. Sloping side pockets for gloves or handkerchief. Cambric undersleeves coming into a band at the wrist.

Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



A LADY'S WORK, OR CARRIAGE BAG.

(See blue Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—Twelve skeins of black, three shades of scarlet, three shades of green, and three shades of puce Berlin wool; six skeins of each will be required.

With black make a chain twenty-two inches in length. Work three rows in double crochet with black, before commencing the pattern. Work on one side only, detaching the wool at the end of the row; and in working with two colors change the wool in the middle of the stitch.

1st pattern row (black and scarlet).—4 black, *, 2 scarlet, 2 black, 8 scarlet, 2 black; repeat from *, and finish with 4 black.

2d.—2 black, *, 2 scarlet, 2 black, 8 scarlet, 2 black; repeat from *, and finish with 2 black.

3d. (mid. scarlet).—4 black, *, 2 scarlet, 4 black, 4 scarlet, 4 black; repeat from *, and finish with 4 black.

4th. (lightest scarlet).—4 black, *, 2 scarlet, 2 black, 8 scarlet, 2 black; repeat from *, and finish with 4 black.

5th.—Like 4th.

6th.—Like 3d.

7th.—Like 2d.

8th.—Like 1st.

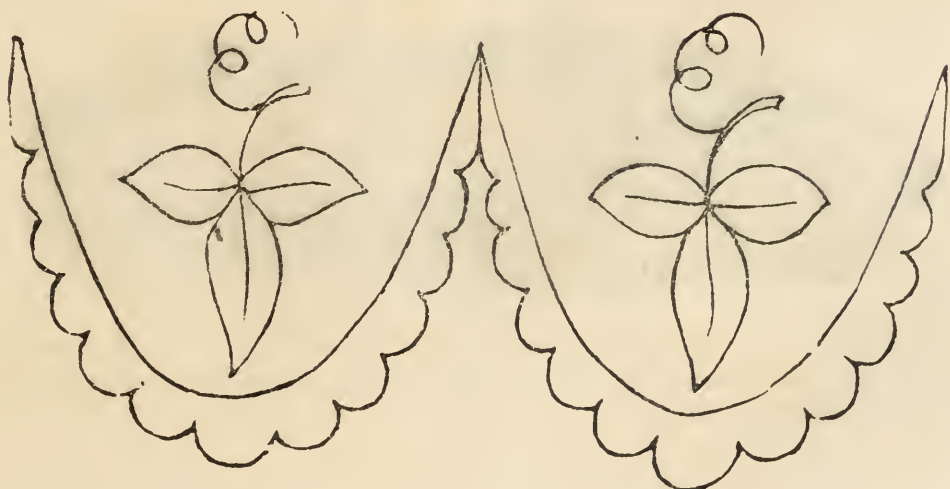
This completes one pattern. Repeat the pattern with shades of green and black, and with puce and black, till there are two stripes worked with each color; then work a third scarlet stripe, and finish with three rows of black. Fold and crochet the sides together, and work two rows round the top with black wool. Line with scarlet or green silk. Insert two or three

small pockets in the inside, mount on a clasp about eleven inches wide, and cover a thick cord with black velvet for the handles. Our fair readers will find this a very useful and convenient bag for many purposes.

CROCHET PURSE.



EMBROIDERY FOR A FLANNEL SKIRT.



NEW DESCRIPTION OF WORK.

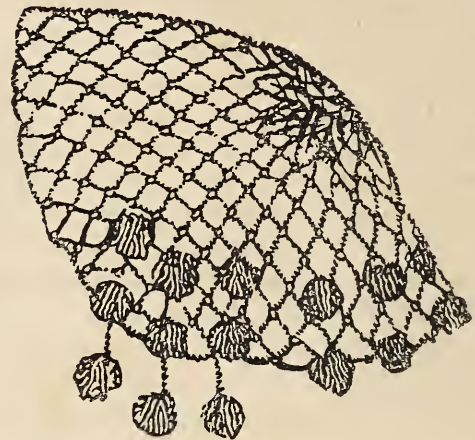
FOR TABLE COVERS, OTTOMANS, OR PILLOWS.

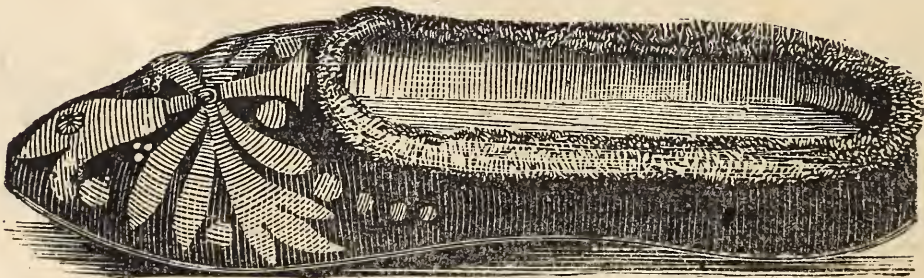
(See Engraving in front of Book.)

Materials required for working a table-cover one yard square, four lengths of the pattern for each side. A skein of each of the following Berlin wools: shaded pink (yellow and blue greens), brown, scarlet, purple, orange, gray, and blue. Also a few mixed seed-beads, and a yard of puce-colored cloth, or fine dark tweed.

DIRECTIONS FOR WORK.—Copy the design on white tissue-paper, and tack it along the edge of your cloth; strain the cloth on a frame, and thread a fine darning-needle with any old wool of one color. Fill up one side of each leaf, taking long stitches from the end to the top of the leaf. Fill the other side the same way, but with a contrast color, and then with a crochet-hook draw away the tissue-paper, and sew over one side of the leaf (working from the centre) with the shaded blue-green wool, taking the stitches shorter near the top. Break your shaded wools into lengths, so that when the last stitches are dark, the next may join in a dark part also. Work the other side of the leaf in the same manner, always being careful not to draw your wool too tightly, as that gives the work a puckered appearance. For the lily use light shaded gray, and fill up the leaves as you do the green; then sew over from the centre. For the pistil, work with yellow-green. The stamens are formed of a row of beads, beginning with four gray glass, the next four white glass, and then five white chalk beads. For the anther, or top of the stamen, work eight gray glass beads across, and then one row over it of pale yellow chalk beads. To work the yellow

rose, you fill in the leaves from the bottom, and sew over with the lightest part of the shaded orange, commencing the lower end of the petal with the darker shade, and work across instead of from the centre. For the stamens, stitch on yellow chalk beads, light and dark. The green leaves are filled as before directed; but in working over, you take four long stitches from the centre out, then shorter, then long again, to form the mitre of the rose-leaf; work in the dark part of the green, getting lighter towards the top of the leaf. For the fuchsia, use the medium shade of shaded crimson, and purple for the inner petals. For the stamens, work with pink silk, placing a white chalk bead at the end of each, and the leaves with yellow-green wool.

 A BEAD NET FOR THE BACK OF THE HEAD.


 CHILD'S SLIPPER IN EMBROIDERY.


This slipper is made of either soft kid leather or black velvet. The ornament upon it is worked in soft silk, in three or four colors, according to the taste of the worker, lined with flannel, and finished with a nice chenille edging.

A BRIOCHE.



THE *brioche* knitting-stitch is simply as follows: bring the wool forward, slip one; knit two together.

A brioche* is formed of sixteen straight narrow stripes, and sixteen wide stripes which gradually decrease in width towards the top or centre of the cushion. It may be made in three thread fleecy or double German wool, with ivory or wooden pins, No. 19.

Cast on 90 stitches, in black, for the narrow stripe, and knit two turns; then three turns in gold color, and two turns again in black. This completes the narrow stripe.

The conical stripe is knitted as follows: knit two stitches, and turn; knit these two, and two more of the black and turn; continue this, taking each time two more stitches of the black, until within two stitches of the top, and turn; the wool will now be at the bottom or wide

* So called from its resemblance, in shape, to the well-known French cake of that name.

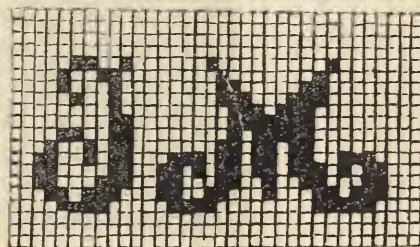
part of the stripe. Commence again with the black as in former narrow stripe, knitting the two black stitches at the top.

By a *turn*, we mean one row and back again.

The colors for the conical stripe may be blue and drab, or any two, or four colors, which assort well together, or they may each be different, thus: white, blue, scarlet, stone color, bright green, crimson, white, lilac, deep gold color, ruby, white buff, French blue, chrysophas green, and lilac.

When the last conical stripe is finished, it is to be knitted to the first narrow stripe, and the brioche is to be made up with a stiff bottom of mill board, about eight inches in diameter, covered with cloth. The top is drawn together, and fastened in the centre with a tuft of soft wool; but they are generally preferred with a cord and tassels, as represented in the engraving. It should be stuffed with down, or fine combed wool.

CROCHET LETTERS.



DOLL'S EMBROIDERED COLLAR.

For the young folks.



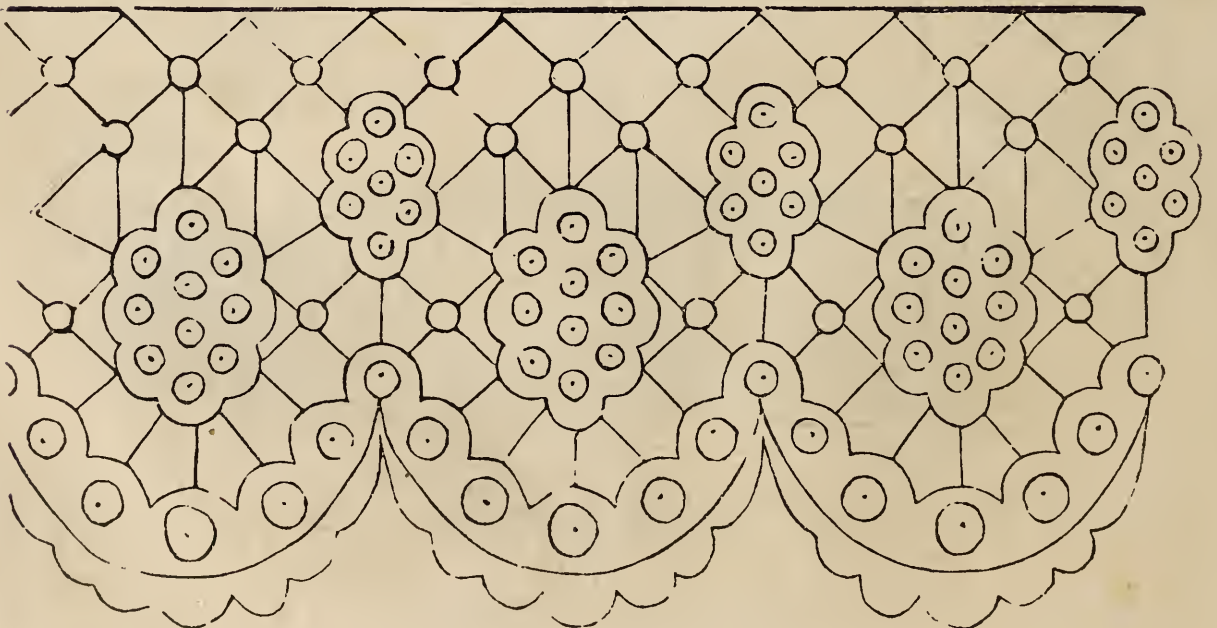
BOOK-MARKER.



To be worked on perforated card or paper. the ends of ribbon, of a size suited to the book it is to be used in.

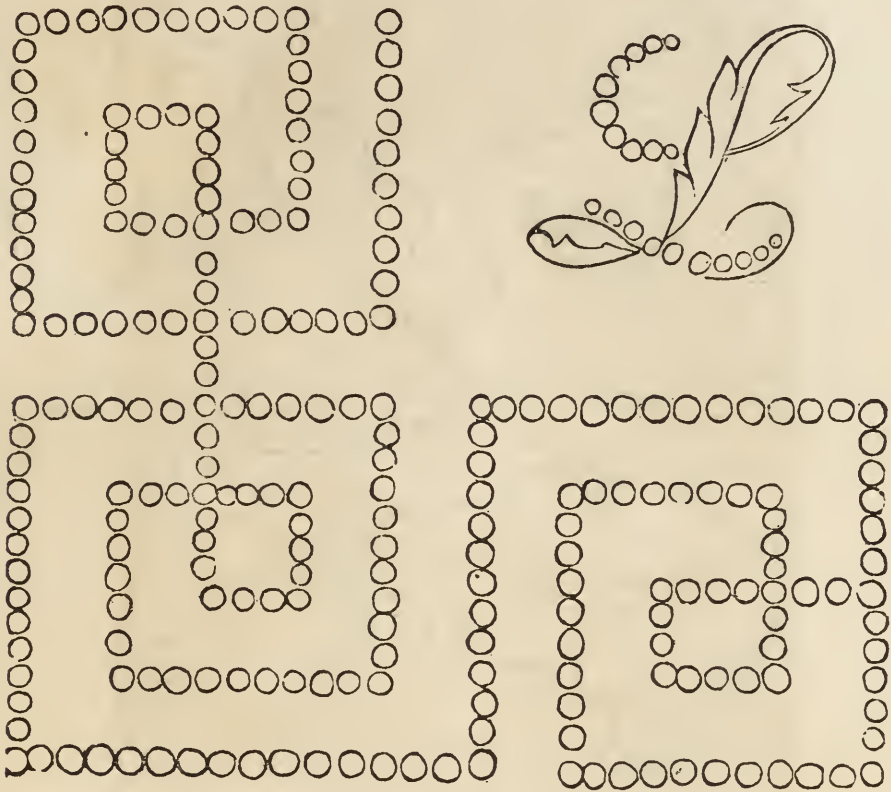


GUIPURE FLOUNCING.

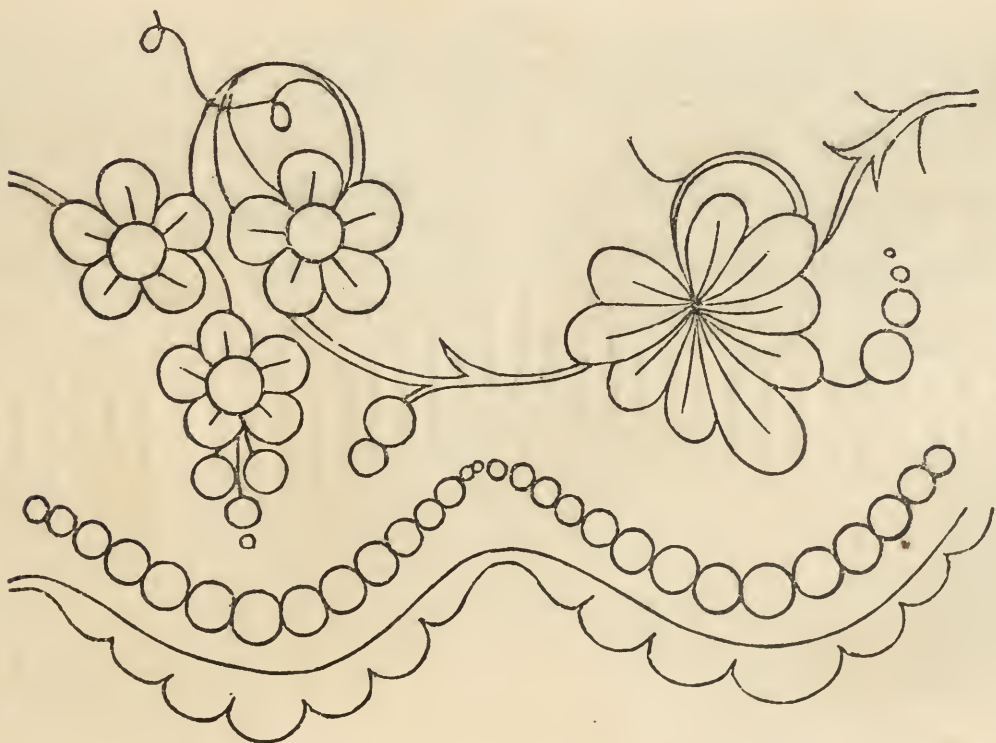


HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

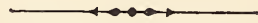
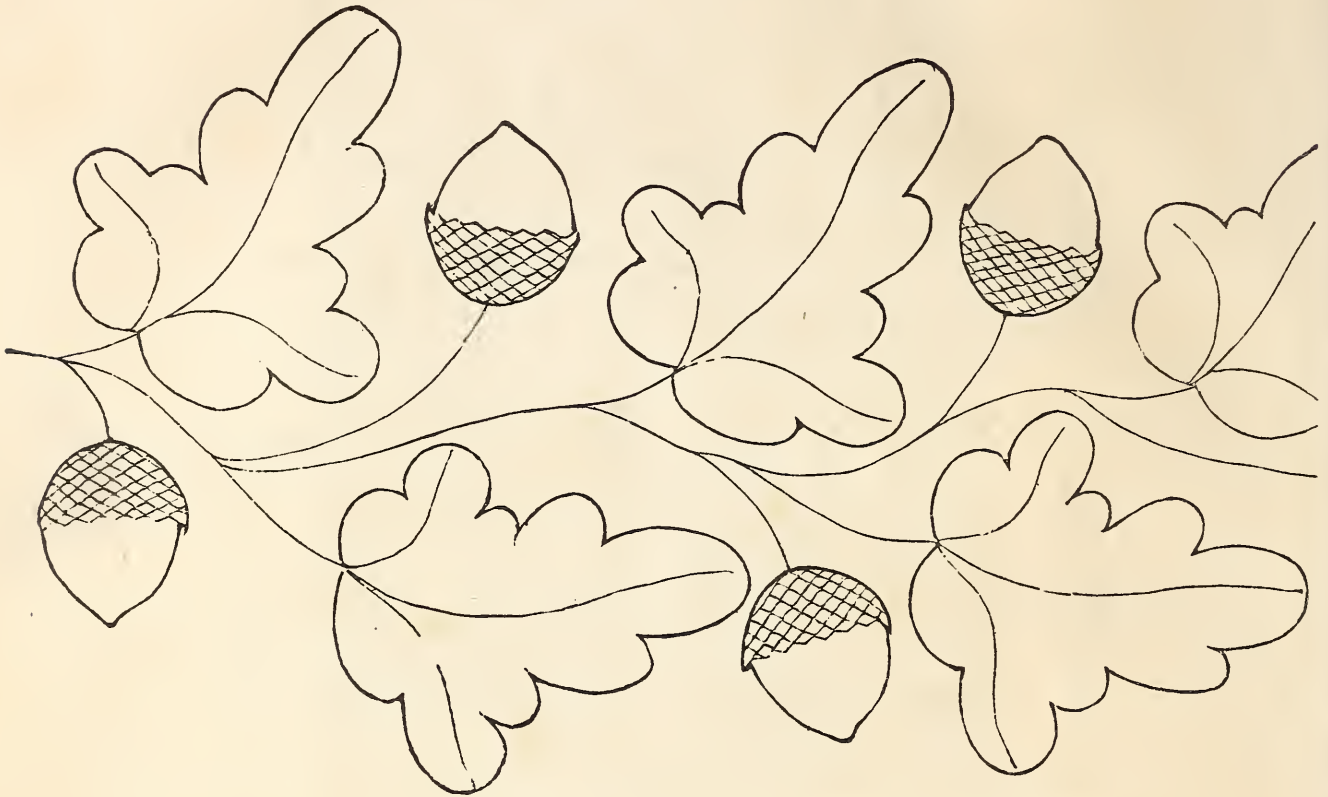
To be worked in colored cotton.



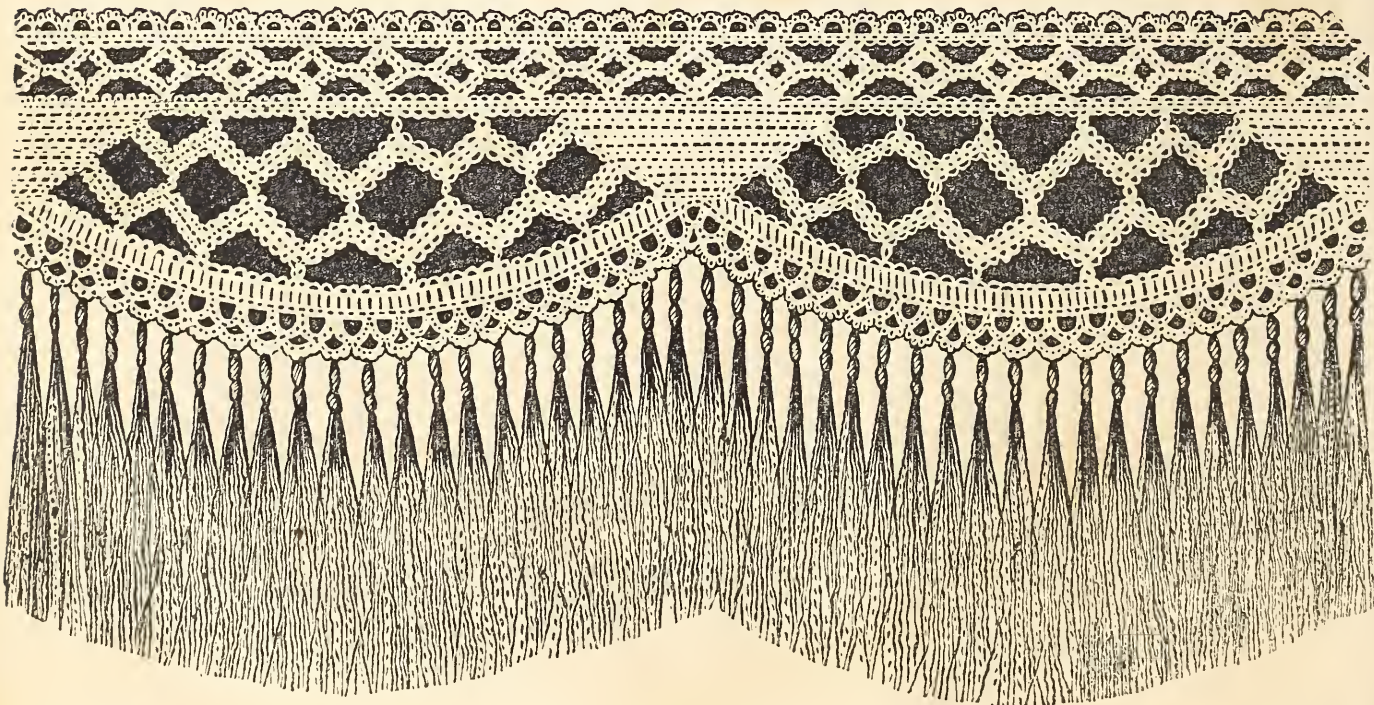
EMBROIDERY FOR SILK OR MUSLIN.



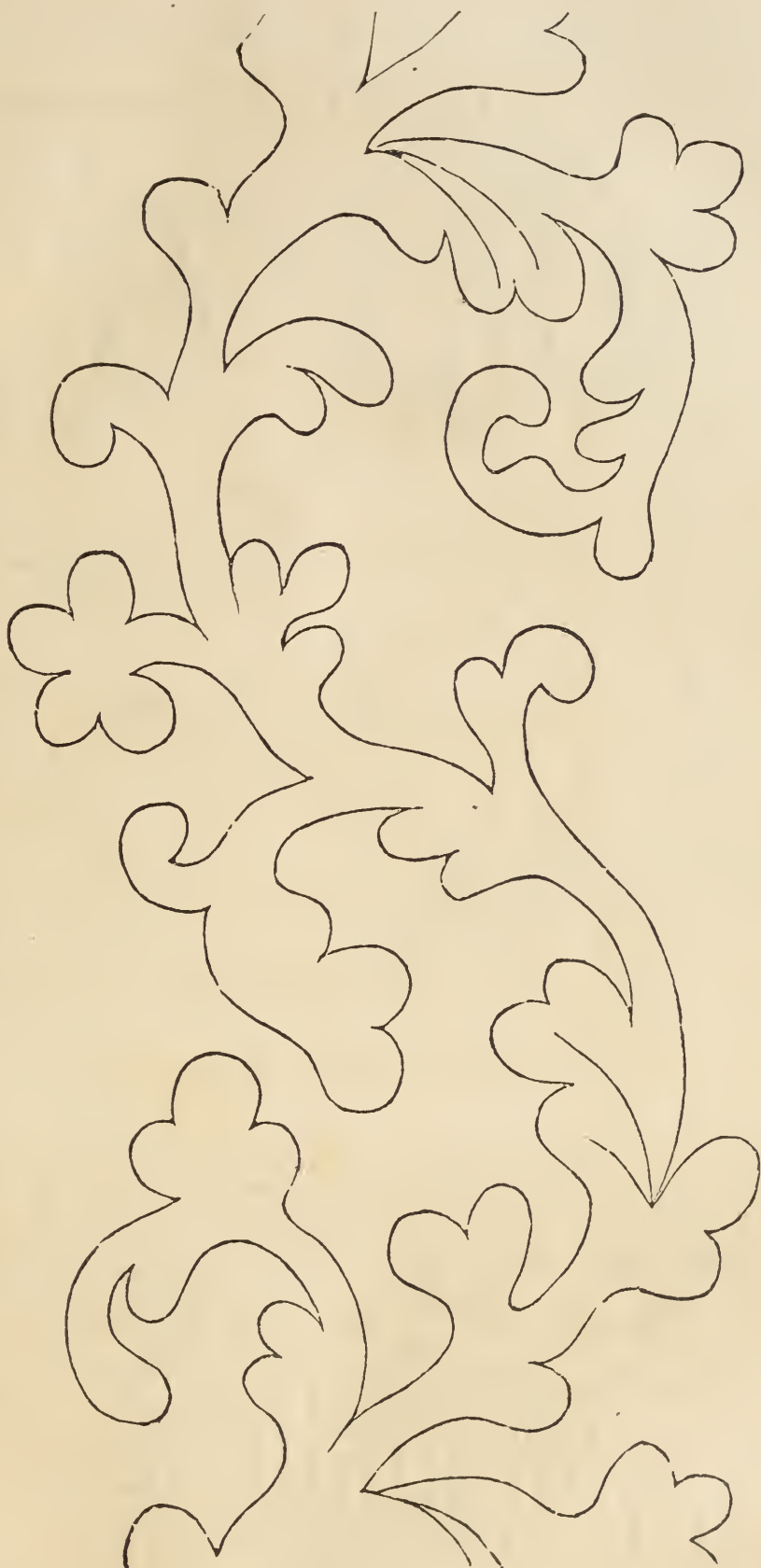
SILK EMBROIDERY FOR MANTILLA.



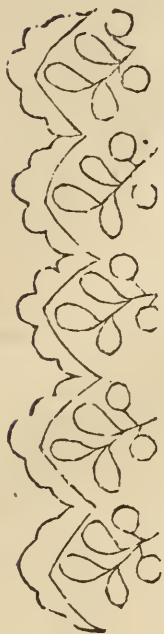
CROCHET FRINGE.



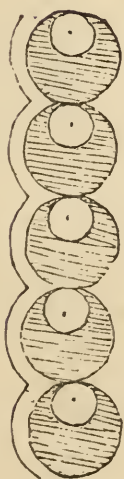
BRAIDING PATTERN FOR DRESS.



EMBROIDERY FOR CHEMISE BANDS AND SLEEVES.



FOR CHEMISE BANDS.



EMBROIDERY FOR A CHEMISE BAND.

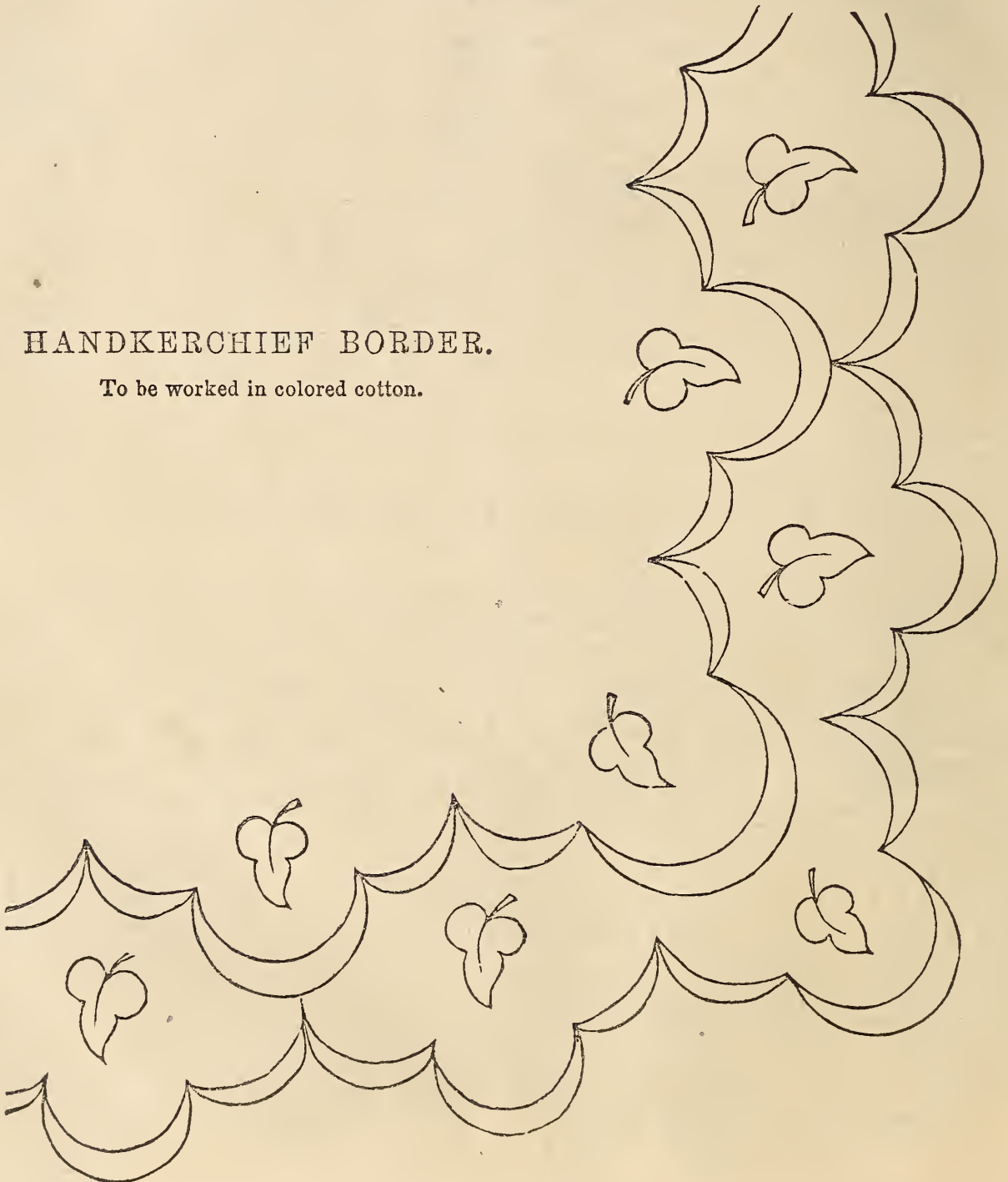


EMBROIDERY FOR A GENTLEMAN'S CRAVAT.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

To be worked in colored cotton.



Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS.

(First Article.)

OUR lady subscribers will, we are sure, not find fault with us when they find the whole of the receipt department in this and the next number, and probably a part of the September, devoted entirely to receipts for preserving. A portion of them we published last year, but we have added many new ones. Besides, this year we have at least thirty thousand new readers, and to all, these receipts, the largest collection ever published, will be valuable. We had to adopt this course, or we could not have published the large number of useful receipts until the time for preserving had gone by.

ARTHUR'S SELF-SEALING CANS.—We recommend these cans in preference to all others, from actual experience. The following is their plan for preserving fruits, and an excellent one it is. Any person wanting these cans can find them at their manufactory, corner of Tenth and George Sts., Arthur, Burnham, & Co.

PEACHES.—It was found that peaches could readily be kept with very slight injury to their flavor. Those preserved by the process described below were certainly better, both in appearance and flavor, than any found in the market for sale, as these had evidently been heated a great deal more than was necessary.

Directions.—Take the peaches, either just ripe or fully ripe—this does not matter. Pare them, and if you desire to preserve them whole, throw them into cold water, as they are pared, to prevent them from losing color. When everything is ready, place them in the can, adding merely as much sugar to each layer as is sufficient to render them palatable. Set the can in a vessel containing hot water, and allow it to remain in boiling water until the fruit becomes heated through. This will require, if a quart can be used, from twenty minutes to half an hour. The temperature required is about 160° F. But as few housekeepers have or use a bath thermometer, a very little experience will enable them to know the proper temperature without the use of this instrument. It is not possible to heat the contents of the can in this way above a temperature of 180°, unless the cover is fastened down, which is not necessary, but it is evident that it is desirable to subject them to as little heat as possible. When heated sufficiently, seal at once, by heating the cover, and pressing at once firmly into place, and allowing a weight sufficient to keep down the cover to remain upon it until the cement hardens. The proper temperature of the lid is easily and conveniently ascertained by putting a piece of rosin about the size of a small pea, on the cover, when it is put upon the stove; as soon as the rosin melts, the cover is ready to be put in place. This precaution is necessary, as the solder, with which the parts of the lid are joined together, easily melts.

It is not absolutely necessary to use sugar in this process, but, as it assists in the preservation of the fruits, they can be sealed at a lower temperature than if it is not used. As sugar is used to render the fruits palatable, there can be no objection to using it when preparing the fruit for family use, as it will, in any case, be necessary, and there is no reason why the sugar should not be used before the can is sealed, as afterwards.

If soft peaches are preferred, they should be cut up as if intended to be eaten with cream, and need not be put into water. When ready, they should be put into the cans and heated in the manner described above. It is not necessary to heat them in the can, but a larger quantity may be more conveniently heated together, and put into the cans or jars, while hot, and sealed. A flat stewpan, lined with porcelain, will be found well adapted to this purpose. It must, of course, not be placed directly over the fire, but in a vessel of water, which is set directly on the fire. By this means, soft peaches may readily and certainly be preserved for winter use, in such condition as scarcely to differ at all from the fresh peach. A most delicious dessert may thus be secured, much more readily and at less expense, and much more palatable, than the ordinary preserve. This method of preserving fresh peaches was fully tested during the last extremely warm summer, and may be fully relied upon.

Another Way.—A lady of Philadelphia, whose peaches keep beautifully, and retain much of their delicious flavor, takes half a pound of sugar to each pound of peaches. The sugar is put into a preserving-kettle, with half a pint of water to every pound of sugar, heated and the surface skimmed. Into this syrup the peaches, after being pared, are placed and boiled ten minutes. The peaches are then put into the cans while hot, and immediately sealed up.

Another Method.—Take firm ripe peaches, force out the seed, and fill with fine white sugar. Put in the sun, and allow to remain until they are partially dried, but not enough to injure materially the natural flavor. Pack closely into a can, and seal. Peaches prepared in this way are said to be very fine. The method has not been tested, and is only suggested to those who may be disposed to try it.

Besides preserving peaches in the fresh state as described, it is desirable for some purposes to stew them. This may be done in the usual way, and if the fruit is at once placed in the cans or jars, and sealed while hot, it will keep unchanged for years.

OTHER FRUITS.—There is scarcely a doubt that most, if not all, other fruits may be kept by following the method described for peaches.

Strawberries and Raspberries contain so large a quantity of water in proportion to the pulp, that when heated in the way described for the peaches, they shrink a great deal, and lose their fine flavor to a considerable extent. But these fruits may be kept for winter use in much better condition than is the case when they are preserved with a large excess of sugar, as is common.

STRAWBERRIES.—Take fine, large strawberries, as fresh as they can be obtained, and as free as possible from bruises. Prepare a syrup with refined sugar, using as little water as possible. If a lump of the sugar is wetted with water and placed over a slow fire, it will gradually dissolve, at a low heat; to this sugar may be gradually added, until a syrup is formed containing very little water. Then put the syrup into a flat vessel, lined with porcelain, and as soon as it is boiling hot, throw in the strawberries, allow them to remain from two to five minutes, take out with a strainer, and fill the jar, previously warmed by having been placed in hot water; add enough of the syrup to fill the spaces between the berries, and seal at once. It is probable that strawberries may be preserved in this way in the most desirable condition. It is suggested that a still better way of preparing the strawberries for sealing,

will be to put with them as much sugar as is desirable, throw them into the vessel, after standing an hour, and allow to heat as quickly as possible. In this way they will probably not shrink so much as when the syrup is made first.

If glass is used, the jars should be set in a dark place, as the strawberries will bleach; if tin is used, and it will answer perfectly for this purpose, this precaution is not necessary.

For flavoring ice-cream and custards, the plan pursued by an old and skilful southern housekeeper is well worthy of attention. By this process, fine ripe strawberries are taken and mashed with an equal quantity, by weight, of sugar—they are then put into jars or cans, the vessel placed in hot water, which is allowed to boil until the whole mass becomes heated; about twenty minutes will answer. The jar is then sealed, and put away for use.

Raspberries may be treated in the same manner.

CHERRIES.—There are few persons who are not fond of pies made of this delicious fruit, but the enjoyment of this luxury is now usually confined to the very short time that this fruit is ripening. Nothing is more easy than to preserve them in such condition as always to be at hand for this purpose. Let them simply be stewed with as much sugar as would be used if they were intended for present use for pies, and seal up, while hot, in the tin cans. It is only necessary to keep them over the fire long enough to allow them to become heated thoroughly, and to be sure that the sugar has penetrated them.

FRESH STEWED FRUITS.—Plums, cherries, blackberries, peaches, pears, and all kinds of fruits, may be kept in these vessels if simply stewed as for the table. It will only be necessary to stew the fruit, adding the amount of sugar required to make it palatable; fill up the vessel with the hot fruit, and seal at once.

REYBOLD'S PLAN FOR PRESERVING PEACHES.—Three and a half pounds of sugar, to one gallon of pump water; make a syrup, and let it get cold; fill the can with fruit, and pour in the cold syrup; set the can in water and let it come to a boil, boil briskly for three minutes, and then seal.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING.—Perhaps at the present season a few general hints on preserving, for the use of a young housewife, may not be unacceptable. Several of the directions may appear needless; but there may be some inexperienced persons to whom they may be beneficial.

1. Let everything used for the purpose be clean and dry; especially bottles.

2. Never place a preserving-pan *flat on the fire*, as this will render the preserve liable to *burn to*, as it is called; that is to say, to adhere closely to the metal, and then to burn; it should always rest on a trevet, or on the lower bar of the kitchen range.

3. After the sugar is added to them, stir the preserves gently at first, and more quickly towards the end, without quitting them until they are done; this precaution will prevent their being spoiled.

4. All preserves should be perfectly clear from the scum as it rises.

5. Fruit which is to be preserved in syrup must first be blanched or boiled gently, until it is sufficiently softened to absorb the sugar; and a thin syrup must be poured on it at first, or it will shrivel instead of remaining plump and becoming clear. Thus, if its weight of sugar is to be allowed, and boiled to a syrup, with a

pint of water to the pound, only half the weight must be taken at first, and this must not be boiled with the water more than fifteen or twenty minutes at the commencement of the process. A part of the remaining sugar must be added every time the syrup is reboiled, unless it should be otherwise directed in the receipt.

6. To preserve both the true flavor and the color of fruit in jams and jellies, boil them rapidly until they are well reduced, *before* the sugar is added, and quickly afterwards; but do not allow them to become so much thickened that the sugar will not dissolve in them easily, and throw up its scum. In some seasons the juice is so much richer than in others that this effect takes place almost before one is aware of it; but the drop which adheres to the skimmer, when it is held up, will show the state it has reached.

7. Never use tin, iron, or pewter spoons or skimmers for preserves, as they will convert the color of red fruit into a dingy purple, and impart, besides, a very unpleasant flavor.

8. When cheap jams or jellies are required, make them at once with loaf sugar, but use that which is *well refined* always for preserves in general. It is a false economy to purchase an inferior kind, as there is great waste from it in the quantity of scum which it throws up.

9. Pans of copper or bell-metal are the proper utensils for preserving fruit. When used, they must be scoured bright with sand. Tinned pans turn and destroy the color of the fruit that is put into them. A stewpan made of iron, coated with earthenware, is very nice for preserving.

KETTLES FOR MAKING PRESERVES.—These should be broad, and not very deep, with a handle at each side; there should be a closely-fitting cover. To preserve in very small quantities, a small kettle is requisite. Jelly bags of fine cambric are as good as any; these may be made like a lady's reticule, with a string by which to close the top, and suspend it whilst dripping. Strawberries, raspberries, cherries, currants, or any other red fruit, should have double refined sugar, since with brown sugar the color of the fruit and that of the sugar combined make a dingy reddish-brown, which is not pleasing to the eye; neither will it answer for green fruit. Summer fruits require more care to keep than those done later. A cool dark closet is the best place to keep preserves. Small glass jars, or wide-mouthed bottles, are best for liquid preserves. The best white earthenware, or stone-china small jars, are good. Pint tumblers of common glass, or earthenware pots, are proper for jellies, marmalade, or jam. Glass jars may first be covered with tissue-paper, and fastened against the jar with a little sugar boiled in water, and then tight-fitting tin covers put on. Glass bottles should first be corked tight, then dipped into coarse sealing wax melted. Jellies, jam, &c., may be secured by first pressing a piece of tissue-paper, fitting the top of the glass closely upon it; then wet another piece with sugar boiled to candy; paste it over the top of the tumbler, and over that put a third piece; this will perfectly secure them. Large jars may be secured in the same manner, putting several pieces of tissue-paper, and securing them each separately with the melted sugar or candy; and over this a close-fitting cover may be put, or a bladder tied over; this last precaution is not necessary. Glass is best for keeping preserves, as it may then be examined without opening the jars. Should a thick mould appear on the top of preserves, it must not be disturbed, as it is no

evidence of spoiling, but will rather serve to keep them. Foam or frothiness is the sign of fermentation; and as soon as it is perceived, turn the preserves from the jar or pot into a preserving-kettle, and set it over a gentle fire; take off the skim or foam as it rises; when no more rises, take out the fruit with a skimmer, and, having washed the jar with cold water, and perfectly dried it at the fire, put in the fruit; give the syrup one more boil; skim it, and put it in a pitcher to settle; when nearly cold, pour it carefully over the fruit, leaving whatever sediment there may be at the bottom. When perfectly cold, cover them as at first.

TO KEEP PRESERVES.—Apply the white of an egg, with a suitable brush, to a single thickness of white tissue-paper, with which cover the jars, overlapping the edges an inch or two. When dry, the whole will become as tight as a drum.

TO CLARIFY SUGAR FOR PRESERVING.—Put into a preserving-pan as many pounds of sugar as you wish; to each pound of sugar put half a pint of water, and the white of an egg to every four pounds; stir it together until the sugar is dissolved; then set it over a gentle fire; stir it occasionally, and take off the scum as it rises. After a few boilings-up, the sugar will rise so high as to run over the side of the pan; to prevent which, take it from the fire for a few minutes, when it will subside, and leave time for skimming. Repeat the skimming until a slight scum or foam only will rise; then take off the pan, lay a slightly wetted napkin over the basin, and then strain the sugar through it. Put the skimmings into a basin; when the sugar is clarified, rinse the skimmer and basin with a glass of cold water, and put it to the scum, and set it by for common purposes.

TO PRESERVE FRUITS WITHOUT SUGAR OR VINEGAR.—At a meeting of the Horticultural Society, Mr. Lovejoy, butler to J. Thorne, Esq., of Mawbey House, South Lambeth, obtained a medal for preserving damsons, greengage plums, gooseberries, rhubarb, cherries, black and red currants, raspberries, and mulberries—all without sugar or vinegar. The specimens exhibited were as plump and transparent as when first gathered. They were preserved as follows: Pick the fruit from the stalks; put them into the bottles. Put one drachm of alum into four gallons of boiling water; let it stand till it is cold; then fill the bottles with this liquor, bung them tight, put them into a copper of cold water and heat to 176 degrees; and then tie them over with bladder and seal them.

PRESERVING FRUIT BY HERMETICALLY SEALING.—Mrs. Bateman gives the following directions in the "Ohio Cultivator:"—

First, select good fresh fruits or vegetables; stale and fermented articles can never be preserved. Vegetables decomposing quickly, such as green corn, green peas, asparagus, should be preserved within six hours after being picked, particularly in hot weather. Berries always within twenty-four hours. Peaches, quinces, pears, apples, should be peeled, and the seeds removed before preserving.

Vegetables should be partially cooked first—such as corn, peas, and tomatoes should be boiled a half hour; asparagus a quarter hour. To the vegetables, add a half pint of the water they are cooked in, to the quart.

Fill the can with ripe fruit, adding, if desired, a little sugar—simply enough to render the fruit palatable, and set in a vessel of water (warm or cold). Let the water

boil, and continue boiling until the *fruit is well heated through*—say for half an hour. Direction has been given to simply let the water boil, but such direction is defective, as at this time the fruit in the centre of the vessel will be scarcely warmed. Should the vessel be then sealed, fermentation will take place. *The heat must thoroughly penetrate the contents of the vessel.* As soon as the fruit is sufficiently heated, seal the can, and the work is done.

Another way is to make a syrup of two pounds of sugar for every six pounds of fruit, using half a pint of water for every pound of sugar. Skim the syrup as soon as it boils, and then put in your fruit, and let it boil ten minutes. Fill the cans, and seal up hot. Some make a syrup of half a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit—and some use only a quarter of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit—while some use no sugar at all.

To keep peaches, pare and cut them up. If thrown into cold water, they will retain their firmness and color. Heat them in the cans as above—or boil them ten minutes in a syrup. In this way, strawberries, raspberries, cherries, plums, peaches, &c. &c., may be kept for any length of time, in the same condition that they were sealed up, with their flavor unchanged. For small fruit, it is best to make a syrup without water, and boil the fruit in it for only a few minutes.

Tomatoes should be boiled and the skins taken off, and then placed in a kettle and brought to a boil, and kept so while filling the cans.

STRAWBERRY JAM, OR MARMALADE.—Pick ripe strawberries free from every hull; put three-quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit; crush them together to a smooth mass; then put it in a preserving-kettle over a gentle fire; stir it with a wooden or silver spoon until it is jelly-like and thick; let it do slowly for some time, then try some on a plate; if, when cold, it is like jelly, it is enough. Put it in small jars or tumblers, and secure as directed. Currant-juice, with a pound of sugar to a pint, to four or five pounds of strawberries, and the required quantity of sugar, makes the jam very nice. Half a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit will make very fine jam, or marmalade, which is the same, cooked until it is very thick, and reduced; take care that it does not burn.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES WHOLE.—Another excellent way is to make the syrup boiling hot; and having picked fine large strawberries free from hulls (or, if preferred, leave them and half an inch of the stem on), pour it over them; let it remain until the next day, then drain it off, and boil again; return it hot to the fruit; let them remain for another night; then put them into the kettle, and boil gently for half an hour; cut one in two; if it is done through, take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; boil the syrup until thick and rich; then put the fruit into glass jars; let the syrup cool and settle; then pour it carefully off from the sediment over the fruit.

STRAWBERRIES STEWED FOR TARTS.—Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a teacup of water; add a little white of eggs; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam rises; then put in a quart of berries free from stems and hulls; let them boil till they look clear, and the syrup is quite thick. Finish as directed for tarts, with fine puff paste.

STRAWBERRIES PRESERVED.—Strawberries for bottling or preserving, except for jam, should be ripe, but not in the least soft. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. The sugar should be double-refined, although refined sugar does very well; the only difference is in the color of the preserve, which is not so brilliant as when done with the other than crushed or loaf-sugar. To each pound of sugar put a teacup of water; set it over a gentle fire, and stir it until it is all dissolved; when boiling hot, put in the fruit, having picked off every hull and imperfect berry; let them boil very gently in a covered kettle until, by cutting one open, you find it cooked through. That will be known by its having the same color throughout. Take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes, and let them remain until cold; boil the syrup until quite thick; then let it cool and settle; put the fruit into jars or pots, and strain or pour the syrup carefully over, leaving the sediment, which will be at the bottom of the pitcher. The next day, cover with several papers wet with sugar boiled to candy; set them in a cool, airy place. Strawberries keep perfectly well made with seven pounds of sugar to ten of fruit; they should be done as directed above, and the syrup cooled quite thick. A pint of red currant juice and a pound of sugar for it, to the pound of strawberries, make this syrup very beautiful.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES OR RASPBERRIES, FOR CREAMS OR ICES, WITHOUT BOILING.—Let the fruit be gathered in the middle of a warm day, in very dry weather; strip it from the stalks directly, weigh it, turn it into a bowl or deep pan, and bruise it gently; mix with an equal weight of fine dry sifted sugar, and put it immediately into small, wide-necked bottles; cork these firmly without delay, and tie bladders over the tops. Keep them in a cool place, or the fruit will ferment. The mixture should be stirred softly, and only just sufficiently to blend the sugar and the fruit. The bottles must be perfectly dry, and the bladders, after having been cleaned in the usual way, and allowed to become nearly so, should be moistened with a little spirit on the side which is to be next to the cork.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—To two pounds of fine large strawberries add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving-kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of *small* jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

RASPBERRIES.—These may be preserved wet, bottled, or made jam or marmalade of, the same as strawberries. Raspberries are very good dried in the sun or in a warm oven. They are very delicious stewed for table or tarts.

TO PRESERVE RASPBERRIES WHOLE.—Take five quarts of raspberries, and cull from them about three pints of the largest and firmest, and set them aside; put the remainder in the preserving-pan, and put them on the fire to extract the juice. When they are boiled enough, let them cool, and then strain them through a cloth. While they are cooling, boil up the sugar in the proportion of one pound to one quart of the fruit, and when you have removed the scum, and it is a good

syrup, throw in your whole raspberries; let them boil rapidly a few minutes, but be careful they do not fall to pieces or become ragged. Take them out with a skimmer full of holes, and spread them over a large dish to cool; then throw into the syrup the juice of those you have previously boiled, and let it boil till it is nearly a jelly; throw in again the whole fruit, and give it a smart boil; then put in your jars hot, and do not cover them till cold.

BLACKBERRIES.—Preserve these as strawberries or currants, either liquid or jam, or jelly. Blackberry jelly or jam is an excellent medicine in summer complaints or dysentery; to make it, crush a quart of fully ripe blackberries with a pound of the best loaf-sugar, put it over a gentle fire and cook it until thick, then put to it a gill of the best fourth-proof brandy, stir it awhile over the fire, then put it in pots.

BLACKBERRY SYRUP.—Make a simple syrup of a pound of sugar to each pint of water, boil it until it is rich and thick, then add to it as many pints of the expressed juice of ripe blackberries as there are pounds of sugar; put half a nutmeg grated to each quart of the syrup; let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes, then add to it half a gill of fourth-proof brandy for each quart of syrup; set it by to become cold, then bottle it for use. A tablespoonful for a child or a wineglass for an adult is a dose.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—The following is said to be an excellent recipe for the manufacture of superior wine from blackberries: Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let stand till following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without any further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked, under similar influence, before.

BLACKBERRY AND WINE CORDIAL.—We avail ourselves of the kindness of a friend to publish the following excellent recipe for making cordial. It is recommended as a delightful beverage, and an *infallible specific* for diarrhoea or ordinary disease of the bowels:—

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

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

CURRANTS PRESERVED.—Take ripe currants, free from stems; weigh them, and take the same weight of sugar; put a teacup of sugar to each pound of it; boil the syrup until it is hot and clear; then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire, and boil gently, until they are cooked and clear; take them into the jars or pots with a skimmer; boil the syrup until rich and thick; then pour it over the fruit. Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into the hot syrup, and boil until thick and rich; put it in pots or jars, and the next day secure as directed.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"SHE shall be called woman because she was taken out of man."—*Bible*.

In our October number of last year we alluded to the habit of many writers who use the term *female* as a substitute or synonym for *woman*; and we endeavored to show the impropriety of this mode of expression. We were gratified to find our suggestions well received, many of the popular journals fully indorsing our views. Still, there may be some (*one* individual at least) who take the Bible record, "God created man male and female," to mean that the latter is the proper cognomen. If such caviller would read the second chapter of Genesis, he would find the true name of the feminine human being is given in our motto.

The Bible is remarkably clear on this point, as we might expect the Word of God would be—carefully distinguishing the human from the animal female. The name of WOMAN being, by divine inspiration, given, she is always thus designated throughout the sacred books, excepting when the distinction of sex in contrast with man is in question. In the whole Bible the term *female*, applied to woman, is only used in eleven places, and each time in contradistinction to man as male. We will particularize the passages.

1. *Male* and *female* created he them.—*Genesis* i. 27.
2. This is the law for her that hath borne a *male* or a *female*.—*Lev.* xxvii. 4.
3. If it be a *female*, thy estimation, &c.—*Lev.* xxvii. 5.
4. For the *female* ten shekels.—*Lev.* xxvii. 5.
5. For a *female* a month old, &c.—*Lev.* xxvii. 6.
6. Both *male* and *female* shall ye shut out.—*Num.* v. 3.
7. The similitude of any figure, the likeness of *male* or *female*.—*Deut.* iv. 16.
8. There shall not be a *male* or *female*, &c.—*Deut.* vii. 14.
9. God made them *male* and *female*.—*Matt.* xix. 4.
10. God made them *male* and *female*.—*Mark* x. vi.
11. In Christ there is neither *male* nor *female*, &c.—*Gal.* iii. 28.

The reader will see at once that these instances are to designate the sex; not to express the name which, in the Hebrew, was always significant of character. If we use the feminine we must also use the masculine term of sex as a name, because in every instance the inspired writers do this, never putting *man* in contradistinction to *female*, which, if it had been done, would have inferred the inferiority of the latter, as bearing the animal designation. To make this matter more clear, let the term *female* instead of *woman* be substituted in the following passages of Scripture:—

1. I will put enmity between thee and the *female*.—*Gen.* iii. 15.
2. *Man* that is born of a *female*, &c.—*Job* xiv. 1.
3. Who can find a virtuous *female*, &c.—*Proverbs* xxxi. 16.
4. Oh, *female*! great is thy faith, &c.—*Matt.* xv. 28.
5. And he (Jesus) turned to the *female*, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this *female*, &c.—*Luke* vii. 44.
6. Of the chief *females* not a few.—*Acts* xvii. 4.
7. Help those *females*, &c.—*Phil.* iv. 3.
8. God sent forth his son, made of a woman.—*Gal.* iv. 4.

Who would dare substitute the term referring only to the animal in the sex, where the hallowed humanity of our divine Redeemer is disclosed? Thus we have proved that the word of God is true to the feminine nature, giving its testimony to the honored name of *woman*, which is repeated, in the singular or plural, over *two hundred* times in the Holy Book. If any man doubts these statements, let him search the Bible. We assure him that the perfect appropriateness of its language will be a profitable study.

While divine precedent thus establishes *woman* as the true name of the human feminine, let us see what the highest authorities among men have sanctioned. The poets are the best expounders of language, because they must use the most appropriate words in their truest, which is their noblest signification, in order to exalt, beautify, and perfect their themes of song. Let us take a few examples, changing the style in regard to *woman* to the vulgar mode of *female*.

1. I grant I am a *female*; but, withal, a *female* that Lord Brutus took to wife.
I grant I am a *female*; but, withal a *female* well reputed—Cato's daughter.
Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.
2. For none of *female* born shall harm Macbeth.
Hamlet.
3. To whom thus Adam fervently replied: "Oh, *female*! best are all things as the will of God ordains them."
Milton's Paradise Lost.
4. Oh, *female*! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and sickness wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou. *Scott's Marmion.*
5. *Female*! blest partner of our joys and woes.
Sand's Yamoyden.
6. Ah, *female*! in this world of ours
What gift can be compared to thee?
George P. Morris.
7. Earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the *female*. *Tennyson's Princess.*

The absurdity of these substitutes is at once apparent, and the beauty as well as truthfulness of the word *woman* in place of *female* must be acknowledged. But there is yet another and clearer demonstration. If we are to be influenced by the letter of that particular verse of Scripture—"God made them male and female"—for the term to define the one sex, we are equally bound to apply this rule to the other. Let us see how this would influence our classics.

He was a *male*, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again. *Hamlet.*

Oh! but *male*, proud *male*,
Dressed in a little brief authority, &c.
Measure for Measure.

An honest *male*'s the noblest work of God. *Pope.*
The lamps shone o'er fair *females* and brave *males*.
Byron.

Male is but half without *female*. *Festus.*

Oh, *malc!* while in thy early years
How prodigal of time!

Burns.

Then, if we come to the plain prose of common life, we should see accounts of the *males* who had robbed the mail being arrested; of a drunken *male* taken up for insulting a *female*; of an honest *male* returning some valuable article he had found; of a noble *male* who had given largely for the relief of the poor, distressed *males* thrown out of employment, &c. Should this phraseology be adopted by journalists, and the term *male* for man be used as *female* now is for woman, the ridiculous impropriety of the language would be seen at once. It would be a good subject for satire. We have looked chiefly at the serious results of the misnomer. One is that it degrades the woman, and thus deprives her of the sympathy and respect of men. Names are significant, and while woman or lady indicates that the being is a *female*, the latter term does not certainly include woman, and rarely, if ever, excites the idea of a lady. We naturally think of females as women of the lower if not lowest order. Is not this one of the chief reasons why our brave American men seem to have become careless of the championship of women, and leave them to go down in the foundered ship, or to perish in the burning boat? In commenting on that dreadful catastrophe, the destruction of the Camden ferry-boat, the editor of one of our leading papers, describing the awful scene, which he did with great power, boldly condemned the selfishness of the "strong men who only sought their own safety, and left the helpless *females* to their fate."

Females, indeed! They might have been sheep.

Why not shout the rallying cry of Saint Paul—"Help those women!"—and you would awaken the best feelings of man's nature, the sympathies of his heart, the honor of his manhood, the sensibilities of his Christian faith. History has many noble examples of the romantic chivalry, the self-sacrificing generosity of strong, brave men who have laid down their lives, not in the heat of battle, but calmly awaited death on the sinking wreck to insure the safety of women; but never for animals.

Editors are not, however, the only writers in fault. Our swarming works of fiction are nearly all infected by this low taste of using *female* for woman or lady. The word occurs so often in some of these books that it alone would give vulgarity to the style. Many, perhaps most of these works, are written by women whose lack of self-respect in this is the more remarkable, except we consider that the authors are not aware of the effect of their style. If they would study the best writers more, and exercise their own pens less, our literature would be much benefited. Prescott's histories are models of language, and the term *female* for woman is never used by him; nor by our best poets.

There is still another source of this popular corruption of words which we are considering, more important and more to be lamented than any we have mentioned. We allude to the almost universal habit of the clergy of our country to speak of woman only as a *female*. Thus, the terms "*female* hearers," "*female* converts," "*females* of the Church," "*female* Bible societies," "*female* associations," &c. &c., are constantly enunciated from the pulpit; while rarely is the beautiful Bible name of woman pronounced by a preacher of the Gospel, except it happens to occur in his text. Might not a Brahmin, if he could hear from our preachers this oft-repeated word "*female*," applying equally to all of that sex which brings young, from the elephant to the em-

met, draw the conclusion that Christian ministers held the Eastern doctrine of woman's inferiority, even that she had no soul! Has an animal a soul? Is it not strange that the order of men, whose province it is to refine, purify, and exalt language as well as morals, should adopt the lowest term of designation for the largest portion of their friends and followers? Christ did not speak thus. The apostles did not so teach. The terms they used were WOMAN and LADY. These are the Scriptural mode of defining man's companion, not for earth only, but for an immortality of glory. Would it not be as easy to say, "women of the church," "women of the congregation," "women who are converts," "ladies' Bible societies," "ladies' associations," &c., as to use the present vulgar style? We would humbly present this question to the clergy of the United States. They might, by their influence and example, soon correct the present improper, inelegant, and unscriptural modes of expression.* Nor is this a matter of small importance. Language is a powerful instrument for good or evil. Words are things of mighty influence. The manner of speech indicates the habit of mind. If we seek to improve our taste, we must be careful that our expressions are appropriate and refined. A vulgar word will often destroy the good effect of a moral lecture; while "words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

ARE YOUR SONS PROPERLY EDUCATED?

WE propose this question to the earnest attention of the many mothers who meet us each month around the Editor's Table. Perhaps some may reply by asking us to point out the way. All are willing to do their best, or they feel the importance of the duty, and would have it done if they could.

It is difficult to lay down rules for the conduct of life, unless we can show that these rules have been successfully carried into action. A model is more attractive than a moral to place before the young.

Among the books† published during the last year was one that deserves to be made widely known. Its influence will be of incalculable benefit, not only for the guidance of young men, but as an aid for parents in fashioning the training of their sons. We shall give a very brief sketch of this good, prosperous, and happy man, trusting all who read it will wish to know more of his history. Mothers could hardly overrate the beneficial impression this true story of active life will have on their own boys. To know that one man has passed unscathed through the trials of business and of great prosperity will incite and cheer many a brave-hearted youth to strive after a like glorious career. The life of Mr. Lawrence was one of unremitting industry, scrupulous integrity, and charities great, almost beyond precedent, and all directed by the same careful, painstaking sagacity as his most successful business enter-

* The custom has become prevalent of styling "colleges for women" "female colleges," "female institutions," &c. This is quite vulgar, if not improper. A school cannot be *female*, though it may be for that sex. Why not give the true name—"school for young women," "college for young ladies," &c.?

† Extracts from the Diary and Correspondence of the late AMOS LAWRENCE, with a brief Account of some Incidents in his Life. Edited by his son, William R. Lawrence, M. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

prises. Mr. Lawrence began *right*; and this is a principle he insists much on in his advice to young men. When he first set out in life for himself, a mere lad in a country store at Groton, Massachusetts, against the influence and example of all the older and wiser ones around him, as well as the jeers of his companions, he adopted, and throughout his life carried out the *principle of total abstinence, not only from spirituous liquors, but from tobacco in all its forms.*

From the beginning of his business life he never took advantage of the ignorance or inexperience of the buyer to enrich himself or others. He attended as faithfully in his clerkship to the business of his employers as he did in after life to his own. What a salutary lesson his steady and continued prosperity is in showing the truth of that axiom—"honesty is the best policy."

Having thus gained the confidence of all in his native town, Amos Lawrence went to Boston, at the age of twenty-one, with *twenty dollars* in his pocket as his capital. He died there at the age of sixty-six, leaving behind him a princely fortune, and a name synonymous with integrity, goodness, and philanthropy. For many years before his death he had expended, year by year, a great part of his income in making, as he said, "other people happy." In his liberality he followed implicitly the Bible. That was his chosen guide through life. He gave secretly with cheerfulness and with simplicity. And now the promise is fulfilled. What he did in secret is proclaimed publicly. He gave in his lifetime. He had the satisfaction of seeing that his donations were not perverted from their true purpose. It is computed that the sum of his charities amounted to *seven hundred thousand dollars* in his lifetime, all given for the benefit of his fellow-men.

As a son, brother, husband, father, as well as a citizen and man of business, he scrupulously performed all his duties. He ascribed much of his success in life to the early lessons he learned at home, where he was taught the true principles of piety—to love God, and to do as he would be done to. His letters to his mother are full of affectionate gratitude and the tender love of filial piety.

He was a man of capacious mind, and of a will inflexible in duty, as well of a warm and affectionate heart. His purity of life and conduct makes him an exemplar for Christian men; while his high-toned integrity and his pleasant courteousness of manner completed the ideal of a Christian gentleman.

When we read his life, and learn that such noble virtues and such a lofty spirituality grew and were constantly displayed in the midst of the cares, and anxieties, and engrossing and almost sordid occupations of commercial life, we feel that out of this Nazareth, also, good things have come.

The literary part of the book is worthy of the subject; and the selections from the Letters and Diary are very interesting. We give one or two of these pearls of wisdom, hoping thus to induce our friends to search for others in the work itself. It will be a valuable aid in family education.

FROM LETTERS TO HIS SON.—"I give you this little book that you may write in it how much money you receive, and how you use it. It is of much importance, in forming your early character, to have correct habits, and a strict regard to truth in all you do. For this purpose I advise you never to cheat yourself by making a false entry in this book, remembering, always, that there is *One* who cannot be deceived, and that *He* re-

quires his children to render an account of all their doings at last."

* * * * *

"Every American youth owes his country his best talents and services, and should devote them to his country's welfare."

* * * * *

"Long life does not consist in many years; but in the period being filled with good services to our fellow beings."

* * * * *

"Temptation, if successfully resisted, strengthens the character; but it should always be avoided. 'Lead us not into temptation' are words of deep meaning, and should always carry with them corresponding desires of obedience."

—

ONE OF PHARAOH'S DAHLIAS.—Lord Lindsay states that, in the course of his wandering amid the pyramids of Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy, proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least two thousand years of age. In examining the mummy, after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last, and he therefore took that tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root brought forth and bloomed in a beautiful dahlia.

—

A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.—When we had taken our seats in the *coupe* of a diligence, it was duly announced that a Russian princess was to occupy the vacant place in the compartment. A princess! A real, living, breathing princess in a diligence! We had revolved in our mind what such a personage in such a situation would resemble, and had just come to the conclusion that she would look and feel very "like a fish out of water," when a short, plump, good-natured looking lady made her appearance, and an instant afterwards we were half-smothered in the ample folds of petticoat. Off drove the ponderous vehicle; and a dozen heads of as many Norwegian officers were lowered as we moved away. Some of these were loungers, others had come to bid our fair companion adieu; but all appeared acquainted with her. We soon found that the princess could make herself at home in a diligence. We therefore concluded that she had been accustomed to "rough it," or had the good sense to take things in this world as they occur—a quality of mind often possessed by persons of nobility, who frequently submit to inconveniences in travelling with much better grace than many of more plebeian origin. We found her lively, agreeable, and always willing to talk. She expressed great surprise that we should have remained so long as five minutes without smoking, and begged us to make her no obstacle to our doing so; but she was extremely amazed on finding that we had neither cigars nor tobacco in our possession; perhaps, also, a little disappointed, for a cigarette might have proved acceptable to her, as we subsequently saw elegant-looking women in Russia beguiling themselves by smoking in their travelling carriages.—*Travels of two Brothers.*

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PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

THE twenty-third annual exhibition of this interesting gallery is now open, and displays growing skill and talent. In the opinion of superior judges, this is the

finest collection that has been offered to the public by the Pennsylvania Academy. The many beautiful pictures and statues owned by the institution are familiar to all who have visited it in past seasons, and therefore require no notice. But we must particularize some few among the new pictures, though our limits preclude any elaborate criticism.

The poet painter, T. Buchanan Read, stands eminent among American artists of merit. His portraits are admirable in coloring, drawing, and fidelity of resemblance. His original pictures are exquisite in expression, tone, and finish. We would point out "Excelsior" and "The Rescue of Proserpine" to persons of taste. Mr. Darley's "Portrait of a Child" supports his well-deserved reputation. And the "Child and Dog" proves that Sully is still master of his art. And Paul Weber's beautiful landscapes, particularly his "Sunset," would compensate the visitors to the exhibition were there nothing else of value there. We must not omit a very clever historical picture by J. P. Hasenclever. The subject—"Petition of the working Men," &c.—is full of interest. Each figure is wonderfully adapted to the spirit of the whole; and the expression of each separate face is a study of character for the physiognomist. The perspective and the lights are excellent. Among the portraits is one by Wm. F. Jones, of Mr. Vaux, which will attract attention. The capital photographs of McClees, Root, Penabert, and Germon can hardly be too highly praised. The crayon and water-colored drawings have much merit. In short, we never remember to have seen so large a collection of works of art where there were so few to be condemned. All visitors to Philadelphia should see this gallery, or rather galleries. It is worth a journey from any part of our republic.

THE LADIES' MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.

ALTHOUGH there has been some misunderstanding in respect to the arrangements for the purchase of the estate of Washington, yet no permanent obstacle is anticipated. The ladies are going on with their collections, confident that we shall obtain the property when we have secured the funds. How can we hesitate when we have such a coadjutor as the Hon. Edward Everett, who has already gained, by his noble oration on Washington, nearly *ten thousand dollars*, which he invests for the purchase of Mount Vernon? He is intending to repeat this oration throughout the country, as all the people are pressing him to do; and the whole amount he gains is to be sacred to this object. The following will show his faith in the enterprise and his great devotion to the cause.

Mr. Everett, in reply to an invitation to lecture at Springfield, Massachusetts, thus alludes to the Mount Vernon estate:—

"The recent letters of the proprietor throw some doubt on his present willingness to sell the estate. *It cannot, however, be doubted that it will eventually become public property.* In the mean time, I do not understand that the efforts making to raise the requisite funds will be relaxed. The sums which have already been received by me have been safely and advantageously invested in trust, and I shall make the same disposition of what may hereafter come into my hands, without the deduction of a dollar for personal expenses.

"Should the attempt to purchase Mount Vernon eventually fail, the funds raised can be appropriated to

some other patriotic purpose of general interest connected with the memory of Washington.

"I remain, gentlemen, with high respect, faithfully,
EDWARD EVERETT."

We trust our friends will forward their subscriptions without delay. These are lately received:—

Mrs. E. A. Henderson, Duncan, Virginia,	\$1
Mrs. Mary P. Beeson, " "	1
Miss Meggie W. Henderson, " "	1
John H. Mails, Brownsville, Texas,	1
Wm. A. Isbell, Grand Traverse, Missouri,	1

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following are accepted: "The Icebergs"—"Spring"—"Let's never give way"—"A Child at Prayer"—"Pulseless Heart and quiet Hand"—"My Sweet Sister"—"Admiration"—"The Songster of the Snow-storm"—"Lela"—"We'll meet again in the Morning"—"The Soldier's Grave"—"This is Life," and "Nora Lynn."

The following articles are declined: "The Angel Three"—"There is a Beauty," &c.—"He comes in Dreams"—"The Rose"—"Early Memories"—"To our Bride"—"Lines suggested by the question, Is God unjust?"—"Daisies"—"An Evening in Summer"—"Lines to —"—"To Emma in Heaven"—"The cruel Guardian"—"Autumn"—"My little Girl"—"A long Story"—"The Wind"—"The lost Hope"—"Externals"—"A quiet Day"—"The Impromptu Marriage"—"Man from First to Last requires Assistance"—(we do not care to publish "Illustrations of engravings" after the number in which these appeared has been issued) "The Past," &c.—"Ruth"—"Art versus Heart"—and "Flowers," &c.

"Henrietta Cleveland" and "Poems." We have received these from Saint Anthony's Falls, but no letter with them. Will the author please write us?

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 J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 20 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

POEMS. By Gold-Pen. Second edition. It is saying a great deal for a volume of modern poetry, that it has reached a second edition, especially if it be of that unpretending description of poetry which comes so solemnly from the heart, and is the result of deep religious and philosophic reflection. These poems have already made a most favorable impression upon the public mind; but they are destined, in our opinion, or we greatly mistake the good sense and enlightened judgment of American readers, to become still more popular, and to be more admired as their merits are more generally investigated.

ABBIE NOTT AND OTHER KNOTS. By "Katin-ka." The tales and sketches embodied in this handsome volume are graceful and interesting, and show the author to be a keen observer of life and manners.

From GARRETT & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia :—

HENRI DE LA TOUR; *or, The Comrades in Arms.* By J. Frederick Smith, author of "Fred Arden," "Charles Vavasseur," "Amy Lawrence," etc. etc. A brilliant novel. Price 50 cents.

From E. C. & J. BIDDLE, No. 8 Minor Street, Philadelphia :—

THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By the Rev. Matthew Harrison, A. M., late Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. This volume, the merits of which have already rendered a second American edition necessary, is divided into three parts. In the first, we have a concise, but satisfactory, account of the origin of what is commonly called the Anglo-Saxon tongue; in the second, Mr. Harrison presents us with an interesting philological inquiry into the genius and character of the English language, the grammatical principles of which, in the third division of his volume, he treats of copiously and in a manner eminently clear and logical. The numerous examples of faulty and even ridiculous grammatical construction, contained in the latter portion of this invaluable work, and taken from the writings of the most celebrated English divines, poets, and historians, will, we think, make it evident to any ingenious mind, that, while we may have rendered ourselves very familiar with the principles of the ancient languages, we have strangely neglected to establish any definite rules as to the proper construction of sentences in our mother tongue. We sincerely hope, then, that this volume, already a handbook with our best scholars, may soon become popular with all who desire to speak and write the English language correctly.

From LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia :—

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE; *its Hopes, its Fears, and its Close.* By Thomas Arnold, D. D. From the fifth London edition. The contents of this volume embrace forty-two lectures, drawn from texts of Scripture, and are consequently of the highest interest and importance to the devout and practical Christian, and should be in the possession of all whose aim it is to lead a peaceful and godly life. It is refreshing, amidst so many works of imagination—mere human speculations on human trifles—to meet occasionally with a production which draws the mind by sweet persuasion and calm reason to the consideration of subjects of divine revelation, intimately connected with our hopes and our fears of eternity. The style of these lectures is clear and simple, their arguments are forcible and logical, their appeals to the heart touching and persuasive, and their assurances full of peace and consolation to the weary spirit seeking repose.

From T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

LINDA; *or, the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole.* By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Ernest Linwood," "Courtship and Marriage," "The Planter's Northern Bride," etc. etc. This delightful novel has already won a deserved popularity, which no commendation of ours can possibly enhance.

From BUNCE & BROTHER, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

SHOEPAC RECOLLECTIONS: *A Way-side Glimpse of American Life.* By Walter March. We have here a

most interesting and original tale, illustrative of life at an early period in the history of Michigan. The pictures it affords us of frontiersmen and their habits and customs, though not very brilliantly colored, possess a naturalness that will recommend them to the kind consideration of all judicious minds.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

YANKEE TRAVELS THROUGH THE ISLAND OF CUBA; *or, the Men and Government, the Laws and Customs of Cuba, as seen by American Eyes.* By Demotius Philalethes. In anticipation of the extension, even unto the adjacent islands of the Atlantic, of the area of American liberty, this volume should be read by all who desire to see or contribute to that result. Both the Spanish and Creole character are laid bare for examination and study, by one who seems to have performed his task with as much impartiality, and with the exhibition of as few religious or political prejudices, as could be expected in a person educated among a people so different, in their manners, customs, and institutions, from those he has attempted to describe.

GLEANINGS. *Some Wheat—Some Chaff.* By Miss A. A. Goddard. A very handsome volume of entertaining and instructive tales and sketches. The author writes naturally, and evinces considerable power as a delineator of character, as well as the possession of a deep insight into the condition of, and a most benevolent sympathy for, the laborious, suffering, and virtuous poor.

From C. SCRIBNER, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

SIGHT AND HEARING: *how Preserved, and how Lost.* By J. Henry Clark, M. D. The preservation of sight and hearing, the loss of either of which blessings leaves a gloomy void in human existence, is certainly deserving of the most assiduous care and earnest solicitude. To such as feel this natural solicitude, whether for themselves, or for those under their charge, the admonitions of this volume are especially addressed. The author has evidently taken great pains to adapt the style and language, in which he discusses his subjects, to the comprehension of all who may desire to study their importance, and has presented his treatises in a popular form, which, we are of opinion, will render them extremely serviceable to every class of readers, whatever their age or condition in life.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE; *or, a Daughter's Trials.* A Domestic Tale of New York. By Charles Burdett, author of "The Convict's Child," "The Gambler," "Never too Late," etc. etc. All the previous works of Mr. Burdett have enjoyed an unusual degree of popularity. We think we may safely predict that the volume now before us will be received with equal favor, although the incidents are somewhat improbable, and are introduced so rapidly as to leave but little time to the author or the reader for profitable reflection.

REALITY; *or, the Millionaire's Daughter.* A Book for Young Men and Young Women. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill, author of "Queer Bonnets," "Tip Top," "Beautiful Bertha," etc. etc. The author of this volume is deservedly a great favorite with the readers of morally-toned fiction. The characters introduced in the present work are all drawn to the life, and the plot is conducted to its *denouement* with no little skill and naturalness.

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

WAYSIDE SONGS. By Edward C. Goodwin, author of "Hampton Heights." There is nothing very brilliant or startling in these beautifully printed pages. The poems appear to have sprung from a close examination of the usually unnoticed aspects of nature and the incidents of common life, and are written in a subdued, melancholy tone, which, however, will find a welcome response in the hearts of those who are prone to minute observation and calm reflection.

From W. P. FETRIDGE & Co., New York, and FETRIDGE & Co., Boston, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

ROMANCE OF THE HAREM. By Miss Pardoe, author of the "Life of Marie de Medicis," "Confessions of a Pretty Woman," "Rival Beauties," etc. etc. Equal in interest, and in its lifelike pictures of oriental manners and customs, to the far-famed "Arabian Nights," this volume, in our opinion, possesses a much higher artistic beauty. It belongs to Fetridge's uniform edition of Miss Pardoe's works, and may be had for the sum of fifty cents.

T. B. PETERSON has in press a duodecimo edition of the complete works of Charles Dickens, which will be issued in ten different styles, at various prices, so as to suit all tastes and all pockets. The publisher says truly, "No library is complete without a set of Dickens' works."

From HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y., through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

THE TEACHER. *Moral Influences employed in the Instruction and Government of the Young.* A new and revised edition. By Jacob Abbott. With engravings. We are pleased to find, by the author's preface to this valuable treatise, that the system he has recommended is one "of authority—supreme and unlimited authority—a point essential in all plans for the supervision of the young; but it is authority secured and maintained as far as possible by moral measures." This declaration, we fear, is not a very popular one now-a-days, when even children are permitted to assert, and to act upon, the erroneous principle that obedience to authority is a species of human degradation. But we did not stop at the preface of this instructive volume—instructive to parents as well as to teachers—and, therefore, are prepared to say that, in our judgment, it is worthy of the general commendation it has received. The author is a practical and observing man, especially in all that relates to the peculiarities of the youthful mind, and to the best methods of instructing it.

THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. Two volumes. In regard to the Spanish Conquests in America, these volumes present to the reader very little that can be called new; but, as to the results of those conquests—"the mode of colonial government which ultimately prevailed—the extirpation of native races—the introduction of other races—the growth of slavery," etc. etc., the work will probably be found to contain many new facts and deductions, interesting to the politician as well as to the student of history.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. A History. By John Lothrop Motley. Three volumes. It

would require more time than we have had to devote to this work, to speak critically of it as an historical composition. Romance, at the present day, so often assumes the dignity and, apparently, the truth of history, that it is sometimes very difficult, especially by hasty glances, to discover the difference between the one and the other. We could wish, indeed, for the honor of humanity, and for the sanctity of religion, that the bloody and impious scenes so vividly portrayed in these volumes, could be obliterated from the pages of history, and transferred to those of romance. But, as the author informs us that they have been fairly and faithfully transcribed from original records, and as we have not time to seek for anything that, if found, might mitigate their sanguinary horrors, we must suffer them to pass into other hands, with the simple remark that Mr. Morley supports his statements with numerous authorities, and that this, his first work, is finished in a manner highly creditable to the rapidly progressive historical literature of our country.

THE TRAGEDIES OF ÆSCHYLUS. Literally translated. With Critical and Illustrative Notes, and an Introduction. By Theodore Alois Buckley, B. A., of Christ Church, Oxford. To which is added an Appendix, containing the new readings of Hermann's posthumous edition. Translated and considered by George Burges, A. M. This is another volume of Harper's excellent "Library" of literal translations of the Greek and Latin classics.

From J. S. REDFIELD, New York, through ZIEBER, Philadelphia:—

EUTAW: *A Sequel to the Foragers, or the Raid of the Dog-Days.* A Tale of the Revolution. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., author of "The Partisan," "Charlemont," "Mellichampe," etc. etc. The numerous admirers of Mr. Simms's Revolutionary Tales will find in "Eutaw" a rich literary treat. The incidents are abundant and startling, but natural, and seemingly necessary to the full development of the plot, which is intricate and well sustained to the last. In depicting the characters of "Harricane Nell" and "Dick of Tophet," our author has exhibited a spirit and skill that can scarcely fail to rank him among the best of American novelists. If he has not obtained a popularity in England equal to that enjoyed by some of our lesser literary lights, there is a somewhat obvious reason for it in the fact that his principal works are commemorative of events of which our transatlantic brethren have, and very naturally, too, no extremely pleasant recollections.

CONFESSION; or, *the Blind Heart.* A Domestic Story. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., author of "Guy Rivers," "Richard Hurdis," "Beauchampe," etc. etc. New and revised edition. As a story in which the analysis of the passions, and of comparatively unwonted conditions of the human mind is the chief object, this "Confession" presents its author's genius in a novel light, so far, at least, as the knowledge of the writer of this notice extends. It is a powerfully written tale, and, though terrible in its catastrophe, one which no reader should shrink from perusing, if he or she would learn lessons of the highest importance to the formation of a truly domestic character.

INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL SCIENCE. A Discourse in three parts. By George H. Calvert, author of "Scenes and Thoughts in Europe," etc. This is a volume, to give a fair and correct notice of which would, if we regard the important nature of the princi-

ples it lays down, require a more thorough investigation than we have been permitted to devote to it. From a hasty glance, we are led to conclude that it comprehends a deeply philosophic examination into the evils which are supposed to oppress society, together with a very specious, if not really valuable, plan for the suppression of such evils by a species of universal spontaneous labor.

From D. APPLETON & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway, New York, through C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia:—

APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIOGRAPHY: *Embracing a Series of Original Memoirs of the most Distinguished Men of all Times.* American Edition. Edited by Francis L. Hawks, D. D., L. L. D. With numerous illustrations. A universal biographical dictionary has long been a desideratum in literature. The volume before us supplies the deficiency in a very satisfactory manner. It is based upon a British publication, the American portion being supplied in the new edition by Dr. Hawks, assisted by other able writers, and the embellishments increased from 200 to 500. The original work is on a new plan, each class of lives being furnished by writers peculiarly fitted for the task, by their special studies and pursuits. This feature is noticed as follows in the preface:—

"The volume now issued aspires to be a first attempt in the important direction alluded to. The publishers have desired to intrust the execution of the principal lives, of each class of remarkable men, to practised writers, who have cultivated the corresponding departments of learning: and from whom they had, therefore, reason to expect biographical notices, really characteristic, and of assured value.

"The principal names in the department of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences were intrusted to Sir David Brewster and Prof. Nichol. In the experimental sciences, the department of Chemistry has been treated by Dr. R. D. Thomson; that of Natural History by Dr. Baird; and Applied Science by Prof. Gordon. The distinguished names in Medical Science are treated by Mr. McConnechy. The eminent Geographers have been attended to by Mr. Bryce, who has endeavored, by considerable research, to give exact information on the discoveries made by great travellers.

"The list of articles written by Prof. Eadie in Theology and Church History includes the Fathers and Reformers, besides many of the mediæval Divines and Schoolmen. Dr. Jamieson's catalogue is graced by the names of our modern divines, missionaries, and philanthropists.

"In the department of the Fine Arts, the great painters, engravers, sculptors, and architects are characterized by Mr. Wornum, whose exact acquaintance with the literature of these subjects is well known. The same may be said regarding the musicians, under charge of Mr. Manson; and of the great actors, whose lives have been written by the dramatic writer and critic, Mr. Herand."

The general result of this arrangement is most satisfactory, as each memoir is entitled to confidence as to accuracy, and is at the same time a fine specimen of biographical writing.

The work is for sale by C. G. HENDERSON & Co.

From DERBY & JACKSON, 119 Nassau Street, New York:—

MARRIED, NOT MATED: *or, How they lived at Woodside and Throckmorton Hall.* By Alice Cary. This

exquisite novel will, we are sure, add new names to Miss Cary's long list of admirers; for, in many points, it is superior to her "Clovernook" pictures, which, when not sad, are simply morbid. Not so with this story; it has strips of real sunshine running through it, and the shadowings are only suggestive of melancholy. The first part of the book introduces the reader to a pretty little spot, called Woodside, the residence of an old miser, Richard Furniss, and his two daughters—the gentle, uncomplaining Nelly, and Annette, a dashing black-eyed little rustic, who, fortunately, gets married, but is, unfortunately, not mated. These two characters are felicitously drawn, and stand in a strong light. Annette visits the home of Henry Graham, a young farmer, with whom she flirts desperately; they become engaged, but the match is broken off by the presence of Harry's brother, Strafford, a cold, heartless specimen of masculine beauty, who wins her heart, without going through the usual preparatory course of having his own broken. In the mean time, Nelly dies. Annette weds Graham, who doesn't seem to know what he wants, and is delightfully miserable. The love episode between Martin and Rache ("the short for Rachel") is "a stroke of genius." In the second part, Throckmorton Hall, the style of the story is changed from a narrative in the third person to an autobiography. This gives a freshness to the whole affair which is charming. Then we have another couple not mated—Mr. Samuel Peter Throckmorton and his wife, the first of which personages is a hit.

The book throughout is exceedingly clever, while here and there are bits of elegant prose, descriptive of Western scenery in its various phases, with all of which Miss Cary has had a rare opportunity to become familiar. As regards the getting up of the volume, the type and paper, like most of Derby's publications, are luxuries.

JANE EYRE, SHIRLEY AND VILLETTE:—Derby & Jackson, New York, have published a very beautiful uniform edition of these celebrated novels, by Currer Bell (Miss Bronte). This is a good opportunity for supplying libraries with a handsome edition of the works of a celebrated novelist, printed with beautiful clear type, and pure white paper.

From DERBY & JACKSON, 119 Nassau Street, New York, and H. W. DERBY, Cincinnati, through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

THE LADIES' GUIDE TO PERFECT GENTILITY. This is a capital work, and should be in the hands of every lady. It treats of Manners, Dress, and Conversation, in the family, in company, at the piano-forte, the table, in the street, and in gentlemen's society; with valuable receipts, and instructions in letter writing; articles on the hair, teeth, hands, lips, complexion, &c. An excellent work. We will furnish it on receipt of one dollar.

From DERBY & JACKSON, 119 Nassau Street, New York, and H. W. DERBY, Cincinnati, through C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia.

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS; *or, Living in the Country.* By Frederick S. Cozzens. "It is a good thing," remarks our new friend, Sparrowgrass, "to live in the country," an observation which he has himself proved to be correct, by presenting to us, as one of the fruits of his living in the country, the genial papers embraced within the volume now lying upon our table. Comic humor, sparkling wit, quiet sarcasm, hearty,

natural, and kindly sentiment, cannot fail to render these records of Mr. Sparrowgrass's rural existence desirable reading for all seasons, but especially for the summer. Nor will they, in our opinion, prove less instructive than amusing. The wealthy city resident, who, perfectly unsophisticated as to the realities of country life, has left the whirl and merriment of business, and the dust and din of the great town, to seek ease, and quiet, and pure air, in some romantic rural district, will find in this volume that the annoyances and disappointments almost sure to beset the outset of his new existence may, by a year or two of patient perseverance, be changed into those solid comforts, and that almost unalloyed happiness, which his fond anticipations had pictured to his yet untaught imagination.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, through C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia:—

HUMOROUS POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD: *Including Love and Lunacy, Ballads, Tales and Legends, Odes and Addresses to Great People, and Miscellaneous Poems, now first collected.* Edited by Epes Sargent. The numerous admirers of Hood will feel grateful to Mr. Sargent for this handsome volume. Its contents have been principally derived from various collections published by the poet himself, and may, therefore, be relied upon as the unquestionable effusions of his versatile genius, which could adapt itself so readily to the whimsicalities or sentimentalities of human life and character.

COLOMBA. By Prosper Merimee. Translated from the French. There is a freshness and originality about this volume that will recommend it to the favorable notice of the readers of light literature. The style is lively and piquant, and the exciting interest of the story is fully maintained to the last. As a vivid representation of Corsican life and character, we have met with no fiction equal to the one under notice.

From DE WITT & DAVENPORT, New York:—

THE CITY ARCHITECT. *A Series of Original Designs for Dwellings, Stores, and Public Buildings, adapted to Cities and Villages.* Illustrated by Drawings of Plans, Elevations, Sections, Details, etc. etc. By William H. Ranlett, author of "Cottage Architecture." Vol. I. In the language of the introduction to this valuable series, it will be "a work of great benefit to those who employ the services of a professional architect, as well as to those who are compelled, or who may prefer to make their own plans and designs: for it will enable them to guard against deception, and errors of calculation, and prevent them from being imposed upon by unprincipled contractors or incompetent builders." It "will be completed in twenty numbers, and each number will be complete in itself." Price 50 cents a number.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia.

MEMORIALS, and other Papers. By Thomas De Quincey, author of "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," etc. etc. In two volumes. These volumes are uniform with the handsome and convenient edition of De Quincey's collected works, which has been for some time past in course of publication by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. As we learn from a highly complimentary letter addressed by the author to his American publishers, they contain many new papers, which, he hopes, "will not be without their value in the eyes of those who have

taken an interest in the original series." Referring, in this same letter, to the conduct of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, De Quincey pays them a compliment no less deserved than it is creditable to their sense of propriety and justice, they having, as he informs us, made him a participator in the profits of the American edition of his works, "without solicitation or the shadow of any expectation on his part; without any legal claim that he could plead, or equitable warrant in established usage, solely and merely upon their own spontaneous motion." In the absence of all necessity to praise, much less to criticize the literary labors of the "Opium Eater," we have thought that his testimony, so honorable to his American publishers, would have its due weight with his American readers.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE. *The Betrothal.* Had we not glanced over the pages of this beautiful poem, we might have lived out our life, perhaps, in the belief that love, as a subject for the bard, was very nigh destitute of freshness, and equally incapable of being originally treated. While the unknown author of the "Angel in the House" sings passionately of love, as every poet-lover must sing, he seems instinctively to shun all false sentiment, contenting himself with depicting those pure and serene, yet not the less ecstatic enjoyments, which the true lover only can experience. Nevertheless, though he does not seek for originality by laying bare the human heart in its most unhealthy conditions of passion, he charms us by the singular novelty and simple wisdom with which he has touched upon a very ancient theme.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

OUR JULY NUMBER.—As we promised, so we perform. In fact, several of the numbers published since our first issue of the year have been pronounced superior to the January number; and we are certain that our present number will not be pronounced inferior. "Hallowed be thy Name" is as fine an engraving as we have ever published; while the fashion plate is far superior to those published in any other magazine. We promise a succession of beautiful numbers throughout the year, and the same number of pages that we commenced with. We have some sterling novelties in store that will be given before the year expires. The July number commences the fifty-third volume. Subscribers can commence with this number or from January, as they please.

GODEY'S AMERICAN SLIPPER.—This looks beautiful made up, and is very easily worked in the common stitch.

"THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS PER MONTH FOR PAPER."—Yes, friend "Columbian" of Columbus, that was correct when we stated it; but it is now nearer \$4,000 per month; and our circulation is 19,000 copies more than it was last year.

THE "Moment of Trial," published in our March number, seems to have met with the unanimous approval of the press and the public. The "Richmond Messenger" says: "We have got to see the magazine which has ever given its readers anything to compare with it." And yet we have many more that we think equal to it.

CLUB and single subscribers are informed that we can always furnish numbers from the beginning of the year, and will send to any post-office where the subscriber may reside. A club of six may be sent to six different post-offices. It is not too late now to make up clubs.

BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.—We have received many orders for this most delightful of toilet appendages; but we cannot send it by mail. We believe that the proprietors, Petridge and Co., of Boston and New York, have made arrangements to forward it to those who order it, or at least inform them of the nearest agency at which they can procure it. Were we to mention the immense number of bottles of this article that are sold in the course of a year, our assertion would hardly be credited. There is one virtue in the "Balm," and, if it had no other, this alone would recommend it. Pour a single drop of it on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. It will not only render the breath sweet, but leave the teeth as white as alabaster. For a cosmetic, also, it is invaluable; and for shaving, the gentlemen only have to try it, and they will never use anything else.

OUR FRIEND of the "Tuskegee Republican" is informed that we take him for an honest domestic husband like ourself, and we contend that we are right. We should be sorry to think that his wife was not still his sweetheart.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND NON-RECEIPT OF NUMBERS.—We have received several letters, lately, upon these subjects; and the names have not been found on our books. It would be well for persons to remember to whom they send their subscriptions. If a subscriber to the "Cosmopolitan," address C. L. Derby, Sandusky, Ohio.

GRECIAN PAINTING AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—J. E. Tilton of Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all the materials and directions. Our numerous inquirers will please make applications to him. His price is \$3 for all the materials for Grecian painting.

WHIPPING WIVES.—The great question now in London is, how to prevent men (!) from whipping their wives. Some time since, power was given to the magistrates to commit for six months to the house of correction, and since, the amount of punishment has increased: the crime has increased in proportion. It has been proposed to whip those who whip their wives; and that is the only way the evil can be cured. For every blow that a scoundrel gives his wife, let him have ten. It is the only remedy.

ARTHUR'S SELF-SEALING CANS.—We understand the sale of these best of preserving cans has already been very great. We have tried them, and pronounce emphatically that they are superior to all others. Fruits and vegetables can be preserved the whole year. (See notice on page 476 of May number.)

SUBSCRIBERS do not seem to understand that, when we receive money for any other publication, we pay the money over to that publication. If they miss a number of Harper, Arthur, or Graham, they must address the publisher of the publication they miss. We have nothing to do with it.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY—PRIVILEGES OF LEAP-YEAR.—We are determined to do some good in our generation; and, to commence, we are going to give, for the benefit of our young lady subscribers, a list of bachelor editors. It is leap-year, and they can make the proposal. We know that editors make good husbands; and we know that an editor's wife has a proud position. We have a word or two to say upon the subject of position. Of late we have seen a tendency on the part of some editors to lose their self-respect, and suffer themselves to be made members of Congress, and accept foreign missions. This should not be; and we particularly request all those young ladies whom we mean to marry to our now bachelor friends to endeavor to keep before their eyes the importance of the station that they now fill, and not allow them to accept of any office whatever. And to the young gentlemen themselves we offer the following, extracted from a contemporary:—

"WIFE.—There is no combination of letters in the English language which excites more pleasing and interesting associations in the mind of man than the word 'wife.' There is magic in this little word. It presents to the mind's eye a cheerful companion, a disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comforter in misfortune, and a faithful and affectionate friend. It conjures up the image of a lovely, tender, confiding woman, who cheerfully undertakes to contribute to our happiness—to partake with you the cup whether of weal or woe, which Destiny may offer. The word 'wife' is synonymous with *the greatest earthly blessing*; and we pity the unfortunate decreed to trudge along through life's dull pilgrimage without one."

The following gentlemen—we were about to give a personal description of—but will waive that and say: An editor is always good-looking, sometimes handsome; about five feet nine inches high; dark hair—when not gray; either blue, black, or gray eyes; smiling countenance, if their subscription list is large, and subscribers pay up well; manly appearance; amiable manners when the boy is not waiting for copy; liberal as princes—allowing their wives any quantity of pin-money, when they have it; domestic habits—when there is no theatre in the town; have no particular dislike to dogs and cats; deferential to mothers-in-law; do not particularly object to widows.

Here commences our list.

The editor of the "Atlantic," Middletown Point, New Jersey, acknowledges that he has no better-half. A nice place is the Point; very near to New York; almost too near.

The editor of the "Spirit of Democracy," Newmarket, Virginia, says he is so *fortunate* as to have neither wife nor sweetheart. Rash man! He will be one of the first to go off. The editor of the Troy, Alabama, "Bulletin" is in the market. The editor of the "Temperance Advocate" at Norwich, New York, says he is "a confirmed old bachelor." Yes, until his time comes. Wait until this notice reaches our lady readers. You know what Benedict says—"When we said we would die a bachelor, we did not think we would live to be a married man." The editor of the "Toulon Advocate" has *neither*. No one to interfere with you here, ladies. The editor of the "Courier," Newcastle, Indiana, is another forlorn one. This is all for the present. A pretty good choice is here offered.

SHORT, BUT TO THE PURPOSE.—"The 'Lady's Book' is the best magazine in the world."—*Springville Herald*.

THE "GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH."—Our good friend, Freas, is now in the twenty-seventh year of his publication. We started nearly together—the major a little ahead. We have been friends all that time. It is rather singular that two persons, each starting a different kind of publication, should, twenty-six years afterwards, be the publishers of the best paper and magazine in the country. Freas, like ourself, has conducted his paper from the commencement. There never has been any change of proprietorship. The "Telegraph" is ably conducted and handsomely printed. May he continue to succeed! He has our best wishes.

"HOW WAS SHE DRESSED?"—This is always the anxious inquiry when a young lady makes her first appearance in the fashionable world. "What had she on?" Our young friend, the princess royal of England, "came out," on a late occasion, and thus was she attired: A dress of white glacé silk, with three skirts of white tulle looped up with bunches of cornflowers, ribbon, and blonde. The train was of rich white moire antique, trimmed with bouillonnées of tulle and cornflowers. Headdress was formed of a wreath of cornflowers, feathers, and lappets.

The queen wore a red poplin train, with a running pattern of gold trimmed with gold blonde. The petticoat was white satin trimmed with gold blonde to correspond. Headdress of opals and diamonds.

VERY much obliged to the "Columbus Reporter." We hope that the "beautiful young prairie girl" is pleased with her "Book."

THE patterns in this number can all be readily copied by using our copying paper. Price 25 cents a package, containing several colors. Manufactured by J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts.

How to use it. Lay your muslin on a hard surface, such as a table without a cover, then place over that the tracing paper, then over that the pattern which you wish to be on the muslin. Take a hard lead pencil or a stencil, and trace the pattern over carefully, bearing on pretty hard, and you will find the impression on the muslin. If you wish to preserve your pattern, place tissue paper over it, and trace over that instead of the pattern itself.

GODEY'S Monthly List of New Music, which will be furnished at the prices annexed.

"Empire Polka," by H. C. Harris,	25 cts.
"Wyoming Waltz," with a beautiful Vignette,	38 "
"Clarinda Polka Quadrilles,"	38 "

New Ballads, by the popular composer Alice Hawthorne.

"The Pet of the Cradle," embellished with a lithographic title in seven colors,	50 cts.
Plain title,	25 "
"Love of one fond heart,"	25 cts.
"How sweet are the Roses,"	50 "

"How sweet, how sweet are the roses,
And how we watch for their bloom;
We gather them in their glory,
And scatter them over the tomb.
But weeds unheeded lift their heads,
And in their stillness wave;
Like better friends in silent hours,
Beside the lonely grave."

"My Early Fireside,"	25 "
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If we knew whom the following came from we would give the proper credit:—

LADIES' HOOPS.

"It cannot be said, it cannot be!"
The lady said, right mockingly.
"Fain would I grant a parting kiss,
But how can it be done in *this*?"
She pointed to her hooped dress;
And he sighed out in dire distress.

"Full fifteen paces round about—
Ah me! it makes one look so stout!
And full five steps, if measured through;
Oh, goodness! my! what shall I do?
We can't e'en take a last embrace,
Much less approach with face to face."

He walked the lady round and round;
She seemed intrenched upon a mound:
Securely spanned and fortified,
As if all lovers she defied.
You'd say, if you that hoop should see—
A *war-hoop* it was meant to be.

He walked the lady round and round,
And sank all weary on the ground.
"I'm sold," quoth he; "'tis all no go.
Oh, love! how could you serve me so?
Farewell: in foreign lands I'll range,
At least until the fashions change."

He went to Cali-for-ni-a;
And in her hoop she walked away.
The world once called her quite the *tun*;
And she was hooped, in fact, like one.
Such hollow hearts *once* wore a mask.
They dress *now à la brance* cask.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.—It will be perceived that we now give original music. That department is under the superintendence of Professor F. N. Crouch, the composer of over two thousand pieces of music.

THE "SCHOOLFELLOW."—A child's magazine, and an excellent one. It is published by Dix & Edwards, New York, at \$1 a year.

A BEAUTIFUL piece of writing was lately shown us. It is the resolution passed by our legislature in favor of Doctor Kane, the celebrated Arctic traveller. It is the most perfect piece of penmanship we ever saw; and was executed by William J. Canby, southwest corner of Seventh and Arch Streets.

COOPER'S NOVELS—PEOPLE'S EDITION.—Stringer & Townsend of New York have published a cheap edition of these novels at \$1 per volume.

THE difference between \$3 and \$5 is \$2. That much is saved by purchasing those splendid pearl card-cases through us. The store price is \$5.

PEARL CARD CASES.—We have an opportunity of obliging our subscribers with these beautiful cases at \$3 each—a very superior article. We have the pick from the manufactory before the stores can get them; and can, therefore, send the handsomest, and they are beautiful. At that price we pay the postage also: such an opportunity has never before offered.

WE have no agents for whose acts we are responsible.

SCHUYLKILL EXCURSION.—We have labored for several years to satisfy and convince our readers and the public about the beauty and healthfulness of this delightful trip. There is no prettier river scenery to be seen in this country than is embraced in the trip from Fairmount to Manayunk. In the morning, hundreds of nurses and parents with children may be seen taking this health-invigorating trip. We earnestly appeal to all parents who are forced to remain in the city during the summer months, not to neglect it. Almost all of the omnibus lines run to Fairmount.

It can be seen in a village or town who takes the "Lady's Book," and who does not; at least, the "Clyde Times" leads us to suppose so by the following: "We know that there are many ladies here who take it; and any one else may know the same by observing the extra taste displayed, and the difference in choice of employment by those who take the 'Lady's Book.'"

RAPP'S PENS.—We are constantly receiving direct from the manufacturer choice lots, made expressly for us, of those celebrated pens. We annex the prices without holders.

Goose-quill size	\$2.
Swan " "	\$2 50.
Condor " "	\$5.
With holders this pen is—	
Goose-quill size	\$3.
Swan " "	\$4.
Condor " "	\$7.

Best fourteen carat gold, and pens warranted.

A SENSIBLE APHORISM.—There is a deal of truth in a remark which Mademoiselle de Somery frequently repeated: "The world stigmatizes many men with the reputation of being wicked with whom a woman would be but too happy to pass her life."

HAIR DYE IN FOUR DIFFERENT COLORS.—The most perfect article of this kind, manufactured by the celebrated Berger of Paris, is now for sale in this city by Fouladoux, in Chestnut Street above Fourth. It will color the hair black, brown, light brown, or of a very light almost flaxen color. There is no deception in this, for we have seen the article tried, and pronounce it, without any exception, the very best Hair Dye we have ever seen. Those who order will please specify what kind they want—as one case only contains one particular dye. In addition to the above, Mr. Fouladoux manufactures Wigs and Fronts, and furnishes every article in the hair line.

BOARDMAN, GRAY, & CO., PIANO MANUFACTURERS OF ALBANY.—The employees of this celebrated establishment have formed themselves into a company; and had a parade, lately, and a banquet. We copy two of the toasts:—

By Mr. Sherman:—**THE B., G., & CO. GUARDS.**—A fine-toned Company, all "Seven Octaves" with "grand action" well regulated.—May they be tuned in equal temperament, and always "stand at concert pitch."

Mr. Wood, being called upon, gave the following:—

MR. SIBERIA OTT, THE JUNIOR PARTNER OF THIS CONCERN.—A gentleman of eminent financial abilities. In him we find a zealous promoter of art and mechanism; whose highest aim is to further the interest of the employee.

PATTERNS.—Our fashion editor continues to furnish patterns of any of the dress articles in the "Book." Terms made known on application. We cannot publish the prices, as the postage varies according to the size of the articles ordered, and that we have to pay in advance. The demand for patterns for infant's clothes is immense, and they are of the most beautiful and newest styles. Mrs. Hale is not the fashion editress.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

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

Breast-pins, from \$4 to \$12.
Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.
Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.
Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.

LARDNER'S ONE THOUSAND RECEIPTS UPON EVERY SUBJECT.—We will furnish copies of this celebrated work on receipt of twenty-five cents.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

- "Mrs. J. C. B."—Sent patterns 19th.
- "Mrs. E. A. M."—Sent patterns 19th.
- "Mrs. P."—Sent infant's shirt and patterns 21st.
- "S. C."—Sent patterns 21st.
- "Mrs. J. V. W."—Sent pearl card-case 21st.
- "S. T. J."—Sent box by Adams' express 22d.
- "J. G. G."—Sent Rapp's pen 22d.
- "Mrs. J. A. W."—Sent hair ring 22d.
- "E. S. H."—Sent hair ornaments, "Faith, Hope, and Charity," 22d.
- "Miss H. M. N."—Sent bonnet by Adams' express 24th.
- "G. F."—Sent patterns 24th.
- "Mrs. B. W. H."—Sent patterns 25th.
- "Mrs. A. V. Du B."—Sent patterns by Howard's express 25th.
- Sent pearl card-cases to "A. V. D.," "S. R.," "B. M. T.," "A. U. H.," "H. D. O.," "M. McV.," "C. F. J.," "M. R."
- We have now on hand the most beautiful ones ever seen. These card-cases cost \$5 in the stores; we furnish them for \$3 and pay the postage.
- "Mrs. W. W."—Sent stamped patterns 25th.
- "E. E."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 25th.
- "Miss R. V. D."—Sent "Faith, Hope, and Charity," hair ornaments 26th.
- "Mrs. F. H. I."—Sent pearl card-case and latest style visiting cards 26th.
- "J. M."—Sent shaving book 26th.
- "S. V. H."—Sent patterns 28th.
- "Mrs. O. H. A."—Sent infant's clothes and patterns 28th.

"Mrs. R. A. A."—Sent hair ear-rings and bracelets 28th.

"J. P. E." Lowell, Mass.—You did not send a stamp or your full name.

"Miss M. D."—Sent ear-rings 29th.

"Emily."—We think the Family Bible the best place, at least that is where we keep ours.

"Mrs. A. E. G."—Sent patterns 29th.

"Mrs. F. S. K."—Sent patterns 29th.

"Miss F. B."—Sent hair ring 30th.

"Mrs. B. B. F."—Sent patterns 30th.

"Miss M. A. G."—Sent "Faith, Hope, and Charity," hair ornament 30th.

"A. S. O."—The mourning can be laid aside for the occasion.

"Mrs. S. A. B."—Sent patterns 30th.

"Mrs. A. V. Du B."—Sent patterns 30th.

"Mrs. D. J. H."—Sent patterns 30th.

"Mrs. D. E."—Sent bonnet, riding hat, &c. 30th.

"Mrs. M. T."—You did not send a stamp to pay return postage, and presume you do not take the "Lady's Book," for the information you ask is given in every number.

"J. E. Carpenter."—We have received a letter from you, but no date or address of any kind by which we may find out where you live.

"Miss V. A."—Sent patterns 1st.

"Mrs. L. R. S."—Sent "Faith, Hope, and Charity," hair ornaments 1st.

"Mrs. D. S. V. T."—Sent infant's wardrobe 1st.

"Mrs. W. W."—Sent stamped collar 2d.

"W. J. T."—Sent bonnet materials 3d.

"Mrs. E. M."—Sent patterns 3d.

"Miss M. M. G."—The bridesmaids ought to be all dressed alike.

"Mrs. A. T. R."—Sent infant's wardrobe and patterns 5th.

"Miss D."—Yes. Always, when writing to a stranger, use the prefix Miss before your name.

"Mrs. M. R. P."—Sent infant's wardrobe and patterns 5th.

"Mrs. M. S. O."—Sent infant's wardrobe and patterns 5th.

"Miss V. A."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 5th.

"Miss P. R."—Sent pearl card-case 5th.

"Mrs. E. G. H."—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams' express 5th.

"Miss S."—Sent pearl watch hook 5th.

"Miss E. B. J."—Sent worked collars 6th.

"Mrs. A. J. M. D."—Sent hair breastpin 6th.

"Mrs. O. H. P. S."—Sent patterns 7th.

"Mrs. R. A. S."—Sent patterns for infant's clothes 7th.

"Miss O. R. R."—Leave a card for every one you wished to see.

"Mrs. S. M. A."—Sent pearl card-case 7th.

"Mrs. O. A. H."—Sent infant's clothing 8th.

"Miss H. A. R."—In introductions it is always proper to mention as follows, if the person is a stranger in the city—"Mr. Smith, from New York."

"Mrs. T. R. S."—Sent patterns for infant's clothing 8th.

"G. H. R."—Sent "Language of Flowers" 8th.

"Tuscaloosa, Alabama."—Do not answer anonymous letters. Send your name and a stamp to pay return postage; besides, the answer is too long for this department.

"Mrs. M. M. V."—Sent infant's wardrobe and patterns 8th.

"Mrs. M. H. D."—Sent embroidery pattern 8th.

Sent pearl card-cases to "A. R.," "M. McS.," "T. M. A.," "A. G. L.," "S. U. A.," "N. O. Q.," "B. G. S.," "F. J. H.," "K. N. A.," "P. A. C.," "H. R.," "D. S.," "W. L. A." 8th.

"Bessie."—Send your name and a stamp to pay return postage.

"S. E. A."—Sent patterns 8th.

"Miss M. M. H."—Sent "Language of Flowers" 8th.

Sent 12 packages of hair dye to different persons.

"M. F. R."—Sent "Faith, Hope, and Charity," in hair 9th.

"M. V. S."—Sent pearl card-case 9th.

"Miss R. O. M."—Sent embroidery patterns 9th.

"Mrs. A. C. H."—Sent patterns for infant's wardrobe 9th.

"Travelling Dresses and Bonnets."—Once for all, ladies, send a stamp and sign your real names to letters, and we will give any information in our power, whether you are subscribers to the "Book" or not, but we cannot every month publish an article about travelling dresses, and we will not answer anonymous inquirers. An answer is almost always requested in a number that is already printed and in the hands of our subscribers.

"Mrs. A. V. Du B."—Sent goods by mail 10th.

"Miss M. M. D."—Sent trimming and pattern 10th.

"J. W."—Sent knives and forks by Adams' express 10th.

"Miss F. R. McA."—Sent hair rings 10th.

"Misses L. W. and L. S."—Sent hair rings 10th.

"Miss D. R."—Sent pearl carved card-case, price \$5, 12th.

"W. B. D."—Sent hair breastpin, "Hope," 12th.

"Miss R. H."—The engagement ring should be worn on the first finger of the left hand.

Subscribers to the "Cosmopolitan Arts Union," if they miss their numbers, must address "C. L. Derby, Sandusky, Ohio," and not us. We have nothing to do with sending them the numbers, and do not think it fair to be asked to bear the expense of postage in answering their letters. In future, when a name is not on our books, we will not answer the letter.

"H. F. H. G."—Sent colored cotton 12th.

"Mrs. J. R. A."—Answer too long. Send your name and a stamp to pay return postage. We do not answer anonymous letters. June number was in California before your letter was received.

"Mrs. G. J. B."—Sent blue working cotton 13th.

"Miss E. M. G."—Sent carved pearl card-case, \$5.

"Mrs. R. R. A."—Cannot answer. Have as much as we can do to attend to those who favor us with their names.

"C. Y."—Sent sacque 13th.

"J. F. C. S. P."—Sent Rapp's Gold Condor pen 13th.

"Writing."—In our January number we published an excellent article upon letter-writing. For \$1 we can send you a book upon Etiquette, and if you are so anxious to learn you will not object to the price.

"T. L. S."—No name and no stamp. Cannot answer such questions except by letter.

"Miss E. M. G."—Sent paint box and ring 14th.

"Miss B."—When writing to a stranger, sign your name (Miss) Jane Smith, supposing that to be the name.

"Mrs. J. M. S."—Sent "presents" 14th.

"F. M. E."—Sent hair breastpin, hair ring, two hair necklaces, and one pair hair bracelets 15th.

"F. J. W."—Sent ladies' hair fob chain, with appendages, "Faith, Hope, and Charity," 15th.

"J. W."—Sent spectacles 15th.

"J. A. M."—Sent patterns 16th.

"G. W. McM."—Sent hair bracelet 16th.

"Mrs. M. A. F."—Sent patterns 16th.

"Mrs. C. T. C."—Sent patterns 16th.

"Mrs. W. P."—Sent patterns 16th.

"H. D."—Had better send a stamp and have an answer by mail; it is too long for this department.

"Mrs. W. P. C."—Sent infant's wardrobe and patterns 17th.

Centre-Table Gossip.

THE CHINA CLOSET. NO. 1.

UNLESS one can afford the luxury of a perfectly competent and well-trained waiter, it is almost impossible to have the china closet in perfect order, without the personal daily supervision of the mistress of the family. Crumbs, smears of sweetmeats, flies-soiled napkins, and general disorder, are the inevitable results of two or three days' neglect, while a quarter of an hour every morning is quite sufficient to prevent all these evils.

If it is possible, a china closet and store-room should never be united; it is much easier to look after the two separately—although silver, knives, the table-cloth, napkins in use, properly have room there. The last should have a drawer or closet appropriated to them, beneath the first row of shelving, though, when once pronounced unfit for the table, they should never be returned to it, as a careless girl is very apt to do, rather than take the trouble of putting them, at once, with the soiled cloths, and thus you have the risk of seeing them put in use again. It is best to have regular days for changing the table linen, it is least likely to be neglected. The same of crocheted table-mats. Baskets, or oil-cloth mats, trays, etc., have also their appropriate place in the china closet.

Every dish should have its own place, and a girl can soon be taught to save herself trouble by putting it there at once, instead of heaping things in confusion on one shelf.

Many ladies still hold to the old fashion of washing up the breakfast dishes and silver, arranging the salts, castors, and then replacing them on their appropriate shelves, thus making certain that every thing is in order for the day, and for the dinner table. It is very little trouble if the cook regularly brings in a small cedar or painted tub of hot water, towels, soap, and a small mop, with a handle sufficiently long to keep the hands from unnecessary contact with the suds. These, placed upon a large tray, will secure the varnish or polish of the table from spots and splashes. Many use a portable Butler's tray for the purpose.

Washing up the breakfast things may seem a matter simple enough for any child of twelve to undertake, but there are certain things, in the care of glass and china, which even sensible grown people do not always understand, enough to form a separate article the ensuing month.

BRAZILIAN DESSERTS.

IN the perplexity which often befalls housekeepers as to "what they shall have for dessert," we suggest attention to the following novelty, which we find in "Ewbank's Brazil."

Celestial Slices.—Fine bread soaked in milk and steeped in a hot compound fluid sugar, cinnamon, and yolk of eggs.

Mother Benta's Cakes.—An angelic dainty, invented by an ancient nun of the Adjuela convent; the ingredients rice-flour, butter, sugar, grated meat of the cocoa-nut, and orange-water.

Widows.—Sweet paste, thin as paper, piled an inch thick on each other, and baked.

Heavenly Bacon.—A light pudding compound of almond paste, eggs, sugar, butter, and a spoonful or two of flour.

Then there are "sighs," "lies," "angel's hair," "egg-threads," and "rosaries," *brown*, we dare say, eight and ten inch rings, or strings, of praying beads, by which the Credo may be acquired in burnt almonds, and Ave Marias counted with pellets of jujube paste.

Parkinson & Thompson should certainly experiment in these novelties, which might have a tremendous run in the next party season. We wrote the suggestion in a paradise for sponge-cake and custard loves, where eggs are seven dozen for *fifty cents*, and where one lot passed our window, two days since, amounting to twenty-three hundred dozen. What would a northern housekeeper, or a Market Street huckster woman, think of such a prize!

ROYAL BABY CLOTHES.

A COLLECTION so magnificent as that described by a Paris correspondent was probably never before prepared; we only hope the juvenile Napoleon is not subject to the common ills of "baby flesh"—for colic and Alençon lace, satin quilts and Dalby's Soothing Compound, could present a strange incongruity.

The first thing that strikes the spectator in entering Mdle. Felicie's warerooms is the exquisite beauty of the various articles displayed to view. Three rooms, one of them of great size, are thrown open, and everything exhibited in them forms part of the *layette*. At the first glance, one would imagine that the only color to be seen was white; but afterwards the eye perceives that the ribbons and satin used for trimming several of the articles are blue. But as blue is the color appropriated to male children, as rose or pink is to those of the opposite sex, the idea would occur to the looker-on that everything had been prepared exclusively for a prince. Such, however, is not the fact, for, as the imperial infant has been *voué au blanc*, blue is used in such a case indiscriminately for either sex. As some of our readers are not perhaps aware of what *voué au blanc* exactly means, it may be as well to state that sometimes in France a mother consecrates her child, before its birth, to the Virgin, placing the infant under her especial protection, and, as a sign of her having done so, clothes the child in white only, with rare ornaments of blue at times, and keeps it in that attire for a certain number of years—three, five, or seven—and on some occasions to the period of the child's first communion. It is in accordance with this custom that some of the articles of the imperial *layette* have been ornamented with blue, without any reference to the sex of the infant.

In the large room at Mdle. Felicie's, all the tables along the sides, as well as an exceedingly broad one down the centre, are completely covered with the most beautiful articles of lace, embroidery, silk, satin, and cambric, that, perhaps, were ever collected together for any one child. The number of dresses alone appeared so countless that we took the liberty of inquiring the number, and were informed twelve dozen. All are embroidered with such rare perfection as to really merit to rank as works of art, and the vast quantity of *point d'Alençon* with which they are trimmed must be of

immense value. Along the tables are also to be seen baby's caps, hats, and headdresses, in such abundance as to excite one's wonder; and of these, also, twelve dozen have been prepared—all beautifully embroidered, and all trimmed with the most costly lace. Twelve dozen appears to have been the magical number in the order given, as everything—stockings, gloves, shoes, boots, gaiters (such exquisite gaiters!), chemises, sheets, &c., were all to the same extent. All the sheets were marked with the imperial crown and cipher, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Of course, the richer articles were not ordered in such profusion; as, for instance, the long mantles, of which there were a dozen for State occasions, most richly embroidered and trimmed, while others were in satin, in silk, or in cachemire, but all of the greatest beauty. The quilts, also, some in blue satin and some in white, were on a more limited scale, but all as rich as human ingenuity could make them.

At the end of the room stands the cradle—not that which the city of Paris is preparing for the imperial infant, but still one of great beauty. A lofty *flèche* at the head, formed of a vine-branch of gilt bronze, gently bends over the part in which the infant is to sleep. From the *flèche*, curtains of Mechlin lace, lined with blue silk, are suspended at each side, the whole being looped up with gold cords terminating with torsades to match of the same metal. One *couvre-pieds* is of white satin, and another of blue, and the whole is covered over with Alençon lace, with the initials N. E. in the centre, the whole producing an effect of the rarest elegance. Opposite the cradle, on the centre-table, stands the *robe de baptême*, all of *point d'Alençon*, with mantle and headdress to match. Near it is a muff of ermine, with a mantle of white satin lined with ermine.

On the table lay the child's coral for the period of teething—in this instance made of amber, the ball for the rattle being hollowed from the solid mass. This little plaything alone cost 600 f. Near it was placed an amber necklace, with a small gold medallion in the centre, to which the Archbishop of Paris has given his benediction. Three *corbeilles de baptême* lay near, all lined with blue satin, and covered with Alençon lace, and bearing the imperial cipher and arms. To go on would be to fill a column, and yet not a word has been said of the contents of the other rooms, equally worthy of being examined. We cannot, however, help stating that the articles prepared for the nurse (twelve dozen in number) are also of extraordinary beauty and richness, as may be judged from the fact that her aprons are embroidered with as much care as the articles for the child, and, like them, trimmed with Alençon lace. The taste with which the whole is laid out is not the smallest charm of this exhibition, which, of its kind, has perhaps never been equalled. It adds to the admiration excited to learn that the whole was designed, embroidered and made up in the short space of two months and a half.

THE CENTRE-TABLE COMMONPLACE BOOK.

TROUBLE IN BATTALIONS.—How often is it our best earthly consolation that one grief takes off the edge of another—that one anxiety pushes off, as it were, the burden of another. People are thought to be peculiarly afflicted, sometimes even hardly dealt with, when a series of troubles fall upon them in quick succession; but a single solitary grief standing out in the midst of life's sunshine, a single arrow sent into the heart when all else is peace, and luxury, and repose, a single adder

in the path when the ground is thickly strewn with flowers, a single drop of poison in the draught when the lips are regaling themselves with sweets, we fancy these, in the experience of any human heart, would be found even worse to bear than a whole host of calamities heaped one upon another. Such calamities fall like winter upon the soul, and like winter it braves them. We know, when the frosts of autumn come, that the leaves will fall from the trees, and we prepare for blast, and storm, and biting cold; but the hurricane of summer leaves a desolation behind it, more cruel in proportion as the peace and the beauty which it found were more entire.

THE days of life go drearily!

Peace, coward soul, be still and wait,

Though varied visions, dark and strange,

Speak but of gloom, of death or change;

God's eye is over every state.

Peace!—thou may'st yet be fortunate!

CHEERFULNESS.—True joy is a serene and sober motion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind.—

Seneca.

As in our lives, so also in our studies, it is most becoming and most wise so to temper gravity with cheerfulness that the former may not imbue our minds with melancholy, nor the latter degeneratè into licentiousness.—Pliny.

A WIFE'S NEED.—Without ignoring accomplishments, or casting a slur upon any of the graces which serve to adorn society, we must look deeper for the acquirements which serve to form our ideal of a perfect woman. The companion of man should be able thoroughly to sympathize with him—her intellect should be as well developed as his. We do not believe in the mental inequality of the sexes; we believe that the man and the woman have each a work to do, for which they are specially qualified, and in which they are called to excel. Though the work is not the same, it is equally noble, and demands an equal exercise of capacity.

A MOTHER'S MORNING PRAYER.

(We must beg pardon of the unknown author for altering the title of this sweet nursery hymn from a "Teacher's" to a "Mother's" morning prayer. It is the natural utterance of a Christian mother's heart.)

Up to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart, and mind, and soul awake;
Teach me of Thy ways, O Father!
For sweet childhood's sake.

In their young hearts, soft and tender,
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise thee
Wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,
That my little flock may see
It is good and pleasant service
To be taught of Thee.

Father, order all my footsteps;
So direct my daily way
That, in following me, the children
May not go astray.

Let Thy holy counsel lead me—
Let Thy light before me shine,
That they may not stumble over
Word or deed of mine.

Draw us hand in hand to Jesus,
For His Word's sake—unforgot,
Let "the little ones come to me,
And forbid them not."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ONE WHO DESIRES TO BE A HELP TO HER HUSBAND" will find it best to act from principle, not by rule; we give a few maxims, however, that may be an assistance.

Pitch your scale of living one degree below your means.

Feel a want before you provide against it. When you are undecided which course to pursue, choose the cheapest.

Never hesitate to work at any period of life; it may be the benefit will not come to thyself, but the fruit of thy labor will be a blessing to posterity.

In the same connection we quote the often-quoted description of a "good wife," by Fuller.

"She commandeth her husband, in any equal matter, by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the spring-time of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing-water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it. Her husband's secrets she will not divulge. Especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities. In her husband's absence she is wife and deputy husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return he finds all things so well that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad. Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a *look* whither she listeth. The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light by orderly and seasonably enjoining it. In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows."

"MRS. S. OF LANGDALE."—Oaken furniture is as much in request as ever for any room but a parlor. It is not generally known that new oak may be made to assume the tint of an antique by being exposed to vapors of ammonia. A new carved arm-chair will in twelve hours have all the appearance of having been made two hundred years before.

"MISS E. L. OF N."—Lace for evening-dress, though a profusion of lace is not in good taste in the street, unless in very warm weather.

"ADELINE."—We give the instructions required for making a feather basket: Take the quill feathers of any bird whose plumage is variegated or beautiful; for instance, that of the pheasant: remove the bottom, or quill parts, and introduce the feathers into a piece of pasteboard, pierced for their reception, and cut to whatever form you may think fit; bend a piece of wire into the same form, but rather larger than the bottom; fix the ends together, and fasten the feathers into it at regular distances from each other. A handle of wire, or pasteboard, covered with a portion of skin with the feathers on it, may be added. The basket should be lined with colored silk, quilted lightly on to a sheet of wool.

"MRS. ALGER OF LOWOOD."—We commence a series of hints on gardening next month. Mignonette is not a French flower originally, but came from Egypt.

"Miss M. J. J."—Dyeing the hair with *anything* is pernicious; black pomatum almost invariably leaves an untidy crease, and is readily detected.

"AN INEXPERIENCED NURSE."—The best and cheapest deodorizing fluid is half a pound of sulphate of iron (common green copperas), dissolved in a gallon of water. Its cost is comparatively nothing—its effect instantaneous and complete.

The odor of roasting coffee is also said to be an admirable disinfectant, and to some persons by no means disagreeable.

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, Rapp's gold pens, 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.

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 Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's 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 JULY.

Fig. 1.—Dress of summer silk, suitable for second mourning. The skirt is very full, and has five distinct puffs of the same, put on at regular intervals and fastened by flat bows of ribbon. The basque is long, in hollow plaits behind, to correspond with the top part of the sleeve, which has a bell puff beneath it. Hair drawn back from the forehead, with an ornament of jet and velvet.

Fig. 2.—Evening-dress of pink tarleton, over a pink *glacé* slip. Triple skirt bordered by rows of narrow satin folds, or pipeing. Berthe to correspond. Bouquets of large rose-colored geraniums, with black centres, with foliage of the water-flag. Wreath for the hair of the same.

JUVENILE FIGURES.

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress of nankeen-colored linen, trimmed with English embroidery.

Fig. 2.—Party dress for a little girl of twelve. White silk, with bands of broad pomona green ribbon. We give these last not for their simplicity or grace, but for their novelty. We have always opposed, as our readers well know, overloading children with dress and ornament.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THERE is little dress or visiting in the city this month. Parting calls have been paid; and those who have not gone to the springs, the sea-shore, and the country, live in Philadelphia back buildings and New York basements, with jealously closed shutters and uncleaned door knobs to give the public an impression at least of absence.

The streets and shops are still filled with late Southern purchasers preparing to follow the residents in their fitting, and to surpass them in costliness and variety of dress.

Among the most delicate morning dresses, or *peignoirs*, devised for the extreme heat of summer, we notice one of white embroidered muslin intended for a bridal outfit. The front is in a full pattern of sprays, surrounded by foliage in open work, and ornamented by a row of rosettes in pink gauze ribbon. This style of rosettes is quite new, and may be made up in any color for capes, spencers, bretelles, etc. Each has five different tones or shades of pink, like the gradation of color in a rose.

A small pelerine of worked muslin goes with this dress; it descends to the waist, and is edged by a deep row of Mechlin lace. The sleeves are trimmed by two rows of the same, caught up inside the arm by two rosettes of the ribbon. A tiny breakfast cap completes this delicate costume. It is made of three puffs of tulle over pink ribbon. Between each puff a row of lace is set on with a slight fulness, and droops backward. They meet at the ears with loops of ribbon in five shades of pink. Strings of broad pink ribbon float over the shoulder, edged with lace. This will be found a most bewitching dress.

Lace is now so generally worn that it is manufactured in great profusion and variety. It is remarkable for the richness of the pattern. Mechlin, always the most ladylike of *points*, is regaining its ancient form. *Alençon*, Brussels, and Honiton are chiefly adapted to flouncing.

Many of the new collars are small and square, composed of Valenciennes or Mechlin; others are much larger and more showy, being scalloped or vandyked at the edge. The undersleeves correspond exactly with the collar, and are ornamented with tiny butterfly bows of ribbon, or transparents with ribbon drawn through them, and fastened by a single bow with floating ends.

Bretelles, spencers, capes, and jackets of mixed lace and embroidered muslin are just in season. They are also ornamented profusely with ribbon, and worn with an elegantly fitting under-waist of cambric or linen, enriched with edgings and insertions of embroidery. The skirt may be *barège*, tissue, or a summer silk.

Dresses with high and close corsages being now so much more generally adopted than they recently were, the fancy buttons employed as fastenings are manufactured in greater number and variety. Among the extravagances invented by Parisian taste, but not as yet adopted to any great extent on this side of the water, are buttons composed of jewels or precious stones; such, for instance, as emeralds, turquoises, diamonds, pearls, and sapphires. Some buttons are made in the form of a small rosette or a tie set with jewels of different colors; others are shaped as a butterfly, the body being in white enamel, the wings in sapphire, and the head in rubies. But the most beautiful and costly fancy buttons we have yet seen are a set in which each button is in the form of a bee, the body being composed of topaz, the head of rubies, and the wings of black enamel speckled with diamonds.

Ladies' equestrian costume does not admit of any considerable change. The riding-habit has, necessarily, always a long skirt, and the corsage is always made to fit close to the figure. The most fashionable riding-habits which have recently appeared are of cloth, either black or of some dark color. The corsage has a long basque, and is ornamented in front by brandebourgs and fancy buttons. The sleeves, which are very wide, descend only midway between the elbow and the wrist, and are finished by a turned-up cuff, which is slit down on the outside of the arm, and on each side of the slit are brandebourgs in transverse rows. The undersleeves consist of one large puff of cambric, covered with very narrow tucks running longitudinally, and having on each side a row of hem-stitch. The collar is of cambric, vandyked and ornamented with hem-stitch. The riding-hat of black or gray felt has rather a broad brim, and inclining somewhat over the forehead. It is ornamented with a feather of the same color as the felt, and placed so as to wave towards the back of the neck. The veil most frequently consists of black tulle, either spotted or plain, and edged with a broad hem.

At this season of the year a broad straw flat, usually of a coarse braid, and trimmed lightly with a dark or white Mantua ribbon, will be found picturesque and much more comfortable than felt or beaver.

A correspondent requests more definite information with regard to the *capelines* or drawn bonnets intended for the country or the seaside, which we have already mentioned. They are intended chiefly for children or young ladies; and are found very convenient in the country, as they project beyond the forehead sufficiently to protect it from the rays of the sun, whilst a large bavolet or cape shades the neck. The bavolet is prolonged at the sides so as to fasten under the chin, the ends being fixed by a bow formed of the same material as the bonnet. Small, light slips of whalebone are passed through the runnings. A *capeline* of maroon-color silk has been lined with pink, and ornamented with an under-trimming consisting of a *ruche* of pink ribbon, two bows of the same ribbon being placed at the sides. Attached to the edge is a *voilette* of maroon-color tulle, bordered by six rows of very narrow pink ribbon, set on in a zigzag pattern. *Capelines* of a plainer kind are composed of white muslin, or gray batiste, lined with pink or cerise-color, and trimmed with *ruches* of ribbon. Some are composed of very fine jaconet sprigged with lilac, pink, or blue, and are trimmed with *ruches* of the same material, edged with plain tulle about an inch wide. Some of the Parisian ladies are adopting for the seaside *capelines* of a very gay description. They are composed of pink or blue silk, and are covered with tulle or bobbinet, either spotted or sprigged. The tulle or net, whichever may be employed, falls over the brim, and forms a *voilette* with a scalloped edge. A frill of the same covers the bavolet, and two long ends drooping at the sides serve the purpose of strings. Bows of pink gauze ribbon, placed under the brim on each side, are made in a style somewhat resembling full-blown roses without leaves. Batiste and *barège* are the two most serviceable materials, however, either alone or lined with marcelline of a delicate shade.

Parasols are of every tint, as usual. Those who strive to avoid rather than court notice upon the promenade usually choose a plain, reliable shade of moire, without embroidery or fanciful decorations. The bow under the point or *ferule* is of narrower ribbon than last season, and sometimes has several floating ends, giving a light and graceful effect.

FASHION.



Then amidst the ruin of the shore
When the waves - that roll from their
When the waves - that roll from their

COMDEY'S UNRIVALLED COLOURED FASHIONS.







EMBROIDERY TOILET CUSHION

POTICHIMANIE VASE.



INSERTING FOR A SHIRT.



"MY OWN FIRE-SIDE!"

BALLAD.

The Words by ALARIC WATTS,

MUSIC BY

F. NICHOLLS CROUCH,

Composer of "Kathleen M'Labourneer," "Bernot Astor," and "Two Thousand Songs."

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1856, by F. NICHOLLS CROUCH, in the Clerk's Office in the Eastern District Court of Pennsylvania.

Andante Molto Espressione.

mf

mf for

mf Dolce.

mf Poco piu Espressione.

mf

Let others seek for empty joys, At ball, or concert, rout, or play, Whilst far from fashion's idle noise, Her

mf

pp

mf

pp

Rallentando.



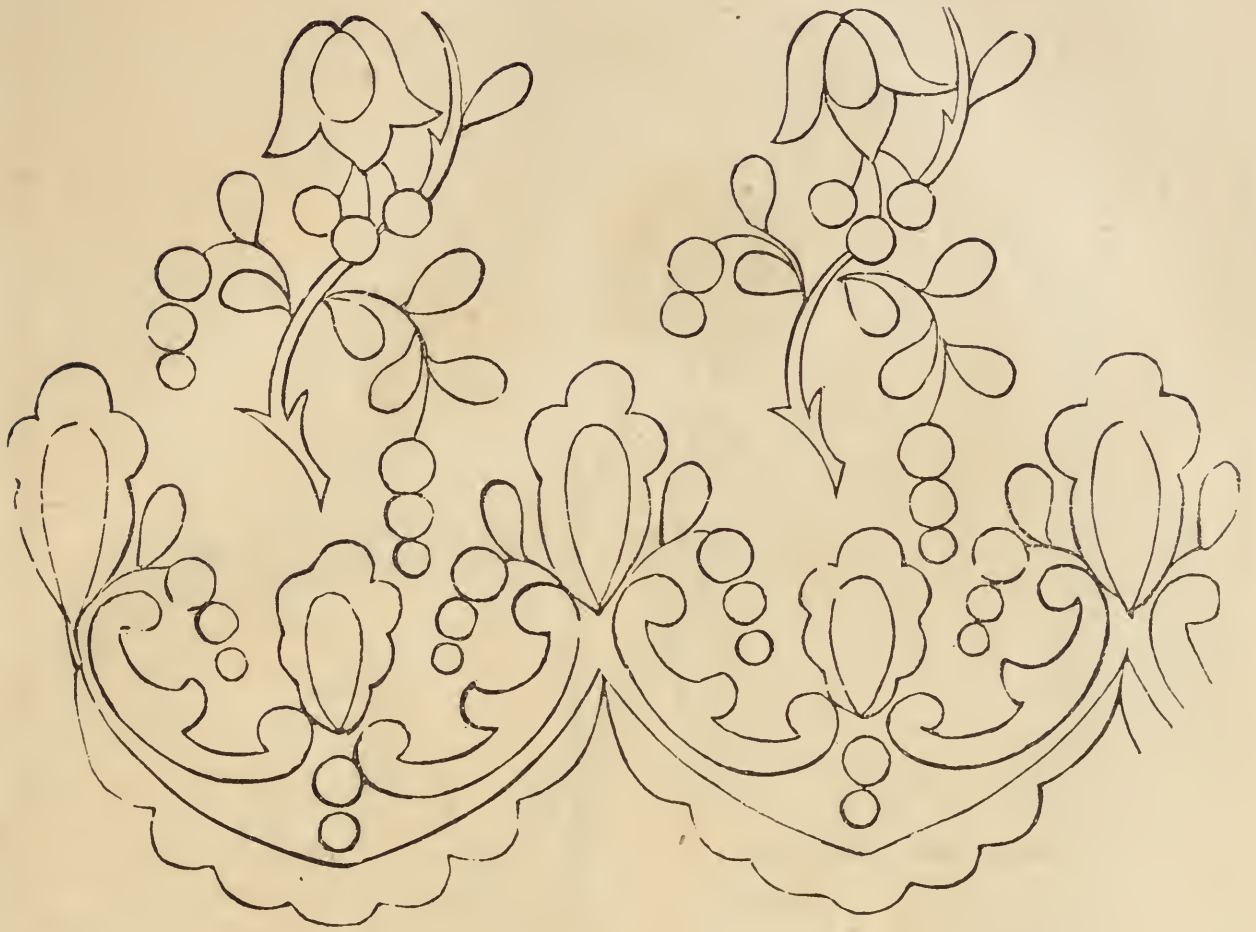
THE JOSEPHINE.

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

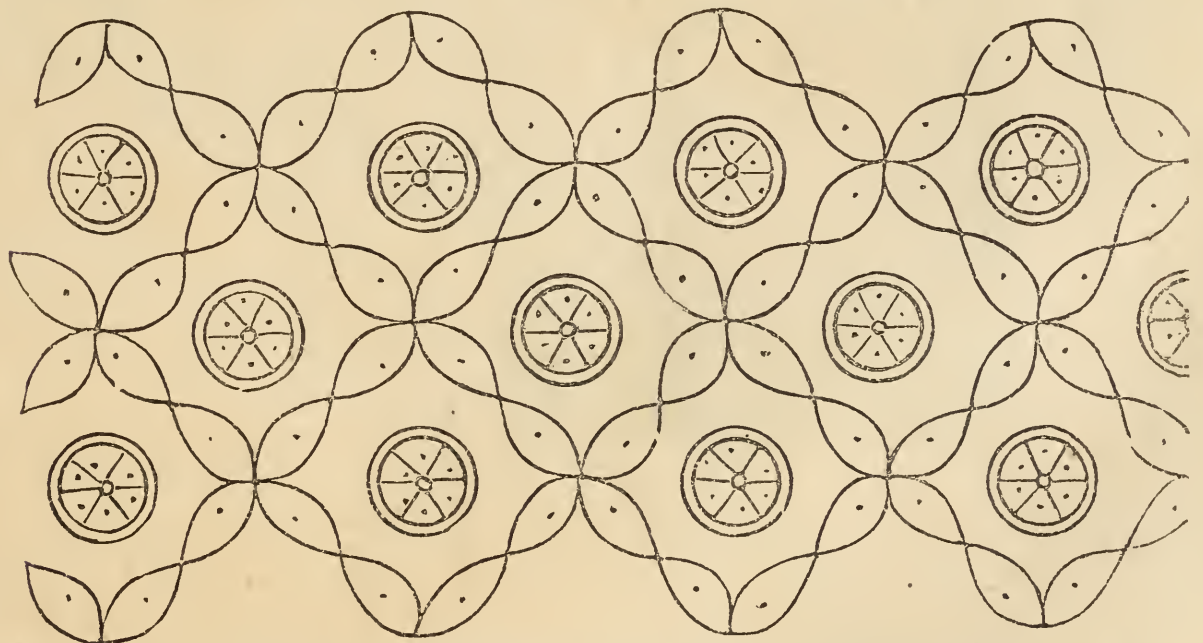
THIS truly elegant style of mantilla is as simple in construction as it is effective in appearance. It is shawl-shaped, just half a square, cut bias. It is three-quarters of a yard deep from the neck to the peak. The tabs are one yard each, measured from the middle of the neck to their termination. The neck is hollowed slightly, in order to cause it to lie gracefully upon the shoulders.

The materials are alternate bands of moire antique and tulle, black, with an ornament of black velvet ribbon running in parallel and cross directions with the main bands of the garment, forming checkers; these velvet stripes are arranged in groups of fours, with a neat fancy frog set in the centre of each checker. The seams uniting the tulle and moire antique are covered by a neat net trimming, matching in character the ornaments of the mantilla. A heavy fringe completes the trimming of this beautiful article.

EMBROIDERY FOR A FLANNEL SKIRT.

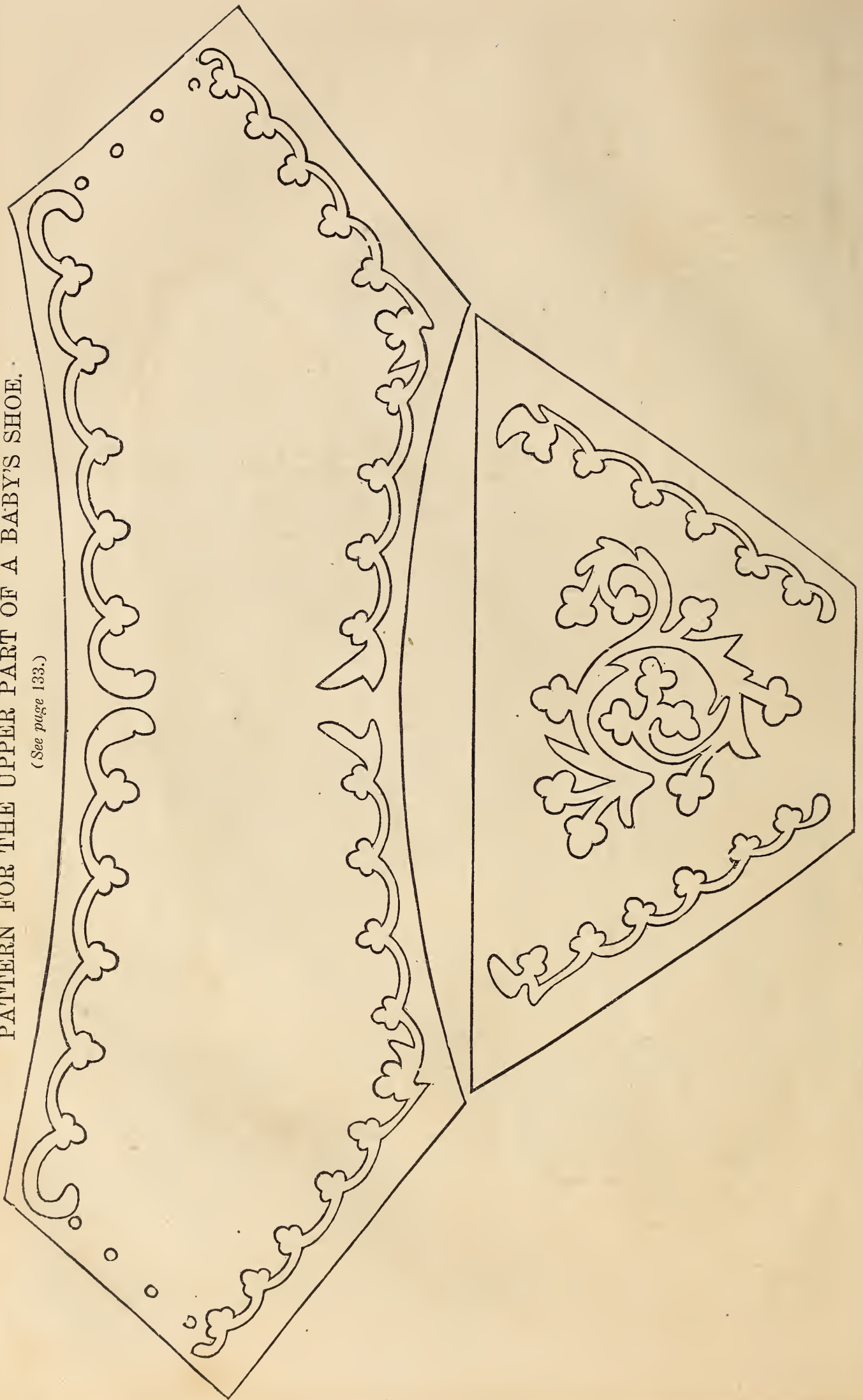


INSERTING FOR AN INFANT'S DRESS.

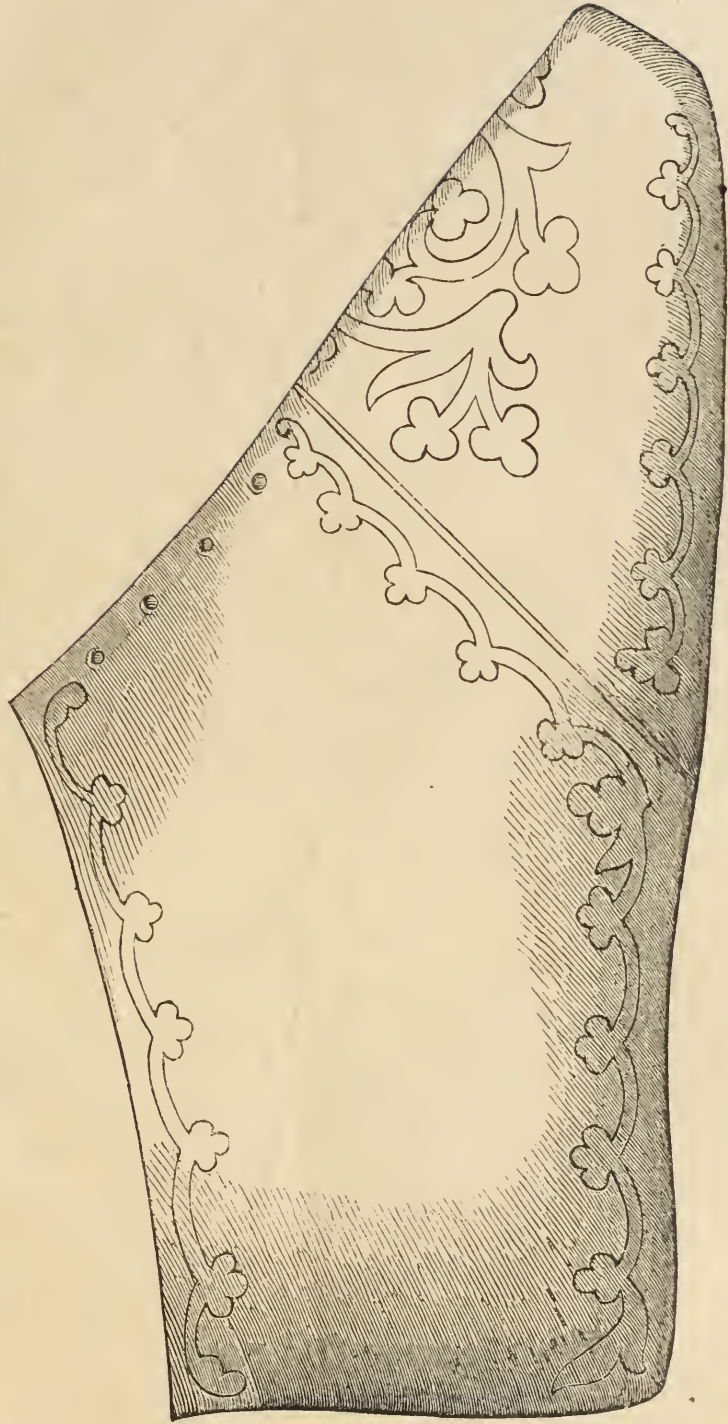


PATTERN FOR THE UPPER PART OF A BABY'S SHOE.

(See page 133.)



PATTERN OF THE SOLE.

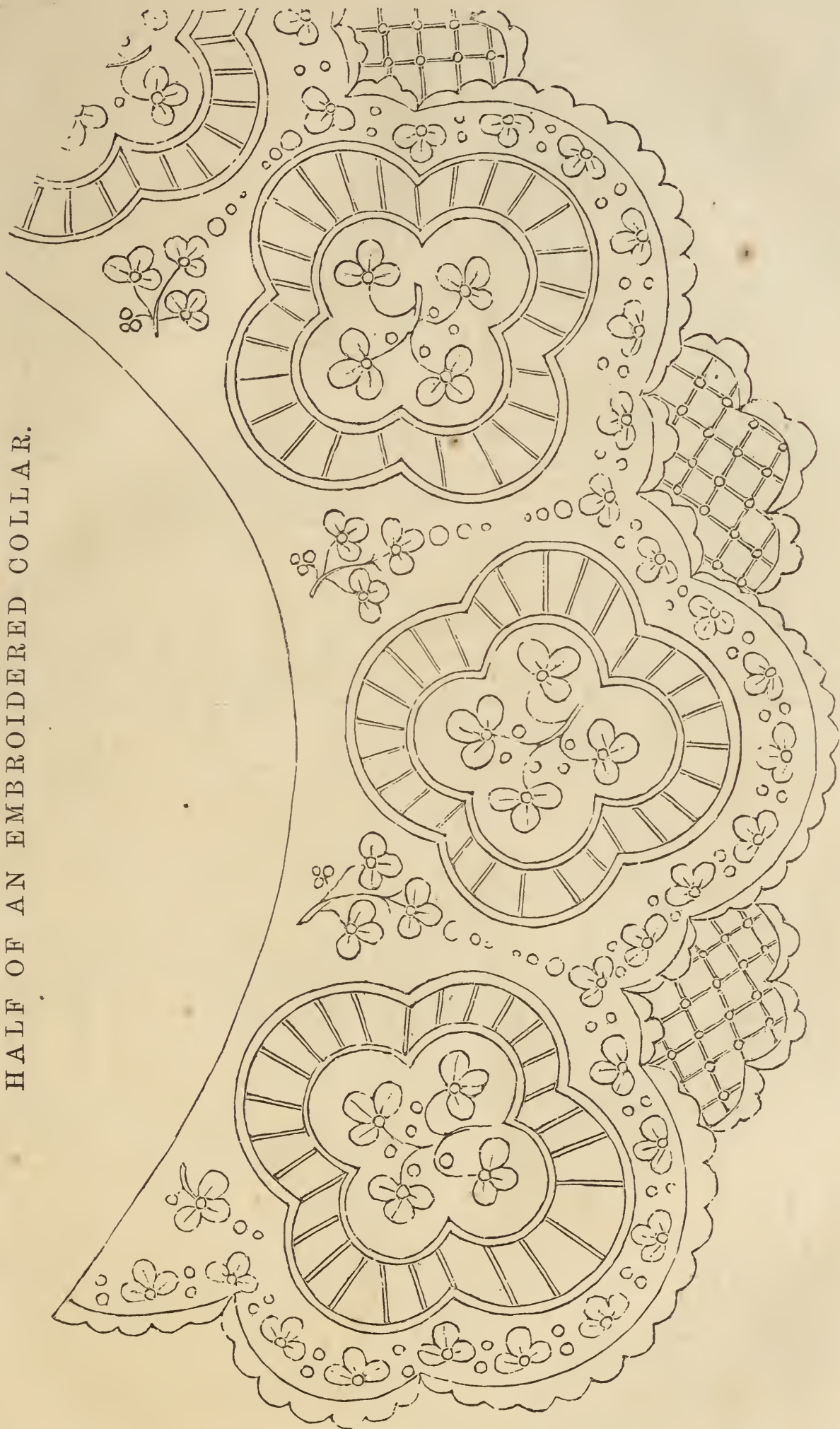


APPEARANCE OF SAME SHOE WHEN MADE UP.

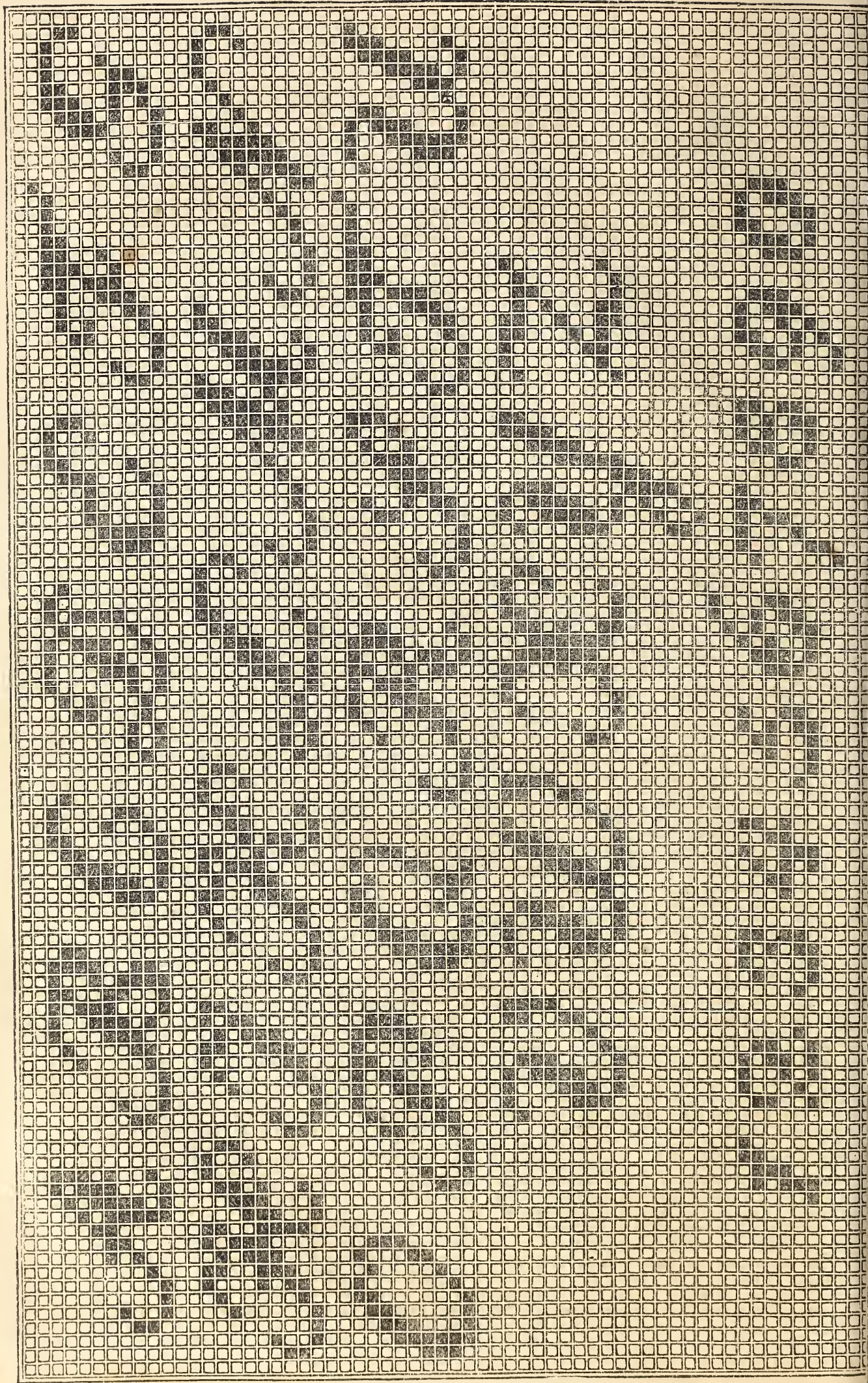


FOR THE BOSOM OF A CHILD'S DRESS.

HALF OF AN EMBROIDERED COLLAR.



CROCHET ALPHABET.



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1856.

THE ART AND MYSTERY OF MANAGING CANARIES.

BY JENNY FORRESTER.



HAVING drawn much pleasure and profit within the last two years from raising canaries, I wish very much to lay my experience before those who love birds, but have never owned them, in the hope of inducing others to follow my example. There is no occupation more interesting and light than the care of these little songsters; and the pleasure of watching their growth from the nest, until they gratify your ears by their first sweet song, fully repays one for the little trouble they may take during the

breeding season. And having said these few words by way of introduction, allow me now to lay my own experience before the reader.

I owned two most beautiful canaries, one French, one German, which sang sweetly, and often supplied by their music the absence of other company. Although I loved my pets, and delighted in their sweet song, the idea of pairing them never occurred to me until a cousin was kind enough to send me a beautiful hen canary, my little Nellie Bly. She was a beauty,

of the rare kind known as the cinnamon canary, and I looked forward to spring, and the prospect of pairing her with Cherry, my German bird, with very pleasant anticipations. On St. Valentine's day (I'm an old maid, and have a great regard for the idea of pairing birds, and writing poetry on this day) I placed my two birds together in a large breeding cage, gave them a basket to build a nest in, and some deer's hair and cotton wool for building materials. Besides their seed, I placed in the cage a saucer of food, which they require while building and sitting. It is made by taking one tablespoonful of Indian meal, one of oatmeal, one of grated wheat bread, and one hard boiled egg, grated very fine; these should be moistened with hot water stirred well together, and, when cold, a little mawseed sprinkled in. I gave this to my birds twice a day, taking care that it was always fresh. I spread sand on the floor of the cage, placed a piece of mortar, which is very necessary, in it, and patiently awaited the result. One week after I paired them, Nellie had built her nest and laid one egg; I took this away, leaving an ivory one in its place; the next morning she had another, which I also removed, and she laid every morning until I had six eggs; one morning there was none, so I knew she had done. It was then necessary to give the cage a thorough cleaning, as it must not be moved while the hen is sitting; this done, the floor thickly covered with sand, to prevent the young birds from receiving any injury should they fall from the nest, I placed her six eggs carefully in the basket, and hung up the cage. Cherry warbled his thanks, and Nellie, when she had turned over every egg and inspected it carefully, sat down upon her nest, and peeped over the edge of the basket with her bright black eye, to be sure that I did not intend to remove her property again. After sitting two weeks, during which time I gave her the food before mentioned and fresh water every morning, without disturbing the cage, one morning a *peeping* in the nest announced that the eggs were broken. One little bird was out. In the course of the day two more came out, and the next morning a fourth; the two other eggs were not hatched. I was very glad to be able to remove them for a time to another cage, and clean out their own, which was somewhat the worse for a fortnight's constant use. I now changed their food, giving them the grated egg mixed with finely grated cracker, as the other mixture is too strong for the young birds. My little family flourished, and in three weeks began to feed themselves, and Nellie retouched her nest, turned them out

into a box lined with cotton wool I placed in the cage, and laid another egg, Cherry, like a kind father, taking care of the little family. The second brood were more unfortunate than the first; Nellie tore their feathers off when they were but ten days old, to trim her nest with, and I was obliged to remove them, three poor little unfledged shivering things, from their unnatural parent. My regard for Nellie fell twenty per cent. after this proceeding. My little birds required much care. I was obliged to raise them by hand, feeding them every three hours with egg and cracker, which I administered in homœopathic doses on the sharpened end of a quill; the little things opened their mouths so wide, and ate so eagerly, that the most unenlightened novice in bird feeding could not fail to put the food in the right place. Nellie had still a third brood, and my other bird whom my sister facetiously calls *Johnny Lind*, and whom I paired with a new hen, Fanny Fern, in the early part of March, had four broods in the course of the spring, so that, in June, my stock of birds numbered nineteen instead of four, the number I began with. Four of my young birds died while moulting, in the summer, and of the eleven left I had seven fine singers. I derived much gratification during the winter in bestowing some of the singers on my less fortunate friends. A dear friend presented me with a fine German canary, during the summer, to teach my little birds to sing, and he was christened the Herr Professor Von Lingerlicht, called, for short, Professor. This spring I resolved to try again, and mated Nellie with the Professor, Fanny with Cherry. Nellie behaved with perfect propriety, and I have now three birds a month old, and three who made their first appearance in any cage this morning. Fanny gave me some trouble. For three weeks, although supplied with plenty of materials, she refused to build, and occupied her time in quietly demolishing every nest I made for her, and in matrimonial discussions with Cherry, which usually ended in a "free fight," and Cherry generally was badly hen-pecked, and sat looking very disconsolate on the floor of the cage. Suddenly, without any apparent cause, unless she was influenced by Nellie's example, Fanny reformed, built her nest, ceased abusing Cherry, laid four eggs, hatched three, and behaved herself very well, leaving off her former freaks, which I attribute entirely to her name. And now I wish to mention a very mournful and mysterious occurrence. One morning, when I lifted down Fanny's cage, I missed one of the young birds. I looked carefully into the nest, searched the cage, looked on the floor, inquired

of all the members of the family, and could neither hear of nor see the lost bird, and to this day I am entirely in the dark as to its fate. Whether it fell from the nest, got out between the bars, fell on the floor and was swept away, or whether, as my sister unfeelingly suggests, it was swallowed by one of the old birds, whether it "dissolved itself into air" *à la* Hamlet, or its "too solid flesh melted" and ran out in grease from the nest, whether it flew away

(being only three days old, and totally blind, I think this improbable), or was totally annihilated in some mysterious manner, I am unable to say. We have no cat, or I could imagine that it disappeared in that way. As it is, I am entirely in the dark, and if any one will explain where that bird can have gone, or give any clue to his fate, he shall have two cents reward and the thanks of the writer.

THE CHOICE.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

"She that would raise a noble love must find
Ways to beget a passion for her mind.
She must be that which she to the world would seem."

BUCKINGHAM.

"AND so, James, you have decidedly made up your mind to leave this comfortable home, and live in a boarding-house." And the speaker, a richly-dressed, important-looking lady, glanced round on the two large drawing-rooms—filled with every article that could conduce to the luxurious ease and enjoyment of its occupants—with an expression of wonder and disapprobation at the want of judgment her brother showed in coming to such a determination.

"Yes, Mary, decidedly," was the answer, in a very emphatic tone. And, after a moment's silence, he added, as if he wished to soothe his indignant sister: "If you could realize, Mary, how lonely and desolate I have been here since my mother's death"—there was another slight pause, while a change of expression passed over his face, as though at the mention of that name, so carefully avoided until then, a sharp pang had shot through his heart; then he continued—"you would not blame me, I think, for feeling that some change is necessary. It has been my intention for some time to go to Europe for a few years; but I find that the business connected with the settling of the estate will keep me here a year longer, at least, and, if I wish to retain my health, either in mind or body, I must not pass that time in solitude, and with so many objects around me to recall sad thoughts and recollections."

"You can come to my house, James," said his sister. "We will do our utmost to prevent you from feeling lonely or indulging in melancholy thoughts."

A smile played for a moment around Mr. Ross's mouth and eyes, and lighted up his face

with a gleam of quiet humor and amusement as he thought of his sister's home with her seven unruly children, and her troops of visitors, most of them, like herself, middle-aged portly dames, crossed his mind, but he answered, gravely—"You are very kind, Mary. I suppose I should have but little opportunity for reflection there; but I think I should prefer a more independent mode of life; besides, it is too late now to speak of it, for I have already engaged my rooms."

"I am sure you could be as independent in your own sister's house as anywhere." But, observing a firm compression about her brother's lips, which marked a resolution so fixed that all arguing against it was useless, Mrs. Stanton was silent for a moment, and then burst forth with renewed energy—"James, I am sure you are going to make a fool of yourself and get married."

Again the same half smile passed over his face as he said: "I am sorry, my dear sister, to hear you speak of that 'holy estate' with such contempt; but, as yours are the words of experience, I certainly ought to listen to them."

"Nonsense, James; it is a very different thing. I was only nineteen when I was married—a very suitable age. But, at your time of life, one ought to be thinking of other things."

"My time of life!" exclaimed Mr. Ross, with a great show of indignation. "Am I threescore years and ten?"

"No; but you are forty," said Mrs. Stanton, with the more decision that she felt she was making a wrong statement.

"Thirty-five years and four months, if the family Bible tells the truth," said Mr. Ross.

"But you are gray," said Mrs. Stanton, with an emphasis that seemed to say that that circumstance alone was enough to put a stop to any matrimonial designs.

"True; though I flatter myself it would take

a very close observer to perceive the fact. When the gray hairs begin to come not singly, as now, but in battalions, I will apply to you as my older sister and best adviser to know what you think of 'Twiggs,' or whether you would not advise the 'Wahpene.'"

"I wish you would ever speak seriously for ten minutes," said Mrs. Stanton, in a pettish, ill-used tone. And the worldly, fashionable woman, from whose whole person and demeanor there emanated an air of bustling energy and self-consequence, looked reprovingly upon her brother, from whose calm pale face the brooding shadow of thoughts, too deep for words, was rarely lifted.

"Dear Mary," replied he, in a voice of almost caressing kindness, for she was his only near relative, and, though they differed so essentially, yet there was an affection between the brother and sister stronger than is often seen after the separation from the paternal home has taken place, "I will speak seriously. I have been thinking lately that it would be better for me to be married, to have, while I live, more of an interest in this life; and, though I can never expect to find one who will be to me what Isabel would have been, and, though the fifteen years that have passed since her death have only rendered her memory dearer and more sacred to me, still I feel now a strong desire for the love and companionship of the living. Perhaps, if Isabel had been my wife, I should feel that my whole life should have been devoted to her memory."

"A remarkable widower you would have been," interrupted Mrs. Stanton. "Well, brother," continued she, "I do not think there is much use in my talking to you. You were the most obstinate boy, and are now the most determined man I ever knew. But promise me one thing—that you will take no important step without consulting me."

"Very well, Mary," said he, smiling; "I will promise to consult you if you will promise not to be offended if I prefer my own judgment to yours."

"It is well to yield to the inevitable with a good grace," said Mrs. Stanton, with a smile and look that bore some resemblance to her brother's; and, after a little more conversation, they parted—she to be driven to her elegant and luxurious home, full to overflowing with life and bustle; he to seek his own room in that solitary house, and to feel, as the last hushed sounds of the servant's footsteps died away, how truly desolate the rich and envied Mr. Ross was left.

On the first Saturday after his settlement in his new lodgings, he went, as had always of late years been his habit, to pass the evening with his sister. He saw, at the first glance, that something was weighing heavily upon her mind. She began by asking him, "If he had found the benefit he anticipated from the change?"

"I hardly know yet," replied he. "I have not yet been able to make up my mind whether to be satisfied with it or not."

Mrs. Stanton was delighted with this admission.

"I have been making inquiries about the house you have selected," said she.

"Of course," thought Mr. Ross; but he did not utter his thoughts. The elder sister's privilege, which Mrs. Stanton always claimed and exercised with the same authority and vigilance that she did all her other prerogatives, had always been submitted to by Mr. Ross. Partly from habit and partly from affection, he allowed her the widest scope in criticizing and commenting on his actions, and even listened to all her advice in the most patient silence, merely reserving to himself the right of doing exactly what he had, from the first, intended to do.

He was curious to know what she had heard about the people with whom he found himself so intimately associated; but he was too masculine in his nature to suffer this curiosity to appear. He merely said, "Well," in a permissive, indifferent way, as though he knew she was anxious to tell him, and so he was willing to listen.

"I had known one of the young ladies in the house by sight for some time. She is always in the street or at the window. She is a light-haired girl with a baby face, such as I suppose you gentlemen would think very pretty"—with a quick, suspicious glance at her brother.

He thought her the most faultlessly beautiful creature in complexion, form, and feature that he had ever seen, not even excepting his early love. It was the sight of that very baby face at the window that had fixed his choice, wavering between two or three houses, on his present lodgings. But he merely said: "If you mean Miss West, she is certainly pretty."

"She has a face as devoid of expression, and a head as empty as any China doll's," said Mrs. Stanton, with angry emphasis.

"What do you know of Miss Caroline West's head?" asked Mr. Ross, smiling.

"Nothing but by report, of course, since I am happy to say she is not in our circle, and I hope never will be; but I have heard a great deal about her and her sister Sophy, one of the

greatest flirts in Philadelphia. They are second or third-rate girls both in manners and station. Of course, you, a Ross, would not think of them for a moment. Their grandfather was a blacksmith."

"He was!" exclaimed Mr. Ross; "then they are a step beneath us, for our grandfather, you know"—Here Mrs. Stanton winked.

"John, go to bed this instant," said she to one of her children who was lingering about the room, playing with a favorite dog. Wondering at the abrupt command, the boy obeyed in silence.

Unheeding the interruption, Mr. Ross continued—"Our grandfather, you know, was a tailor. If any one presumes to doubt the fact, or to hint that we are no better than the descendants of a blacksmith, I have fortunately his goose still up in our garret, which I can flourish in the face of any sneering leveller."

"James, how can you be so disagreeable?"

"Mary, do you remember the rainy day which we devoted to hunting among the treasures in the attic, long ago, when we were children, and our finding that venerable relic? how we wondered over its possible use, and at last came to the conclusion, from its massiveness and weight, that it must, in some mysterious way, have made part of a cannon? and how, when we were both bringing it down stairs to ask about it, we met our grandfather, who told us what it was, and also that, fifty years before, he had landed in Philadelphia with nothing in the world but that useful implement and the clothes he wore?"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Stanton, impatiently.

"And do you remember, also, that he made us promise never to be ashamed of our origin as long as we enjoyed the fruits of his industry and enterprise?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Stanton, more gently. "I don't know that I am really ashamed of it; but I would prefer that my children should be ignorant of the fact, which, of course, I cannot be expected to be proud of."

"Not ashamed of it, but would like it hushed up among your friends. Well, have you heard anything else about my new acquaintances?"

"Only that Laura Edwards is boarding in the same house; and I confess that troubled me more than both the Wests, for she is one of the most artful, intriguing girls I ever saw; the whole family are so, in some degree, but she surpasses them all."

"I thought she was a friend of yours. I have met her here several times."

"Oh, yes, she belongs to our set, and I am

obliged to ask her occasionally; but, nevertheless, I have no opinion of her, and should feel truly distressed if I thought there was any danger of her taking dear mother's place in the old house."

Mrs. Stanton had touched a tender chord in her brother's heart, who answered seriously: "There is no present danger of such an event, dear Mary, as I have not yet spoken to Miss Edwards."

He was a wise man, and knew when to hold his peace, so he did not disturb his sister by confessing that he had been so absorbed by his admiration of the exceeding beauty of Caroline West that he had observed little else. Mr. Ross was not a man of the world, naturally disinclined to general society. The early death of the one whom he had loved from his childhood had cast a shadow over the first years of his manhood, which time had never entirely dissipated. He had sought in books, and study, and the companionship of a few congenial associates for the occupation his mind required; and the affection and care he bestowed on an idolized mother had, in some measure, filled the yearning void of his heart. But that solicitude now taken from him by her death, he began to realize his loneliness.

Having once resolved to seek in a wife the companionship he needed, and his ideal opinion of women having been elevated rather than lowered by the high characters of the two whom he had most intimately known and loved—his mother and Isabel—it is no wonder that he looked on a beautiful face as being but the outward expression of a more beautiful spirit, and, with a too generous confidence, was ready to trust to the shadow without looking for the reality. It was well for him that his constitutional reserve and the shyness occasioned by his long seclusion from society stood him now in place of his habitual caution that seemed to have deserted him. This reverence for the delicacy and chariness of the affections which he considered a part of the nature of all true-hearted women, and his fear lest he might, by his impatience, injure his cause, withheld him, for some time, from a frank avowal of his feelings. He blessed afterwards the delay which, at the time, had seemed so hard for him to bear.

Yet if, like Pericles, he had shown his Aspasia, any *man* would have considered her an ample excuse for any folly. For a lovelier specimen of blonde, blooming, Hebe-like beauty than Caroline West afforded, could hardly be found. With rounded, regular features, a brilliant and yet softly shaded complexion of the

purest pink and white ; soft blue eyes, and fair hair, whose silken abundance was sometimes allowed to lie in its natural waves over her small head, and to be gathered up in a careless knot behind, but which, at other times, fell around her neck in graceful curls. She possessed a beautifully developed form, and a hand and foot a sculptor might have desired for a model. She had not a sweet voice, and she neither moved nor walked well ; but who would regard slight imperfections when the whole person was so lovely ?

Mr. Ross did not need to seek opportunities for the more intimate acquaintance with her the first sight of her face had made him so much desire. The large front window in the public drawing-room was her favorite haunt. There would he leave her when, after a little chat, after breakfast, drawn out, as he thought, to the utmost length propriety would sanction, he would bid her good-morning, and go to attend to the business that was pressing upon him, and from it her sweet face was almost sure to smile a welcome on him as he returned to dinner. If she happened not to be in her usual place, a little patient waiting would generally be rewarded by seeing her come in from her morning walk, exquisitely dressed, and generally attended, much to Mr. Ross's discomfiture, by some dainty strippling hardly older than herself, who acted the gallant with a degree of earnest, serious, painstaking that showed he considered it worthy of the devotion of his "whole mind to it."

There was no rival to be outdone, which gratified Mr. Ross as much as the character of those that fluttered around Caroline West annoyed him. They were all, without exception, from that class of idle, vacant-minded fops that are always found on the outskirts of fashionable society ; and the sillier they were, the more they seemed to please, or, to speak more accurately, the more Miss West giggled with admiring glée while she listened to their disjointed chat.

"She is very young ; she will learn more discrimination in a few years," thought Mr. Ross, and the idea of forming her mind gave him a thrill of pleasure. He tried, for some time, in various ways, to interest and draw out those higher faculties of the mind and heart which, though he had never yet perceived, he was sure so lovely a being must possess. She bore his experiments with great good nature, because she really liked him for admiring her, and, with all her ignorance about many things, she knew enough of the value of wealth and position to have been very willing to have become Mrs. Ross, although she did wonder in her heart

"what that dry old bachelor meant by asking her all those queer questions?"

"Do you like to read?" he asked her, one day, hoping to discover, by her answer, some peculiar preference she had among books.

"No ; sister Sophy does ; she reads two or three novels a week ; but then she skips a great deal, and I never know what to skip ; if I begin, I have to read a book straight through, scenery and all, and that is very tiresome. Mamma does not like to see me reading ; she says it will spoil my eyes. I have not much time either."

The excuses were unanswerable, and Mr. Ross said no more about reading. After repeated efforts and failures, the conviction at last forced itself on his mind that if he wished really to interest Miss West he must pay her pretty compliments, praise her dress, and never, for one moment, allow his mind to stray from the lovely but vacant form before him. He was enough in love to yield, for a little while, to her insatiable appetite for flattery. To see her face lighted up with a glow of pleasure as she listened to him, he was willing to imitate the inane and foolish conversation of her favorite attendants. But not long could even the beauty of Aphrodite have reconciled to such a degrading compliance a mind like that of Mr. Ross—not only strong and deep, but also delicate and sensitive, requiring companionship and sympathy in its higher as well as in its lower nature.

The chains by which his Armida had kept him so long bound dropped off, seemingly, of their own accord, and Mr. Ross found himself a free man again without a conscious effort of his own. By the end of a few months, Caroline West became to him hardly what an exquisitely painted picture would have been, and his only feelings towards her were those of complaisant kindness which a pretty woman always excites, together with a sort of contemptuous pity and indulgence for her weakness and folly.

"Many a heart is caught in the rebound," and Sophy West, Caroline's gay butterfly of a sister, proved her successful rival. She at least could talk, in fact she was something of a rattle. Full of life and vivacity, she laughed, sang, danced, and chatted from morning till night. Mr. Ross began by being amused by her sprightliness. She had the rare faculty of adapting herself to the one with whom she was conversing, so that, while her tongue seemed to be running on with unrestrained license, she, with unerring tact, refrained from wounding or offending in the slightest degree the self-love of her listener. Her conversation, always amusing from its animation, showed occasional flashes of

wit and good sense which made Mr. Ross think her capable of much better things; and if now and then there was a gleam of hard, shrewd worldliness, he ascribed it rather to her education than her disposition.

Her greatest fault, in Mr. Ross's eyes, was the number of admirers by whom she was always surrounded. She never seemed quite content if she had less than three or four to laugh at and enjoy her sallies. But latterly, he could not help observing that the brilliant little Sophy had seemed more inclined to listen to him and to defer to his opinion than to any of the others by whom her notice was sought. And he had begun to think how it would brighten up his grand old house if such a merry glancing little thing were to make it her home. There could be no indulging in sad thoughts where there was such an inmate. He had more than half made up his mind to yield to the enchantment that each day became stronger, when one evening his sister greeted him, on his entrance in her drawing-room, with "Well, James, I suppose you have come to receive our congratulations?" and there was a mischievous sparkle in her eye as she spoke.

"How? For what?"

"Your marriage, of course, to Miss Sophy West. You need not deny it. I have it from the best authority. It is all but settled."

"What authority?"

"The young lady herself. She told Mrs. Canfield, a friend of hers and an acquaintance of mine, that you were addressing her, and that she had not yet decided what she should do; but, as she could hardly expect to receive an offer more eligible in every way, she thought, although you were a good deal older than herself, that it was her duty to accept it. And poor Sophy looked quite like a martyr as she said it, I assure you. I happened to be sitting behind them at a party, and overheard the confidential disclosure."

"I am not engaged to her at present," said Mr. Ross. "When I am, I will let you know in time to offer your congratulations."

And Mrs. Stanton, seeing that he was a little annoyed, and satisfied with the effect her communication would produce, graciously changed the conversation.

"Here endeth fit the second," thought he, as he walked homeward, half ashamed at the facility with which he had been about to yield up a heart hitherto so jealously guarded. His self-love was wounded at the discovery that, while he was accepting the open preference Sophy West showed for him as the frank and guileless

expression of a childlike nature, she was regarding him in the light of a good speculation.

For some weeks he shunned the parlors, and had almost reverted to the hermit life he had formerly led. But a rich bachelor in a boarding-house is not allowed so easily to wrap the mantle of his own thoughts around him.

Seeing that the path was clear, Laura Edwards, who had always avoided the daily gathering in the drawing-rooms, and the general mingling of the society in the house, now meeting him in the halls or on the staircase, would stop him with her gracious salutation and winning smile, and beguile him into a few minutes' chat. Then she gradually fell into the habit of asking him to act as her escort, if she found, as she often did, some visit or errand that must be attended to in the evening. Almost before Mr. Ross was aware of it, Laura Edwards had contrived to insinuate herself into his daily and hourly thoughts, if not into his heart and confidence.

With more intellect than either Sophy or Caroline West, Miss Edwards possessed a grace and charm of manner that stood her well in the place of beauty. She could talk with Mr. Ross about the books he had been reading in an appreciative manner, that was a great attraction to him whose life had been passed mostly in a library. She quoted poetry with an accent, and, when it treated of concealed love, a sort of implied application, that, at times, somewhat perplexed him. He was not vain enough to think that she intended him to take the meaning of those verses to himself, yet it seemed almost as though she did. If he had been asked in a moment of calm reflection whether he approved of Miss Edwards's conduct, his reply would have been a decided negative; but her fascinating charm of manner threw a sort of glamour over all that she did, and bewildered his better judgment.

But for an unexpected rencontre, Mrs. Stanton's fears might have proved true, and Laura Edwards might have taken her mother's place. Walking far out into the country, one pleasant morning in early spring, through a narrow winding lane, at one of the abrupt turnings, Mr. Ross found himself standing face to face to Laura Edwards and Signor Banelli, one of the singers in an Italian operatic company, that had lately been imported by some enterprising manager into this country. To bow and pass on was all that was left for either party to do; but of course Laura Edwards knew that all further attempt on the heart of Mr. Ross was useless; while he was almost ready to echo Solomon's

lamentation on the difficulty of finding a true-hearted woman. But, for the "mighty hunger of his heart," "the strong necessity for loving," he would have followed his sister's advice, and settled down at once into a regular old bachelor. He did not feel quite prepared yet for that consummation; and, when summer came, he sought Newport and Saratoga, hoping that, among the thronging crowds there, he might find at least one who would be a realization in some sort of his *beau-idéal*. But he looked in vain. All the quiet household virtues of which woman was to him the embodiment seemed to be cast aside as unbefitting the fashionable lady. To talk with as little sense as possible, to laugh, to dance, and above all to flirt, was the main object of the summer lives of those by whom he found himself surrounded. And when in the midst of the season he was summoned to the city on account of the illness of his brother-in-law, but for the cause, he would have felt the summons a relief.

It was in the very heat of the summer that Mr. Ross returned to the city, and a Philadelphia summer is not to be lightly encountered. He passed the greater part of the day at Mrs. Stanton's; but he found that even in the evening his rooms, exposed as they were to the influence of the direct rays of the sun, were almost unendurable. He was glad to accept his landlady's offer, and take up his night-quarters for a few weeks in a part of the house more protected from the heat.

During the night he was awakened by a low sweet melody. He recognized the air as one that he had often, in his childhood, heard from his mother's lips. He sat up, and listened. The curtain was put back and the window raised that no breath of air might be lost. The moonlight came streaming into the room, and with it those sounds so tender, soft, and exquisitely mournful, that a more excitable person could hardly have been blamed for attributing them to some spiritual being. But not so did Mr. Ross. Though every fibre of his heart thrilled while he listened, he thought, "Some mother is singing to her sick child." But as long as the sounds were heard, he found sleep impossible.

The same thing occurred for several nights in succession; and, at last, Mr. Ross began to feel some curiosity about the singer. His room overlooked a small court, the houses in which were better built, and indicated a higher class of inmates than is generally found in such places. These he examined closely, but could see nothing that might lead him to the discovery of the object of his investigations.

One evening, returning from Mrs. Stanton's later than usual, as he opened his door, the music of the same voice rose on his ear. Before obtaining a light, he went hastily to the window, and looked out. In one of the small houses in the alley, nearly opposite to his room, at an open casement, were two persons. Mr. Ross could see them distinctly—a young girl standing supporting on her shoulder the head of a boy, while, singing to him and fanning him occasionally, she seemed trying to mitigate, as far as she could, his evident suffering. In the midst of the darkness of the night, the light in the room fell over and around them in such a way that it gave to them a radiant, unearthly look. She seemed like an angel sent to comfort and strengthen a martyr in his agony.

Mr. Ross gazed on the scene till both the actors in it disappeared; and early the next morning his eye sought the same window. It was somewhat hidden from his view by a projecting corner of the house, which accounted for his not having observed it before. Sitting close by it was the same female form, no longer an angel, but a mortal woman bending low over her needle, which she plied with unremitting industry. He left her there when he went to his breakfast; he found her there when he returned at dinner; and at night he saw the same touching picture of tender care for the suffering that he had looked upon the evening before.

And this same monotonous life of wearying toil and endurance went on through the whole hot summer. Mr. Ross had never been more deeply interested in any one than he was in these two people, who were at once so near and so far from him. He felt the most intense curiosity to learn who they were, and yet he shrank, he hardly knew why, from betraying his interest. Meantime, his brother-in-law had died, and, in consoling and assisting his sister, Mr. Ross found himself fully occupied.

Cooler nights came, and, with reluctance, Mr. Ross closed his window, shutting out the evening hymn, to listen to which had lately been one of his greatest pleasures. He could still watch, however, the bent head with its soft dark hair smoothly laid back from the open brow, and the ever busy fingers that seemed no more to be conscious of fatigue than if they had been machines. How he longed to pour some of his superfluous abundance into those patiently toiling hands!

He was trying one day to devise some means by which this might be done, when he heard a knock at his door. Opening it, he saw before him the object of his thoughts.

"I have brought six of those shirts Mrs. Bacon engaged me to make for you. Mr. Ross, I believe?" said she, with quiet self-possession.

"Yes," said he, remembering having given his landlady a commission to that effect some time before, on her telling him that there was a seamstress in whom she was much interested.

"When would you like the others?" asked she, after receiving the money due to her.

"It is immaterial to me," said he, feeling as if he were in a dream.

"Will next week do?" she continued. "I would try and bring them before, but my time is a good deal occupied with a sick brother."

"Perfectly well," replied Mr. Ross, and with a slight inclination she departed.

He almost felt as though he had seen a vision; but there lay the shirts, a substantial token of her reality, more neatly stitched and finished, Mr. Ross thought, than shirts ever had been before. And it was with them that she had been so busy for the last few days, while he had been wondering how she could endure it. He did not like to think of it.

His landlady, whom he questioned, told him the main facts of her history as far as she knew it. Her name was Margaret Heyward. Her father was an Englishman and a physician, who had come over here with his young wife to reside. He died before he had had time to establish himself in practice, leaving his wife almost destitute with two young children, and one of them, Eugene, a hopeless invalid. Mrs. Heyward opened a little trimming-store, by which she obtained a scanty support, and was even able to lay by a small sum for her poor boy. But she had died six years before, when Margaret, the elder of the children, was sixteen, and since then she had been obliged, not only to nurse her brother, but to labor beyond her strength for their mutual support.

Though the story of such self-devotion and uncomplaining endurance would have touched Mr. Ross at any time, yet the lovely countenance and the expression peculiarly sweet and noble of Margaret Heyward contributed, in no slight degree, to enhance the impression she had made. With no other wish at first than to lighten, in some measure, the heavy burden she had borne so long, with such unconscious patience and unselfishness, Mr. Ross sought to win his way into her acquaintance and confidence. This he found a harder task than he had anticipated. Whenever he addressed her on any subject unconnected with the business that had brought them together, there was a reserve and coldness came over her that was

almost repelling. His offer to lend her brother books was, however, accepted with gratitude, as, she said, reading was Eugene's almost sole pleasure; and she found it very difficult to obtain for him such books as he liked. When he ventured to hint that he would be glad to give any further assistance that might be in his power, his offer was declined with prompt decision, while the deep flush that rose to the cheek and a quick and almost haughty turn of the head showed Mr. Ross, whose nature was as sensitive as her own, that he had gone too far.

Eugene sent once for a book which Mr. Ross had suggested that he might like to read. But, on looking for it, he discovered that it was in the library at his own house. He promised Margaret he would obtain it for her as soon as possible; and, glad of the excuse, he went himself that very evening to carry it. He was directed to Eugene's room, the same one at the window of which he had seen Margaret so constantly seated. She was now sewing by the light of one poor lamp; while her brother, propped up in a bed in one corner of the room, was watching her with anxious affection.

Margaret greeted Mr. Ross with her usual composure, mentioned his name to her brother, and, when she found that he accepted the coldly offered seat, and evidently intended to remain a little while, she said she would take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded her, and carry home some work, which a dislike to leave Eugene alone in the evening, when he was never so well as in the morning, had hitherto prevented her from doing.

She could not have done a more politic thing if worldly prudence, instead of a high feeling of propriety, had dictated her movements. Eugene, whose heart was touched by Mr. Ross's kindness and interest in the orphans, left thus stranded by the tide of misfortune on the cold shore of the world, spoke to him, with the confiding simplicity seen so often in habitual invalids, of their poverty, of the constant labor to which, for the last six years, his sister had been doomed, and from which there was no prospect of her ever being released; of her tenderness and devotion to him; but, when he spoke of that, his voice faltered and his eyes filled with tears.

"It is impossible," he said, "for me to tell what a sister Margaret has been to me."

Mr. Ross observed a degree of refinement in his voice and language which could not fail to impress any one, and he asked him about his early life.

"My father died," Eugene replied, "when I

was eight and Margaret ten. Until then we had every advantage which the children of a gentleman in limited circumstances usually enjoy. After that our life was a different one; but while our mother lived she taught us as much as she could in the intervals of her business, and since her death we have lived in almost entire seclusion. We have one friend still left, a Quaker lady, Mrs. Barker, who was a patient of my father's during his life, and who has been unremittingly kind to us since his death."

By the time that Margaret returned she found Mr. Ross and Eugene conversing as if they had been acquainted for months instead of moments. She seated herself quietly at her work again, from which she did not raise her eyes until she was called upon to return his "good-night" as Mr. Ross left the room.

It was many months before the ice that pride, or rather true self-respect and custom, had formed around Margaret's heart, was allowed to give way before the constant and delicate kindness and sympathy Mr. Ross showed in a thousand ways. But it did yield at last, and when she began to allow her feelings full expression, and to show herself as she was, he was surprised at the transformation. He saw no longer a composed, thoughtful, self-reliant woman, but an ardent, enthusiastic being, with feelings and sympathies quickly moved by anything touching or impassioned, and with, at times, a merry and quaint kind of wisdom that showed a strong as well as a bright nature.

Towards the spring Eugene began to fail, and it became evident that the frame so long tortured by disease had at last lost its power of resistance. He died when the chilling winds of March came, but his death-bed was rendered happier and calmer by the assurance that he left his sister to the care and love of one whom he had learned to regard already as a brother.

After Eugene's death, Mrs. Barker, informed of Margaret's prospects, took her to her home to remain with her until Mr. Ross had prepared his own home and family for her reception. As a first step, after informing his sister of his engagement to a Miss Margaret Heyward, at present residing in the family of Mrs. Barker in Arch Street, he refused to gratify her curiosity as to any further particulars until she had seen the lady herself.

To this request Mrs. Stanton yielded, at last, saying, "How in the world did you become acquainted with Mrs. Barker? A very respectable old lady, to be sure, and belonging to one of our oldest families, but so entirely out of our set."

After Mrs. Stanton had made the visit, during

which Margaret felt that she was undergoing a close and severe scrutiny which it required all her fortitude to endure, she announced the result of her observations to her brother with her usual air of superior judgment and authority.

"Miss Heyward will do. She is entirely wanting in style—in air; but she is fine-looking and dignified, and her manners are pleasing. Now tell me who she is."

"Not knowing exactly what you mean by style and air, since you allow that she is dignified and attractive, I am satisfied. Her father was a physician."

"A very respectable profession," said Mrs. Stanton, approvingly.

"He died and left his family quite poor—"

"Oh, and Mrs. Barker adopted Margaret!" interrupted Mrs. Stanton.

"No; her mother opened a small trimming-store."

"James!"

"And," continued Mr. Ross, anxious to have the worst over at once, "since her mother's death, six years ago, Margaret has supported herself and a brother, who died a few weeks ago, by her needle."

"James, a seamstress! A Ross marry a seamstress!"

"My dear sister, what could be more suitable? You forget that ancestral implement of ours."

"I will never consent to such a degrading alliance. My duty to my mother and her family forbids it."

There was an emphasis on "my mother and her family" which showed that Mrs. Stanton considered that a strong point; and, in truth, Mrs. Ross had been an aristocrat by birth and nature. But she inherited the foible along with her gracious and courteous manners, and generous, high-toned feelings, that prevented it from ever obtruding itself unpleasantly on any one's notice. The words "our set," "our circle," were as strange to her lips as the sentiment they conveyed was to her nature.

Mr. Ross answered, with provoking composure: "If my mother's family allowed her to marry a tailor's son—"

Mrs. Stanton started with impatience. That was a fact she could not hear alluded to and retain her coolness.

"If you were not the best brother in the world, James, I would not bear this."

"But since I am?" said he.

"Since you are, you may marry whom you please, and do what you please, for there is no use in trying to oppose you."

"And you will come to my wedding, Mary?"

Mrs. Stanton had a resolute negative on her lips, but she caught, through her brother's assumed indifference, an anxious, wistful glance of the eye, that reminded her of their childish days when he was pleading for something on which his heart was set, and she could not resist it.

"I will come," said she, "but I would do as much for no one else, not even one of my own children. And, by the way, I hope they will know nothing of the particulars. It will be a very bad example for them. We can speak only of her being the daughter of Doctor Hey-

ward, and ignore the rest. Of all things, *mésalliances* are my aversion."

"But there is no *mésalliance* in this case, I insist upon it."

"And, James," said Mrs. Stanton, not deigning to notice her brother's remark, "if I do so much for your sake, I think I have a right to have a slight favor granted in return."

"What is it?" asked he.

"That you will never again allude to that—" Mrs. Stanton hesitated.

"That heirloom in our family. Well, we will bury it in silence, though I think it has done me more service than it did our grandfather."

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XXV.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (*Continued.*)

THE rules which have been thus far given will enable the student, in most ordinary cases that occur, to give correct representations of objects and their shadows. They are, however, most applicable to those classes of subjects which depend for their effect on the exact fidelity with which their straight lines and plane surfaces are portrayed, which must therefore be drawn by strict rule. Of this kind are exterior and interior views of buildings, street scenes, and the like. Architectural drawings are in most cases intended to be faithful representations of new buildings; their lines and angles must therefore be shown with great exactness. But this is inadmissible in landscape drawing, as it would communicate to natural scenery a stiffness and sharpness of outline which do not exist in the scene itself. In many drawings, even of buildings, truth to nature requires the artist to present them more or less worn and dilapidated by the effect of time, which destroys the sharpness of their angles, breaks up the straightness of their lines, and gives them that irregularity and rusticity which are essential properties of that quality called the *picturesque*. But even with scenes and objects such as these, perspective rules must not be violated; the general outlines must be consistent with those rules, into whatever deviations from strict right lines they may be thrown.

It is not expected, therefore, that the learner, when copying nature, will apply our rules in making his sketch. Having worked out the previous examples, he will have such a general idea of the direction his lines ought to take as

will enable him, with care, to copy nature with tolerable fidelity; especially if he has well practised the examples in object-drawing, which must have given him a facility with his pencil and a command of hand. This copy being taken home, and pinned down on a drawing-board, as before recommended, he may prove his sketch and correct errors by applying exact perspective rules.

The first essential in sketching is the selection of a proper station. Its distance from the scene or object should not be less than the width of the latter; in many cases it may be greater; but when the distance equals the width of the scene, the angle of vision will be not much less than 60°, the greatest that the eye can take in at one view. Having determined on, and taken his position at, the station, and settled what objects are to constitute the front of his picture, the paper having previously been cut nearly to the size of the drawing, let him hold it up with his left hand before the scene, with its lower edge corresponding with the front line of those objects, and at such distance from his eye that its width may exactly comprise the scene to be drawn. With the paper in this position, let him first mark on both its sides the exact position of the horizon, which connect by a line across it, having a mark on it opposite to his eye denoting the point of sight; then on the sides and upper and lower edges let him mark the places, the heights, and the widths of the principal lines and objects. With the assistance of these marks and the point of sight, and frequent careful reference to the scene, he will be enabled to draw the objects in their proper places, and in tolerably good perspective; which he may afterwards verify and correct by rule at home.

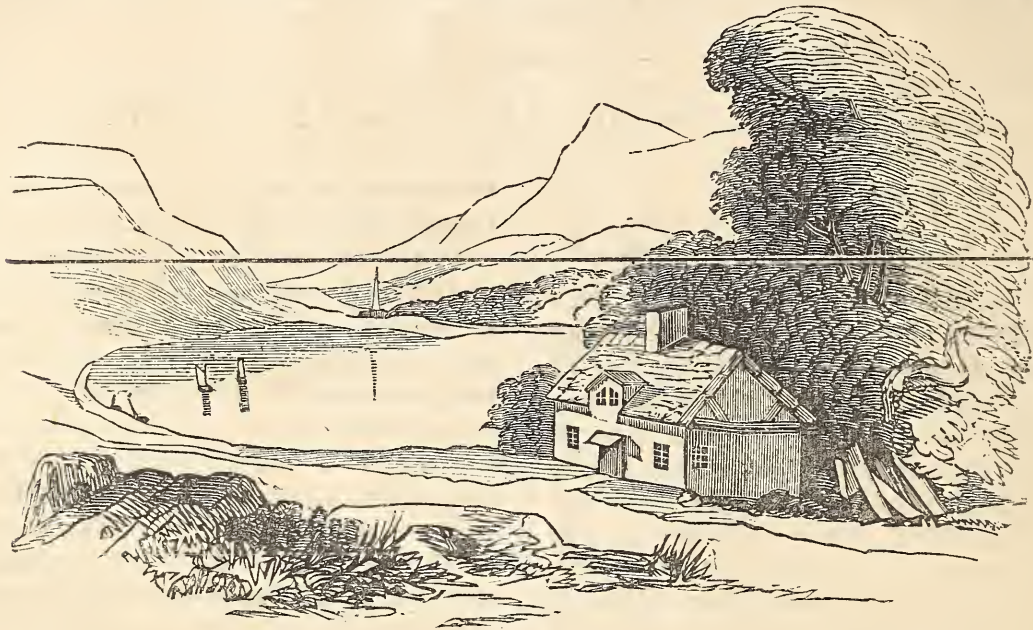
The thickness and force of the various marks

and lines must, as before explained, be tinted to the distance of the objects they respectively represent. In sketching, this is a great aid to perspective effect; and by beginning first with the distance with a finely-pointed pencil, the marks as they approach the foreground will of themselves acquire increased thickness by the wearing down of the point. Care must be taken to avoid too many marks and lines, which will produce a confused effect, and is a common error with beginners, who should study to attain the smallest number of marks that will correctly

denote the character of the object. Increased boldness in the outlines of the foreground may be attained by using a softer and blacker pencil, of the kind marked B B; this will often assist the perspective effect by increasing the idea of their nearness to the spectator.

These are the main points to be attended to in a sketch from nature, so far as perspective is concerned. They will be found to be embodied in the sketch, fig. 41, which the student is recommended to copy; producing the strong and dark lines of the foreground, not by a succession

Fig. 41.



of marks laid one over another, which will produce a misty and indistinct effect, but by laying each of them on at one stroke, boldly and with decision.

The character of the marks representing the various kinds of foliage appertaining to the different trees, as the ash, the oak, the elm, &c., should vary according to the distance of the tree, and will thus in some degree assist the perspective idea of distance. Thus, in the case of an oak in the foreground, the branches and separate small collections of the foliage may be each denoted—the foliage by a number of small, decided, and angular markings, which convey the impression of that tree to the mind. But the same tree at a distance must be represented by marks of a less decided and different character; inasmuch as at that distance the outlines or separate small portions of foliage cannot be given, but only the general outline of the whole mass. At a greater distance these markings must lose their distinctive character; and a distant wood consisting of trees of various kinds may be denoted by marks all of the same cha-

acter. A due attention to this effect of distance increases the perspective effect of a landscape.

It is not intended here to give precise directions as to the kind of marks to be used to denote trees of different species, as it does not come within the province of perspective. In this part of the art of drawing, nature will be found the best teacher; by observation of the objects themselves and frequent practice, the young artist will soon learn how to communicate to his trees their distinctive character. Almost every artist has a way or *touch* of his own, by which he conveys the idea that his tree is an oak, an elm, &c., and by the study of the real foliage, which nature displays in profusion before him, better than by any lessons, will he acquire a facility for representing it. After carefully considering and comparing the works of nature, however, he may with advantage refer to those of the best masters, should his opportunities permit. Among those works from which he may derive most valuable hints as to the treatment of foliage may be mentioned the paintings of Cuyp, Both, and Ruysdael, of the

Flemish school; of Salvator Rosa in the Italian; and of Wilson in the English school, who attained great success in representing it under different effects of sunshine and storm; and of our Gainsborough, whose quiet rural scenes owe much of their beauty to the leafy masses therein depicted.

The proper management of *light* and *shade*,

and their judicious arrangement into breadths and masses, called by painters *chiara-scuro*, are also valuable aids to the perspective effect of a landscape. It is a common mistake with beginners to appropriate to each individual tree, figure, house, or other object, its own light and shade, irrespective of the general effect (fig. 42). The consequence is, that the figure is cut up,

Fig. 42.

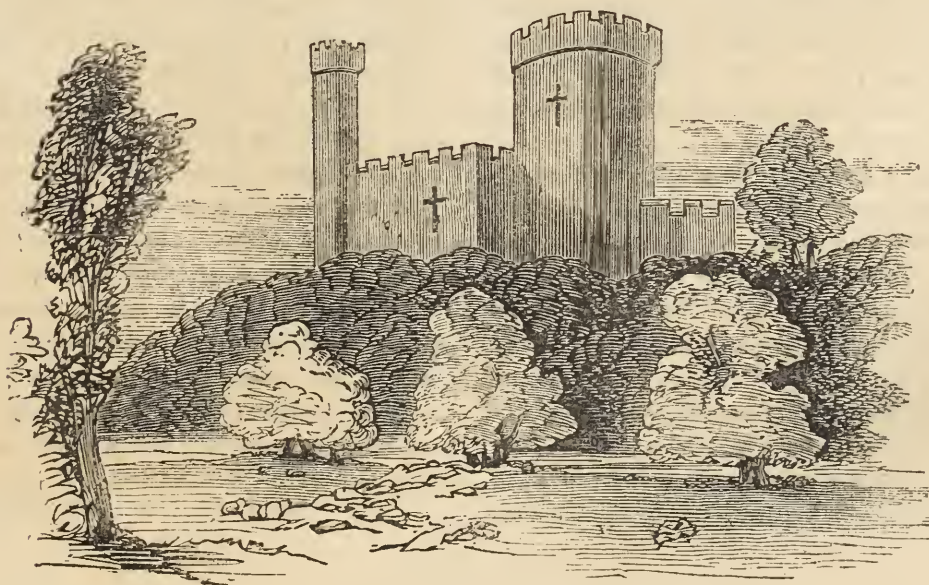


so to speak, into a great number of lights and shadows of nearly equal size and intensity, alternating over the entire surface of the picture; by which means the eye is distracted, and cannot rest with satisfaction on any portion of it, since all the objects depicted are thus made to present nearly equal claims to attention. The avoidance of too many small lights, the placing of the principal object in one larger and more intensely illuminated space, the keeping of other lights subordinate to it, and the proper regulation of the contrasts between light and shadow according to distance, all tend to direct attention to the principal object, and to preserve

the proper *keeping* of the picture. The same may be said of the shadows. There should be one principal shadow, to which the others should be subordinate; they should not be too much subdivided into numerous small shadows, but a proper degree of breadth of shade should be maintained undisturbed by intervening lights, which will much contribute to the repose of the picture.

The same scene is depicted in fig. 43 as in the previous figure, with more attention to the repose resulting from the observance of these few hints. On this subject a few general observations may be of service.

Fig. 43



BEAUTY OUT WEST:

OR, HOW THREE FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADIES SPENT A YEAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

(Concluded from page 21.)

CHAPTER IV.

HARRISON SMITH was something of a speculator in his way; he had contrived to lay up twenty thousand dollars by the summer in which he became acquainted with the Sutherlands. He not only had excellent pay for his services as surveyor, but he had been enabled to select for himself some of the best sections of land, and afterwards to sell them at a greatly advanced price. As soon as he heard that Mr. Sutherland was coming out to attend to the choice land for which he had so often envied him, he formed a plan for the mutual interest of both, which he afterwards divulged to the gentleman, and which not only met his earnest approval, but inspired him with hope that a year or two would find him in a situation to return to the society he had forsaken.

All that was necessary was to erect a steam mill upon the bank of the river, and all that boundless wealth of pine lumber would come into market as fast as it could be manufactured. Mr. Smith had the capital to build the mill, and Mr. Sutherland the pineries to keep it busy. Vessels bound for the best markets swept by them every day. All they had to do was to put their plans into execution and become rich men forthwith.

Mr. Smith talked and worked; Mr. Sutherland listened and consented. The young man had the force of a locomotive; he was full of executive energy; it was but a few weeks before the mill was commenced, and progressing as rapidly as it could possibly.

Of course, he had to go very often to the cottage; Mr. Sutherland was always eager to meet him, and learn how affairs were prospering, but always ready, too, to turn the topic of conversation to subjects upon which the ladies could express their interest, after business was fully discussed.

The father was a very intelligent man upon the literary, social, and philosophical questions of the day; he was a refined and polished talker, a little poetical, like his daughter Maggie, a con-

servative, and something of a dreamer. A youth like Harrison, full of fire and enthusiasm, a progressive, his intellect all rough and glowing like an uncut diamond, his loves and hates as large as the prairies and inland seas surrounding him, and his soul as eager as the eagle's, was one to meet him with argument and opposing views. The girls would listen awhile, and then enter into the argument, siding, according to the development of their characters, with their father or Mr. Smith. Blanche's opinions were usually about as weighty as the feathers of a bird of Paradise thrown into the scale.

"Now, Mr. Smith, how *can* you talk so like a heathen? I am sure papa is right about society. Of course there ought to be an 'aristocracy of intellect,' when it sounds so grand to talk about it." Or—"Oh, Mr. Smith, how beautiful that was! I am sure, papa, you will have to give up;" and then the young man always gave her one of those brilliant, admiring, protective smiles which made Maggie's heart ache, she scarcely could not tell why. It was strange how swiftly the summer flitted away. Louise may have shed some secret, silent tears, but others knew not of them, and the rest were reconciled to their situation. The knowledge that their banishment from the world was not of long duration, that when the spring came the steam-mill would be in full operation, and then money would be plenty as roses in June, no doubt, had a great influence in making the present endurable. That each one of the party, excepting Louise, who brought a secret with her, locked up in her white bosom, had some little private interest to take up their leisure thoughts, is not improbable.

It was observed that Mr. Sutherland sometimes grew slightly embarrassed when rallied about the sparkling brunette; and it is certain that Blanche blushed so as to shame her sweet name, once or twice, when the graceful young Mr. Duval appeared at the door, with the brunette by his side; which made a very unfortunate state of affairs, as long as it was currently believed that the couple were engaged.

"The course of true love never did run

smooth," and who could expect it to, in the wilds of the barbarous west? It all helped the time to pass, and, almost before they expected it, they arose one morning and found that the first frost had crowned the heads of the maples with rubies.

A long season of the most beautiful weather in the wide world now came to delight them. Days of dreamy splendor, with the forests all the time growing gorgeous beyond conception, the river rolling bluer and brighter, a soft fragrance upon the golden air, and a mist of pale and slumberous purple hovering around the horizon and over the distant hills. It was like Paradise, and every day, Maggie, the poet, wandered about amid this beauty, while her soul grew full of rapture. The city, with its vanities and false glare, appeared distasteful to her; and, for the first time, a deep realization of what the truest and noblest life was, came over her. Her many quiet rambles and conversations with the young surveyor may have helped this awakening to the better life. He was the child and student of nature. He told her the names of all the wild plants, trees, and flowers, explained the formation of the country, classified every rock and stone, and told her the habits of all the birds and animals they saw. If he would not pick up her handkerchief with the grace of a Lord Chesterfield, if he did not always have gloves on, would not bathe his hands in the balm of a thousand flowers, and sometimes talked of machinery and pine logs, was it any detriment to him in her eyes? Too deep in her nature was planted the love of the free, the strong, the poetical, the sublime. There might be nothing *sublime* about this sun-browned surveyor; but, sometimes, to the partial eye of the young poet girl, there seemed almost to be sublimity in his careless strength both of person and mind. His cheek was not pale with dissipation, but ruddy with rude health; his eye glowed with the fire of a soul not emasculated by fashion; he needed no whalebone cane to swing gracefully about to steady his firm and manly tread. Often, when by his side, Maggie felt a wild, exulting, blissful thrill pierce through all her spirit and body, at the consciousness of his worth, and her ability to appreciate it. But ever came after it a sad fear—could it be that a man like this preferred, after all, mere perfection of personal beauty to the glaring, living, passionate charm of the soul and of genius? for Maggie knew that her beautiful sister Blanche had not that depth of sentiment or passion which made herself so happy with nature and intellectual society—and she knew that Mr. Smith admired Blanche very

greatly. Whether it was any deeper admiration than his love of the beautiful world led him to bestow upon any other object so exquisitely lovely, she could not decide. He talked the most with *her*, turned to *her* always when he wanted sympathy with a fine emotion, but his eyes dwelt upon Blanche in the silence of speechless delight.

Often Maggie stood before the great mirror at the head of the room, and said, "I wish I were beautiful!" She did not know, herself, how nearly beautiful even her features were, and her expression was beyond mere physical charm. She could not catch the thousand changing expressions of her own magnificent dark eyes, nor the flitting tints of rose that chased over her cheeks, nor the peculiar grace which animated her slender figure, and which kept the eyes of others fascinated upon her, often, as upon some ever-varying loveliness whose least change they did not like to lose.

One morning of the bright autumn, Mr. Smith came to the door in his carriage.

"I have not come upon business, but upon pleasure, to-day," he said, as they welcomed him. "Have the young ladies time for a holiday?"

"Yes, if papa would not be lonely."

Mr. Sutherland was going to ride upon Blanche's pony up to the mill, two miles away, and oversee the workmen a little, so he would not miss them.

"Give him his dinner to take with him, then, and put up a lunch for yourselves, too; for we shall not be back until almost night. You remember the prairie I took you to see shortly after you came here?"

"Oh, yes! how splendid it was!" exclaimed Blanche. "Maggie wrote some pretty lines about it."

"Did she?" said the young man; "then I think it would have been no more than grateful that she should have read them to me, since, if it had not been for me, she would not have seen the prairie."

"So I say. And she ought to do so yet."

"When one makes a *demand* upon the gratitude of another, the obligation becomes burdensome," said Maggie, with momentary haughtiness; but she was sorry in a moment that she had been so unkind as to take the laughing remark of their friend in earnest.

What had given her that sudden air of pride? Was it the bright glance Mr. Smith had bestowed upon her sister? She did not know, but she was repentant, and added, with a sweet smile and blush—

"If the lines had been worthy of your atten-

tion, I might have shown them to you. One dislikes to inflict her literary follies upon her friends. However, you shall hear the verses, since there are not many of them. You know the prairie was in the full flush of its June roses. They were so very beautiful that I made a few rhymes about them."

She took a scrap of paper from her portfolio, and read:—

THE PRAIRIE ROSE.

UPON the prairies of the West there grows
 A fair and singular rose,
 The sweetest flower beneath the sun that blows.
 By Persian poets sung
 So sweetly, never swung
 On slender stems the roses of the East;
 Against the bosoms and the braids
 Of young Circassian maids
 A rose so sweet did never lean,
 Nor at Cashmerean feast
 Was ever seen.
 As brightest star makes brightest sky,
 The prairie rose makes fairest land,
 For she, beneath the heaven's blue eye,
 Doth fairest stand.
 Her leaves of glossy sheen
 Do seem to guard and love her,
 So closely in a bower of green
 Her purity they cover;
 Thence she leers out as white
 As doth the moon at night—
 Love veins like opal light that glow,
 And through the silver whiteness flow
 Down to the golden heart
 Which lieth saintly from the sight apart
 By pale bloom folded over.
 The earth doth seem to stir
 Instinct with love of her,
 So fresh a green it spreads around her feet;
 And bees in vests of winsome gold
 Come asking, low and sweet,
 If they may make so bold
 As their tired wings to rest
 Upon her pearly breast:
 While humming-birds their wanderings stop
 And into her green-bower drop,
 To breathe the sweetness of her holy breath;
 And the lone whippoorwill
 The starry night doth fill
 With mournful music, sad as death
 And sweet as love, which he to her doth tell
 In a wild hope to charm her.
 No bug with venomous sting,
 Nor worm, nor impure thing,
 Doth ever seek to harm her;
 Nor even doth envy vex the flowers around
 To see her fairest crowned,
 But stand and turn their tender eyes upon her,
 As to be near her were a plenteous honor.
 She is the Hesperus of the West,
 That to her splendid sister of the skies
 By beauty is related, and in quest
 Of whom, at night, she lifts her dewy eyes.

Maggie looked up when she had finished reading, to meet the eyes of the young man

fixed upon her with a deep and tender expression, which made her heart leap up suddenly. "It is the first time the praises of our Queen of the Prairies have been sung, I think," he said. "You do her no more than justice, Miss Maggie. She ought to wreath your lute with her smiles. Well! let us to the prairie again to-day. It will present a different aspect from what it did before. It is like a purple sea this week. Last week it was all a golden bloom, variegated in some spots with crimson. Now, a small purple blossom tinges the whole surface. We will have a glorious ride—are you ready?"

They betook themselves to the carriage, not forgetting the basket containing the lunch. A drive of ten miles along a wild road cut through the sombre pine forest occupied the next hour and a half. There was such a melancholy charm about the tall and murmuring trees and the winding road, that Harrison forgot his usual passion for fast driving and let his horses go as they would. The fragrance of the pine infused the mild air; high above, the golden sunlight swam in the azure "upper deep," and by the side of the road a few violets yet lingered.

"This pleasant gloom reminds me of the story you told us to amuse us, the last time we wandered in the woods, Maggie. Will you not tell it again?" asked Louise.

"But part of it is in poetry, and it might be tedious," pleaded the young story-teller, whose fancy often wove webs of golden narrative upon very slender threads, to please her sisters.

"You know that Mr. Smith will like *your* poetry," said Louise gravely, not intending to excite the blush she did.

"A young girl was wandering in a forest of pines along a path somewhat like this," began Maggie, "when, growing tired, she paused to rest beside an Old Gray Rock. Suddenly, as she leaned against it, and looked up at its rugged and moss-covered sides, it began to talk with her. Its voice was so kind and winning that she was not much startled. It told her of a youth who often passed that way; a youth of genius, with a heart of fire, and passionate impulses, whose line of life was not yet decided, and who was troubled with doubts and unfulfilled longings and dreams of beauty never to be realized; how he often came and rested his burning brow against the cool bosom of his friend, the Old Gray Rock, and poured into his ear the story of his griefs and aspirations; and how, one day at the sunset hour, as he stood thus in an unusually melancholy mood, a young girl, with a slender form and queenly bearing, bright and beautiful, upon a great black steed,

whose iron hoofs rang upon the stillness, came riding rapidly along. She turned her strangely lovely face a moment that way, spoke in a sweet voice to her horse, and galloped on at full speed, disappearing, like a gleam of the setting sun, in the shades of the gloomy forest. Ever since that fatal hour, the youth had been more unsettled and distracted than ever; and had finally concluded that the beautiful, strange vision was only sent to mock him with beauty which could never be his. Bitterness and coldness had crept upon his warm and ardent soul, and he had resolved to abjure the sweets of life, devote himself to a distant and lofty ambition, communing only with nature and the great spirits of the past. When my venerable companion had ceased speaking," continued Maggie, "being a bit of an improvisatrice, I sent a rhymed message to the kingly but forlorn youth, something in this wise:—

AH! Old Gray Rock, the toils you tell
Stir up my wild and wayward blood;
My pulses swiftly throb and swell,
My thought sweeps onward in a flood!

That slender boy, with forehead fair
Pressed closely to thy cooling breast
Wild murmuring to the evening air
His words of passion and unrest—

That forest dark, that setting sun,
Red gleaming on thy lofty brow—
And most, the youthful, wandering one,
Rise up before my vision now.

I feel his almost bursting heart
In mine, that thus hath often beat;
I hear the broken words that start,
Now loud, now low and sweet.

I feel that yearning ne'er expressed
In language e'er so strong or free,
That swelled and surged within his breast
Like waves within a mighty sea.

And ah, that vision strange and sweet
That from the dark pine forest stole,
Whose smile his eager glance did greet,
And hushed his tranced and wandering soul!

That fair, that proud, majestic girl,
With those serene and radiant eyes,
With that young forehead pure as pearl,
Where the calm pride of goodness lies;

With those half pale, half roseate cheeks
Shadowed by sweeping locks of hair,
Like sunset's faintly crimsoned streaks
Shadowed by clouds down the soft air—

And those red lips, with music fraught—
And most, that deep, untroubled look
Where you could read each angel thought
As one might read a holy book—

That fair, that peerless child of light,
Sitting upon her graceful steed,
Unknown as she was wild and bright,
And passing with such fearless speed.

Oh! as the dark, thick-standing pines
That cut that vision from his sight,
As down the path her black steed winds
And leaves him with the lonely night;

As the last clatter muffled rings
Of iron hoofs from out the wood,
Then how his startled spirit flings
Its voice upon the solitude!

Alas! adown the deep ravine
The embodied splendor of his dreams
Flies swiftly, and no more is seen
The fluttering robe that backward streams.

Is it forever? Is this all
That fate of beauty gives to him?
How his sad heart must faint and fall
As comes the twilight doubly dim.

And was that one bewildering look,
That one sweet smile a fading dream?
And did the shadowy path she took
Lead down to Lethe's noiseless stream?

O Hope! I loudly call on thee,
In that enthusiast's name, to say
If in the future may not be
That vision, born to live and stay.

Dear Old Gray Rock, wilt whisper low
My message in the dreamer's ear,
How trees that murmur, stars that glow,
How rocks sublime, and mountains drear,

Are good companions, chaste and grand;
But ask if his exulting mind
Will never follow some white hand
Leading where deeper pleasures wind?

If streams of feeling from his breast
Gush *only* towards insensate things—
If he can find delight and rest
To fold with them his spirit's wings!

Ask him if trees will with him weep,
Or mountains answer his caress?
If stars have passions strong and deep,
To bless and love, and soothe and bless?

Ask him if, in that kingdom vast,
O'er which he reigns sole lord and king,
The noble spirits of the past
Alone may their mute treasures bring?

Ask him if some in this wide world
Those haughty barriers may not climb—
Some angels, with their pinions furled,
Find rest there for all coming time.

Tell him the fragrant lily gives
An humble incense to the air,
And not the lowliest thing there lives
But what may the sweet perfume share.

Tell him that Christ, in his great plan,
Says much of love, and naught of hate,
And he is the sublimest man
Who loves, forgives, and masters fate.

That he must gentle natures shock
Who is not loved and does not love—
Tell him, that even an Old Gray Rock
Can never dwell with him above.

There was a flush upon Maggie's cheek when she finished her little story; she was sitting upon the seat beside Mr. Smith, and looked into his face at the conclusion, but immediately withdrew her eyes because of something she saw there.

An eager, asking glance it was which she met. She saw that he would have spoken, had not others been present, and oh, what a tremor of bliss went through her form as he laid his hand lightly upon hers where it fell by her side! He seemed to have yielded to a quick impulse, for it was withdrawn as suddenly. Others saw nothing; but a change had come over the landscape for two of the party; a flood of sunlight burst upon them as they left the wood and came upon the open prairie, very like the burst of glory which had fallen upon their spirits.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Blanche.

Even the stately Louise clapped her hands fervently together. Maggie could not speak, but her eye was bright and her lip tremulous.

He drove into the deep grass that had taken a golden hue from the crisping frosts, and which was set full of small purple blossoms, innumerable as the stars, and giving a rich, amethystine glow to the sea-like prairie. For three or four miles they drove forward, the waves of grass breaking around the carriage-wheels, and the breath of trampled flowers sweetening the air. Not a breath of wind broke the serenity of its aspects. When they had beheld it the other time, it was rolling and swelling like an ocean; now it was calm and level. They drove towards a solitary tree which stood alone upon the plain.

"A little brook trickles along there," said Harrison. "It will be the place to lunch, for we can have shade and water."

They alighted at the spot, and after wandering about awhile, plucking bouquets of flowers and feathery grass, they returned to the tree, brought the basket from the carriage, the girls spread a cloth upon the blooming carpet of the earth, and placed thereon a cold chicken, biscuits, and seed-cakes, while Harrison brought water in a little silver pitcher which Blanche had brought in her hand. He also contributed a basket of delicious apples which had lain concealed under the seats of the carriage.

They sat down on the grass around the lowly board, and partook, with laughter and keen pleasure, of their simple repast. Blanche did once or twice give a ladylike scream, when the grass rustled near her, for she could not forget her horror of snakes; but no serpent intruded upon this Eden-like feast, which was prolonged with merry talk. New emotions, as sweet as

they were strange, were silently agitating the hearts of two. That Maggie had in no way repulsed with angry looks and cold voice the liberty he had taken in pressing her hand, and which, if he had not been carried away by feeling, he would not have ventured to do, was very dear encouragement to the young man.

Before two o'clock the western breeze which blew every afternoon softly over the river and prairies began to rise.

"How long we have sat here!" said Louise, looking at her watch. "Had we not better return, Mr. Smith?"

She arose as she spoke.

"What is that?" she cried, pointing to the west, and at the same moment a distant murmur, as of a coming wind, struck upon their ears.

Harrison sprang to his feet and looked.

"The prairie is on fire!" he said, and as he looked at the three terrified women his own cheek blanched for them.

"Blanche!" he cried, sternly; "as sure as you faint, I will leave you! Obey me."

He hurried them into the carriage; the horses snorted and plunged as if they "smelt the battle afar off."

The murmur swelled into roar. Before them lay several miles of prairie before they could reach shelter; behind, the flames were lashing the horizon, and rushing on with the wind.

"We have not time to reach the woods," said the leader of the group, who gazed into his face as if there was their safety. "My God! when did I ever forget my match-box before? Oh for one solitary match! Thank Heaven! here is one, if it does not fail me. Stay here, while I burn a circle round the tree. Louise and Maggie hold the horses' head. Blanche, stay with them!"

He ran back to the spot where they had dined, their carriage being some distance away, stooped, and gathered a wisp of dry grass, and with some paper from his pocket-book, held it where it would catch from the carefully ignited match. He then ran a short distance towards the swiftly approaching flames and set the grass on fire for several rods. It burned up furiously, and added to the horror of the scene. The girls screamed, they could not help it, as the second sea of flame swelled up and darted towards the forest. To them all seemed as lost; they were pursued by devouring flames, and could only rush into equal terror upon the other side. Mr. Smith came up to them.

"The space around the tree is safe, you see. It cannot burn twice. Fly thither."

They obeyed him, while he followed with the

horses, which he made fast to the tree. They shivered and moaned dreadfully, but made no attempt to break away.

"Sit there close together, girls. You have handkerchiefs: I will wet them in the brook; and, if the smoke becomes suffocating, cover your faces with them."

In a moment he was back with the wet handkerchiefs. They all drew together silently. Harrison took Blanche, who seemed about to faint, into his arms, and rested her head on his bosom, while he held her closely.

"Dear Blanche, do not be afraid," he whispered.

The fiery storm rushed on. Scorching wind began to blow around them, and then a thick volume of smoke came down and hid them where they cowered. They heard the hiss, and tumult, and dreadful roar close at hand. Harrison covered Blanche's face, and the girls hid theirs in the wet cloth, which kept out the strangling smoke. There was a time of agonizing suspense; and then Harrison, whose eagle eye had been on the watch, saw the flames darting ahead of them on either side, while the clouds rolled away from around them.

"We are safe!" he cried, in an exultant voice; and, drawing the handkerchief from Blanche's face, he kissed her pallid cheek.

"Thank God!" said Louise, giving him her hand.

His eye sought Maggie's, but hers was turned away. She scarcely seemed to rejoice at their deliverance.

"Quite an exciting incident in one day's adventure; more pleasant to remember than to experience," said Mr. Smith, as they started on the track of the flowers, after waiting a couple of hours for the heat to subside, so that the horses could bear to go over the ground.

The danger had been too deadly and imminent to leave them in much spirit—any one except himself. He was so used to all kinds of accidents that he had quite recovered himself. But the girls were almost ill with their fright. He drove as rapidly as possible, but it was almost dark when they reached home.

"Oh, dear papa, we have had *such* an escape!" gasped Blanche, still a little hysterical, as she threw herself into her father's arms, who was waiting for them at the door.

CHAPTER V.

THEY would not allow Mr. Smith to return to the village that night. A cup of black tea

somewhat restored the spirits of the girls; and, after a little talk about their adventures, and a little quieting music, they all retired.

Maggie did not sleep as well as she ought to have done after so much excitement. She shared Blanche's bed. Once or twice she raised up and gazed upon the lovely countenance lying fairer than a lily in the moonlight.

"He loves her," she murmured. "I might have known it before, she is so very, very beautiful. Who could help it? That pressure of his hand was accidental, or, merely sympathizing with the story, it did not mean what my wild heart hoped and felt."

Then she would nestle down again, but not to sleep. She kissed her younger sister, her darling Blanche, whose beauty had brought *her* such bitterness; and the slumberer murmured at her touch—"You saved me, didn't you?" in so soft a tone that Maggie sighed—

"She dreams of him. Well, 'tis very well."

Unconsciously she quoted the words of the hapless Beatrice when she went to execution. Not that Maggie felt so very despairing as all that; but she was not happy.

The next day, Mr. Smith spent the morning at the mill, and came back there to dinner. After the meal was over, he asked Maggie if she would not like to walk over and see the machinery of the mill, and how it progressed.

"It's a long walk," he said, "but we will take the afternoon to it, and sit and rest when we are tired."

"It's very strange he does not ask Blanche," mused Maggie, as she tied on her bonnet. "He thinks her too ethereal to be interested in machinery; he will only invite her to some show of the beautiful. Because I have been an admirer of his energy and originality, he thinks there is something coarse in my organization."

They wandered slowly along the banks of the river. A great steamer filled with people, and with a band of music, swept by quite near to the shore. Some of these upon the boat waved their handkerchiefs in kindly greeting, and Maggie waved her scarf in return.

The cheerfulness of the crowded boat struck, by contrast, sadly upon her mind. A tear which she could not repress dropped upon her cheek.

"What is it, Maggie?" asked her companion, stopping, and looking at her earnestly.

"Oh, I am so homesick!" was the reply.

A look of pain and disappointment crossed his face.

"Is it so?" he asked, in that deep voice which had always thrilled her inmost heart. "Then all the glory and the beauty of this

western world have not the charm for you which the fictitious pleasures of the city have. I had hoped that your richly poetical nature would find here its full development. And I *had* hoped, Maggie—oh! how can I tell you what a hope I had?—that to me it might be permitted to bid that deep fountain of love in your soul gush out, and gladden your life and mine. I thought, from the first moment when I looked upon your spiritual forehead wreathed with violets, and met your deep and dreamy eyes, that the Lady of the West, its Hesper, had come to rule and brighten it. I saw a likeness between you and the surrounding stars. I saw what I had dreamed of and pined for. I did not dare, at first, to think anything dearer. I knew that I was as rude and rough as a wild bear, and must be disagreeable many times to so gentle a creature as you. You were too kind to me, Maggie. I grew to think that you would overlook my uncouthness, and love that in me which responds to every sentiment you breathe. Oh, Maggie! why cannot this be? We are so fitted to be happy in a home which we can here make for ourselves."

He wanted to take her hand, but did not dare.

The young girl hardly dared trust her own hearing. She looked up with a bright, tremulous glance that instantly sank again; but she had time to note the paleness of doubt which was gathering over his face.

"I do love this place," she began, hesitatingly; "and I could live here always if I had a pretty, simple home. I do not like the city; and I should not have felt so homesick, I think, if it was not that Blanche—"

Here she paused entirely, her face suffused with blushes.

"What about Blanche?" demanded her lover.

"You remember yesterday. It was *she* whom you sheltered from the flames in your arms. I thought her exceeding beauty had stolen the heart which—I wanted."

The diffident's words were spoken very low; but the young man heard them.

"Blanche would have died of fright if I had not sheltered her, poor bird. I knew you. I was not afraid to leave you to yourself while I cared for your darling sister. My heart was with yours in that terrible moment, Maggie. Then you will stay with me, will you? Sometimes you will let your father and sisters go back, and you will stay with me, and help me to be the man I ought to be."

"What was it you said, darling? Will you not speak again?"

He took her hand and drew her to his side. They stood in happy silence for a moment; and recommenced their walk; but they did not go to the mill. That visit was deferred until another day. When they came to a moss-covered log, they sat upon it, and looked at the river and sky and into each other's faces. They were too happy to talk much, and when they did murmur a sentence now and then, it was in so low a voice that it could not have been intended for repetition.

White-winged ships sailed up the blue river; soft white clouds sailed over the blue sky; crimson maple-leaves drifted over them where they sat; sweet bliss looked out of their eyes, and trembled upon their lips; but when Blanche asked Maggie about the machinery, after their return home, it was but a confused explanation of it which she could give.

Having seen what an important event the first six months of the year of their stay brought about, perhaps we ought not to slight the equally important occurrences which filled up the dreary winter to the inmates of the log-cabin. But the story would be too long. We know that they had the outer kitchen plastered, and a little sleeping-room built on to it, and employed a girl to do the work which had been so nicely performed through the summer by the young ladies. The cold blasts of winter made housewifery a more tedious affair, and they were glad when there was a stout girl in the kitchen who did not care if her hands *were* chapped, and who had no curls to be torn by the relentless winds.

We know, too, that through the sleighing season, which lasted two months, there were none of them slighted; and we know that, when the four chanced in the same sleigh, Mr. Sutherland always got beside the bewitching Miss Brown, while Mr. Duval was left, very disconsolately, no doubt, to forget his desertion in his efforts to keep belle Blanche from suffering either from cold or neglect.

We may safely say that the winter was as endurable as the summer; and that many a merry laugh and sweet song enlivened the long evenings, while the lights flickered grotesquely from the fireplace over the unhewn rafters, over the immense mirror, over the shining rose-wood, the gilded books, the smoky walls, and, most lovingly, over the beautiful young faces.

We may be safe in saying, too, that for some reasons best known to themselves, the spring was very welcome to the Sutherlands. Perhaps we may guess the most prominent of these reasons by stealing the last leaf of Maggie's

journal, at which we have had occasional glimpses all along.

"To-morrow it will be a year since I landed upon this bank; and I am still an inmate of the cabin; and have kept my journal faithfully. I came here a dreamer, a poet, knowing but little of the nature I so truly loved, and, in 'maiden meditation, fancy free.' I am a dreamer and a poet still; but I have one by my side who is both a dreamer and a worker. I have learned to love the freshness and beauty of the out-door world; and ah! I have learned a deeper love than that. I am a wife; I live in this cabin alone with my husband. How strangely happy we are! how free from envy, or care, or fashionable thralls! how swiftly and sweetly the days glide by! It is like a dream which I sometimes fear will be broken. But this is not a dream, but real, earnest, true life—the life heaven meant we should lead.

"It is four weeks since that strange but happy day when my dear ones all went away but one, and left me here with the man who had just called me, for the first time, his wife. How happy and young papa looked! and how strange that father and daughter should be married upon the same day! Carrie will make him a good wife, and he is perfectly fascinated with her. She will be an old man's darling—still, papa is but forty-four—not very old. Poor Blanche! she cried a little at parting with her lover; but he is to go after her and bring her back this autumn. A very handsome, very youthful couple Blanche and Duval will make; and it's very curious how nicely it all arranged itself. She is fated to live in this 'horrible West,' after all.

"Last evening Harry and I sat watching the moonlight quiver over the river, while we talked about our plans. He has eight thousand dollars to put into the house we have commenced. We will make that money go as far as it will towards making a handsome house. It is to stand upon that rise of ground which commands a view of the river for many miles: the calmest, fairest, widest, loveliest, most magnificent view. We will always have something beautiful to feed our souls upon. We are to have an extensive park and flower-garden, and reserve a grove of pines, besides the oaks and elms down by the river.

"The mill brings us an income of four thousand dollars each, Harry and papa, so that we shall all be comfortable, and, in time, be rich. I am in no haste to lay up wealth. I could live here in this little cabin all my life, as long as the beauty of the scenery was undisturbed.

But, since we are to have a house, I shall have it furnished with no regard to fashion. Everything exquisite in the way of furniture or art which I can procure from time to time shall be placed in it. I will have one beautiful room built under my own directions, where I can go when I am nervous or wearied.

"When the house is ready, Louise must come and live with me, if she is not married by that time. I thought I saw the miniature of a dark-haired foreigner in her hand one day; and I see his name is in the last list of arrivals from Europe. So he has come back. No wonder dear Louise was homesick here.

"'Tis home where the heart is'—
and mine is HERE."

"Yes, here!" she repeated, with one of her beautiful smiles and blushes, as some one pressed over as she wrote the last word, and kissed her forehead adoringly.

—WE have a very pleasant correspondent in the very far West, and she writes us very pleasant letters. We make an extract from one lately received, which describes a very pretty romantic school-house.

"I told you too what a delightful summer I spent. I was teaching a small school on an island, a few fishermen's families. I only had from ten to fifteen scholars, but I did enjoy it. I wish you could have seen my little paradise of a school-house.

"The island itself is a perfect little gem; one of the loveliest little harbors on the north side, and a little lake in the centre. The lake is about a mile long and eighty rods wide, and in the lake are two small islands. Oh! I wish I could write! If I had the pen of some of your contributors, I might describe it, but my pen—it's of no use. My school-house was a little log one; but what a delightful situation it was, out of hearing of the inhabitants, about half a mile from the houses, I should think, and on a slight eminence commanding a charming view of the harbor and bay on one side, and the little lake with its islands on the other. Vessels and steamboats pass often, and the school-house is completely embowered in trees; wild roses growing in profusion, and such quantities and varieties of wild flowers as I never saw before. Wax berries, such as we used to cultivate in our gardens in dear old Pennsylvania, grow there wild, in great abundance. Oh, give me * * * * island before all the rest of this great State of Wisconsin."

MATERNAL COUNSELS TO A DAUGHTER.

THE HEALTH. (*Continued.*)

SUITABLE DRESS is another condition of health. Clothing should be warm, light, and comfortable. Woollen stockings should be worn throughout the winter, and such boots as will effectually preserve the feet from damp. Cloth boots, however thick the soles, are unfit for wet weather, as the ankles are sure to get wet, and they remain a long time damp. By far the most comfortable boots for wet weather are Wellingtons, such as are worn by gentlemen; the thick leather protects the legs both from wet and cold, and they are much more readily taken off than those that button or lace. I have known several ladies wear them throughout the winter with great satisfaction, and remember well the remark of a distinguished medical man, when some jesting at the Wellingtons was going on: "Ah, Mrs. ——— is an enemy to doctors; she knows prevention is easier than cure." Corns, which are such a source of annoyance, are generally the result of pressure on some part of the foot, which will always be the case while boots and shoes are purchased hap-hazard, like bonnets or gloves. All boots should be made on a last expressly for the wearer; but of course this cannot be the case when we do not deal regularly with one tradesman. They should be amply long and wide, so as to give the natural tread, which generally is about double the width of the French sole. The popular notions of a beautiful foot are extremely erroneous. It is thought desirable the foot should be very narrow, and tapering at the toe. Now, this is not the form in which feet are made; consequently, the modern boot is calculated to produce deformity, and an ungraceful carriage is the result. The only rational bootmaker I ever saw always sketched the sole on a bit of paper, making his customer stand firmly without a shoe while doing so. Thus the peculiar form of the foot was obtained, and the boot was made to it, instead of the reverse, which is usually the case.

But the foot is not the only part of the frame that we delight to deform. What shall we say to the tight-lacing system, and the tortures endured by its votaries? Dr. Todd says: "Even Pharaoh only demanded bricks without straw for a short time; but the fashionable lady asks to live without breathing for many years." At

the present day, so much has been written against the improper use of corsets that some of the new generation do not wear stays at all: still many thousands do; and young girls delight to compress themselves until they attain that height of their ambition, a small waist—a deformity which not only detracts from the pleasingness of their appearance, but also inevitably destroys their health. Many sudden deaths have occurred solely from tight-lacing; but in many more, nay in thousands of instances, such a state of universal disease is produced by this cause as ends, after long suffering, in premature death. To describe a tithe of these cases would be to fill a volume; and, for the present, we must content ourselves with admonition, the more earnest because it is of vital importance to every woman to be perfectly well-formed, not only for her own sake, but also as it may greatly affect her offspring.

Every medical man agrees that stays or corsets, if worn at all, should be fastened in front, and from the bottom instead of the top. They should be amply large, especially across the chest; soft, and without bones or shoulder-straps. The object of lacing them from the bottom instead of the top is, that by the former process there is apt to be a pressure of the organs downwards, displacing the viscera, and materially interfering with the process of digestion. And we must not forget that a red nose and flushed face are among the undesirable results of this destructive practice.

Another common error in dress is to allow a great weight to rest on the hips. No heavy petticoats should be fastened round the waist without a body or straps over the shoulders to throw the weight on them; but, indeed, *lightness* should be as much studied as warmth in selecting articles of dress. To walk or take other exercise in heavy clothes is to add enormously to the fatigue. Nor must it be forgotten that we catch cold more frequently from exposing our back than our chest to draughts. The lungs are attached to the spine, and are placed between the shoulders; hence the pain in that spot when they are affected. But from ignorance of this fact we protect our chests from cold, but think the shoulders of no consequence. Both parts ought to be covered with flannel.

It is well, however, not to acquire the habit of *coddling*, as, in a climate so changeable as ours, it is impossible wholly to escape draughts and damp. The best safeguard is to strengthen the constitution as much as possible; and cold sponging is almost a certain preventive of cold catching.

FRESH AIR is another necessary of life and health. As soon as you rise from bed in the morning, you should throw off the whole of the bed-clothes, and, after dressing, open the window at the *top* and *bottom*, as well as the door, in order that a thorough draught should air the sheets and bed. In very damp weather, however, a fire and the open doors will be better than having the window open too long. The nightdress, also, should be thoroughly aired after being taken off—never folded up directly, as is sometimes done. The same rule applies to linen taken off at night, to be put on again in the morning; every article should be hung up so as to be aired—*never* folded up. There is no necessity for untidiness if this rule is carried out; the room may look quite as orderly as if every article was folded, and the advantage to the health is incalculable.

Lastly, the greatest care should be taken to have abundance of air while sleeping; as much is needed as during the waking hours, and as no fresh air is admitted into the room by the casual opening of doors, it is doubly imperative to get all we can. To cover the mouth or any part of the face with the bed-clothes is an act of suicide; it prevents the necessary supply of air reaching the lungs, and inevitably produces disease. If great cold is felt, it is better to wear a warmer nightdress than to risk all the evils produced by impure air reaching the lungs. If the mouth is covered, the lungs can only inhale again the same poisonous air they have already rejected, and the result is nothing more or less than DEATH, as certain as if a dose of arsenic were taken.

WHOLESOME FOOD, taken in proper quantities and at proper periods, is another essential to health. It should be simple and nutritive, and the meals should be from four to five hours apart, the most substantial being taken in the middle of the day. As to the quantity necessary, as in most other things, habit is everything, and a girl may learn to consume at each meal as much as would be necessary for a hard-working man; but it does not follow that it is *desirable* she should eat such quantities: on the contrary, the more moderately she eats, the better her health is likely to be, and the less her mind will be dulled by the influence of the

body. Over-eating is more common than we are apt to imagine; perhaps ninety-nine out of every hundred eat more than they can digest, and consequently more than they want. No wonder so many medical men are needed; half our illnesses occur from causes which we can ourselves prevent, and at least a quarter from *over-eating*.

All our food should be as simple as possible, and it is never wise to eat of more than one or two dishes at a meal. Supper is certainly a sociable and pleasant meal, but is said to be very unhealthy. No solid repast should be taken within two hours of bedtime. All stimulants, even strong tea and coffee, are injurious to young persons; and much sugar and butter are very bad, causing bile, and upsetting the stomach. As to sauces, the only one that a young girl needs is a good appetite; she can and ought to dispense with all others.

And last, but not least of the essentials to health, comes a CONTENTED MIND. Wonderful as is the connection between soul and body, we cannot indulge in any violent passion without injuring our whole system; and anxiety will tell upon the constitution and destroy the strongest health.

Whilst doing our best, then, to avert all evils, mental or bodily, from ourselves and those who are dear to us, let us not be over "careful and troubled;" it is one thing to abandon all to a blind reliance on Fate, and another to have a firm and childlike confidence in the good providence of God. Sorrows and sickness will come to all; but if we have done our best to avert them, we have no self-reproach to embitter us in their endurance. To many a heart has that exquisite song of "The Pilot" brought comfort in the hour of trial:—

"It is not apathy," he cried,
 'That bids me say to thee,
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be.

"'Twas such a sea as this engulfed
 My father's lifeless form;
 My only brother's boat went down
 In just so wild a storm.

"And such, perhaps, may be my lot;
 And still I'll say to thee,
 Fear not, but trust in Providence
 Wherever thou may'st be."

MIRTH is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gleam of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

EXTRACT FROM AN OLD FOGY'S NOTE-BOOK.

TOM'S WEDDING.

BY A STRAY WAIF.

I AM behind the age; I confess it. I am behind the age—far behind. The world goes too fast for me. At the beginning of my career, when I was afraid of Mrs. Grundy, I strove to keep up with it; but fast living and fast ideas bewildered me, and I became weary, and sat down by the roadside to rest. I shall never recover the ground thus lost—never! I am like an old stage-coach distanced by locomotives. I give up the race. Set me down among the antiquities.

Yet I am not old in years—that is, not very old. I am not a chicken, but I am not ashamed of the record in the family Bible. I can behold it without feeling a savage inclination for paste or scissors. I can bear allusions to dates without wincing. Still climbing the hill with a light foot and a fresh heart, I have not reached my inheritance of wrinkles, and crow's-feet, and gray hairs, nor do I eschew crusts and biscuits: albeit I acknowledge to slight twinges of the rheumatism. I think that I must have been old when I was born, I cling so to old notions. Like a misdirected letter, I did not reach my destination in time. I should have been delivered in the days of my grandmother.

Such a conviction has long been forcing itself upon me, and the wedding of my friend, Tom Coddleplate, confirms it. I am an old codger toddling along the highway of life with the railroad trains whizzing past me. Sometimes I overtake a smash, and then I console myself for my slowness with the reflection that the locomotives were going too fast.

Tom Coddleplate and I were old friends and cronies. We were brought up together. Knowledge was spanked into us with the same rod; but we must have had different dispositions, for our culture produced different fruit. I am full of the tough principles of the past; Tom, of the easy virtues of the present. I steer by the beacons which experience has placed to warn us from the shoals of life; Tom dashes over the waves heedless of the breakers. While I listen with doubting amazement to new theories, Tom goes into them with a perfect rush. He is a large holder of Kossuth notes; and has hidden his face in such a forest of hair that his own

mother does not recognize him till he speaks in muffled tones, as a wild beast growls in his lair. The sap that should have nourished the inside of his head has been all absorbed by the outside luxuriance. I never look at him without thinking of a menagerie.

But Tom's heart is sounder than his head. He laughs at my old foggy notions, and I grumble at his new ones; but I allow him to lead me about like a tame bear, and when he is in difficulties he applies to me for assistance, and so we continue friends. Humph! who knows how long we shall remain such now?

Tom must needs marry; settle down in life he said. Settle down! Yes, like a ship in the maelstrom, or a gull on a waterspout when it comes down with a squash. That is the fashionable idea of it. Precious settling down! There will be more settling up.

A plague upon the girl! Were there no other gudgeons to angle for but Tom, poor innocent? I should have grumbled less if she had hooked me. I only wish somebody would try it—that's all!

The winter was setting in before Tom told me of his misfortune; but I had long suspected that he was preparing for the noose, he was so fastidious about the tie of his cravat. He had commenced perfuming his hair and scolding his washerwoman.

He told me in the twilight, to hide his blushes, I suppose; but he need not to have been afraid of my seeing them, for his features were, as thoroughly concealed from human penetration as they say the Sleeping Beauty was of old. It puzzles my philosophy to imagine how he kissed his intended. If she liked it, she must have been in the habit of rubbing noses with her lap-dog.

I had been sitting in my easy-chair before the fire, gazing into the glowing coals, and tracing out the bright scenes imagination pictured there—hills and valleys with winding roads and distant castles, such as the Knights Paladin of old gloried in beleaguering. I love to sit thus dreamily yielding the reins to fancy when the fading light renders the page illegible. Sometimes I wonder whether I should be happier with

a cat dozing on the hearth-rug, a loving wife beside me, and a dozen babies on my lap crying for taffy, and kicking my shins. The women folks around me say, "Ay!" But I doubt! I doubt! In this fast age fireside comforts are only laughed at. Home joys will soon belong to memory alone. Which of our city belles would not be indignant if suspected of knowing the ingredients of a plum-pudding? With them marriage and a sky parlor in some fashionable hotel are synonymous.

I was indulging in some such reveries when Tom disturbed me with his love-tale. A plague upon the fellow, why did he not keep his own counsel until after the ceremony? He must needs have me for one of his groomsmen. Me! He knows I avoid executions. I was weak enough to consent. Infatuated old fogy! I became six inches thinner before the minister pronounced the benediction. My walking-stick is ashamed of keeping such lean company.

In my old fogy simplicity I imagined that my only duty was to sustain the drooping spirits of my infatuated friend in the moment of his self-immolation, that suicide of his bachelorhood, that leap from the Tarpeian Rock of single blessedness. How I was mistaken! Oh, brother bachelor, never play second fiddle for anybody! In these days it were better, far better, to be the lamb sacrificed at the altar than one of the officiating attendants.

To gratify Tom, I consented to accompany him immediately, and receive an introduction to his bride elect. She was beautiful, very beautiful. I could not tell where the natural ended and the artificial began; but both were beautiful. I quite envied Tom, and should have fallen in love with her myself if she had possessed the fairy gift of dropping pearls and diamonds from her mouth. My heart is such a tinder box, I am afraid to take off the lid. If a spark got in, I should soon be a case of spontaneous combustion. Think of my being some day swept up and carried out of my study on a dusting-pan.

I expected a quiet introduction, but found the parlors full of company. There were at least a dozen young ladies, each of whom could boast of having assisted in building Stewart's dry-goods palace, as the genii of the lamp did Aladdin's, with heaps of treasure. They were the bridesmaids, every one of them, and the bride was looking for two or three more, a mob of bridesmaids being one of the modern requisites for matrimonial grandeur.

The male monsters were represented by an equal number of young gentlemen who patron-

ized curling tongs and bear's grease, and eschewed razors, laughed immoderately at their own jokes, and talked eloquently of nothing by the hour, without any capital to begin with.

The bride's father too was there. He was a short, pussy old gentleman, pompous and patronizing, with a set of diamond studs in his shirt bosom, and a lot of enormous seals dangling from his fob. He had formerly been the ninth part of a man; but, getting a surfeit of cabbage, he had retired, and disowned the shop, talking big of the family blood, a habit which he had acquired from his wife, a tall, masculine woman who only acknowledged those of "our set," and smuggled her parties into the papers, flattering herself that she thereby inspired Mr. Grundy with awe, and her rivals with spleen. Having fought her way up to her present position, she had forgotten the road by which she had travelled, and cut her sister's acquaintance because the latter refused to strike from her "visiting list" some shopkeepers' names.

She was seated in state when we entered, and at her feet, on a cushion, lay an asthmatic dog, overfed, weak-eyed, and vicious, petted and pampered into a nuisance, dangerous to unwary fingers and protruding heels. The mistress received us with the slightest possible bend; the dog with a most unmusical snarl. I suppose he thought, as I did, that an old fogy like me had no business there.

The furnishing of the apartments was unexceptionable. There was none of the gaudy display in which the chickens of fashion are prone to indulge. Wealth was not laid on with a whitewash brush—except on their minds.

After expending our bogus compliments, the bride elect informed me that we had been waited for that they might begin the rehearsal.

"Rehearsal?" I repeated, in doubt of her meaning.

"The rehearsal of the wedding," she answered, as if speaking of the most natural thing in the world. "It is quite the fashion now. It would be so awkward, you know, if we made any blunder. I am sure I should faint if the affair did not go off with *éclat*."

"Stuff! humbug!" growled her papa, who was holding his coat-tails to warm at the fire. "Stuff! humbug! Your mother and I ran away and got spliced by a Methodist minister without any fuss."

"Mr. Spoilfit!" broke in the lady mother, with an ominous frown.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," replied Spoilfit.

"Customs change," said Mrs. Spoilfit, with

severe dignity. "What one set does we must do. It is my will that the wedding be performed properly."

"Certainly, certainly, my dear!" returned Spoilfit. "The family blood requires that we must keep up the family dignity. If the Misses Jones, Brown, and Smith rehearse their weddings, we ought to double the dose: allow plenty of cloth."

I thought that they were jesting. Not a bit of it! A conclave of undertakers could not have been more in earnest.

Rehearse a wedding! Well, well! Ignorant old foggy! I had always considered marriage too holy a tie, too full of grave responsibilities to be approached irreverently. In my castle buildings I had always dreamed of leading a blushing bride to the altar. And here they talked of rehearsing the ceremony like a stage play: an exhibition for Mrs. Grundy.

The age is too fast for me, too fast. I cannot keep up with it—it takes away my breath. If anybody wishes to marry me, they must wait till I catch up to them or come back to me. At present I cannot take into consideration any proposals for my hand that are to be followed by wedding rehearsals.

Before I recovered from my astonishment, at it we went. Oh, Cupid, what antics we cut! The ladies mounted on chairs to practise getting gracefully out of the carriages; then the groomsmen led them through the rooms as up the aisles of the church, when a weak-eyed young gentleman undertook to read the marriage service through his eyeglass; but being a novice at reading, stumbled by mistake into the burial service instead, at which some of the ladies were shocked, and insisted on our beginning again for fear of ill luck, while one romantic miss in her teens thought that the bride ought to throw her shoe over her shoulder, and hop on one foot round the room. One of the groomsmen facetiously remarked that the ladies ought to be provided with onions to assist them in the crying part, at which original suggestion the ladies eagerly declared that crying came naturally to them on all occasions, it was such a luxury. Tears were their besieging batteries, their Paixhan guns. Next we discovered that no wedding-ring had yet been provided, Tom, poor wretch, having left that to the bride. When a substitute was procured, there was a lengthy discussion as to who should present it to the minister, or whether it should be presented to him at all; and then it had to be decided how Tom was to hold it when he put it on the bride's finger. As the ladies were all anxious

to display their knowledge on the subject, and all spoke together as fast as they could and a little faster, Tom got bewildered, and let the ring drop on the nose of the poodle, who had somehow got into the circle with a design of trying his teeth on the calves of the weak-eyed young man. The wrath of the poodle was thus turned against Tom, who got a pretty sharp bite in the leg without daring to kick for fear of offending his future mother-in-law.

When peace was restored, Mr. Spoilfit came in for a lecture for his awkwardness in giving away the bride, and was compelled to do it over again; and then it was decided that this was the point where the ladies must put their handkerchiefs to their eyes, and the gentlemen blow their noses.

The bridesmaid whom I had in charge was a small, delicate thing, with a hand so tiny and soft that I was fearful lest I should crush it in my big clumsy paws. But I did not. I felt quite paternal towards her; and when at some of the bungling she declared the whole thing quite silly, I seriously told her I thought that it was, at which the saucy young baggage laughed in my face. But I am sure that the poodle held my opinion correct, for he snarled and barked the whole time, and made demonstrations at every one's legs, which Mrs. Spoilfit declared was only his fun. I wish he had tried some of his fun upon her.

Again and again he went through these follies, till Spoilfit grew restive, and growled like the dog, while I wished myself home and in bed: a sojourner in the land of Nod, presented with the freedom of Snoozleborough. But I did not get home till the small hours arrived.

"Tom, Tom!" I exclaimed, when that poor innocent came for me on the following evening, "you must look out for another groomsmen. I cannot be a party to such impropriety as I witnessed last night."

"Impropriety!" repeated Tom, with a look of amazement. "What impropriety?"

"These rehearsals of your wedding," I replied.

Tom's serious look changed in a moment, giving place to a loud fit of laughter.

"My dear old fellow," he said—

Old! I like the idea of his calling me old. I wonder how much younger he is than I am? Three weeks? Wait till he is married; which of us will look oldest then, I should like to know? I have seen colts broken into harness before to-day.

"My dear old fellow," he said, "you're at your dreaming again. Do you think that my Julianna would sanction anything improper?"

"No. She has followed a new fashion without a thought of its impropriety," I replied. "Yet it seems to me repugnant to woman's delicacy to approach so important a change in her condition with such levity. The woman who loves truly and deeply would shrink from such an exhibition. The sanctity of the tie, its deep influence over the whole of her future life, the risk she incurs in yielding herself so entirely to another, demand more serious thoughts. The heart, that can look upon marriage as merely a holiday pageant has not been truly awakened. Vows so lightly taken may be as lightly broken."

"Tom cut short my lecture by vowing that it was time to be off. I was in hopes that he would release me from my engagement; but no, he insisted upon my fulfilling it, and carried me off in triumph. And where do you think he took me! As I am a sinner, to the church; ay, to the very church wherein the ceremony was to be performed on the morrow. Brother

bachelors, I declare to you I am not pulling the long bow. The fact has a Munchausen look, but it is a fact, a melancholy fact. The sexton had been bribed—I beg his pardon—fed to kindle the fires and let on the gas, that we might have a dress rehearsal. I was so astounded that I did not know whether I was standing on my head or my heels. I felt like a culprit the whole time we were there. I was afraid that the minister would come and catch us, or the police rush in and arrest us for sacrilege. I wish they had! It would have done some of us good to be locked up in the station-house. My fashionable friends would have got a little of what they wanted—notoriety.

It is a saying of Rochefoucault's that all men secretly rejoice at the misfortunes of their friends. I am not an admirer of Rochefoucault. I think more charitably of human nature, yet I must acknowledge to feeling a savage joy when Tom's wedding turned out, in fashionable phrase, the greatest bungle of the season.

LITTLE SHOES.

BY ELLEN LINDSAY.

(See Engravings in front of Book.)

MRS. SOUTHWORTH, in one of her works, speaks most touchingly of the associations and beautiful thoughts suggested by the wardrobe of an infant; but she says "there is no part of a baby's wardrobe so suggestive and beautiful as the little shoes." Who that loves these little angel visitants does not feel the same thing, and touch, with a feeling of love, those coverings for baby's little fat white foot?

Not long ago I went to visit a dear cousin who had lost her baby, her only one. She showed me its toys and clothes, and told me of all its pretty ways. I asked her if she had no picture of baby.

"No, Ellen, but I have his little shoe. I would not exchange it for a picture. See, it is filled out just as his little foot shaped it. Don't touch it, Nellie; you will flatten it. Dear little Charley! he used to admire these red tassels so much, and the little roses worked on the front always attracted him. Oh, Nellie! I could not part with that little shoe."

Another friend had a little sock taken from her baby as he lay coffined for his last sleep; and for twenty years the tiny shoe lay untouched in the little box where it was carefully

placed when the lovely child was taken from her sight forever.

There is a German story I read long ago which seems to come in here well. I was quite young when I read it; so I must be excused if I forget some of the details. There was in the tale an old hag who was represented as a perfect fiend, a woman lost to all humanity, who had an only son, who inherited his mother's wickedness. He remarked that his mother, when she thought herself unnoticed, would often open and gaze fondly into a box which, at other times, was kept most carefully locked. After trying in vain to get a glimpse at the contents, he concluded, knowing her to be miserly, that there was gold in this mysterious receptacle. He tried to steal it, but the old woman was too watchful for this. The box haunted him; and he longed so intensely to handle the expected treasure that, finally failing to obtain it in other ways, he murdered his mother. The box was now his, and he opened it with eager, trembling hands. Inside, on a velvet cushion, rested a tiny white shoe; nothing more.

These thoughts about shoes were suggested by a pattern given in the April number of

the "Book" of a baby's shoe. I have copied another which I lay before you. Baby's shoes may be made of merino, flannel, or cloth, and worked in white or colors with braid or silk. I have found them better for wear than the knit sock, because the knit ones shrink so much when washed; and I wished to give a few hints on the subject to younger mothers. When made of cloth, bound and worked in bright colors, the shoes need no lining; but when made of merino, they should be lined with fine white flannel. A beautiful gift to a baby is a set of these little shoes made of handsome material, and worked with taste. One pair of white merino, worked with clusters of rosebuds, bound and laced with pink; another with a cluster of forget-me-nots trimmed with blue; another, for more common wear, of light cloth worked in scarlet or green; and others of colored merino worked with white. Some people make them of velvet worked in gold thread; but these get defaced very soon. They can be made for children of eight or ten months old with cloth or merino tops and cork soles. These are very pretty, and have this advantage: one pair of soles will outwear two or even three tops. There are two things to be particularly observed in the manufacture of these articles. One is that the pieces are cut and fitted very accurately, and the other that they are made with the greatest neatness. There is nothing where dainty and tiny stitches are more required than in making these shoes. It gives them a very pretty finish if they are laced with a silk cord and tassels, such as are used for purses, instead of a ribbon. A pair made of light fawn-colored cloth, with bunches of grapes and leaves worked on the front and sides, bound with purple, and with a cord and tassels of the color of the leaves, is very pretty and very serviceable. The pattern I give is large enough for a child of six months; but any one with it for a guide can cut a larger or smaller pair, only being careful to keep each part in perfect proportion to the others, so that all will fit accurately together when sewed. They can be cut with rounded toes, and look prettier than with the square toes. Made of white merino, bound with scarlet, with a scarlet cord and tassel, made a little higher than the pattern at the ankle, and with a scarlet fringe round the top, they become a most tasty cracovienne boot. These can be stiffened by a thin piece of cardboard being put between the outside and lining. The lined shoes can be delicately corded with bias silk at the seams, but this cannot be done

with the cloth ones, as the rough edge would hurt the little foot if it was not covered.

The binding of the cloth shoes should be made of galloon, and, if the cloth is very soft and fine, they can be turned over at the seams, hemmed down, and chain stitched on the right side, instead of binding them.

I copy from a magazine a little piece of poetry written by a dear friend who has had several children, and laid two babies in their last resting-place.

THE BABY'S SHOE.

The little foot, that precious foot,
Whereon a shoe was never put;
Only the *mother's* heart can know
The streams of thought that round it flow.

The gushing tears will ever come
When first the *shoe* is made its home;
The feet are only *wings* till then;
But *shoes* suggest the *paths* of men.

Each night the cradle hour will come
When little feet no more may roam;
Oh, may *earth's* dust be laid aside
Whene'er the little shoe's untied!

How beautiful those unshod feet
Which brought the heavenly tidings sweet!
My little one, though sandaled now,
An unveiled heart their joys may know.

Then safely bind the little shoe;
Nor let its string, by slipping through,
Cause thee a fall; for on thy brow
Oh, may no *earth-mark* ever show!

It is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. While I was penning these exquisite lines, my brother, a lad of seventeen, came in from a walk out of town. He had on a pair of boots which came above the knee, made of bull's hide, and with soles about two inches thick. They were large and stiff enough to present a very formidable appearance, even when standing alone. He came behind my chair, and read aloud the line I was writing—
"But *shoes* suggest the *paths* of men."

"Nellie," said he, holding out his foot in front of me, "don't you think that *boots* suggest the *paths* of *boys*?"

In its appropriate place in this number of the "Book" will be found the patterns for the upper part and for the sole of a baby's shoe, with a figure of the shoe when made up. It is to be observed that the rounded part of the pattern for the sole forms the heel.

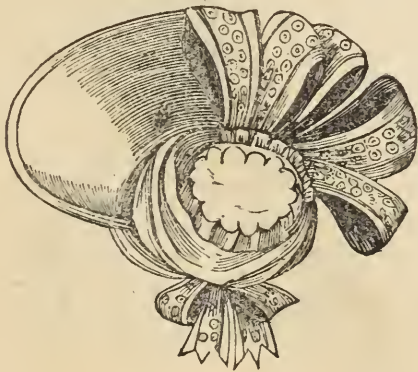
FIDELITY, good-humor, and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

REMINISCENCES OF BONNETS.—NO. IV.

BY FLORENCE FASHIONHUNTER.

IN all countries, and for many years, the great students in ancient knowledge, profound searchers in the mysteries of past ages, earnest antiquarians make one great complaint; unanimately they cry: "Where shall we find the appropriate titles for our valuable discoveries?" I, an humble follower in the steps of Layard, Gliddon, and others of *ancient* and world-wide celebrity, claim the indulgences granted to them, and assert that, having brought all my energies to bear on the search for old names, and failed, I have done all I can, and hope for patience from my readers. I wish to give you the true antique appellations of the headdresses I place before you, but the authority I study from is dumb on this point, and I must follow the illustrious example. It is a matter of sincere regret on my part that Mr. Godey did not, with his usual regard for the minutest details in dress descriptions, give the names for his bonnet plates. In vain I carefully peruse the pages in the hope of finding this valuable information. Plates and descriptions I find, in plenty; but, alas, all nameless! I know there existed in olden times the Victoria bonnet, the Poke bonnet, and Coal Scuttle, but there my discoveries are suddenly checked by a mysterious want of matter. I might, as I have no doubt many do, invent titles for my specimens, calling Fig. 1 the "Wide-Awake!" and others by equally

Fig. 1.



appropriate titles, and defend myself by exclaiming with Juliet—

"What's in a name?"

A *hat* by any other name would *fit as well*,"

but I scorn to take advantage of the credulity of my readers. I should blush more for the deceit

than I now do for my acknowledged ignorance. Thus it ever is. Patience and perseverance in any course meet many rewards; but even these potent aids fail sometimes, and "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" becomes more than a mere phrase. So, readers,

"With all my love I do commend me to ye,"

and what I find I will place before you. Names, I hope I shall be forgiven if I cannot tell you them. Now, if you will grant me a few moments' patience, I will give you two anecdotes of bonnets "long, long ago!" as they were told to me.

Mr. Higgins lived in the good old time (1832), in the town of Boston. Mrs. Higgins had heard of the "New Philadelphia Fashions," and particularly of the bonnets, and as Hiram was coming to our city of brotherly love, she made him promise to bring her a bonnet of the newest pattern. When Mr. Higgins had transacted all his trifling business in the city, he brought all the energy of his powerful intellect to bear on the choice of a bonnet for Mrs. H. Milliner after milliner was visited, and finally the facsimile of Fig. 2 was chosen. Carefully packed

Fig. 2.



in a wooden box, it was placed upon a cart, and, followed by the watchful owner, taken to the wharf. Here an unforeseen difficulty arose; the captain declared he could not ship so large a package. After pleading in vain, the despairing Mr. H., who justly dreaded his wife's wrath if he appeared without the coveted treasure, ordered the drayman to pitch it into the river, and

bade the captain a pathetic farewell, saying he would float to Boston upon it, or sink to rise no more.

"Stay, desperate man!" cried the terrified captain.

"No force shall hold me back!" was the heroic response.

"But reflect! The lives of others are endangered. Think of the fearful consequences should a ship come in contact with this floating mass!"

The appeal was successful. Mr. Higgins strode on board the vessel in gloomy silence, leaving the bonnet to fate and the drayman's mercy.

My second anecdote is an account of Mrs. Snowdrop's bonnet's journey to Boston.

Mrs. Snowdrop was a lovely widow, veering upon the age when ladies are shy of being asked how old they are. She was very fair, very coquettish, and very fond of dress. It was during the first visit of the cholera to Philadelphia that she determined to pass the summer in Boston, and "astonish the Yankees" by a display of her charms. Of course a complete fashionable wardrobe was made for the belle's *debut* in New England; but the *crowning* glory, the article that was to *cap* the climax of the fascinating array, was a *bonnet* (Fig. 3). Such a bonnet!

Fig. 3.



Who can tell the hopes and expectations built upon the anticipated effect of that stupendous headdress? Duly packed, carefully nailed up in a large, strong wooden box, and marked "this side up with care," it was placed among her baggage. All went well until they arrived at Providence; here the government officers held the boat in quarantine twenty-four hours because it was from the cholera-smitten city, New York. At length permission was given to land on the rocks, below the city. Of course, to effect this, it was necessary for the passengers

to leave the boat a few at a time in small boats, and land; but when the place was examined, no secure footing could be found. Here was a dilemma! Some one proposed to pile up some of the old trunks and so reach the rocks above, where a foothold was safe. Another, still more sage, said that the tops of trunks were apt to be slippery, and suggested using a large wooden box he had seen among the baggage, as presenting a more even surface. The box was brought out, and oh, ye belles! imagine Mrs. Snowdrop's horror. It was her bonnet-box! In spite of her frenzied exclamations and entreaties, it was placed on end, and the passengers passed safely over it.* Stage-coaches were in readiness to take them on to Boston, they were all inside, the baggage piled on the tops, when a heart-rending shriek from Mrs. Snowdrop announced the horrible fact that her precious bonnet-box still remained upon the rocks. With much grumbling it was brought up, but driver after driver refused to take it upon his coach. Mrs. Snowdrop was in despair! But when did the tears of lovely woman fail to move some heart? One middle-aged bachelor, who had a benevolent soul, took one of the drivers aside, and by dint of earnest persuasion, and a powerful argument (history does not mention what) prevailed upon him to strap the box upon his coach. Did the beaming smile the widow gave him through her tears reward the philanthropic individual? Answer, ye sensitive bachelors! The bonnet reached its destination in safety; Mrs. Snow-

Fig. 4.



drop thought her troubles were over. Alas, it was not so! The box was opened; its precious contents carefully lifted out, and how shall I reveal the direful truth? The salt water, pene-

* A fact.

trating the cracks of the box, had entirely ruined the hat. I draw a veil over the widow's despair. Some feelings are too deep for every eye to spy upon.

Fig. 4 I give as a beautiful specimen of the antique headdress. It is finished apparently with tiny bells on the top, though why I really cannot tell, unless, like Mother Goose's heroine, with "rings on her fingers and bells on her

hat," the wearer wished to "make music wherever she went." The bells are not the only remarkable thing in this bonnet; it has a rise in front, which I think looks "mighty peart," and another one at the crown from which rise the musical decorations. A fine bonnet this would be for some hen-pecked husband to present to his wife, when he wished to drown the sound of her voice.

A MAN'S CONFESSION.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"An unveiled heart, with all its moods
Of lightness and of stern reality."

"Just hand this lady on to the boat, captain. Oh! is it you, Arthur? So much the better. I will be back in a moment;" and I suddenly found myself in this way with a lady on my arm I had never seen before, and whose name even was unknown to me. On my hands I might better have said, for Grayson, my eccentric and somewhat absent-minded friend, disappeared among the crowd on the wharf, in pursuit of a parcel left quarter of a mile up the pier, in the carriage he had lately occupied.

The third bell rang; the merciful second clapping after "all ashore," vanished. The engineer's signal was given; and, in the midst of our exclamations and wonderings, the Eclipse moved from her berth, and was out in the stream. Grayson received his parcel, but lost his passage. I was the sole legatee of his carpet-bag, two trunks, and a strange young lady.

I had noticed her on the wharf before I saw she was under Grayson's charge. For, having no female belongings of my own, not even a sister, I was much given in those days to an admiration of pretty faces or a neat figure. I fancied I had an eye for both, and, when I sat *vis à vis* at a *table d'hôte*, to a party of ladies, or encountered them grouped or singly on the street, I elected my preferences instinctively, and have angled a whole day for an introduction.

I had noticed, then, a tall, rather slight figure in a grayish travelling-dress. She was very neatly gloved, and a clean white collar setting off her throat, fastened only by a brooch. I could not have studied these outlines so coolly now; for I was in duty bound to be a most respectful and consolatory escort.

"I am very sorry," said the pleasant voice of the unknown, fairly realizing that no flying leap, however valorously attempted, could restore her original protector.

"Oh, don't mention it! it is the greatest pleasure."

"For Mr. Grayson," pursued my companion. "I know he has an important engagement; and, besides, I might as well face my own unpleasant position at once. I had just given him my purse to get my ticket, and am without a dollar."

I felt so sorry for her; her face, flushing just a little as she spoke, showed how extremely embarrassing she felt her position to be; and yet I admired her for the frank straightforwardness of her declaration. Many women would have fretted over it in secret half the day, revolving the most impossible methods of procedure, and resorted to a tangle of little apologies and distresses at last, making me uncomfortable as well as themselves.

"Do not give it a thought," I said, instantly. "Is this your baggage—these trunks? Are you going on to Boston?"

She bowed in assent. I was in hopes the trunks would assist me to her name. But no; there were only initials. I was obliged to ask it before procuring her ticket with my own. There was a great whizzing of steam just as she replied, which confused me. I did not catch it. But how awkward to ask it over again! It sounded something like Green. I would try.

"If Miss Green will wait in the ladies' saloon." A little smile flitted over her face, but she did not disclaim it. I congratulated myself on my clever "guess" as I walked towards the captain's office.

When I returned to her, she was reading quietly, as if tacitly to release me from any personal attendance, if I felt so disposed. But, at the risk of appearing intrusive, I asked if she would go on deck, and said something about the sunset as an excuse.

We resumed our promenade after supper. The evening was very warm; the cabin was close, and vocal with noisy children; besides,

the summons to table had interrupted a most interesting conversation.

The frankness which I so admired gave an ease to her manner and conversation which I had never before seen in a young lady. I had usually found them self-conscious, or counterfeiting timidity, or straining after reserve, or a fashionable repose of manner, those who were not hoydens, a character that I disliked still more. We glided from one topic to another, avoiding trivialities, and personal only so far as the expression of opinions. Hers were neither flippant nor crude. Evidently, she had thought as well as read much. An introduction of commonplace I felt would have silenced her. We did not always agree in our estimates. I liked her all the better for defending her own position, instead of agreeing for the appearance of amiability. And thus we talked on, going over more topics than would have been touched upon in an ordinary formal series of visits extending over a year.

I felt under infinite obligation to Grayson for being left when I retired for the night. Usually I have slept quite as well on a steamboat as at home; but I came to the conclusion that the coffee must have been very strong, as I turned about in the comfortable berth for the fortieth time since retiring, and still seemed to feel the light pressure of that gloved hand upon my arm. I felt like bestowing a liberal remembrance to the chambermaid who came before daylight to tell me that the lady in sixty-two was ready to take the cars.

We were old friends when we met in the misty gray light; and her morning salutation, given with a smile, made me feel extremely human. One must have lived on the public many years fully to appreciate the daily slight amenities of the home circle. I was glad of the dampness, for it gave me the opportunity of folding her travelling-shawl around her, which I dare say I did awkwardly enough, having had no practice; and I carried her travelling-basket to the cars, and established myself on the same seat, quite as a matter of course.

I hoped that the course of conversation would develop her father's name and residence, or allude to a brother I might possibly have met. I was sure of having encountered at least two young men of the same name from Boston. But I was obliged, after all, to introduce them myself.

"Might I ask if young Appleton Green, who was at Newport last year, in August, was one of her family?"

She had a right to smile archly at my ma-

nœuvre, it was so self-evident. But "Mr. Appleton Green was *not* a connection."

"There was Tom Green, then," I said, resolved to hazard any favor I might have found in her sight by apparent undue curiosity, rather than lose all trace of her when we parted.

She smiled again, so she was not offended; but I was in fault there too. She had never so much as heard of my travelling acquaintance, nor did she assist me in the least in my pursuit of useful knowledge, and I began to fear that our acquaintance must end as abruptly as it began, for I knew that she expected some one to take charge of her on her arrival.

It was a middle-aged, benevolent-looking person, and might have been her father; but he was not, for she introduced him as Mr. Gordon; and, when I had the inexpressible delight of receiving the coveted invitation to call at Highland Cottage, Roxbury, he did not second the invitation. He called her Mary, I noticed, and was in quite too much of a hurry about baggage and getting away from the depot to have stood in any sentimental relationship to her.

If I had not been limited in my stay, my call would have been altogether too soon for etiquette; but I was a stranger in Boston, with nothing to do after the few hours' sight-seeing was exhausted, and so found my way to Highland Cottage on the following afternoon. It was a very unpretending little place, taking its name from Roxbury Highlands on which it was situated. There was a door yard, it could scarcely be called a lawn, in front, shaded by fruit-trees, and a pretty little balcony with flowering plants, and a bird—quite orthodox and romantic. "Evidently not calculated to hold many brothers and sisters," was my mental comment as I noticed the tiny proportions of the cottage, and was rather glad of the fact than otherwise. I never could comprehend the patriarchal blessing of a large family.

There was no drawback to the pleasure of my reception. She met me herself at the door, was evidently glad to see me, and there was no one in the little parlor to intrude on our *tête-à-tête*. I could not help glancing at the door uneasily now and then, expecting momentarily the advent of mamma or elder sister. But no one came, and I felt I was making an unreasonably long call, and resolved to go many times before I did. I liked her so much in her simple home dress; and the low sewing-chair and work-table in the bay window evidently were her special property. Ah, me! to think of going back to a life of endless hotel corridors and dreary drawing-rooms crowded with tarnished upholstery.

and a travelling-guide by the water pitcher on the centre-table.

But I rose to take leave at last, and just then a pretty child, her curls all in a tangle, and a great straw hat hanging on her shoulders by its green ribbon strings, came heated and breathless up the garden walk.

"Oh, my darling, what a race! How could you run so fast?" was the child's greeting. "Evidently her youngest sister," I said to myself, remarking the likeness between the two. I had just said something about calling to say good-by the next day, as, on the one following, I was to return to New York.

"But, mamma!" How I started! I am sure it was visibly; but I felt my face flaming and hot like the child's; and my heart turned over with a choking, suffocating pressure that almost took away my breath.

How could she look up so quietly the next moment, and say, as if in explanation, "I was just going to explain your slight mistake. It is *Mrs. Dean*, not Miss Green, who owes you her thanks for your kindly escort."

I only bowed and walked away. I could not trust myself to speak. I could not tell what to think of her or of myself. It is true I could recall nothing that savored of coquetry, or encouragement in the slightest, except the permission to visit her, which was certainly not quite right without adding her husband's invitation to her own. And what had I suffered myself to dream over the last twenty-four hours? Of a time when hotels and boarding-houses should be things of the past with me; when a cottage like this and its mistress, too nearly like her I had just left, should welcome me at nightfall. I felt like one who has suddenly been robbed of an inheritance, as I went heedlessly on my way under the cool shadow of shade trees, and past many more quiet, home-like nooks. In my abstraction I suddenly encountered some one going in the opposite direction. In fact, it was rather more than an encounter, nearly a collision. Both parties felt the necessity of an apology.

It was Mr. Gordon. He remembered me, and evidently guessed my errand in the neighborhood.

"Lovely little woman, Mrs. Dean," he said, nodding in the direction to the cottage. "Known her long? before her husband's death?"

An instant before, I had wished Mr. Gordon on any road he pleased, so it was not mine. Now, I instantly felt constrained to offer him the pleasure of my society for a few squares. Obliging man; not only discreet, but I liked

him all the better for assuming just then that I was an old acquaintance of the family.

"How any man could neglect such a pretty young creature, and an orphan, too, as he did, is past my comprehension. No one ever knew it from her, though; no, bless your soul. She never talks about her own affairs, even to me, and I'm about the nearest relation she's got in the world, or my wife is, and that's all the same thing. Now I'll be bound she's had many a good offer since; but you never would catch her breathing it. I wonder she doesn't marry; though, to be sure, her first experience was not very encouraging."

He might have rambled on all night in this fashion, and I should have "rambled" beside him. But presently he got upon the nick of real estate in the neighborhood, and I discovered I had an engagement which obliged me to bid him good-evening abruptly.

If there was one class of persons above another which I had always avoided, it was widows. When my friend Harris married the relict of an eminent ship chandler, we considered him—all our set—as a subject for formal condolence, and were ever after accustomed to speak of him as "the late lamented." When that very Appleton Green I had blunderingly put forward as a relative proposed introducing me to the rich Mrs. Hacklestone of New Bedford, who had signified her approval of my personal appearance, I avoided the little man as if he had proposed a death's head as a cheerful evening companion.

"Widows," I had been accustomed to say to my old friend Nelson, "widows are the pestilent atmosphere of female society. Avoid them as you would a sirocco, poetically speaking. You may always detect them on the instant of their approach. There is the full blown widow passing for thirty-five, but in reality nearly fifty. There is your sentimental widow still in weeds, and talking about sympathy and blasted hopes. There's your dashing young widow who calls you by your Christian name ten minutes after you are introduced to her; and your widow with an interesting young family always grouped around her in an affective tableau. Man-traps, all of them, Nelson, my boy," I would say, knocking the ashes from my cigar. "Mr. Weller, senior, was sound and practical."

Yet I was obliged to confess it to myself. Notwithstanding my boasted discernment, even the suspicion of the thing had not crossed my mind in my late acquaintance, and Mary Dean was the first woman I had ever met who had set me seriously to wishing for a home. Passing

fancies I had had my share of; transient infatuations incited by a pretty face or a dashing manner: but this was such a tranquil, dreamy phase of interest before the rude shock which had quickened the latent passion into life that it was the more dangerous.

There had been a deeper feeling underlying my avoidance of the class of community I had denounced. I knew that, whenever I did love a woman, she would possess a heart undivided by even a pang of recollection or regret. I asked a full equivalent for what I gave. I felt that it would be torture to me to lavish the freshness of a first love on one who had before tried the same devotion, or between whose present loving word or gentle caresses a tone, an echo of the past would glide piercingly.

Well, that was all past now. So near had I been to losing all claim upon this home, suddenly built up and peopled by my longing fancies, that such as I might now possess seemed more than would satisfy me. If I had met her, this haunting vision of my dream knowing all, I might have recoiled, and passed by on the opposite side; as it was, I sought for no confessions of past dissatisfaction in life. I was content to assume that there had been such. I was more than satisfied with what remained to me when, at length, she promised to be my wife, and to give me that home, rest, and peace for which I yearned unceasingly. Whatever of lightness or flippancy there had been in my nature gradually passed away. My life deepened, and was made earnest by her noble companionship. I accepted the trust of rearing her child with all a father's watchfulness; and I decried myself into the belief that I loved the bright little creature as she, Mary, desired me to do.

The world is full of revelations of the working of woman's heart. Did it ever seem strange to you that so few men come to the confessional?

It is partly from the nature of things that I know. A woman's life is so made up of her affections, and their expression is a natural gift augmented by habitually dwelling upon every variation, and the necessity with most of their sex of a confidant for whom each emotion is analyzed, each phase of growth or diminution recorded.

Man's life, with rare exceptions, is too turbulent for brooding even over his sorrows. Few have friendships sufficiently close for emotional sympathy after the business of life is fairly entered upon. Love is made a jest, earnestness a matter of ridicule. Stocks, and prices current, the failure of the day, the arrival or non-arrival of the steamer, the waver-

ing of some political adherency—these are our confidences, our topics of congratulation or condolence. Thus we enjoy or suffer, scarcely comprehending the matter ourselves for the lack of utterance, not of feeling; and hence it is that when we read of the life, trials, and triumphs of woman—"Agatha's" suspicions of the unkindness of her "husband," for instance, or "Zaidee's" suffering in her self-sacrifice—we get but glimpses of the tortured heart of Agatha's noble-minded Nathaniel, or of Philip Vivian's lonely Indian life, self-exiled not less bravely than Zaidée, from home and kindred.

But I forced myself at last to define the unrest that crept over me when I thought my earthly happiness was perfected. It was not jealousy of the dead; for, accepting the existence of wrong and sorrows in her early married life from my chance informant, it had since been silently confirmed in many ways. I knew that Mary's confidence in me and her content in my devotion were a new and full experience to her, as fresh as the vivid happiness which every touch and tone of hers possessed the power to thrill me with; but I was jealous of her child. I was soon to be a father. I longed for the time to come with all a woman's desire, that I might feel the velvet cheek pressed to mine, and the clinging baby-arms twined around my neck. I pictured the time when the innocent eyes would light up with recognition at my voice, when my hand should guide the tottering feet to its mother's knee, and when—oh, joy!—I should hear "father" in the faltering utterance of my child's lips. Do you think all this unmanly, or that I am alone among my fellows in these imaginings? Nay, I am alone only in the confession; but I promised to tell you all.

How I watched the tiny white robes which Mary fashioned, and toyed with the fluttering ribbons with which she looped them! How wonderful seemed all the little gathering of preparation for the expected little one! What new pride, and pleasure, and tenderness brought tears to my eyes as I sat beside my wife in the hush of twilight, and thought of all these things!

It was at such a time as this that the first temptation to evil intruded. Alice came to bid her mother good-night in her own playful, fondling way. "Pretty mamma, dear mamma, come and sing to me only a little while."

For this child she could leave my side. Here was a claim stronger than my own, earlier than mine, one that had been all-absorbing before we met, that I knew. It was this child that had awakened a mother's love, that had stolen from

mine the birthright of a first mother kin, who would come between us in the solemn joy to which I looked forward, new to me alone. To Mary, life's holiest emotion would only repeat itself feebly.

All this came upon me suddenly; but I could not shake it off. I could not welcome as before the little creature's morning kiss. I shrank from her instinctively when she climbed upon my knee at nightfall, and laid her head upon my shoulder as she had always done. I began to think what if she should die of some of those many disorders incident to childhood, would Mary suffer much? Would it not add a new rapture to the welcome of my child? And then there would be no rival to share her love and cares.

These thoughts did not come suddenly, but by slow, unresisted approaches. They changed my whole life. I became moody, and fitful, irritable to a degree entirely foreign to my nature, when Mary needed all my tenderness. She saw it sorrowfully and patiently. If she guessed the cause, she never uttered a reproach; but I noticed that Alice came to us less frequently, and in our hearts our first estrangement had commenced.

My boy was given to me in the peril and anxiety of that hour. I forgot all but my precious uncomplaining wife, and that, if she were taken from me now, life would be a burden. But even when I laid the child beside her for the first time, and saw the loving smile that looked from the half-closed violet eyes up into mine, the tempter returned.

One night, wearied with the restraints of the nursery, little Alice begged me to row her out upon the stream that ran sparkling and eddying at the foot of the lawn. She was drooping in her mother's absence from her daily life, and I had seen her sobbing more than once because the officious nurse denied her more than her daily visit to the room, which Mary had not yet left. A sudden impulse moved me to grant her request. The sunset was rippling the waters when I pulled past our garden, and floated out of sight. It was quite dark before I turned back, for the child was satisfied, and I was lost in the old bitterness of spirit.

She had been lying quietly on a cloak in the bottom of the boat, unconscious of the cruel speculations of which she was the innocent cause. She loved me and trusted me as ever, and presently crept up and leaned over my knee, dipping her hand in the warm, pleasant tide, and dropping her curls over her face to see how nearly they touched the water. It was a

dangerous position, and instantly I stretched out my hand to guard her. I drew it back slowly. Would it be my fault if she leaned too far? Would not every one understand it as a child's freak? Even Mary would not dream of upbraiding me; and then all would be at an end, all the daily torture of the child's presence, which would increase year by year all the estrangement between her mother and myself.

On *my* child would be centered all the love that I jealously exacted for it. The slightest movement on my part, a tremulous dip of the oar, and it was done! I saw, as in a flash, the pale face and stiffened limbs rise and float past me far down the stream; the choking, bubbling cry rang on my ears.

I had scarcely bent above the oar, yet a beaded perspiration stood upon my forehead. I had "consented unto her death."

With a shudder and a gasp, I unclosed my eyes to find that fancy only had made this real. I snatched the child to my heart with a vehemence that frightened her, and, for the first time in many weeks, kissed her lips, her hands, her forehead. It was in thanksgiving for my own salvation.

As I moored my boat to the landing, and took Alice in my arms, I could see through the shrubbery that lights were moving rapidly about the house; all was in confusion as we approached it. Our physician met me in the hall, hastening to my wife's room with an undefined sickening apprehension. He had been of no avail. My child had been seized with a sudden convulsion, and was already dead.

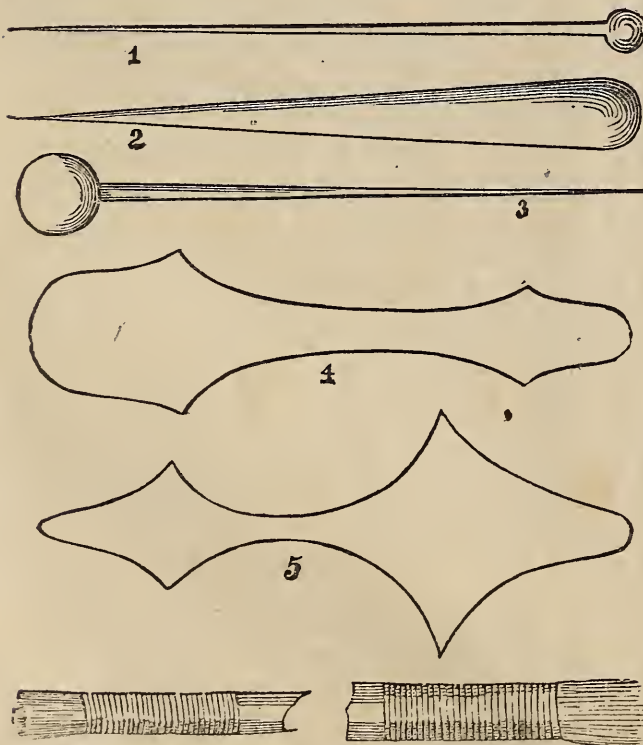
Do you wonder that I mourned as one who refused to be comforted? that I shut myself from all, even from my wife? The guiltiness of my heart was stirred almost to madness by her self-forgetful tenderness. Her own loss seemed put aside to comfort me. It was only when Alice came and stroked my haggard face softly, and whispered, "poor papa, let Alice love you," that I felt her mother, knowing all my sin, might yet forgive and love me, that Heaven would pardon the crime it had so justly and sternly rebuked.

I have never had another child. Alice is now my all. It was she who comforted me in the first great sorrow of my life; it is she who supported me in my great bereavement when years after her mother was taken from me. My own child never could have rendered me more devoted filial affection and obedience. So slow are we to recognize the blessings held out for our acceptance.

THE ART OF MAKING WAX FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

White and Green Down.—Some leaves and stalks have a certain degree of mealiness or hairiness about them, which it is desirable to imitate. For this purpose, sometimes a white, and at others a greenish-white powder is used; any of those recommended for waxen fruit may be employed. Green flock is to be used for the hairiness of stems, and the mealiness or glaucous white color of the leaves of the carnation, pink, &c. may be made of hair powder, mixed with a little Brunswick or other green in a state of powder, they being rubbed together through a lawn or muslin sieve, to incorporate them well, and thus to make the color uniform.

Curling Pins.—These are for curling the wax into various shapes, such as cups, folds, ribs, &c. The following forms and sizes (Nos. 1, 2, 3) are all that are required. Nos. 5 and 6 are convenient for bell-shaped flowers, and for convolvuluses, but are not indispensable. Nos. 1 and 3 may be steel wires, four or five inches long, with a smooth ball of glass at the end of each. Nos. 2, 4, and 5 may be of ivory, bone, wood, or metal; any others may be made of



wood, cut with a knife, to fit particular trumpet-shaped and other flowers.

Brushes.—The tinting brush is for dry colors; the sizes and shapes are as follows: Their use

is to brush over the various shades of wax a different tint, where required; for example—the *Eutoca viscida* is a flower of a beautiful blue color, but its centre is white, and the petals are lighter on their under side, therefore it must be made of white wax, and the blue color put on before the petals are united together, by means of one of these brushes and cobalt or ultramarine blue in powder. The cut shows the point of two different sized brushes.

Patterns and Shapes.—This is a very important matter, but presents no difficulty. The best of all patterns is the flower itself. Procure, if you can, two flowers like each other; one you are to keep as a guide in making up; the second you may pull to pieces, which will enable you to count the number of the petals, to see their exact form, color, size, and shape. Take then one of each of the various parts, lay it upon a piece of white paper, and mark carefully round it with a pencil; so also of all the other parts. These are the guides, and in order that they may be available another time you should write upon each the number required of them. The wax

of proper color must then be selected, cut, colored, and moulded according to these patterns. When flowers are readily to be procured, a selection should be made, and the patterns preserved for after use. Next to real flowers, the paintings of them of a natural size are of value, as it is easy with a piece of tracing paper to take off any shape required, and afterwards to cut out a paper model according to its outline. Having mentioned a paper model, it may be stated that, for making one flower only, a paper or card shape will do very well, but if a number are to be made, it is better to use thin tin. That called *tag plate*, and which is used for the tags of laces, is the thinnest, and will cut very readily with scissors. At many places are sold pieces of tin for the purpose, but besides being very expensive, they are by no means correct, and imply that every individual leaf, bud, or floret, made by them, must be exactly a counterpart to all the others; thus a bunch of flowers, all exactly alike, as the may or white thorn,

the forget-me-not, the lilac, &c., would look extremely formal, however well they were arranged, though it is to be admitted that these tin shapes very much diminish the labor of

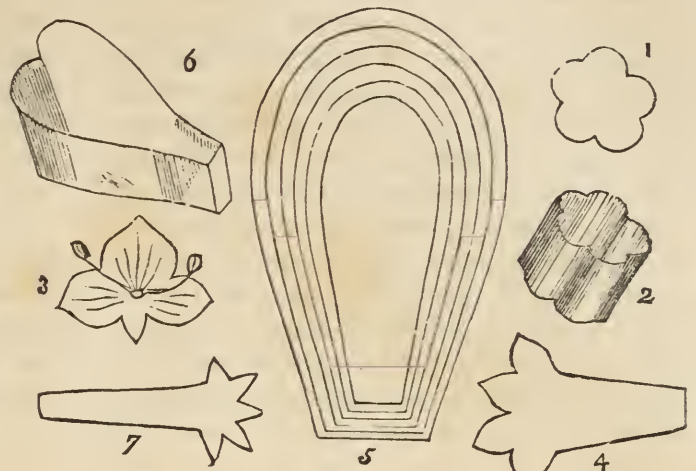
making such flowers as we have named, but to use them for dahlias, roses, &c., is unnecessary and inadvisable. The following shows these tin shapes for four flowers: 1 and 2, the forget-me-not—3, the veronica—4, the lilac—5, various shapes of the dahlia, one within the other, forming a series of six sizes—6, shapes of the primrose petal—7, of the quilled China aster, or made a little larger of the chrysanthemum.

A circumstance here forces itself upon the attention, that although the petal curves down to a point, where it is united to the rest of the flowers, yet, when cutting out the shape, and afterwards the wax, this part is to be made wider than is natural, in order that it may adhere the stronger to the rest, and not be so liable to bend or snap afterwards; for all waxen flowers are apt to get a little brittle by time, particularly those that are made with wax into which Canada balsam has been melted, as it is by some of the makers, greatly to its injury.

Stamens and Pointal.—The thread-like parts within flowers are made with white, yellow, or green cotton, made stiff first with starch, and then dipped in melted wax; this may be cut into lengths as required; bristles dyed of these colors are also useful; wax itself, cut into slips, will often be better than anything else. The *seeds*, as they are called, sold at the artificial flower-makers, are vile substitutes.

To make Waxen Leaves.—This is a method very different from making the petals of the flowers, although very often the petals, if made thus, would be very greatly improved. The waxen leaves are made partly by moulding, and partly by cutting, but, as they are made of sheets of wax previously prepared, the method of making them properly belongs to this department of the subject. First, take the natural leaf, and make a pattern of it in tin or card, with all its irregularities of outline, place it upon wet sand, and pour plaster of Paris over it to the thickness of half an inch. When set, trim it round; turn it over, and cast in like manner the other side, but without disturbing the leaf itself. Separate the parts when the last plaster is set, take out the leaf, and you will have two moulds of it, which are ready for use immediately, and will, if carefully used, last for a long time. To make the leaves themselves of wax, take a sheet of the latter, cut it by the tin pattern into proper size, soak the mould into water just warm, and while thus wet and warm squeeze the waxen shape between the two half moulds; they will impress upon it all the various veins and irregularities of the real leaf. The most usual leaves

made are those of the hyacinth, the camelia, rose, orange, geranium, convolvulus, passion-flower, hop, laburnum, primrose, violet, and water-lily. Some flowers never have leaves attached to them, as the dahlia, anemone, ranunculus, poppy, &c. The leaves in these examples are much divided, and would be very difficult to



imitate, nor are they necessary, as they are never found in nosegays containing these flowers.

To make Succulent Stems, Buds, &c.—Many objects, which may be considered as accessories to flowers, require to be cast exactly in the manner already described under waxen fruit. There are various succulent stems, as those of the cactus, stapelia, aloe, &c., the buds of the larger fuchsias, berries of coffee, very small oranges, buds of the dahlia, hips of the rose-tree, &c. &c., yet casting is to be avoided as much as possible, on account of the trouble of it, and the too great uniformity of the produce; generally the buds of flowers may be modelled very well by the hand, without having recourse to the inconveniences of casting, the latter process being chiefly of use to those who make the commoner kind of waxen flowers for sale.

MODELLING SIMPLE FLOWERS.

It is always advisable for the learner to commence with what is simple and easy, and to proceed thence to the more difficult flowers. Now there is a great trouble in producing a facsimile of personate flowers like the fox-glove, and all those flowers which are bell or trumpet-shaped, as the bluebell, the convolvulus, tobacco, the marvel of Peru, and others; still greater difficulty would be found with many of the orchideous plants, the calceolaria, &c., while others are so remarkably easy that even a first attempt generally succeeds in producing a good imitation; such, for example, are the primrose, the heart's-ease, the laburnum, the pink, &c. We shall describe many of these beautiful objects in de-

tail, only observing that with all flowers it is advisable first to cut out and arrange all the pieces required, then to color them properly, afterwards to attach the parts to each other, and finally to put on such extra touches of colors, down, varnish, &c., as they seem to require.

A little knowledge of botany will greatly assist, because it teaches the character of the flower in its single natural state, showing the number of its leaves, or more properly petals, and the number of the stamens or inner thread-like bodies, and also the various positions of these and other parts relatively to each other. All flowers of the same species, and generally of the same family, are like each other in these and other respects; thus, although there are twenty or more species of crocus, and of these perhaps fifty varieties, yet they all agree in having six parts to the flower, three outside the other three, with three stamens within side, and a pointal in the centre of all. By knowing then

the character of one crocus, we know the character of all, and require no form or pattern but a single petal, our botanical knowledge supplying all other information. Lest we should not be understood by the non-botanist, through being too scientific in speaking of the parts of a flower, we have to state that the outer envelope of a flower is called a calyx, and its parts are called sepals; this is generally a green cup, as in the primrose, yet sometimes colored, as in the fuchsia; and when a flower has but one kind of envelope, as the crocus and the tulip, it is a calyx. When the flower has two envelopes, the inner part is a corolla, and its parts are called petals, as the red leaves or petals of the rose. Sometimes the calyx falls off when the flower opens, as the poppy. Within the corolla are the stamens or threads, and in the centre of all the pointal, and sometimes the young seed vessel.

TRIALS OF AN ENGLISH HOUSEKEEPER.

NO. VI.—MRS. YAPP'S VISIT.

“For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',” &c.

WHILE Edward was gone on his professional visit to the country, a letter came to him, which I opened and found to be from Mrs. Yapp, the mother of his first wife, telling her “dear boy” that she was coming up to London on the next Thursday, and would make her “dear pet's house” (“dear pet,” indeed) her home while she remained.

Though I couldn't, for the life of me, understand what claim she had now upon my husband's hospitality, still, under the circumstances, 't was very clear that it would never do to slam the door in her face, when she came to us, though I'm sure I felt as if nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have done so; for I do not know anything more uncomfortable than to be obliged to go bowing and scraping, and saying civil things to one whom all the time you are wishing safe at the bottom of the Red Sea—as every lady with her proper feelings about her knows she has been obliged to do scores of times. Of course, Mrs. Yapp would be professing the greatest love for her “dear boy,” and be continually praising to the skies his “beloved first wife,” and she might even expect me to sympathize with her, when really I couldn't care the least about it. And nothing

is so unpleasant to a right-minded woman like myself as to be forced to take out one's handkerchief and play the crocodile for one whom, in the nature of things, I could not care the least for.

I hoped Edward would come home in time to receive his dear Mrs. Yapp; and he did come, a day before I expected her, in quite a good humor, for he had won his cause, like a clever lawyer, as he certainly is; though, as he said, all the facts, and the law, and justice of the case were dead against him. So, when I broke to him the impending calamity of Mrs. Yapp's visit, he took it much better than I had expected, for he laughed and said he should like to see how old Mother Yapp and Mrs. Buffum would get on with one another; for he expected they would come together like two highly charged thunderclouds, and go off with a tremendous explosion, which would have the effect of clearing the air of his house, so that he would be left in a perfect heaven. And then the jocular monster tittered, and said that if he had been doomed to have only one mother-in-law, it was clear that he must have ended his days in a mad-house, but that, as Providence had blessed him with two, he was as happy as a man who had married an orphan; for, as mothers-in-law were the invariable negatives of domestic happiness, it

was clear that two of them must make his home an affirmative paradise ; adding that one was the poison, and the other the antidote, so that, thank Heaven, now, if at any time he was suffering from an overdose of mother-in-law Buffum, he had only to make up his mind to swallow a little of mother-in-law Yapp, and he would be all right again in no time ; for the bitter alkali of the one would correct the acidity of the other, and drive off the dreadful effects of both in a twinkling.

As I saw that my husband was in one of his teasing, facetious moods, I thought it best to turn the conversation, which I very cleverly did by asking him what kind of a woman Mrs. Yapp was, when he burst out laughing again, assuring me that she was a very nice woman, only she was too fond of her medicine-bottle, and was dreadfully addicted to doctor's stuff ; for she took pills as if they were green peas, and seemed to have as strong a penchant for powders as other people had for snuff. And he considerably alarmed me by saying that the worst of it was, she had a strange conviction that all her friends stood as much in need of medicine as she did, as she was never happy unless she could prevail upon some one to try some of her potions or lotions, and which she always would have it were just the things one wanted ; and really she herself had swallowed so much rhubarb, and senna, and chamomile, in her time, that she had a complexion for all the world like a Margate skipper, although she would tell you, if it were not for what she had taken, she would never have had a bit of color in her cheeks. Edward cautioned me, above all things, never to allow her to persuade me to try any of her nostrums, for, if I let her try their effect on my very fine constitution, I should find that her powders and pills would bring me down as safe as powder and shot ; and I told him he need not be afraid, for nothing would induce me to try her horrid messes.

On Thursday, Edward would make me go to meet Mrs. Yapp, though, as I said at the time, it would seem as if we were too glad to see her. However, as my husband, I regret to say, never will listen to reason, I had to go to the expense of a cab just to please his foolish whim. When the stage came in, I went up to a middle-aged lady who looked as bilious as a bar of yellow soap, and asked her, with a pleasing smile, "whether her name happened to be Yapp?" But she looked at me very suspiciously, and said, "It was no such thing." And then I tried everybody else, but no Mrs. Yapp could I find ; so, after all, I had to get home as fast as

I could, and there was the cab-hire literally thrown away.

Long after our dinner was over, a hack drove up to the door, and whom should it contain but Mrs. Yapp, who had come with three large trunks, a carpet-bag, two bonnet boxes, one bandbox, and a bundle, as if she were going to stay a whole year with us.

When she came in, I declare, upon my word and honor, if she wasn't the very woman, with a complexion like fullers'-earth, that I had asked at the coach-office whether her name was Yapp. And on reminding her of it, she said she was very sorry for the mistake, but really and truly she had heard so much about the tricks of London people that she couldn't be expected to go telling her name to the first stranger she met with. So she had thought that the safest plan, to prevent being imposed upon, was to jump with her boxes into a hackney coach, and tell the man to drive her to our house. The fellow, however, had been three hours at least galloping about with her, and had taken her over to Stockwell Park, and Highbury Park, and every other park he could think of, in search of Park Village. For, of course, the man saw that she was fresh from the country, and had determined to make the most of her ; so she had to pay upwards of half a sovereign for her suspicions of me (your bilious people are always so suspicious), and which I was heartily glad of.

Of course she was so happy to see her dear boy, "whose house she was going to make her home ;" and declared she was delighted to make *my* acquaintance. Edward very imprudently would go inquiring after her health, when immediately off my lady went, and kept us for full half an hour, giving us a whole catalogue of all her illnesses and cures, and telling us how she had discovered a new pill which had really worked miracles with her. However, I slipped out of the room to look after Susan and the tray, and made her warm up one of the pork chops, and bring it up with the tea. But no sooner did my lady see it than she said it would be death to her if she touched it, and before she let me make the tea, she would go and undo one of her boxes in the hall, just to get out a loaf of digestive bread, and a bottle of soda ; and if she didn't force me to put half a teaspoonful at least into the pot, telling me that it would correct all the acidity, and make the tea go twice as far—which I can easily understand, as I'm sure neither Edward nor myself could touch it : for I declare it was more like soapsuds than full-flavored wiry Pekoe. The worst of it was, too, I was obliged to say it "was very nice, I was

sure;" and I could see *that* Edward, laughing away in his sleeve at every sip I took. Then she would sit all the evening with her shawl over her shoulders, declaring that the draughts came in at our door enough to cut her in two; and she made me go down stairs and see that the sheets for her bed were well aired, and give orders for a fire to be lighted in her room, and the feather-bed put down before it, and a pan of hot water to be taken up for her at ten precisely, and for a few spoonfuls of brown sugar to be put into the warming-pan with the coals, before warming her bed; adding that, with a good large basin of gruel, and a James's powder in it, she thought she should do for *that* night. And really I should have thought so too.

But what pleased me most was that she said she was putting me to a great deal of trouble. And I should think she was too—though, of course, I was forced to assure her that she wasn't, and that nothing gave me more pleasure than to be able to assist one with such a bad constitution as she appeared to have of her own. Whereupon she flew at me very spitefully, and told me I was never more mistaken in all my life; for every one that knew her allowed that, if it hadn't been for her very fine constitution, and a score of Morison's Number Twos daily, she should have been in Abraham's bosom long ago; and that I should be a lucky woman if my constitution was half as fine as hers. So, as I saw it was useless arguing the point with her, I let her have her own way, and wasn't at all sorry when ten o'clock came, and I had seen her fairly up stairs to her bedroom, where she kept Susan a good three-quarters of an hour at least fiddle-faddling and tying her flannel petticoat around her head, and tucking her up, and pinning her shawl before the window, and what not.

Next morning, when she came down to breakfast, she told us that she had got the rheumatism in both her legs so bad that she had been forced to wrap them up in brown paper, which she said she found to be the best of all remedies, and an infallible cure; and sure enough, there she was going about the house with her legs done up for all the world like a pair of new tongs in an ironmonger's shop. All breakfast time, she would tell us how she had made it a duty to try every new cure as fast as it came up, and how she supposed she must have written in her time at least thirty testimonials of wonderful cures effected upon her by different medicines, which, she said, she had since found out had never done her any good at all. At one time, she used brandy and salt, and she took so much of it that, instead of curing her illness, she verily

believed she was only curing herself like so much bacon. At another period, she had pinned her faith entirely to cold water, and she was sure she must have swallowed a small river in her time; she had had it pumped upon her too, and sat in it, and bathed in it, and slept in it, she might say, for she went to bed in nothing but damp sheets for a year and more, until really she had washed every bit of color out of her cheeks; and she felt that if she was to wring her hands, water would run from them like a wet flannel. After that, she had gone raving mad about homœopathy, and had nearly starved herself to death with its infinitesimal doses. For whole weeks she used to take nothing for breakfast but the billionth part of a spoonful of tea in a quart of boiling water, and the ten thousandth part of an ounce of butter to eight sixty-sixths of a quarter loaf; while her dinner had frequently consisted of three ounces and two drachms of the lean of a neck of mutton made into broth with a gallon of water, flavored with three pennyweights of carrot; and a scruple of greens; and seasoned with two grains and a half of pepper, and the sixteenth of a pinch of salt. Since, however, she had discovered her wonderful pill, she had left all her other specifics, and never felt so well, and consequently so happy, before; and then she pulled out a box, and would make me take a couple of the little things with my tea, saying that they would make me so comfortable and good-tempered, that I should hardly know myself again.

Mrs. Yapp had four hundred pounds a year; but if it had only been twenty-five, she could not have been more careful of it than she was. I have known her walk miles just to save a farthing, though she must have worn out at least a sixpenny worth of leather in the journey.

Well, in one of her rambles after bargains, the old lady stumbled on an out-of-the-way chemist's shop, with a bill in the window advertising that they were selling the best Epsom salts for a penny a pound less than Mrs. Yapp was accustomed to give. This was a temptation she could not resist, so she must needs take one pound just to try it.

She came home to her dinner quite full of her bargain, declaring that, if it only turned out as good as she expected, she would buy all there was in the place.

At breakfast, the next day, she told us that it seemed as if some superior power had led her to buy her salts yesterday; for she had just heard from Susan that the smallpox had already reached the next door but one, and she had no

doubt that it would be our turn next. Then she went on so dreadfully about it, and we all got so terribly alarmed, that we were ready to do anything—for she kept dinning in our ears that vaccination was only good for seven years, and that the only chance we had of escaping it, and preventing our faces being pitted all over like a honeycomb, was to sweeten our blood with a little cooling medicine, and that really a spoonful or two of her salts all round was just the very thing we wanted. Edward too seemed to take a delight in aggravating the horrors of the disease, and exaggerating the virtues of the remedy which Mrs. Yapp had prescribed for us, and kept on until at last we did as she wished, and swallowed a couple of spoonfuls each. After which, I had Miss Susan up, and made her take some as well, for I had no idea of having her laid up in the house, and paying, goodness knows what amount, in doctor's bills for her. But she was too much afraid of her complexion and beauty being spoiled to require much persuasion.

Edward had gone to chambers, when dear mother, who was reading the advertisements in the "Times," gave a loud scream, and cried out, "We are all poisoned!" And sure enough she showed me an advertisement at the top of the second column in the first page, headed "Caution," and running as follows:—

"The stout, elderly lady, with tortoise-shell spectacles, and dressed in a black straw bonnet, trimmed with canary ribbon, with a small squirrel tippet, and a black German velvet gown, is earnestly requested not to take any of the pound of salts she bought at the chemist's in M—n—m—th Str—t, S—v—n D—ls, and said she would have more if she liked them, as, through the mistake of an inexperienced apprentice, she was served with oxalic acid instead."

No one can imagine the dreadful state this threw us all into, and it was as much as I could do to prevent mother from flying at Mrs. Yapp and tearing her to pieces, limb by limb, on the spot; only I said that she had much better turn her thoughts to some antidote, and leave the wretched old woman to her own dreadful feelings. Whereupon, dear mother merely called her a murderess some half-dozen times, and gave her to understand that, even if she was lucky enough to get over it, as sure as their names were Yapp and Buffum, she would have her hung for it. Mrs. Yapp, however, told her not to talk in that foolish way—as she had done it all for the best—but to see about taking as much chalk or lime as we possibly could, as that was the only thing that could save us. And

then I declare if the old thing didn't seize hold of the fire shovel with one hand, and a plate off the breakfast-table with the other, and jumping up on a chair, began scraping away at my beautiful ceiling, whilst I ran down stairs, and, telling Susan what had happened, and what Mrs. Yapp had prescribed as antidote, we both of us made a rush at the plaster of Paris images that the girl had stuck up over the mantelpiece; and whilst she was devouring her beautiful painted parrot, I ate Napoleon Bonaparte all but his boots.

Dear mother, who wouldn't believe in anything that Mrs. Yapp said, declared that nothing would do her good but candles, and the poor dear soul had got through a whole rushlight and the better part of a long six, by the time that Mrs. Toosypegs, my nurse (whom I had packed off in a cab to our doctor, and the chemist who had sold Mrs. Yapp the poison, and for Edward) got back to us again, bringing the chemist himself with her, and who said he was happy to inform us that it was all a mistake, and that the packet of oxalic acid, which they had fancied the young man had served the lady in a tortoise-shell spectacles with, had been found, and that we had taken nothing but the very best Epsom salts after all.

Edward came rushing in shortly afterwards; and when he heard that it had only been a false alarm, I declare if he didn't fall down on the sofa, and nearly split his sides: which made us all so wild, that I really felt as if I could have boxed the ears of the unfeeling monster; and I know for a positive fact that dear mother's hands were itching to do it as well. As it was, the good soul rated him soundly; for, not being able to contain herself, she flew out at him, and told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself to lie there, as he was, chuckling over the distresses of the very woman whom he had sworn to love and cherish in sickness as well as in health—to say nothing of herself who was my mother—and that at a time, too, when he ought to go down on his bended knees, and thank his stars for our miraculous escape. But Edward only grinned the more, and kept telling her that it was as good fun as the Derby day, and that he had never known such capital sport after the Epsom cup before.

OUTWARD politeness can be learned in set forms at school; but, at the best, it will be hollow and deceptive. Genuine politeness, like everything else that is genuine, must come from the heart.

THE BORROWED TEAPOT.

BY KATE WILDER.

I WAS to have company to tea, and among them was Mrs. Clinton, who lived in a style, if not beyond my ambition, yet far beyond my ability to reach. Her house was larger than mine, and furnished with exquisite taste. But then her husband was richer; and she had only six in family, servants and all, while my family counted up as high as the round number ten. The difference, as every housekeeper knows, was considerable.

All the rest of my expected company were, as far as circumstances were concerned, on about my own level, and intimate friends.

With them as my guests, I would have been altogether at ease, and had a "good time of it;" but I had been invited to tea at Mrs. Clinton's, and the present occasion was designed as a return compliment. Mrs. Clinton was, therefore, to be the honored guest; and, during all my preparations, she was uppermost in my thoughts.

During the afternoon, I went to my china closet to make a survey of its contents, and see how my set would compare with Mrs. Clinton's. Hers was splendid, and embraced a variety of articles of which mine could not boast. How poor, almost mean, looked my plain white china, ornamented with a simple gold band, contrasted in imagination with the richly chased silver tea service and gayly decorated porcelain of Mrs. Clinton. I was really depressed by the comparison, and felt that everything would look so indifferent in the eyes of my guest, that she would ever after regard me as a person of little consequence.

Poor, weak human nature!

I looked at the plates, cups and saucers, teapots, dishes, cake baskets, &c. with a vague, dreamy sense of mortification; and, if my purse had not been almost in a state of collapse, I verily believe that I would have gone off to a china-store and purchased a new and more elegant tea set.

As I stood musing in the closet, now examining this article, and now that; as bad luck would have it, I knocked over one of the teapots, and broke off a small piece, not much larger than a pea, from the upper edge of the spout.

What a catastrophe! I sat down and cried over it to begin with. Then I bethought myself

of liquid glue, and made a trial of sticking on the little angular bit of China. But, as the surgeons say, the fracture was a compound one, and no skill that I possessed was equal to the task of mending it so as to restore the original appearance. Another good cry succeeded. What was I to do? If Mrs. Clinton had not been one of my expected guests, the accident to the teapot would not have been a matter of such serious concern. But it would never do in the world to have a piece of broken china on my table for her eyes to detect—never! never!

While casting about in my perplexity, it suddenly occurred to me that my next door neighbor, Mrs. Lawson, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, owned a tea set precisely like mine. We had purchased at the same time and at the same store. Light at once broke into my mind; and a mountain was lifted from my heart. I took my pencil and a sheet of note paper, and wrote—

"MY DEAR MRS. LAWSON: I have been so unlucky as to break the spout of one of my china teapots; and, as I expect company to tea, am in a sad state of perplexity. It has just occurred to me that our sets are alike, and I know it will give you pleasure to keep me out of my trouble by letting me have one of yours for the evening. I will take particular care of it, and send it home early in the morning.

Very sincerely,

JANE SMITH."

This note was immediately dispatched by my chambermaid, who, after staying long enough to weary out my patience, came back with the teapot.

"What did Mrs. Lawson say, Ellen?" I inquired.

"She said, ma'am, she hoped you would be very careful of the teapot."

"Of course I will be, Ellen. I said as much in my note."

"Yes, ma'am." Ellen stood, with her eyes upon the floor, a little demurely, as if there was more in her thoughts than she just felt free to utter.

"Did Mrs. Lawson say anything else?" I inquired.

"Nothing to me in particular, ma'am. Only, I don't think she wanted to lend the teapot."

"Why do you say that, Ellen?"

"She looked as if she didn't, ma'am."

My impulse was to return the article at once. But a moment's reflection told me that this would not do. The risk of offending a neighbor was involved, besides the danger of losing the good opinion of my expected guest, Mrs. Clinton.

"Very well, Ellen," said I. "We mus'n't read looks too closely. The teapot will get no harm. In the morning, be sure to return it early."

I was a little fretted at the ungracious manner in which Mrs. Lawson had granted me a trifling favor, the first I had ever asked at her hands. "And it will be the last," I added, mentally.

Preparations for the evening entertainment now went on with due rapidity. As twilight began to fall, the guests dropped in, one after another, Mrs. Clinton making her appearance in good season. My heart gave a little flutter as I saw her form in the passage, and heard her footsteps ascending the stairs to the chamber set apart for the occasion as a dressing-room. I could hardly force myself to remain in the parlor; but due respect to my other guests prevented my leaving them.

I fear that, in my reception of Mrs. Clinton, when she came into the room, was a trifle of overacting, which did not pass unobserved by my friends. The lady was quiet, self-possessed, and met me in a frank, familiar way that was entirely free from self-consequence or ostentation. She was dressed in good taste, but not with any display of rich material or costly ornament. She made herself quite at home with my other guests, only a few of whom she had met before, and altogether made a good impression on every one.

Tea was announced in the course of time, and we repaired to the dining-room. I had already carefully inspected the table arrangements, and the condition of things in the kitchen. The muffins, oysters, coffee, &c. were all right; but the table furniture looked mean in my eyes, for I saw it all in contrast with the elegant service of Mrs. Clinton.

There is no occasion to describe the sitting at the tea-table. All my guests appeared to enjoy themselves, and I would have been in a like comfortable state if I could have believed that Mrs. Clinton was not drawing unfavorable conclusions from the plainness of my china, and the absence of a silver service; weak, foolish woman that I was!

The rest of the evening passed away as such

evenings usually pass. All my friends were in good spirits, and Mrs. Clinton found herself altogether at home among them. As she was retiring, about eleven o'clock, she took my hand, and said, with what seemed to be a genuine heart-warmth—

"You have given me a real pleasure, Mrs. Smith. These friends of yours are charming ladies, and I hope to make their more intimate acquaintance."

Yet there had been a death hand at the banquet—visible at least to my eyes. Besides my weak pride, which made me dread the criticisms of my guest, the borrowed teapot was an annoyance. Every time I lifted it, my grasp was nervous, and I did not once set it down without striking it against the coffee-pot, sugar-bowl, or cream pitcher. That some accident was to befall it, seemed almost certain.

After my company had retired, I went forthwith to the kitchen to see if the teapot was safe; for that now rested upon my spirits with a weight of concern. An uneasy look and movement on the part of the cook and chambermaid warned me that something was wrong.

"I hope Mrs. Lawson's teapot is safe?" said I.

The face of Ellen flushed, and that of the cook grew pale.

"Mercy, girls! I hope nothing has happened to that teapot!" was my alarmed exclamation.

"Indeed, indeed, ma'am, I—I—tried to be careful!" stammered the cook.

"What! Where is it?" I was no little excited.

"Maybe it can be mended," suggested Ellen, who had turned to the dresser, and now stood before me with Mrs. Lawson's china teapot in her hand, sadly marred in its fine proportions by the loss of half the spout.

I clasped my hands together, sank upon a chair, and burst into tears.

"Don't take on so about it, ma'am," said Ellen. "Sure and you can send in one of your own teapots to Mrs. Lawson, and she'll never be the wiser for the change. Arn't they just as like as two peas?"

"True enough, Ellen," I made answer; "and thank you for the suggestion."

Ellen had already turned to the dresser, and was advancing towards me with the only sound teapot of the three, when her foot struck the corner of the settle, and away went the china, smashing upon the floor into a hundred pieces.

"Och! murdther! murdther!" rung in my ears above the din of the breaking china; and in dismay I fled from the scene of ruin.

I cried myself to sleep, as may be supposed.

Bright and early on the next morning I sallied forth to try and match the broken teapot. Alas! this I found impossible; and, after a two hours' search among the china-stores, returned home in a state of mind the most uncomfortable that can be imagined.

The only thing left for me to do was to send in my own remaining teapot, disfigured by a small fracture in the spout, and to explain the matter to Mrs. Lawson in the best way it could be done. So I prepared another note, and Ellen departed, with the teapot, on her delicate mission. She came back in a few minutes, teapot in hand, and with a face like scarlet.

"She's an insultin', onreasonable woman, so she is!" ejaculated Ellen, in a passion.

"What did she say?" I inquired, as calmly as I could speak.

"Why, that she didn't want your old broken teapot; and that she never lent anything in her life that it wasn't broken or injured; and she didn't see what people meant by borrowing their neighbors' things forever; and a great deal more that I can't remember. She did go on shameful, Mrs. Smith; and, if I was you, I'd send her in the money for her teapot—no great things, after all, to make such a fuss about. I told her it was all an accident, and not your fault; and if she'd been anything of a lady, she wouldn't have said a word about it."

Here was a nice piece of business! Ellen fretted and scolded, while I remained dumb with perplexity.

"What'll you do, ma'am?" inquired the indignant girl, seeing that I answered nothing.

"I can't say just now, Ellen. I must take a little time to think. Put the teapot away in the dresser, and I'll see what is to be done."

When my husband came home at dinner-time, I told him of my perplexity, and received this comforting answer:—

"Served you perfectly right, Jane."

"And you don't sympathize with me a bit?" said I, almost weeping with vexation.

"Not at all! You know my sentiments about borrowing, perfectly. As for borrowed things, I wonder anybody can have the courage to take them into keeping, for some fatality is almost sure to befall them."

"But what am I to do? I can't match the teapot in the city."

"Send in a new tea set."

"Most probably she won't receive them."

Mr. Smith only shrugged his shoulders.

I got no comfort nor counsel in this quarter. I never do in such cases.

All day I brooded over the matter, and in the evening went in to see Mrs. Lawson. She received me rather distantly; and when I related to her the chapter of accidents which had occurred, and spoke of how grieved I was that her teapot should have shared as disastrous a fate as mine, she coldly replied that it was of no consequence at all, and she was sorry I had taken so much trouble to match the set.

Her manner chilled me through and through, it was so freezingly polite.

I felt no better after this interview than before, but rather worse. Could I have been permitted to pay for the teapot, or even to purchase for Mrs. Lawson a new set of china, the matter would have assumed an improved aspect. As it was, my hands were tied, and I saw before me a relation to my neighbor that must be embarrassing. In that, my anticipations in no way belied the existing facts. We meet, now and then, accidentally; but a distant politeness marks the interview. Oh, that broken teapot! Would that it were in my power to obliterate its memory forever!

A few weeks after the memorable evening on which Mrs. Clinton was my guest, I happened to make one of a company where she was present; and I also happened to be near enough once during the evening, unobserved, to overhear a few words between her and a lady about myself. I was, of course, a compulsory listener. The lady was a friend who had taken tea at my house with Mrs. Clinton, and they were speaking of the occasion.

"She's a good housekeeper," my friend said; "though her style of living is plain. I think she was a little mortified at not being able to set a more elegant table."

"I thought everything in exceeding good taste," answered Mrs. Clinton. "I know," she added, smiling, "that the muffins and oysters were delicious, and the coffee better than any that is served at my table."

"Her china is not of the richest fashion."

"I'm sure I never noticed the pattern," replied Mrs. Clinton.

"Simple white, with gold bands."

"Nothing handsomer in my eyes," said Mrs. Clinton. "I never went beyond it until my husband sent me a set from France last summer."

I moved away, rebuked in spirit, and yet feeling a sense of relief. False pride into a labyrinth of trouble had it tempted me; and I was yet without the clue of extrication.

BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING.

HARDING'S PUBLICATION OFFICE.

WE presume that very many of our readers are not aware of the fact that nearly all the fine Bibles now circulated throughout the United States and Canada are manufactured in this city; but such is nevertheless the fact. New York is probably most extensively engaged in the manufacture of the cheaper description of copies of the Scripture, such, for instance, as are intended for gratuitous distribution under the auspices of Bible societies; but for the finer descriptions of the Sacred Volume—Bibles for the pulpit, and such as are fitted to occupy the high dignity of the "family Bible"—Philadelphia is ahead of the world in respect to the elegance of the volumes gotten up, the cheapness of the price at which they are manufactured, and the immense quantities annually turned out and shipped north, south, east, and west.

The great Bible publishing house of the country is that of Mr. Jesper Harding, proprietor of the "Pennsylvania Inquirer," at the corner of Third and Carter Streets; and those who have enjoyed the opportunity, as we have, of inspecting the details of the daily operations of his vast establishment, can form an adequate idea of the large demand for fine editions of the Sacred Volume, and of the extraordinary facilities required to meet the demand.

The strong competition that exists in the publishing business demands that every advantage to be derived from the use of labor-saving machinery should be seized, and we accordingly find in Mr. Harding's establishment machinery for performing most of the labor of the business. Steam is here the great toiling agent, and human skill is only needed to direct it and manage the machinery set in motion by it. The engine which furnishes the motive power for the entire building is under the side-walk on Carter Street. It is twenty-horse power, and it noiselessly and steadily sets in operation presses, stamping and cutting machines, and the other numerous mechanical contrivances of the vast establishment. The boiler for the engine is also in a vault upon the north side of the premises. It was constructed with great care, and it is provided with such guards and appliances as to render an explosion almost an impossibility. The proprietor has the engineer constantly under his eye by

means of a steam gauge placed in the counting-room. By this contrivance the exact pressure per inch upon the boiler can be ascertained at a glance. There is also a "tell-tale," which denotes the highest point of pressure attained, so that neglect would inevitably be registered upon the dial, and remain so, even though the extraordinary pressure had been reduced before the gauge had been consulted.

The first floor is appropriated to the business department of the establishment, and from it, speaking-tubes ramify through the entire structure, bringing every operative within speaking distance of the persons who control the movements of all. This apartment is also furnished with a massive fire proof and the other necessary office fixtures. We will now, if the reader pleases, step into a "dumb-waiter" in waiting just back of the counting-room. Our chaperone touches a rod, and the "waiter" commences ascending roofwards at a gentle rate. The cable by which we are sustained looks slender, but it is made of twisted wire, and it has, we are assured, borne a weight of five tons, and these facts give us confidence, even when we are passing the upper windows, through which we have a fine view over the housetops of the northern part of the city. Five tons capacity, and twisted wire cables to the contrary notwithstanding, we are not sorry when the top of our journey is reached, and we step from our perpendicular moving car out upon the seventh floor of the large granite building adjoining, in which the post-office is located. Mr. Harding occupies the three upper stories of this large structure. In the fifth story he has materials stored; the sixth floor is appropriated to the uses of a composing and press-room. Some ninety compositors are employed in this apartment. At the northern end there are six Adams' and Hoe's presses kept in daily operation. These beautiful pieces of machinery are attended by females.

To us the seventh story was most interesting of all. Here the Bibles are bound; and we saw at a glance no less than twenty thousand copies of the Scripture in various stages of progress, from the fresh sheets, hot from the press, to the perfect volumes in wrappers ready

for packing. It would require far more space than our columns would afford to give a description of the various processes through which the volumes pass in this apartment, or of the complicated and ingenious machinery employed. Portions of the work that used to be done by hand, and at a great expenditure of time, labor, and patience, are now done with wonderful rapidity and precision by machinery. Some forty thousand or fifty thousand copies of the Bible are bound annually in this apartment and sent abroad. This large number of volumes embraces no less than fifty varieties, all differing in style and price; from the commonest kind made of comparatively inferior paper, illustrated with wood-cuts, and plainly bound, that can be afforded at eighty-five cents per copy, to the magnificent quarto swathed in Turkey morocco, rich with gilding and embossing, ponderous in clasps, and with its beautifully printed white pages enlivened with fine steel engravings, and chromo-lithographic illustrations. Such a splendid volume as we describe, and which Mr. Harding now sells for prices varying from twelve to forty dollars, would have been deemed worth almost a fabulous sum not many years ago.

The extent of the Bible publishing operations of Mr. Harding may be inferred from the quantity of materials annually used in the bindery. Among them we find over five hundred tons of white paper, worth from \$200 to \$300 per ton;

forty tons of tar paper for book covers; twenty thousand sheep and goat skins; over half a million leaves of gold; and glue and paste almost *ad infinitum*. In the other branches of this extensive establishment, we find job-presses in operation, wood engravers at work, packers and clerks busy, etc.; but we will not enter further into the details. The proprietor, although having more than two hundred persons employed upon the spot, has every portion of their operations systematized. Fire in such an establishment would of course be most disastrous, and great care is taken to guard against such a contingency. The premises are warmed throughout by the waste steam from the boiler, while the tools that have to be used hot are heated in gas ovens.

The importance to the city of such establishments as that of Mr. Harding cannot be over-rated. They give employment, directly or indirectly, to great numbers of persons, and not only render Philadelphia independent of the world, in respect to the articles manufactured, but they do much to extend abroad her trade and the reputation of her business men, her mechanics, and her artists. The "Inquirer" is a well established journal, that needs no encomium at our hands, and we rejoice to be enabled to make a record of the evidences of the enterprise and prosperity of our cotemporary.

N E T T E .

BY EVE ABRAMS.

In the cool parlor of the Crawford, or—as in all truth and poetry it *should* be called—Notch House, sits Nette.

"Nette? Who is Nette?"

"Only child of one of our most distinguished men," loftily answers the aristocrat. "A great heiress," whispers the fortune hunter. "An angel," exclaim the young men. "A flirt; the man is a fool that marries her," growl the old bachelors. "A girl of talent, taste, and beauty, a trifle too thoughtless, but a few years will make a superior woman of her," answer the married men; and theirs is ever the *true* judgment of a young lady.

To return—sits Nette, half buried in a great arm-chair; one tiny hand, *the* one the young men are all dying for, lost amid her curls, the other lying lightly on "Oakes' White Mountain Scenery," which she is comparing with the views the last few days have daguerretyped

upon her memory. Near her, on the table, lie specimens of the mountain's mineral wealth, which her uncle had been collecting, and handed her to examine while he "stepped out," and which, in her merriment, she has labeled to suit her own fancy, and which a superbly dressed lady, with more dollars than books, and more beauty than brains, is carelessly looking over when addressed by a gent of rarely elegant *personel*—

"Ah, Mr. Evart! *you here?* Where did you descend from?"

"From the top of Mount Washington."

"Then you have been up? Is it worth the trouble?"

"For a gent, emphatically, yes. A delicate lady might find it too fatiguing."

"I shall not attempt it. What great names they give here to just nothing!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed: 'Old Man!' 'Young Man!' 'Old Maid!' What do any of them look like?"

"The 'Young Man' and 'Old Maid' are certainly neither very human nor complimentary in their resemblance; but the 'Old Man' is indeed a marvel."

"I've not seen him yet. But are you not disappointed here?"

"In what?"

"Why, in *everything*. Look around. These mountains are not higher than our own Alleghanies."

"They would tell you, at this moment, you are higher than the highest point of the Alleghanies."

"*They would* tell me a great many absurd things. Look at these, kept on the table for a show. How ridiculous!"

"Ah!"

"Yes. Look at this: 'Piece of the shoe of the first horse that ever went up Mount Washington.*' How *can they* know that?"

Our hero's educated eye at a glance saw it was a fine specimen of native ore; and, looking down at the others, and catching a glimpse of Nette bent over her book, with the tell-tale dimples playing all about her compressed lips, replied, with a smile—"I suspect some of our guests could explain this better than I."

The would-be brilliant lady had seen the direction of his eyes, and turned her own full upon Nette, who just then looked up so demure and innocent that all suspicion, if indeed any had crept into her brain, was banished; but, as she turned away to our hero's half questioning, half accusing glance, Nette returned the least in the world of a confessing smile, and resumed her reading. Throwing himself into a chair, he continued the interesting conversation, but not another glance repaid him for the self-inflicted bore; nor, until he was well-nigh weary of the effort to obtain one, did the good bishop and brother come in and make themselves merry once over Nette's mineralogy, and fun and frolic generally.

Two stages left the Crawford, next morning. Of course, it was mere accident that "Fred Evart, of Georgia," for so he was booked, was in the one with the right reverend doctor, and his brother, the honorable ex-senator and daughter. We all know how courteous and familiar educated, common sense people will grow in a stage-coach, particularly when on a pleasure excursion, where interests, pleasures, and annoyances are identical. Now our Fred was a travelled man and a man of tact, and to make

himself agreeable to our grave dignitaries was his first and a most successful effort; so successful that, for the remainder of the tour through the mountains and Canadas, he was always a welcome addition to their party.

Two weeks' pleasant travel ended with—"Miss Adams, will you permit me the pleasure to write to you?"

"Excuse me; but you will visit New England next summer, will you not?"

"Not since I leave with a negative in my ears. Farewell."

"Good-by."

"Why, how seriously he took it! Wish I had let him write to me. Pshaw, he writes to forty ladies, I dare say! Then, too, we know nothing about him. It would have been very improper, *very*."

"That's right, Nette. Console yourself as best you can, but don't think too much about it; or, Nette—"

It is Valentine's Eve. All the day long, the blustering, flustering, malicious mind has been compelling the gentle, quiet, innocent snow flakes, falling so lovingly to earth, to dance blindingly about such poor mortals' bewildered eyes and frozen ears as have dared to defy them on this his day of exterminating wrath. What wonder, then, that Nette, seizing her pen, should write:—

When snow lies six feet on the ground,
And icebergs drifting all around,
Ah, then it is that the ladies sigh
For a sunny home where flowers ne'er die!

When the forest's foliage lieth low,
And e'en the violets cease to grow,
Ah, then it is that the ladies sigh
For a sunny home where flowers ne'er die!

Canst thou, a bachelor free and kind,
With noble heart and generous mind,
List unmoved to a lady's sigh,
Borne on the north winds sweeping by?

Gayly the sunlight dances on Nette's floor, more gayly far the smiles upon her lips, as, turning from the superb brilliant, her letter inclosed, she reads:—

The sigh thy spirit to mine hath sent
Had carrier meet,
For the perfume with the air that blent
Of earth most sweet.

Was the tall magnolia bending low
Breeze laden?
Thus to my lone heart lending a glow,
Dear maiden?

This token ring, so dazzlingly bright,
Dares not to cope
With maiden lady, thy dark eyes flashing light,
Or my new hope.

* This is *fact*.

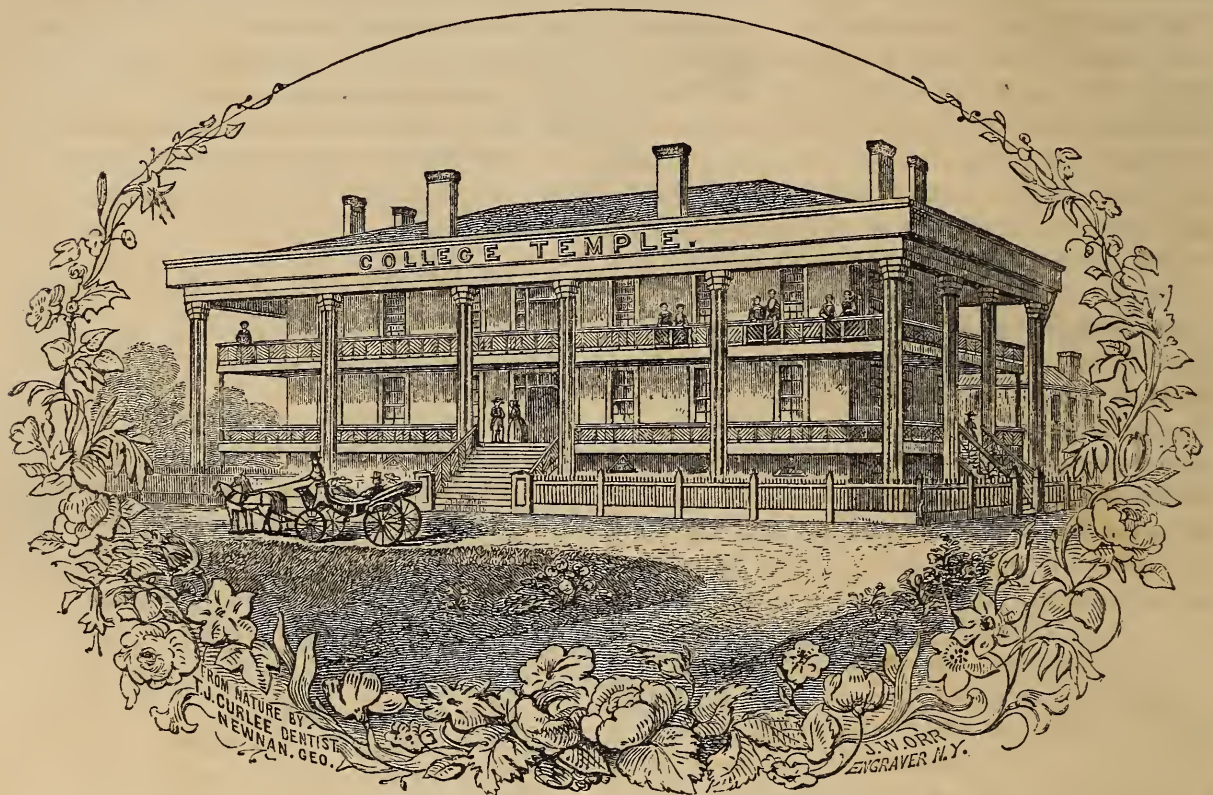
In the spring-time, I'll bound o'er the main,
Then, *then* to pray
The fair hand that wears this ring to claim
Mine aim for aye.

Again Valentine Day. Soft breezes in lieu of fierce winds; open windows in lieu of coal grates; green grass in lieu of snow banks; flowers in lieu of icicles. This is indeed a

home of beauty, a home for love, a home decorated to-day as for a festival, a home in which our Fred whispers—"To-day, last year, you pined for flowers, my Nette. To-day, in what profusion they are mine! I too pined for the fairest flower of all, and she is mine."

"Long be you happy, Fred and Nette. Good-by."

COLLEGE TEMPLE, NEWNAN, GEORGIA.



THE spirit of the age exhibits a manifest tendency, among other laudable phases, towards preparing, for the education of woman, institutions of learning of a grade more nearly allied to our best male colleges. These schools are springing up in every part of the Union. In the South they are becoming numerous, especially in Georgia, which State is far in advance of her sisters in this respect—the number of her chartered female colleges being about twenty-five, and most of them well attended.

Some of these are under the patronage of the different denominations of Christians. Others have been built and furnished by donations from various sources, and one is under the tutelage of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons; but "College Temple," located at Newnan, Georgia, is the result of the individual enterprise and benevolence of M. P. KELLOGG, M. A., President and sole

proprietor, who built and furnished it at his own expense.

No pecuniary considerations, no ambitious motives, no partisan strifes, no sectarian influences prompted the founder in establishing this institution of learning; but it was to elevate woman, to prepare her for the able discharge of her numerous and arduous duties in the domestic circle and society, to qualify her for wielding the pen in defence of right, morals, and the Christian religion, that he undertook the laborious and expensive project of building and supporting a first class female college.

A beautiful building on the left, which does not appear in the engraving, contains rooms for Music, Preparatory Department, and Philosophical and Chemical Laboratory, well supplied with the best of instruments.

To secure the most rigid mental discipline in

each pupil no specified time is assigned for a young lady to complete her education at College Temple, but she is allowed to advance as rapidly as her mental and physical abilities will permit; and the degree, "*Magistra in Artibus*," is conferred upon her, accompanied with a diploma in Latin, whenever she shall have thoroughly mastered the extensive course of study adopted by this institution, and manifests a ripeness of scholarship sufficient to entitle her to such distinction.

It is not the number of her pupils, but the *ability* of her graduates, that forms the just pride of the friends of College Temple.

To aid the Senior Class in forming a correct style in composition, they publish semi-annually "*The Fly-Leaf*," composed by themselves and previous graduates of the Temple. This quarto of sixteen pages has received much praise from its friends, and the press in many places. This applause speaks more for the educational facilities of College Temple than a multitude of nominal graduates.

The college has been in successful operation three years. It now numbers one hundred pupils in attendance, and six graduates. The founder is determined to make this a model school for *educating* young ladies. The motto of her seal is "*FEMINA, DIVINUM DONUM*," and as such woman is here sought to be trained in a physical, mental, and spiritual harmony worthy of her origin.

FOR ONE AT SEA.

(See Plate.)

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them."—PSALM lxxxix. 9.

For the absent, as we pray,
 Father, hear our earnest plea;
 Shield him on his distant way,
 Far from us, yet near to thee.
 When the heaving waters rise,
 Wind and wave obey thy will:
 At thy word smile peaceful skies,
 And the raging sea is still.

Saviour, whose benignant form
 Glided o'er the midnight sea,
 Whose mild voice rebuked the storm
 On tempestuous Galilee—
 Speak to our beloved, Peace
 Wheresoever he may rove;
 Bid the outer tempest cease,
 Calm the inner with thy love.

Holy Spirit, while we plead
 For our absent love and friend,
 Heavenward deign his thoughts to lead,
 That in one our prayers may blend:

Leagues apart, our hearts we raise
 To the same Eternal Throne;
 One our prayer, and one our praise
 To the Father, Spirit, Son.

FAREWELL TO YOUTH.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

O HALCYON days of youth, farewell!
 Bright retrospect, adieu!
 Blest time! when ecstasy's sweet spell
 Over my juvenescence fell—
 Nor Hope can e'er renew:
 Hence, visions bright—hence, nectar dreams—
 Ye golden shades, adieu!

Time ne'er again can mould the hours
 Of exquisite delight
 When oft through dream-land's fairy bowers
 I culled sweet fancy's gilded flowers,
 With buoyant spirit bright:
 Hence, Memory! let bygone scenes
 E'er vanish from my sight.

Farewell, sweet days! ye never more
 Can bring to mortal view
 The loved and loving ones of yore,
 Now landed safe on Eden's shore—
 The faithful and the true!
 Nay; only memory's mental glass
 Their presence can renew.

O halcyon days of youth, farewell!
 Bright retrospect, adieu!
 Ecstatic hours! mystic spell!
 When heaven's holiest smile erst fell
 Upon my heart, like dew—
 In sadness now I breathe to thee
 A long and last adieu!

TO NELLIE.

BY B—.

My life is sad and drear, Nellie,
 My heart is like to break;
 And many a pearly tear, Nellie,
 Its silent course doth take.

I'm sad, and none to cheer, Nellie,
 And sigh when others play;
 No friend to chase the tear, Nellie,
 With cheery smiles away.

No friend when sorrows fall, Nellie,
 Upon my happy heart;
 No friend when death shall call, Nellie,
 With loved ones here to part.

No friend when warnings come, Nellie,
 To meet my God above—
 Unless *thou* art that one, Nellie,
 Unless *thou* art my *love*.

Wilt be my dearest friend, Nellie,
 Be to me kind and true;
 Be faithful to the end, Nellie,
 In joy and sorrow too?

PRAISE THE LORD!

BY FANNY FALES.

For a shelter from the storm,
For a hearthstone bright and warm,
For the little feet that meet me,
For the loving lips that greet me,
For each music-laden word—

Praise the Lord!

For the friendly hands we press,
For books, cheering loneliness;
For the blessedness of giving,
For *life*—O, how sweet is living!
Ours the *unloosed silver cord*—

Praise the Lord!

For refreshing, blessed sleep—
Closing weary eyes that weep,
Calming every throb of sorrow,
Making stronger for the morrow,
Holy angels for award—

Praise the Lord!

For the tender, budding spring,
For the bluebirds gathering,
For the welcome grasses creeping,
Little woodside violets peeping,
For the pleasure they accord—

Praise the Lord!

For the murmur of the trees,
For the humming of the bees,
For the tinkle of the river,
Where the blue-flags nod and quiver,
For the beautiful abroad—

Praise the Lord!

For the laughing summer rain,
And for russet-autumn's grain;
For the wild and icy winter,
For the seasons as they enter,
For the plenty-covered board—

Praise the Lord!

For the mountains bold and free,
For the mighty, glorious sea;
For the merry brooklet's birth,
Minnehahas of the earth,
For the forests deep and broad—

Praise the Lord!

For the sound of Sabbath bells,
Waking all the hills and dells;
For the reverential feeling
In "His holy temple" kneeling;
For the preaching of the word—

Praise the Lord!

For the blue outspread above,
Written over with His love;
For the chast'ning rod when straying,
For the privilege of praying,
For the blotting sins abhorred—

Praise the Lord!

For the mercies every day,
Strewn like blossoms in the way—
Long accustomed to the seeing,
Scarce we notice them till fleeing,
Not joys, sorrows we record—

Praise the Lord!

THE SUNSET.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

ABOVE the roofs of the city,
Above its strife and din,
The rose-red flame of the sunset
To my chamber floweth in.
Below are the work and tumult,
Below are the grief and sin.
Above, the glory of sunset
To my soul is flowing in.

At times I tire of earth's warfare,
I tire of striving to win;
The heart of my life's great purpose,
Claims no high hope as twin.

Ambition's bay-crowned ladder,
Which leans against the sky,
I am far too tired to climb it,
It soars so steep and high;
And I cannot see above me,
So dense the shadows lie.

Pining, I droop in the darkness;
Weeping, I pray to rest;
When the light of a sudden glory
Breaks on my bleeding breast,
Like the bursting of the sunset,
Above earth's gloom and sin;
Each shadow gloweth golden,
As the splendor floweth in.
The sheen of God's sure promise
Falls on my purpose high;
I rise and go wrestling upward
With a faith that cannot die.

TO V. L. H.

BY JAMES D. JACKSON.

WILT come with me to the wild-wood, love—
To the dear old trysting-place?
We'll watch the leaves that the zephyrs move
In eddying rounds apace.
I'll gather the last of the season's flowers
Ere they wither and 'scape the view;
A garland fair as from Hebe's bowers
I'll there entwine for you!

I'll speak to thee of the future time
In throbbings from the heart,
And earnest plead to call thee mine,
From all the world apart.
We'll linger till the hour of even
Draws nigh unto the west,
With the vesper star high in heaven—
The bright home of the blest!

I'll take thy gentle hand in mine—
A precious boon to me—
And ask thee in that coming time
My chosen one to be!
And then God's blessing I'll implore
To always rest with thee,
Of all creation's vast *galore*
The choicest gem for me.

SULTRY NIGHT.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

'Tis night! upon the sleeping air
 No sounds of life are heard;
 Of trees that bend in silent prayer
 The branches scarce are stirred!
 Listless the cloud-isles float away
 Into a sea of calmer gray!

Like to a girl with beating breast
 Who turns from mirth aside,
 Half glad so soon, and yet depress'd,
 To be a loving bride,
 Doth glide the moon the clouds amid,
 Her blushing cheeks from gaze half hid.

The owl gives out her plaintive moan
 From shadows drear and black,
 Then lists to catch the answer thrown
 From distant belfry back!
 While far below wild blossoms spread
 In snow-white shrouds above the dead!

So calm is all, so still, so lone!
 No soft, reviving airs!
 The thistle's restless down upon
 No aimless voyage dares,
 And night-bird from the leaves among
 Scarce has the heart to raise her song!

So quiet all, that it doth seem
 As if 'twere heaven here!
 And none a thought of harm to dream
 Or know a waking fear!
 And all the world so richly blest
 That God himself has sunk to rest!

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

DARK was the night, no star beamed o'er the gloom!
 The moon in wild, dun clouds her light had veiled;
 The air was chill, like vapors from a tomb—
 And boding whispers 'mid the gloom bewailed!
 Sadly and slow they bore the hero's form—
 Wrapt in his camp-cloak calmly slept he there;
 Cold weighed the heart which erst in strife beat warm,
 And led his followers on to do and dare!

They smoothed the matted hair back from his brow,
 Laid by his side the sword which won his fame,
 Breathed o'er his corse, in turn, the solemn vow
 To strive to emulate his noble name!
 Their God, their country, vowed they e'er to serve
 With hearts unflinching, true, and strong, and brave,
 From sternest duty swore they ne'er to swerve,
 Though chased by death, and threatened by the grave!

They fitted close the turf above his breast,
 Then stood an instant bowed in silent prayer,
 Then slowly turned and left him to his rest,
 Without a stone to mark his slumber there!
 The winds arose—the pitchy gloom was broke!
 Wild, mystic moans were in the forest trees,
 The streamlet's voice to sweeter music woke,
 And in low breathings sang the haunted leaves.

VOL. LIII.—14

The clouds were rent—the midnight darkness fled,
 The stars looked down with pale, unsteady eyes
 On the red field where slept the vanquished dead—
 On the still camp where slept the conquerors!
 And the white moon o'ercame her dread affright
 And burst from out the cloud's enshrouding wave,
 And shed adown her sad and flickering light
 With heavenly radiance on that new made grave!

PHALIE.

BY EMMA MORTON.

VOICES from the distance call me, soft and low—
 Mournful voices—ever chanting "long ago."
 Thoughts like phantoms come from out the cryptic past;
 And the weird shadows throng around me fast.

I bethink me of a maiden, passing fair,
 Phalie, of the starry eyes and shining hair.
 Earth was greener, flowers brighter where she moved,
 And our hearts in homage named her well-beloved.

All the days were brimmed with nectar, more divine
 Than the spirit slumbering in ancient wine.
 All the years were starry circles golden set,
 And their brightness gleams around my spirit yet.

Many gorgeous dreams have darkened, some have died
 Since those beauteous years of promise and of pride;
 But from earth was never stolen fairer prize
 Than this soul that lighted Phalie's starry eyes.

Very still and pale she lieth in her rest,
 With her fair hands folded meekly on her breast;
 From the burdens and the fainting she has fled,
 Leaving us in darkness for the early dead.

But a mystic presence, borne on viewless wings,
 Sometimes reattunes my jarring spirit-strings;
 Sometimes on the solemn midnight floats a spell
 Telling me that sainted Phalie watcheth well.

Still the distant voices call me, soft and low—
 Mournful voices—ever chanting "long ago."
 Still my thoughts like phantoms come from out the past,
 And the weird shadows throng around me fast.

ADMIRATION.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

IT is not the beautiful features,
 Nor the glossy, waving hair,
 Nor the step all light and graceful
 That seem to me most fair.
 But a brow all aglow with feeling,
 And an eye lit up with fire,
 Which burneth deep in the soul beneath—
 It is these I most admire.

It is not the lines of the poet,
 In classic numbers dress'd,
 All chiselled and cold, like marble,
 That my spirit loves the best.
 But where, in the scenes he painteth
 As bright as the sunset's fire,
 The heart of the poet glimmers through—
 It is *this* I most admire!

BLIND ALICE.

BY JEANNIE.

I'M lonely; father, may I bring
 My harp, and play for thee?
 Perchance its slumbering strings may wake
 Responsive melody
 Deep in affection's sacred shrine,
 And bid its sweetest strains be thine.

Such power had David's matchless harp
 On Israel's troubled king;
 And may not mine, with far less skill,
 A solace round thee fling,
 That breathes of sympathy and love,
 And lifts the burthen'd soul above?

I may not see thy sad, pale face,
 And mark the changes there;
 Yet love instructive prompts my heart
 Thy spirit's griefs to share;
 As though my life's dark orb had known
 The light that ought to cheer thy own.

'Tis twilight's pensive hour; I know,
 By thy voice of faltering tone,
 That memory is bringing back
 The happy days now flown,
 When friendship or love's softer glow
 Could smile in joy, or soothe in woe.

Strange that the last, most worthless link
 Of the bright encircling chain
 That bound to home, and home-like joys,
 Should with thee still remain,
 While they who gave to life its worth
 Have early pass'd away from earth.

With thee, I miss my brother's voice,
 My mother's tender care;
 But oh! I miss, far more than all,
 The incense of her prayer,
 Diffusing with such gentle power
 A holy calm at twilight hour.

Yet will I not rebellious grieve,
 Though dark my home is now,
 For still I feel the thrilling touch
 Of her lips upon my brow,
 And I hear her words, so faintly given—
 "Alice, my child, we'll meet in Heaven."

SONNET. — HYMEN.

BY WM. ALEXANDER

HYMEN! the poets painted thee, of old,
 With saffron robe and lighted torch, thy brow
 Entwined with soft Amaranthus. And now,
 We see thee rose-clad with thy torch of gold,
 The beacon-light of unsurpassing bliss;
 Thy left hand grasps the rosy chains of love,
 While many virtues from the seats above,
 Are in thy train. To joy and happiness,
 Thy willing votaries are by thee led.
 The unbeloved alone by thee forgot,
 Are waning on in ennui, well I wot,
 Nor know the pleasures of the nuptial bed.
 Yet love of soul doth love material pass,
 As gold transcendeth far the common brass.

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES AND ENIGMAS
IN JULY NUMBER.

25. Miss-chief. 26. Block-head. 27. A Sailor.
 28. Paper.

CHARADES.

29.

To a being all gallants admire
 Annex what I'm sure you'd not do;
 And you'll then in their union acquire
 What might suit a brave tar, but not you.

30.

My first would sorely trouble you
 Whilst trudging o'er my second;
 Yet in their union one must view
 What's ornamental reckoned.

ENIGMAS.

31.

AN oft-consulted counsellor am I,
 On whose advice my client will rely:
 An index on my honest face I wear
 Of simple truth, which will your credence share;
 My counsels, peremptory in their tone,
 Are figurative still of facts, you'll own.

32.

IN rapid consumption I speed to my end,
 And my service, though wicked, I'm sure you'll com-
 mend;
 I'm ardent in toil, as my frame wears away,
 To lighten your labor, and lengthen your day.
 And when by decay, I'm reduced to the dust,
 As a bright one, departed, regard me you must.

33.

I'M a poor little thing,
 Much accustomed to sing—
 "My lodging is on the cold ground,"
 And I bear the same name
 As a species of game,
 Wherefrom my destruction's oft found.

The raking of balls
 Very hard on us falls,
 Which our namesake enjoys very oft.
 Nor can we ('t isn't droll)
 Stand the strength of their bowl,
 Our heads are so tender and soft.

34.

I'M designed to appear very fair,
 With pretensions oft too manifold;
 To some I'm far lighter than air,
 With others more weighty than gold.
 If with prudence and care I am made,
 Through your life I may healthfully last;
 But if hastily formed, I'm afraid
 My existence too soon may have past.
 I'm broken, indeed, by a breath,
 Nor even repaired can I be;
 For my first deviation's my death:
 So what can you make out of me?

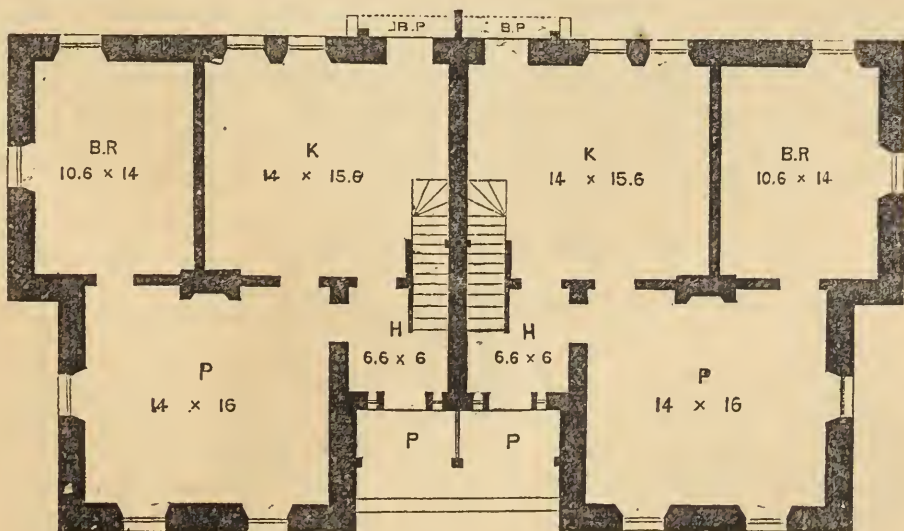
DESIGN FOR A DOUBLE COTTAGE.



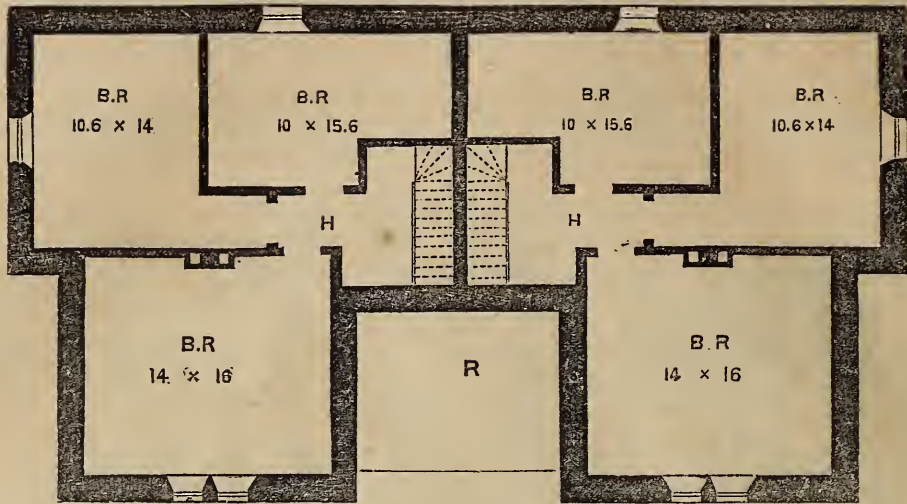
WE present our readers with another design copied by permission from the elegant work of Messrs. Cleaveland and Backus, entitled "Village and Farm Cottages," recently published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway, New York; and already noticed in the "Lady's Book."

"This is a large structure, having three rooms on the first floor of the main house. It may be constructed of rough stone, or of brick. The engraving supposes the former. By using bricks, the thickness of the wall would be reduced four

inches, and the rooms would be so far enlarged. The walls, in either case, must be furred on the inside. The window jambs and arches are of brick, projecting beyond the wall. In this design, and only in this one, we have introduced the verge-board. The feature was originally used in Gothic cottages for the protection of a plaster wall, or for the concealment of imperfect work beneath the roof. It was made of heavy oak timber, and outlasted often the walls themselves. The verge-boards of our day are a very different affair. Everybody has seen them.



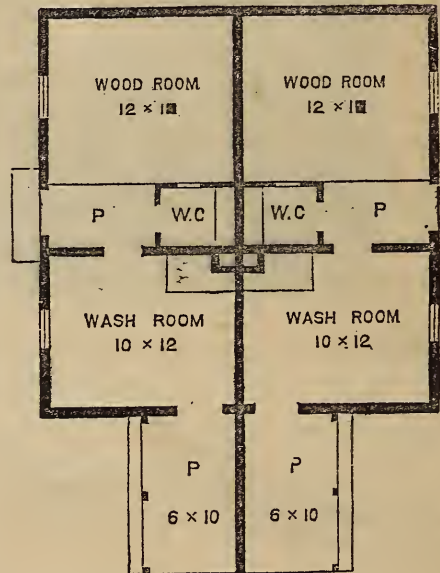
FIRST STORY PLAN.



SECOND STORY PLAN.

Hundreds of cottage gables display the flimsy, steam-sawn, thin board appendages to which we allude. In fact they have become so common, make often so pretentious a display, and are so notoriously unsubstantial, cut-paper like, and perishable, that we feel some reluctance to use the feature, even when rightly made and appropriately placed. Such details, when employed, should be heavy enough at least to seem serviceable. In the construction of architectural ornament, so far as it is meant to look like the result of hard work—the toil more or less skilful of human hands—we believe that resort should seldom if ever be had to labor-saving processes. This would dispense with much ambitious stuff which comes now from the saw-mill and the furnace. But it is better, surely, to do without the decorations, than in them to violate truth and honesty and right principles of art. The verge-board before us is of thick plank, and the cutting aims at simplicity and grace rather than elaborateness.

“The interior accommodations of these houses are somewhat in advance of the last. Though more clearly marked as two distinct houses, they are, through the proximity of the front doors, really more social. The rear windows of the second story are dormers. The rear



PLAN OF REAR BUILDING.

door opens on a back porch leading to a rear building, the arrangement of which is shown in a plan by itself. This is of wood, one story high, vertically boarded and battened.

“Height of first story, 9 feet 6 inches. Second story, 4 feet to 8 feet 6 inches. Cost, if built of brick—main building, \$2,525; rear building, \$475.”

EMBROIDERY FOR CHEMISE BANDS AND SLEEVES.



NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.
FOR OUR NURSERY DEPARTMENT.

Fig. 1.—White cambric dress, for a child from three to five years of age. The skirt has an apron front of insertion and flouncing; the front of the basque corresponds in style. Shirt sleeves, of two puffs, frilled by flouncing.

Fig. 2.—Dress of delicate pale green mousseline, very soft and fine. The basque, sleeves, and apron front, trimmed by a row of green velvet leaves, set on in a continuous chain. Ribbon bows of the same shade on the shoulders.

Fig. 3.—Street dress for a boy of two or three years of age, intended for autumn wear. The material is plaid poplin, with a vest front of white *piqué*.

Fig. 4.—Baby's long cloak of white *brillante*, edged by cambric flouncing, which is headed by three rows of plain linen braid. (See "Chitchat.")

Fig. 5.—*Capeline*, or sun bonnet, for a little girl. (See description in July "Chitchat.") It is also a favorite form for white cashmere hoods.

Fig. 6.—Child's talma, for autumn wear, of cashmere lined with mousseline, lightly quilted.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

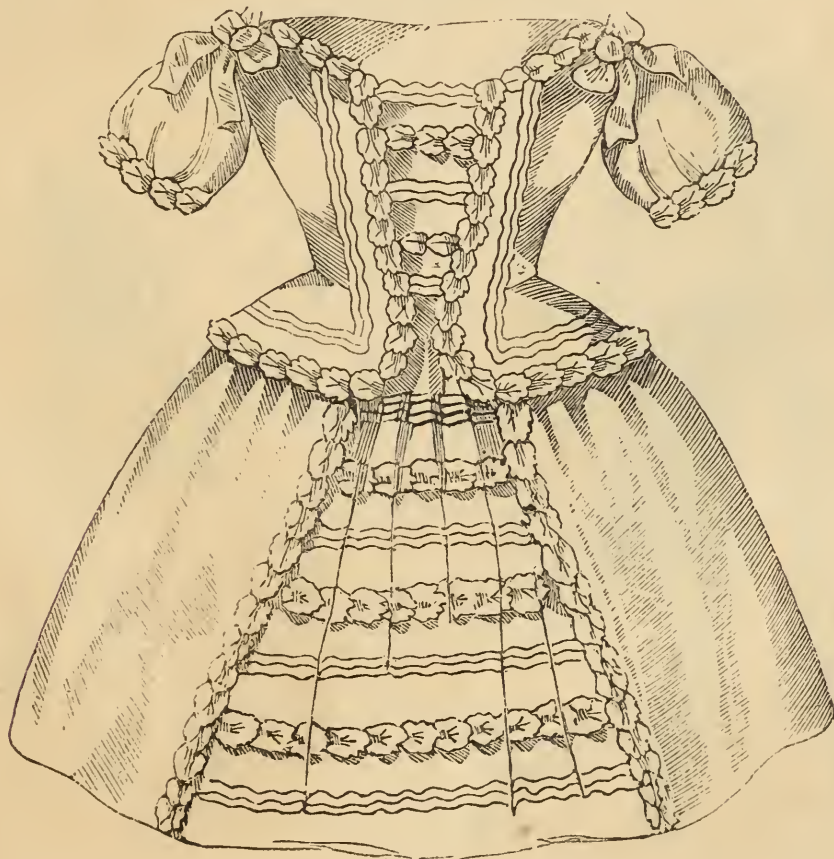


Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

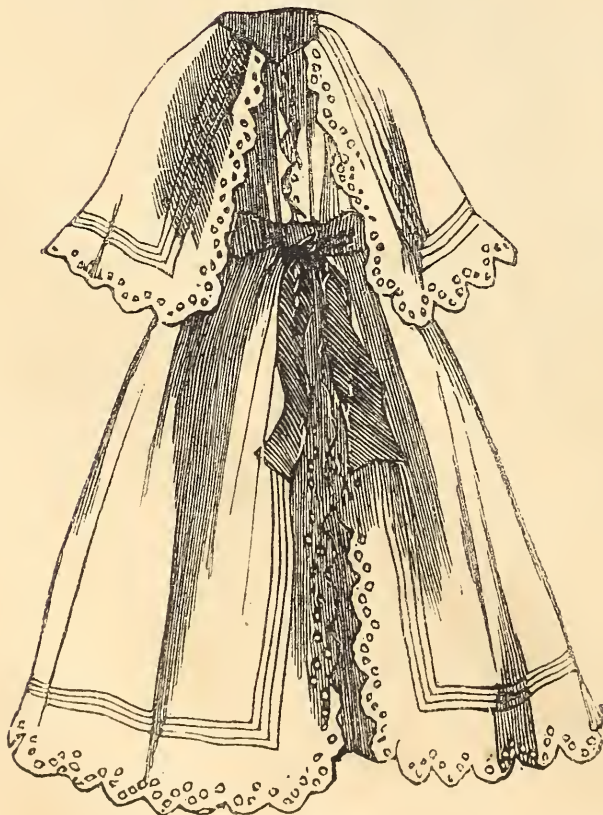
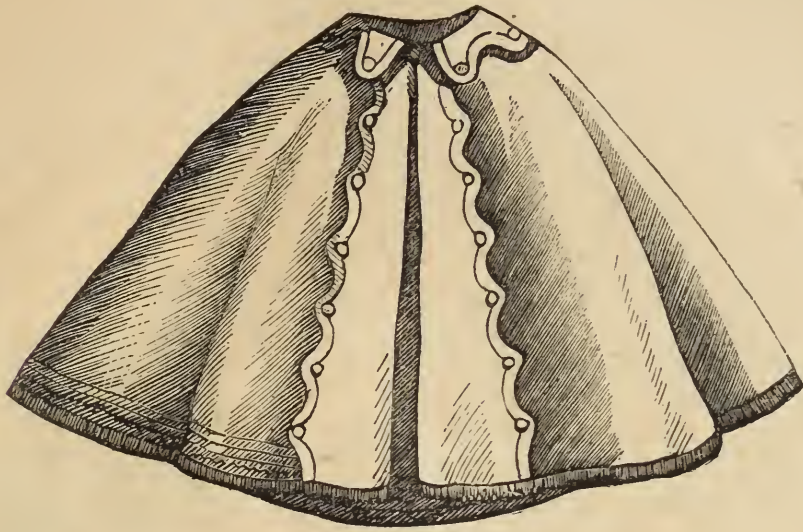


Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



TOP OF PINCUSHION, BRAIDED.



TOILET-CUSHION.

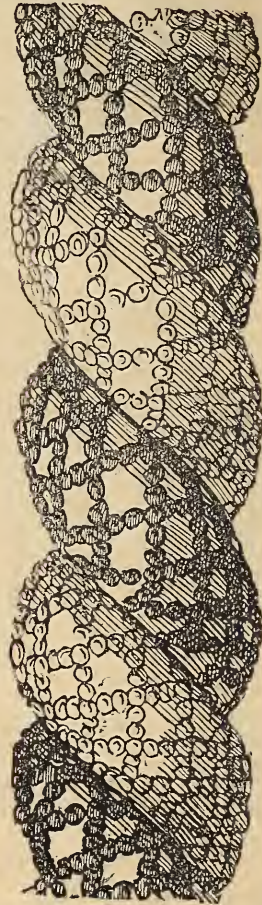
(See blue Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—Three shades of green, two ditto of crimson, two of peach, two of amber, two of blue, two of brown; one skein of white, one of fawn color embroidery chenille, and a small quantity of white and of embroidery silk; a square piece, eight inches each way, of white silk canvas; the same quantity of white watered silk and of crimson silk; a yard and a quarter of crimson, and the same of white trimming chenille.

DRAW the pattern upon the canvas. Work in embroidery stitch the stems with the shades of brown—the leaves with green—working the veinings with the darkest shade, the flowers with crimson and peach. Work the breast of the bird with fawn, the head blue, and the bill and the eye with scarlet silk, introducing a long stitch of white in the former and a dot of white in the latter; work the ring round the neck with black silk; work the body with three shades of green, with fawn, and with white, the wings with amber, the tail with two shades of green, then with blue, and finish with amber; work the claws with dark brown silk. Make up on a proper casing, and trim round the edge with the chenille.

Line basket and handle with satin, putting a layer of cotton under the lining in the basket. Sew coarse chenille on the upper edge of the basket so as to cover where the lining is sewed on: and fine chenille on both edges of handle inside. The lining must be made first and then stitched in at the bottom and top of basket.

A BEAD BELL PULL.



LETTERS IN CROCHET OR MARKING.

(See page 106.)

OUR readers will find this alphabet very useful for making book-markers and various other articles.

AN ACORN BASKET.

(See July number.)

[We inadvertently omitted the description of the Acorn Basket in our July number. We give it now.]

The basket is to be made of pasteboard and covered on the outside with dark brown paper.

Sew on the pieces of pine cones (commencing at the top of the basket, and allowing the upper row to come a little over the edge) in rows, so as to look like shells; at the bottom sew one row around in the same manner.

The handle is about one inch in width. Sew the pieces of cones crosswise on each edge and come a little over it; cover the rest of the handle with acorn cups and hemlock cones, which must be glued on. Varnish it all with copal varnish.

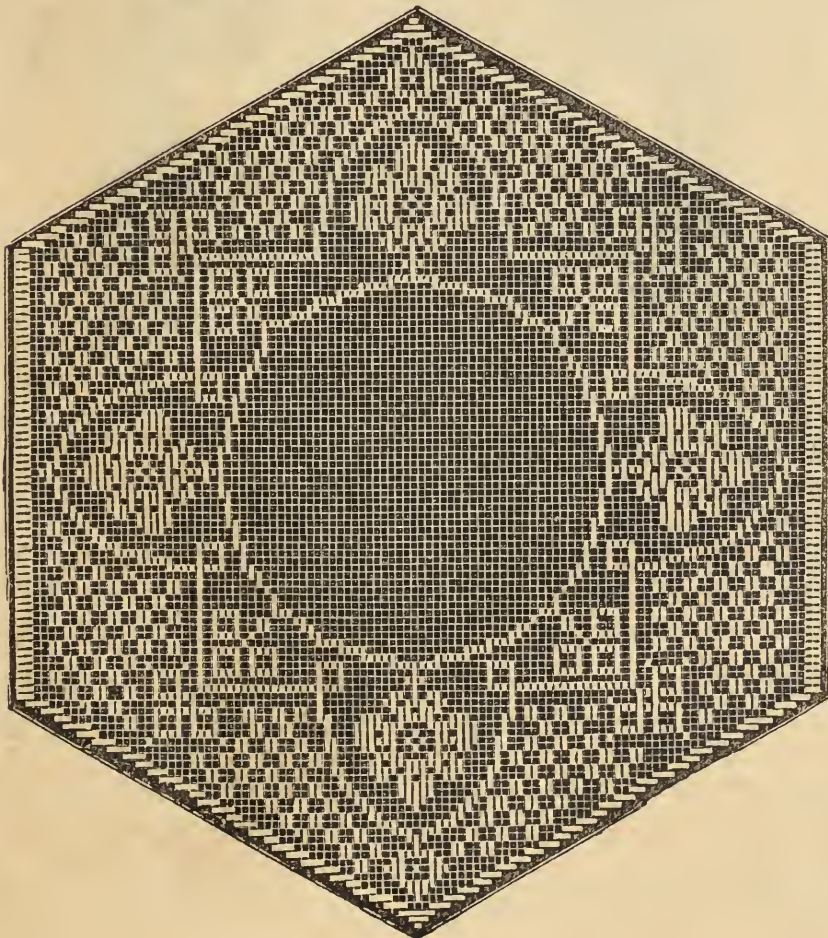
CROCHET TOILET MAT.



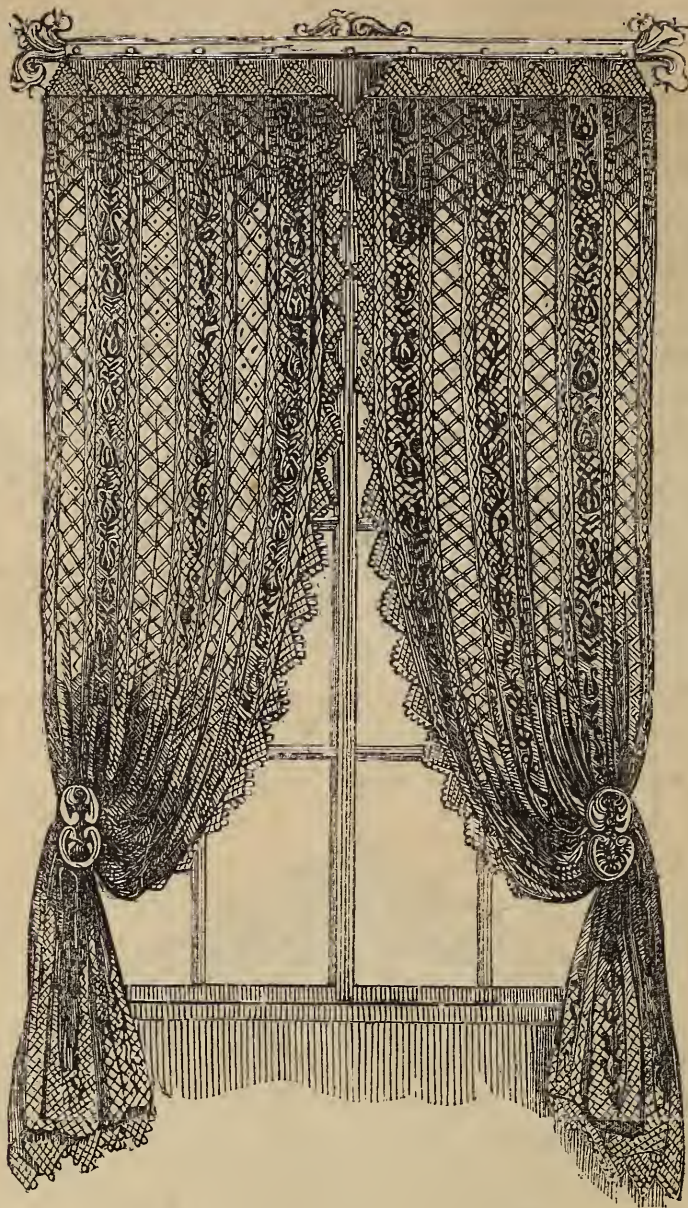
CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.



NETTED ANTIMACASSAR.



NETTED CURTAINS



Materials.—One and a half pound of knitting cotton, No. 10. Meshes, Nos. 12 and 14, bell gauge; one flat mesh, half an inch wide, and one a quarter of an inch wide; steel netting needle.

THE foundation is 576 stitches for a curtain of 4 yards in length. Commence with No. 14 mesh, and net 4 rows plain, and for the

OPEN STRIPE.

5th row.—With the half inch mesh, work plain.

6th.—Mesh, quarter of an inch. Net 2 stitches together; repeat.

7th.—Plain.

8th.—Half inch mesh. Net 2 stitches in 1; repeat, then for the.

DIAMOND STRIPE.

With mesh No. 14, work 4 rows plain, and for the diamonds.

5th.—Net 1 plain stitch, then turn the thread round the mesh, and net 1 plain stitch; repeat these 2 stitches to the end.

6th.—All plain.

7th.—Turn the thread round the mesh, net a stitch, then 1 plain stitch; repeat these 2 stitches.

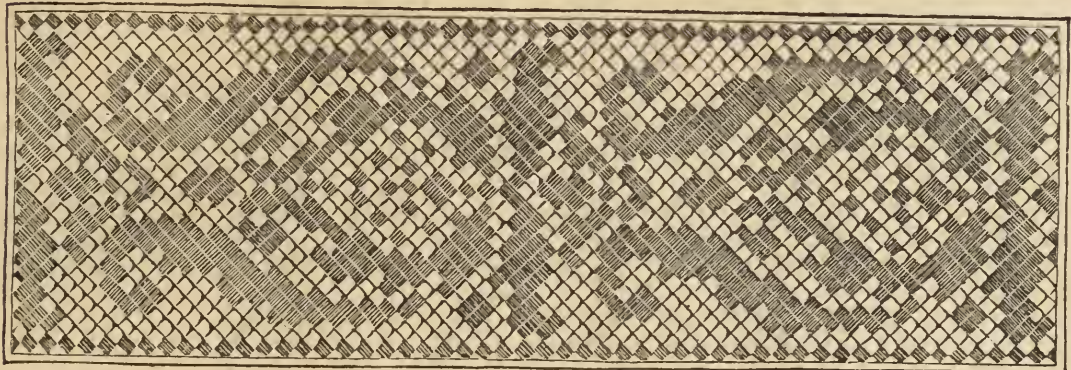
8th.—Plain. Repeat the last 4 rows 5 times more, then work 3 rows plain, and then repeat the open stripe, and for the

FIRST EMBROIDERED STRIPE.

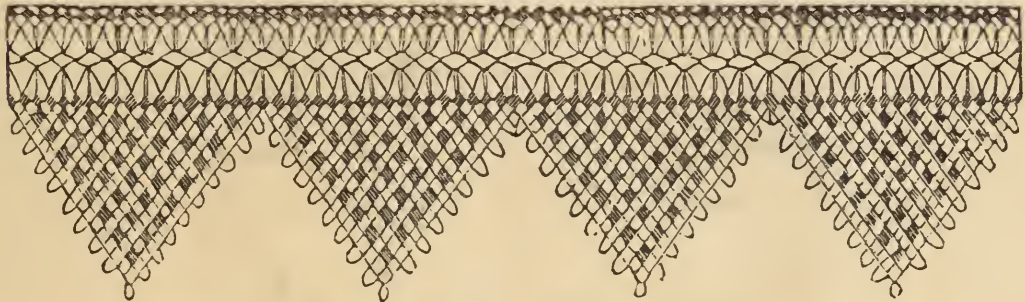
Mesh No. 14. Work 36 rows plain. Then



SECTION.



SECTION OF CURTAIN.



VANDYKE EDGING.

repeat the open stripe, then the diamond stripe, then the open stripe.

SECOND EMBROIDERED STRIPE.

Mesh No. 14. Work 39 rows plain, then repeat the open stripe, diamond stripe, and open stripe; work the third embroidered stripe the same as the first, then repeat the open stripe, and net 4 rows plain. This makes a curtain of one yard wide, and, if required wider, repeat the diamond stripe and the second embroidered stripe.

VANDYKE EDGING.

Mesh No. 12. Net 17 plain stitches on the last row of the curtain, turn back.

2*d* row.—Net the 17 stitches, turn back.

3*d*.—Net 16 stitches, turn back, leaving one stitch.

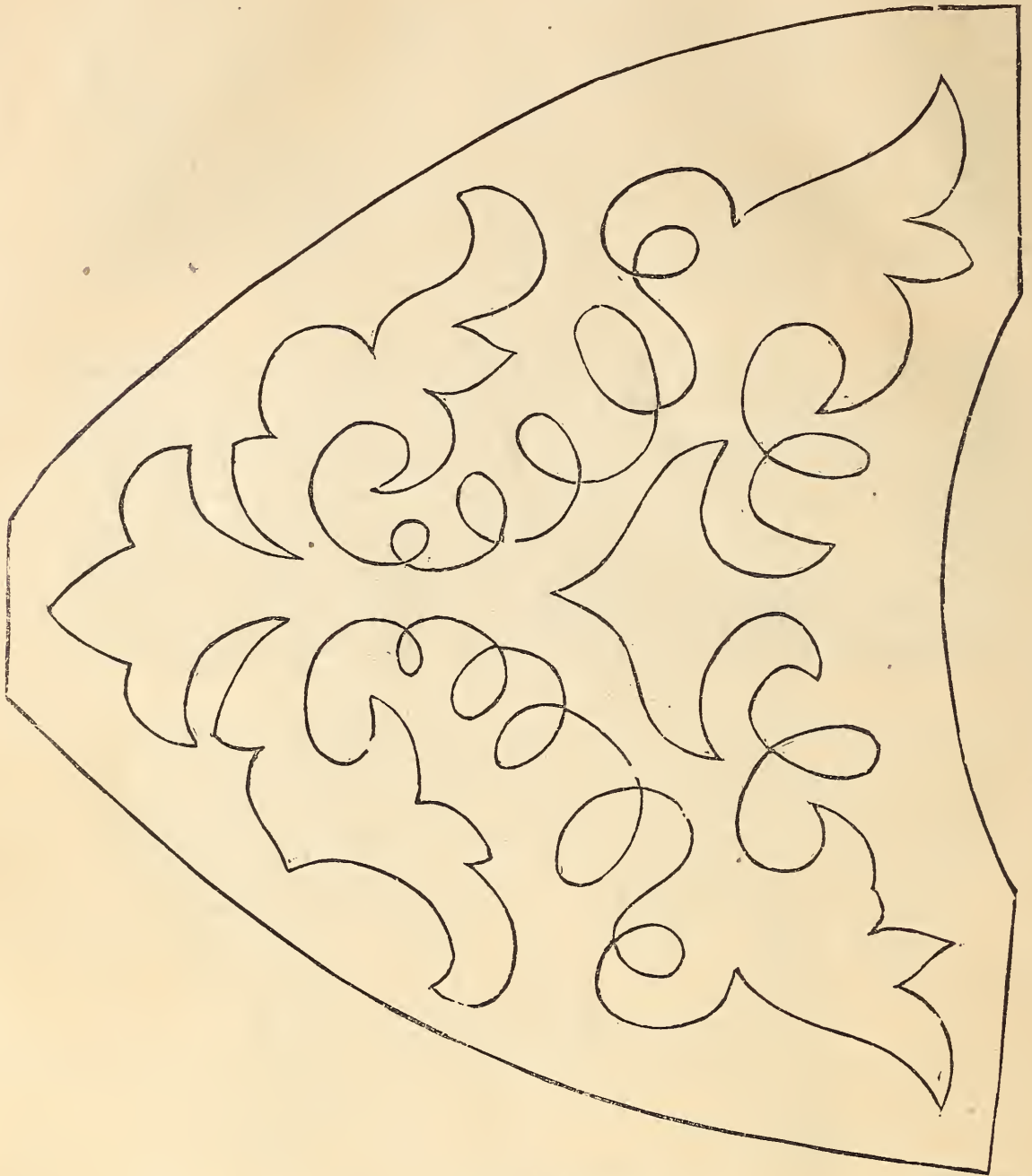
Then 15 rows, same as the last, working one stitch less each time. Cut off the thread and commence the next Vandyke on the 18th stitch

of the curtain. Repeat the Vandykes along one side, and at the top and bottom.

The patterns are embroidered with the same cotton and a rug needle, in the usual manner, that is, by passing the needle under and over the stitches of the netting about five times, taking care to turn the stitches the same way as marked in the *engravings*. The beading at the edge of the stripes should also be worked on the four plain rows of the diamond stripes; the Vandykes are embroidered in the same manner.

ANTIMACASSAR.

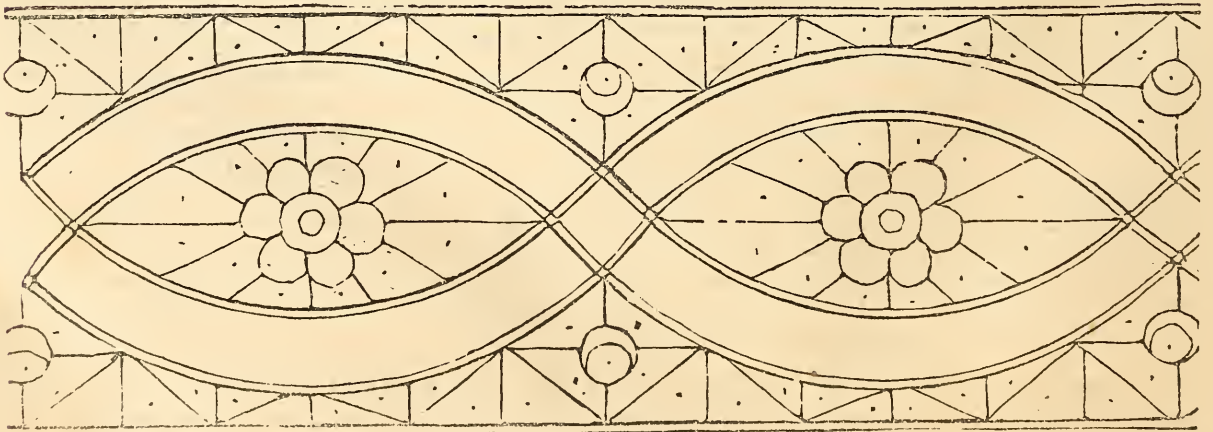
THE same as the curtains. The foundation, 126 stitches; work the open stripe, then the first embroidered stripe, open stripe, second embroidered stripe, open stripe, first embroidered stripe; then work the open stripe along the four sides, and finish with the Vandykes all round, and a tassel, fuchsia pattern, at each corner.



SLIPPER PATTERN.



INSERTING FOR THE FRONT OF AN INFANT'S ROBE.



Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS.

(Second Article.)

CURRANTS PRESERVED.—Take ripe currants, free from stems; weigh them, and take the same weight of sugar; put a teacup of sugar to each pound of it; boil the syrup until it is hot and clear; then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire, and boil gently, until they are cooked and clear; take them into the jars or pots with a skimmer; boil the syrup until rich and thick; then pour it over the fruit. Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into the hot syrup, and boil until thick and rich; put it in pots or jars, and the next day secure as directed.

CURRANT JELLY.—Pick fine red, but long ripe, currants from the stems; bruise them, and strain the juice from a quart at a time through a thin muslin; wring it gently, to get all the liquid; put a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice; stir it until it is all dissolved; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot, and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a spoonful into a saucer; when cold, if it is not quite firm enough, boil it for a few minutes longer. Or, pick the fruit from the stems; weigh it, and put it into a stone pot; set it in a kettle of hot water, reaching nearly to the top; let it boil until the fruit is hot through, then crush them, and strain the juice from them; put a pound of white sugar to each pint of it; put it over the fire, and boil for fifteen minutes; try some in a saucer; when the jelly is thick enough, strain it into small white jars, or glass tumblers; when cold, cover with tissue paper, as directed. Glass should be tempered by keeping it in warm water for a short time before pouring any hot liquid into it, otherwise it will crack.

CURRANT JELLY WITHOUT COOKING.—Press the juice from the currants, and strain it; to every pint put a pound of fine white sugar; mix them together until the sugar is dissolved, then put it in jars, seal them, and expose them to a hot sun for two or three days.

CURRANT JAM.—Pick the currants free from stems; weigh three-quarters of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; strain the juice from half of them; then crush the remainder and the sugar together, and put them with the juice in a kettle, and boil until it is a smooth jellied mass; have a moderate fire that it may not burn the preserve.

GOOSEBERRIES PRESERVED.—Take the blossom from the end, and take off the stems; finish as directed for strawberries and currants.

TO KEEP RED GOOSEBERRIES.—Pick gooseberries when fully ripe, and for each quart take a quarter of a pound of sugar and a gill of water; boil together until quite a syrup; then put in the fruit, and continue to boil gently for fifteen minutes; then put them into small stone jars; when cold, cover them close; keep them for making tarts or pies.

FINE RHUBARB JAM.—Let the rhubarb be drawn on a dry day; wipe the stalks clean, but do not wash them; peel off the skin and coarse fibres, and slice the stalks thin. To each pound thus prepared allow a pound of fine sugar in fine powder; put the fruit in a pan, and strew a quarter of the sugar amongst it and

over it; let it stand until the sugar is dissolved, when boil it slowly to a smooth pulp; take it from the fire, and stir in the remainder of the sugar by degrees; when it is dissolved, boil the preserve quickly until it becomes very thick, and leaves the bottom of the pan visible when stirred. The time required for preparing this preserve will depend on the kind of rhubarb used, and the time of year in which it is made; it will vary from an hour and a half to two hours and a quarter. The juice should be slowly drawn from it at first.

RHUBARB JAM.—Boil gently together for three hours an equal weight of fine sugar and rhubarb stalks, with the juice and grated rind of a lemon to each pound of the fruit. When the true flavor of the rhubarb is much liked, the lemon-peel should be omitted. A very good jam may be made with six ounces less of sugar to the pound, by boiling the rhubarb gently for an hour before it is added.

CHERRIES PRESERVED.—Take fine large cherries, not very ripe; take off the stems, and take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teacup of water for each pound; set it over the fire until it is dissolved, and boiling hot; then put in the juice and cherries; boil them gently until clear throughout; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich, and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; take the fruit into jars or pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open until the next day; then cover as directed. Sweet cherries are improved by the addition of a pint of red currant-juice, and half a pound of sugar to it, for four or five pounds of cherries.

TO DRY CHERRIES.—Take the stems and stones from ripe cherries; spread them on flat dishes, and dry them in the hot sun or warm oven; pour whatever juice may have run from them, a little at a time, over them; stir them about, that they may dry evenly. When they are perfectly dry, line boxes or jars with white paper, and pack them close in layers; stew a little brown sugar, and fold the paper over, and keep them in a dry place; or put them in muslin bags, and hang them in an airy place.

TO DRY CHERRIES.—Having stoned the desired quantity of good cherries, put a pound and a quarter of fine sugar to every pound; beat and sift it over the cherries, and let them stand all night. Take them out of the sugar, and to every pound of sugar put two spoonfuls of water. Boil and skim it well, and then put in the cherries; boil the sugar over them, and next morning strain them, and to every pound of syrup put half a pound more sugar; boil it till it is a little thicker, then put in the cherries, and let them boil gently. The next day strain them, put them in a stove, and turn them every day till they are dry.

PLUMS.—There are several varieties of plums. The richest purple plum for preserving is the damson; there are of these large and small; the large are called sweet damsons, the small ones are very rich flavored. The great difficulty in preserving plums is that the skins crack and the fruit comes to pieces; the rule here laid down for preserving them obviates that difficulty. Purple gages, unless properly preserved, will turn to juice and skins; and the large horse plum (as it is generally known) comes completely to pieces in ordinary modes of preserving; the one recommended herein will keep them whole, full, and rich.

TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.—Make a syrup of

clean brown sugar; clarify as directed in these receipts; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off; make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums. Small damsons are very fine, preserved as cherries or any other ripe fruit; clarify the syrup, and when boiling hot put in the plums; let them boil very gently until they are cooked, and the syrup rich. Put them in pots or jars; the next day secure as directed.

TO PRESERVE PLUMS WITHOUT THE SKINS.—Pour boiling water over large egg or magnum bonum plums; cover them until it is cold, then pull off the skins. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a teacup of water for each pound of fruit; make it boiling hot, and pour it over; let them remain for a day or two, then drain it off and boil again; skim it clear, and pour it hot over the plums; let them remain until the next day, then put them over the fire in the syrup; boil them very gently until clear; take them from the syrup with a skimmer into the pots or jars; boil the syrup until rich and thick; take off any scum which may arise, then let it cool and settle, and pour it over the plums. If brown sugar is used, which is quite as good except for green gages, clarify it as directed.

TO DRY PLUMS.—Split ripe plums, take the stones from them, and lay them on plates or sieves to dry in a warm oven or hot sun; take them in at sunset, and do not put them out again until the sun will be upon them; turn them that they may be done evenly; when perfectly dry, pack them in jars or boxes lined with paper, or keep them in bags; hang them in an airy place.

TO PRESERVE GREEN GAGES.—The following receipt appears to be a good one: Pick and prick all the plums; put them into a preserving-pan with cold water enough to cover them; let them remain on the fire until the water simmers well; then take off, and allow them to stand until half cold, putting the plums to drain. To every pound of plums allow one pound of sugar, which must be boiled in the water from which the plums have been taken; let it boil very fast until the syrup drops short from the spoon, skimming carefully all the time. When the sugar is sufficiently boiled, put in the plums, and allow them to boil until the sugar covers the pan with large bubbles; then pour the whole into a pan, and let them remain until the following day; drain the syrup from the plums as dry as possible, boil it up quickly, and pour it over the plums; then set them by; do this a third and a fourth time. On the fifth day, when the syrup is boiled, put the plums into it, and let them boil for a few minutes; then put them into jars. Should the green gages be over ripe, it will be better to make jam of them, using three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Warm the jars before putting the sweetmeats in, and be careful not to boil the sugar to a candy.

GREEN GAGES.—These may be greened as directed for greening fruit; when taken out, smooth the skins, make the syrup boiling hot and pour it over until the next day or two, then put them in the syrup over the fire, and boil very slowly until they look clear and the syrup is rich and thick; then take them from the syrup with a skimmer, spread them on flat dishes to cool, boil the syrup quite fast, skim it clear, then let it settle and

cool; put the plums into jars and pour the syrup over, leaving any sediment which may remain at the bottom.

JAM OF GREEN GAGES.—Put ripe green gages into a kettle with very little water, and let them stew until soft, then rub them through a sieve of colander, and to every pint of pulp put a pound of white sugar powdered fine, then put it in a preserving-kettle over the fire, stir it until the whole is of the consistence of jelly, then take it off; put the marmalade in small jars or tumblers, and cover as directed for jelly. Any sort of plums may be done in this manner.

TO KEEP DAMSONS.—Put them in small stone jars, or wide-mouth glass bottles, and set them up to their necks in a kettle of cold water; set it over the fire to become boiling hot, then take it off, and let the bottles remain until the water is cold; the next day fill the bottles with cold water, and cork and seal them. These may be used the same as fresh fruit. Green gages may be done in this way.

TO PRESERVE DAMSONS A SECOND WAY.—Put a quart of damsons into a jar with a pound of sugar stewed between them; set the jar in a warm oven, or put it into a kettle of cold water and set it over the fire for an hour, then take it out, set to become cold, drain the juice off, boil it until it is thick, then pour it over the plums; when cold, cover as directed for preserves.

TO PRESERVE APPLES.—Pare and core, and cut them in halves or quarters; take as many pounds of the best brown sugar; put a teacup of water to each pound. When it is dissolved, set it over the fire; and when boiling hot, put in the fruit, and let it boil gently until it is clear, and the syrup thick; take the fruit with a skimmer on to flat dishes, spread it to cool, then put it in pots or jars, and pour the jelly over. Lemons boiled tender in water, and sliced thin, may be boiled with the apples.

TO PRESERVE PIPPINS IN SLICES.—Take the fairest pippins, pare them, and cut them in slices a quarter of an inch thick, without taking out the cores; boil two or three lemons, and slice them with the apples; take the same weight of white sugar (or clarified brown sugar), put half a gill of water for each pound of sugar, dissolve it, and set it over the fire; when it is boiling hot put in the slices, let them boil very gently until they are clear, then take them with a skimmer and spread them on flat dishes to cool; boil the syrup until it is quite thick, put the slices on flat dishes, and pour the syrup over. These may be done a day before they are wanted; two hours will be sufficient to make a fine dish for dessert or supper.

TO PRESERVE CRAB-APPLES.—Take off the stem, and core them with a penknife, without cutting them open; weigh a pound of white sugar for each pound of prepared fruit; put a teacup of water to each pound of sugar; put it over a moderate fire. When the sugar is all dissolved, and hot, put the apples in; let them boil gently until they are clear, then skim them out, and spread them on flat dishes. Boil the syrup until it is thick; put the syrup in whatever they are to be kept, and when the syrup is cooled and settled, pour it carefully over the fruit. Slices of lemon boiled with the fruit may be considered an improvement; one lemon is enough for several pounds of fruit. Crab-apples may be preserved whole, with only half an inch of the stem on; three quarters of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit.

BAKED SWEET APPLES.—Wash well the apples; place them in a pan with a very little water, that the

juice may not burn, if they are to be cooked in a brick oven; then put the apples in a jar, cover them close, and bake them five or six hours. Sweet apples should be baked long after they are tender.

BAKED SOUR APPLES.—Wash well the apples; place them in a pan; pour in a teacupful of water and one of sugar; bake them slowly till done. Eat them with cream and the juice which cooks from them.

CODDLED APPLES.—Take windfalls, or fall apples; wash them, and put half a peck into a preserving-kettle; add half a cup of water, sweetened with a large cup of sugar, or half a cup of molasses. Cover them, and boil gently until tender.

TO PRESERVE FRUIT SO AS TO KEEP WELL IN A HOT CLIMATE.—The fruit to be ripe, but not *over* ripe; pickled with care; the best lump sugar used; and all to be boiled *rather longer* than is usually done in this country. Then pour into jars, and, when quite cool, tie over with bladder.

TO PRESERVE PEARS.—Take small, rich, fair fruit, as soon as the pips are black; set them over the fire in a kettle, with water to cover them; let them simmer until they will yield to the pressure of the finger, then with a skimmer take them into cold water; pare them neatly, leaving on a little of the stem, and the blossom end; pierce them at the blossom end to the core, then make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; when it is boiling hot, pour it over the pears, and let it stand until the next day, when drain it off, make it boiling hot, and again pour it over; after a day or two, put the fruit in the syrup over the fire, and boil gently until it is clear; then take it into the jars or spread it on dishes, boil the syrup thick, then put it and the fruit in jars.

TO STEW PEARS.—Pare them and cut them in halves, if large, or leave them whole, if small; put them in a stewpan with very little water, cover them and let them stew till tender, then add a small teacup of sugar to a quarter of a peck of pears, let them stew until the syrup is rich; a lemon boiled with the pears, and sliced thin when the sugar is put in, improves both flavor and color; or a wineglass of red wine may be used instead.

TO BAKE PEARS.—Wash half a peck of tart pears, cut the stems so as to leave only an inch length; put them in an iron pot over the fire, with half a pint of water and a pint of molasses to them; cover the pot or kettle, and let them boil rather gently until the pears are soft and the syrup rich, almost like candy; take care not to scorch it.

PEARS IN BRANDY.—Take fine, rich, juicy, but not very ripe pears; put them into a saucepan with cold water to cover them; set them over a gentle fire and simmer them until they will yield to the pressure of your finger, then put them into cold water; pare them with the greatest care, so that not a single defect may remain; make a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of white sugar for each pound of fruit, and a cup of water to each pound of sugar; when the syrup is clear, and boiling hot, put in the pears, boil them gently until they are done through and clear, and the syrup is rich; now take them with a skimmer into glass jars; boil the syrup thick, then mix with it a gill of white brandy to each pint, pour it over the fruit, and, when cold, put paper and a close-fitting cover over.

PEAR MARMALADE.—To six pounds of small pears, take four pounds of sugar; put the pears into a saucepan with a little cold water; cover it, and set it over the fire until the fruit is soft, then put them into cold water;

pare, quarter, and core them; put to them three teacups of water, set them over the fire; roll the sugar fine, mash the fruit fine and smooth, put the sugar to it, stir it well together until it is thick, like jelly, then put it in tumblers or jars, and when cold, secure it as jelly.

TO BOTTLE FRUIT.—Cherries, strawberries, sliced pine-apple, plums, apricots, gooseberries, &c., may be preserved in the following manner, to be used the same as fresh fruit: Gather the fruit before it is very ripe; put it in wide-mouthed bottles made for the purpose; fill them as full as they will hold, and cork them tight; seal the corks; put some hay in a large saucepan; set in the bottles, with hay between them, to prevent their touching; then fill the saucepan with water to the necks of the bottles, and set it over the fire until the water is nearly boiling; then take it off; let it stand until the bottles are cold; then keep them in a cool place until wanted, when the fruit will be found equal to fresh.

PINE-APPLE PRESERVE.—Twist off the top and bottom, and pare off the rough outside of pine-apples; then weigh them, and cut them in slices, chips, or quarters, or cut them in four or six, and shape each piece like a whole pine-apple; to each pound of fruit, put a teacup of water; put it in a preserving kettle; cover it, and set it over the fire, and let them boil gently until they are tender and clear; then take them from the water, by sticking a fork in the centre of each slice, or with a skimmer into a dish. Put to the water white sugar, a pound for each pound of fruit; stir it until it is all dissolved; then put in the pine-apple; cover the kettle, and let them boil gently until transparent throughout; when it is so, take it out, let it cool, and put it in glass jars; as soon as the syrup is a little cooled, pour it over them; let them remain in a cool place until the next day, then secure the jars as directed previously. Pine-apple done in this way is a delicious preserve. The usual manner of preserving it, by putting it into the syrup without first boiling it, makes it little better than sweetened leather.

HOW TO MAKE TOMATO FIGS.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in order to remove the skin; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before, then boil and skim again. After the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the syrup, removing the scum. Put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling, put the fruit into jars and pour the syrup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.

TO PRESERVE CUCUMBERS AND MELONS.—Take large cucumbers, green, and free from seed; put them in a large jar of salt and water, with vine leaves on the

top; set them by the fireside till they are yellow; then wash and set them over a slow fire in alum and water, covered with vine leaves; let them boil till they become green; take them off, and let them stand in the liquor till cold; then quarter them, and take out the seed and pulp; put them in cold spring water, changing it twice a day for three days. Have ready a syrup made thus: to one pound of loaf-sugar, half an ounce of ginger bruised, with as much water as will wet it; when it is quite free from scum, put in, when boiling, the rind of a lemon and juice; when quite cold, pour the syrup on the melons. If the syrup is too thin, after standing two or three days, boil it again, and add a little more sugar. A spoonful of rum gives it the West Indian flavor. Gherkins may be preserved the same way. One ounce of alum, when pounded, is sufficient for a dozen melons of a middling size.

BARBERRIES.—Preserve them the same as currants; or they may be preserved in molasses. Pick them from the stems, and put them into a jug or jar with molasses to cover them. The acid soon destroys all taste of molasses. The small winter or frost grape may be done in the same manner.

PINE-APPLE JELLY.—Take a perfectly ripe and sound pine-apple, cut off the outside, cut it in small pieces; bruise them, and to each pound put a teacup of water; put it in a preserving-kettle over the fire, cover the kettle, and let them boil for twenty minutes; then strain it, and squeeze it through a bit of muslin. For each pound of fruit take a pound of sugar; put a teacup of water to each pound; set it over the fire until it is dissolved; then add the pine-apple juice. For each quart of the syrup, clarify an ounce of the best isinglass, and stir it in; let it boil until, by taking some on a plate to cool, you find it a stiff jelly. Secure it as directed.

A NEW PRESERVE.—A correspondent sends us the following: "I have lately been very busy making a new kind of preserve, which, I may say, is quite a discovery, to me at least, and which promises to insure me a plentiful supply of good, wholesome jam, for my family during the winter, at a price below the usual cost of preserves. I was, the other day, making some ordinary apple jam, and before finishing it, I put in some blackberry juice, in order to give it a little color, and I was surprised at finding how much the preserve was improved by the addition; so much so that it might very easily be mistaken for damson jam. And as you will see, by the following proportions, the cost must be very small, wherever apples and blackberries are to be got. I put to two quarts of the juice of blackberries—that is, I bring the berries up to a simmer for five minutes, and then strain them through a coarse cloth—about six pounds' weight of cut-up apples, and one pound of crushed lump-sugar, and stew it up in the usual way, till the apples are softened down, and the mass becomes of the usual thickness. It is wholesome and good, and I thought that what was within any one's reach ought to be known."

TO PRESERVE SEVILLE ORANGES WHOLE.—Cut a hole at the stem end of the oranges, the size of a half dime, take out all the pulp, put the oranges into cold water for two days, changing it twice a day; boil them rather more than an hour, but do not cover them, as it will spoil the color; have ready a good syrup, into which put the oranges, and boil them till they look clear; then take out the seeds, skins, &c., from the pulp first taken out of the oranges, and add to it one of the

whole oranges, previously boiled, with an equal weight of sugar to it and the pulp; boil this together till it looks clear, over a slow fire, and, when cold, fill the oranges with this marmalade, and put on the tops; cover them with syrup, and put brandy paper on the top of the jar. It is better to take out the inside at first, to preserve the fine flavor of the juice and pulp, which would be injured by boiling in the water.

ORANGES IN JELLY.—Take a dozen of the smallest sized oranges; boil them in three changes of water, until a straw will easily penetrate the skin; take half a pound of white sugar for each pound of oranges, and for each pound of sugar a small teacup of water; when it is all dissolved set it over a gentle fire, put in the oranges, cover them, and let them boil gently; when the fruit looks clear, take the oranges up, cut them half-way down in quarters, or cut them entirely through; put to the syrup half an ounce of isinglass dissolved in a little hot water, give it one boil, then take some of it into a saucer; if it is not as thick as you wish, boil it a short time longer, put the oranges into a deep glass dish, and turn the jelly over them. Apple-jelly may be used instead of isinglass. Lemons may be done in this manner. This is a highly ornamental dish, and may be made the day before it is wanted. This jelly may be made firm, and the oranges sliced; put an ounce of isinglass to a quart of syrup. Put the jelly an inch deep in the mould; when it is cold, lay in slices of the preserved orange; put more jelly in; when that is cold, put on more slices; and so continue until the mould is full. When wanted, dip the mould for an instant in hot water, then turn it out on a flat glass dish.

ORANGE JELLY.—Put one quart of water into a saucepan with a quarter of a pound of hartshorn shavings, or two ounces of isinglass broken small; boil it gently until it is a strong jelly; take the juice from four large oranges, and two fine lemons, and half the yellow rind from one orange and one lemon, pared thin; put them to the jelly, and make it sweet with loaf-sugar; then beat the whites of four eggs to a high froth, mix it in, and let it boil for ten minutes; then run it through a jelly bag once or twice, until it is perfectly clear; put it in fancy moulds. When you wish to serve it, set the mould for a few seconds in a pan of hot water, turn a flat glass or china dish over the mould, reverse it with the mould upon it, and if the jelly does not immediately loosen, give it a smart tap with the hand.

CANDIED ORANGE OR LEMON PEEL.—Boil the rind from thick skin oranges or lemons in plenty of water, until they are tender, and the bitterness is out; change the water once or twice if necessary. Clarify half a pound of sugar with half a cup of water for each pound of peel; when it is clear, put in the peels, cover them, and boil them until clear, and the syrup almost a candy; then take them out, and lay them on inverted sieves to dry; boil the syrup with additional sugar, then put in the peels; stir them about until the sugar candies around them; then take them on to a sieve, and set them into a warm oven, or before a fire; when perfectly dry, pack them in a wooden box, with tissue paper between.

TO CANDY FRUIT.—After peaches, plums, citrons, or quinces have been preserved, take the fruit from the syrup; drain it on a sieve; to a pound of loaf-sugar put half a teacup of water; when it is dissolved, set it over a moderate fire; when boiling hot, put in the fruit; stir it continually until the sugar is candied about it; then take it upon a sieve, and dry it in a warm oven, or before a fire; repeat this two or three times if you wish.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Even as the tenderness of dew distils,
When summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of the heart and eyes,
When all of genius that can perish, dies."

BYRON.

THE recent decease of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, one of the most popular of American novelists, and more highly esteemed for her virtues than for her genius, even, requires a tribute of affectionate remembrance in our "Book," devoted as it is to the best interests of women.

We never had the pleasure of a personal intercourse with Mrs. Hentz, but, on the occasion of preparing "Woman's Record,"* we held an intimate correspondence by letter, and from her communications gathered such particulars of her life as will, we are sure, be interesting to our readers, and enable them better to appreciate the writings of this lovely and learned lady.

Caroline Lee Whiting was born in the pleasant village of Lancaster, Massachusetts, about thirty-six miles from Boston. Her father was General John Whiting, of the U. S. Army; two of her brothers were also officers in the same service, and one of these, General Henry Whiting, was with General Taylor in the Mexican War, and distinguished for his literary attainments as well as for his military talents.

Miss Whiting received a careful education, but her genius seemed independent of culture. Before she was twelve years old she had written a poem, a novel, and a tragedy, the last being full of impassioned scenes and romantic situations. Had she been trained to literature as Miss Edgeworth was, and followed, like her, an easy path in life, our fair countrywoman might have rivalled the best writers of her sex and race. But Miss Whiting had, from her youth, to make literature or authorship a secondary object. She was to be a teacher, and she married, in accordance with her destiny, Professor N. M. Hentz, a French gentleman, of great acquirements; this was in 1823. They settled at Northampton, where Mr. Hentz, in conjunction with Mr. Bancroft, the historian, was conducting a seminary for the education of boys. This was given up in a short time, and the newly married couple went to Chapel-Hill, North Carolina; Mr. Hentz had been appointed Professor of the Modern Languages in the college at that place. After some years, they removed to Covington, Kentucky, where Mrs. Hentz wrote her tragedy of "De Lara: or, The Moorish Bride." This was written to compete for a prize of five hundred dollars, offered by the manager of the Arch St. Theatre, Philadelphia, for the best tragedy, and hers gained the prize. She also wrote two other tragedies: "Lamorah; or, The Western Wild" (acted at Cincinnati), and "Constance of Werdenberg;" neither of these has been published.

The next removal of Mr. Hentz and family was to Cincinnati, where they opened a seminary for young ladies, which was very flourishing for a time, but subsequent events interrupted this prosperity, and they removed in 1834 to Florence, Alabama. Here they resided, and had

* "A Dictionary of Distinguished Women," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

a school in a lovely spot, named by Mrs. Hentz "Locust Dell." In this place she wrote many of her poetic effusions, which were published in the papers of the day, but still her most engrossing duty was that of her school and family. After remaining here about nine years, they went to Tuscaloosa, and then, in 1845, to Tuscogee; but this place not suiting their purposes, they once more removed, in 1848, to Columbus, Georgia, where they continued to reside till near the close of her life.

During all these changes of place, Mrs. Hentz had had one constant round of duties, imposed by her profession. Mr. Hentz had become a confirmed invalid; the care of him as well as of the school devolved on his wife, and she performed all with such faithfulness and sweet cheerfulness that no wonder she won the hearts of her friends by her goodness, as she charmed those who did not know her personally, by the genius and beauty of her writings.

It was amidst such cares, struggles, and duties, the greater portion of the works of this lovely woman were written. Her first prose articles were published in newspapers or magazines, and these novelettes, afterwards reprinted in book form, had a wide circulation. The first of these was "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," published in 1846; "Linda: or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," in 1850; and "Rena: or, The Snow Bird," in 1851. From this time Mrs. Hentz devoted more of her time to literature, and in 1852 appeared two of her most interesting novels, viz: "Eoline: or, Magnolia Vale," and "Marcus Warland: or, The Long Moss Spring." In 1853, appeared "Helen and Arthur," also, "The Banished Son, and other Stories," and "Love after Marriage," &c., three volumes in one year. Her next work (1854) was "The Planter's Northern Bride." In 1855, she sent forth "Robert Graham," a sequel to "Linda," which, for the earnest religious feeling it inculcates, may be ranked as the best of her writings. Since the decease of Mrs. Hentz, 1856, another volume has been published, with the title of "Courtship and Marriage," containing twelve tales, illustrative of "la belle passion." Among these is included "The Mob Cap," one of the most popular of her shorter stories.†

If we admire the amount of literary labor performed by a lady situated as was Mrs. Hentz, we shall feel increased regard for the moral healthfulness of her mind, which, in its spontaneous flow, as it were, has yet come to us in such purity of sentiment and expression. There is not a page to be skipped, not a line which may not be read at the family fireside. This purity of style seems to be the habitual tone of the writer's mind, and harmonizes with the quiet lessons of morality and patriotism breathing from, rather than inculcated in, all her fictitious compositions. Born and educated at the North, but removed to the South while her youthful hopes were bright as the sunny clime where her new home was found, and also passing some pleasant years in the great West, Mrs. Hentz learned the wisdom of

† The collected writings of Mrs. Hentz, handsomely got up, and illustrated, are now published by Mr. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, in ten volumes. We hope he will add her Tragedies to this collection.

loving her whole country above any particular State or section. This true and noble patriotism she teaches in all her writings; teaches it, as a woman should, like the faith of childhood, to hold its place next to that of "Our Father who art in Heaven" in the heart of every American citizen.

One cause of the remarkable facility with which Mrs. Hentz wrote was her entire truthfulness. She had the gift of utterance in an eminent degree, and she set down what she saw and felt without art or premeditation. This *improvisating* manner of composition is thus described by one who knew her well, and had passed much time in her pleasant home:—

"What has often struck me with wonder in regard to Mrs. Hentz is the remarkable ease with which she writes. When a leisure moment offers itself, she takes up her pen, as others do their knitting, and it dances swiftly over the paper, as if in vain striving to keep up with the current of her thoughts. 'Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag' was written while I lived in the family, and as at evening I sat at her table, I read it sheet by sheet, ere the ink was dry from her pen, and on every page I saw, in the record of the affectionate family of the Worths, and particularly in the tender relations between Mrs. Worth and her daughters, a faithful transcript of the author's own heart."

Such a writer may not attain the highest degree of literary excellence, because the perfection of every art must be wrought out by patient labor; yet genius, and Mrs. Hentz was greatly gifted with that intuitive power of mind which seizes truth with the grasp of faith and uses imagination as a guide to knowledge, genius can work both fast and well when the writer has had actual experience of life. Mrs. Hentz had large opportunities for the study of character; she was the teacher of youth from her youth till near the close of her career; and she had reached middle age before she ventured to publish anything of consequence. We make these remarks, because we would warn young ladies against the delusive hope of rivalling Mrs. Hentz while they are in their teens, and before they have learned to live. Let them work patiently in their duties like her, and good will come of it, whether they write books, or by their good sense and cultivated taste lend their influence to raise the standard of popular literature.

In private life, the subject of our sketch was eminent for her excellence and her power of attaching her friends. One of these* thus writes to Professor Hart: "Some writer has said 'authors should be read, not known.' Mrs. Hentz forms a bright exception to this remark. Never have I met a more fascinating person. Mind is enthroned on her noble brow, and beams in the flashing glories of her radiant eyes. She is tall, graceful, and dignified, with that high-bred manner which ever betokens gentle blood. She has much tact and talent in conversation, and never speaks without awakening interest. She possesses great enthusiasm of character, the enthusiasm described by Madame de Stael as 'God within us—the love of the good, the holy, and the beautiful.' She has neither pretension nor pedantry, and, although admirably accomplished, and a perfect classic and belles-lettres scholar, she has all the sweet simplicity of an elegant woman."

She was all this, and more—a woman faithful in all the relations of domestic life and a Christian lady, devoted to her religious duties. Thus, the life of Mrs. Hentz was a volume of instructive examples for her

young countrywomen. In her written works, her life and the principles that guided her are beautifully shadowed forth. And though dead, she will, we trust, still be the beloved friend of many a young mind, because she "exalts all that is good, noble, and generous in the human heart," and thus leads the heart to love goodness.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE, OR WILLIAM THE SILENT,

Is not a new novel, dear reader, but the hero of a tragic and a true history† more intensely interesting than any romance which genius has invented. The writer, a Bostonian, has so identified his own feelings with the events he narrates, that he will from henceforth be a hero to his countrywomen, who, we predict, will give his work a warmer place in their hearts than mere history usually commands. Women are the readers in our Republic; let them do justice to the new claimant on their attention. We give Mr. Motley's sketch of his great hero, as a specimen of the style and spirit of the work:—

"The history of the rise of the Netherland Republic has been at the same time the biography of William the Silent. This, while it gives unity to the narrative, renders an elaborate description of his character superfluous. That life was a noble Christian epic; inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close; the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fulness, but retaining all its original purity. A few general observations are all which are necessary by way of conclusion.

"In person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand, and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he that the Reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

"His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of an unequal struggle as men have ever undertaken was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, 'tranquil amid raging billows,' was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. From the time when, as a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands, up to the last moment of his life, he never faltered in his determination to resist that iniqui-

* Mrs. Octavia Walton Le Vert.

† The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By John Lothrop Motley. Harper & Brothers, New York.

tous scheme. This resistance was the labor of his life. To exclude the Inquisition, to maintain the ancient liberties of his country, was the task which he appointed to himself when a youth of three-and-twenty. Never speaking a word concerning a heavenly mission, never deluding himself or others with the usual phraseology of enthusiasts, he accomplished tasks, through danger, amid toils, and with sacrifices such as few men have ever been able to make on their country's altar; for the disinterested benevolence of the man was as prominent as his fortitude. A prince of high rank and of royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth, almost at times of the common necessities of life, and became in his country's cause nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw.

* * * * *

He lived and died, not for himself, but for his country: 'God pity this poor people!' were his dying words."

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HOW CALUMNY WAS PUNISHED IN POLAND.—"The convicted calumniator of a Senator in Poland was compelled, in full senate, to lie upon the ground under the stall of him whose honor he had attacked, and then declare aloud that, in spreading abroad injurious reports against the honorable senator, he, the calumniator, had lied like a dog. He must then, three different times, imitate the barking of a dog."—*General History of Poland*, by M. le Chevalier de Polignac, vol. iii.

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THREE HOURS SCHOOL A DAY.*—A book has been published on this subject, from which we take the following:—

"*The first and the main business of children and youth is to grow.* Whoever interposes to defeat the complete and perfect fulfilment of that destiny, with whatever motive, inflicts on the unfortunate object of his care the heaviest and the bitterest curse. Yet with what folly—and if not folly, madness—are the requisite means of bodily growth withheld from these children and youth, who, for ten months or for five months in the year, are kept in a school-room for six hours in a day! The freest exercise, in the open and pure air, at the beck so far as may be of their own free impulses and volatile spirits, is the daily demand of every human being till the body has done growing: *and that, be it remembered, is to be had at the proper hours.* Not only, with them, is the current of life to be maintained—not only is the demand which daily waste of the body creates to be met, but that other draft on the energies of the system, to wit, to add to the structure itself, must be promptly and fully met, or the penalty is to be paid during every hour of existence after maturity, in the daily use of powers of body and of mind, less in quantity, and inferior in quality, to what those powers might have been. This is a perfectly plain case. *What is built up during growth is to be enjoyed, daily, during the period after growth ceases—AND NO MORE.* The foundation is laid during that season, and so it remains. 'As the tree falleth, so it lies.' Language cannot well magnify the importance of this question to every individual who has not yet reached maturity of bodily growth: who is yet laying the foundation and building a structure for life, either in imbecility or in power. If the testimony of the thousands who are now spending their lives, with scarcely a topic of greater interest or higher pleasure than their unavailing regrets, could be recorded and

published, but little need then be added to arouse attention.

* * * * *

"The present high-pressure system in school education, everywhere in vogue, is in the teeth of the natural laws. Three hours per day of confinement in the school-room is all any human being under twenty-one years of age can endure, and live up to the laws of his being. This of course presupposes that while in the school-room the scholar does what he is there for—WORKS. *The idea that it is wise for any one to spend an idle moment in a school-room* presupposes one of two things: either utter ignorance of the effect which the light of the sun, pure air, and exercise have on the constitution of man, or else insanity. Ignorance, or insanity, only, could tolerate the idea that it is wisdom to keep a child or youth in a school-room, unemployed. So my position is based on the idea, that the business of every one, during the three hours, is WORK. Some more time than this, during the twenty-four hours, might be spent in study—in looking over and preparing lessons for the next day, in looking after illustrations from men and books—but under other and more inviting circumstances than the irksomeness, tedium, weariness, lassitude, and uneasiness which ever attend the second session of three hours, the same day. The books could be taken up as a voluntary, cheerful, and agreeable relaxation, after nourishing and invigorating and healthful labor or play, or both; but this is not to be urged: let it be voluntary work. In passing, I will remark, that useful services, when properly understood and carried on, are but another name for play; though, with children and youth, never to be substituted entirely for what is technically termed play. For this reason, that in the play or sports of children and youth, the voluntary principle is at work, and that is the energizing principle of the human mind; and plays, so called, are something they can originate, comprehend, and direct; and, for that reason, they go into them with a perfect unction; and the action of the mind, as well as the action of the body, sends the hot blood through every fibre.

"Now, if this be true, that THREE HOURS A DAY of confinement in the school-room—three hours per day of mental labor there—is all that the constitution can stand, and meet the demands of growth, then it is true that our present school system may truly be denominated the '*Murder of the Innocents.*' Such, I firmly believe it to be. That, in rushing on, with steam-like energy, to the accomplishment of a desired end, disregarding and trampling on eternal and fixed laws, which forever control results—like a strong man struggling in a morass, where every effort but sinks him deeper in the mire—we are no less surely defeating the attainment of stamina of character and of intellectual power. The race is dwindling, not gaining, in mental and physical force."

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MOSSSES.

The "Eclectic Review" (English) has lately had an article on "Mosses and Mountain Scenery" so cheerily and graphically written, that it seemed to bring the fresh breeze of the mountain into the heart of the dusty city, and show us the pattern of the soft, cool moss on the hot brick pavements. How true it is that "mosses themselves arouse a thousand reminiscences of mountains and mountain scenery to those who have made a knowledge of them the ambition of their lives!"

* By William L. Crandall.

"Mosses cool and wet"—how sweetly fall the poet's words on the ear!

"Mosses are minute plants, not generally more than a few inches in height, bearing leaves, and producing, at certain seasons, bright-colored fruit, containing the spores or seeds. These plants are generally distributed, but are most abundant in moist, shady localities, growing most luxuriantly on the shady sides of rocks, and trees, and wet banks. They present great variety in their *habit*, arising principally from the diversity of their mode of branching, the varying length of stem in different species, and its direction of growth, and the mode in which the leaves and capsules are disposed. Some have scarcely any evident stem, consisting merely of a rosette of leaves, from the centre of which the fruit-stalk arises, surmounted by its tiny fruit; others have longer stems, which, branching out in all directions from the base, form little button-like cushions on the bare stone walls and rocks; some, again, form tall, bristly, upright, unbranched stems, clothed with leaves; while others ramify in all directions into loose attenuated branches, which creep through the surrounding herbage.

"The mosses are associated in our minds with fresh verdure, but they are not all of a green color. The foliage of some kinds* are of a delicate white; others are of a golden hue,† and many of a deep brown, approaching to black—black, indeed, to the naked eye, and only resolved into a paler hue under the powers of a microscope.

"Although minute investigations of these humble plants belong almost to our own time, it is not to be imagined that the beauty and variety displayed in them were not early perceived by the general admirer of nature. We have, indeed, record of an early appreciation of their interest even apart from the supposition of Hasselquist, that the 'Hyssop' known of old to Solomon, the wise king of Israel, was a minute moss, which still grows on the walls of Jerusalem. Numerous, indeed, are the instances of interest excited in these lowly plants, independent of their scientific investigation, no one of which is more remarkable than the well remembered incident of Mungo Park, in the African desert, whose life was preserved by the faith inspired in his mind by the beauty of a little moss. Plundered by banditti, worn out with fatigue, and surrounded with all the horrors of the desert, his courage failed him, and he sat down to rest his wearied limbs, and ponder on his destitute condition. 'At this moment,' says he, 'painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss irresistibly caught my eye; and, though the whole plant was not larger than the tip of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of the roots, leaves, &c., without admiration. Can that Being, I thought, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections such as these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed.'

"There is, indeed, much to admire in the beautiful structure of the humble moss; and there is, perhaps, nothing that can excite more interest in a rural walk by

hedgerows and moss-grown walls than the observation of these little fairy plants, for—

'The lowliest thing
Some lesson of love to the mind can bring.'

And, if we stray into a wood, or by a 'streamlet's marge,'

'What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountain mushroom high.'

"Like most of the lower flowerless plants, however, the mosses reach their maximum of development in cold regions; their simple organization enabling their development to proceed under conditions which render the production of many of the higher plants impossible. Accordingly, we find that the mosses increase in number of species as we proceed from the equator towards the poles, so much so, indeed, that, within the polar circle, mosses and lichens are almost the only vegetable productions. In Spitzbergen, Martins found 'the rocks of schistus, rising out of the mass of everlasting ice, thickly clothed with mosses.'

"Britain, especially Scotland, lies within the latitudes in which mosses, perhaps, reach their maximum of species; and the insular moist climate, as well as the physical features of the country, conspire to increase our native riches in these plants. In Britain, a larger number of species is found than in any country in the world of the same extent of surface.

"It is on the mountains of Scotland that the mosses are to be seen in all their glory; and no pursuit is better fitted than muscology for bringing before the admirer of scenery the wildest landscapes that the Highlands afford. Deer-stalking, shooting, fishing, all lead the sportsman into the *lone* glens, over the wide expanse of mountain heath, and along the margin of the valley stream. But the botanist, and especially the muscologist, has a wider range; he seeks the veriest solitudes of nature; finds a sure footing on the wild cliffs fearful to look upon, where even the wild deer never roam; and finds himself in the midst of those alpine treasures which nestle in the bald corries, scooped out of the mountain summit (as the poet hath it) by the 'Spirit of the Storm.' A mountain stream is the muscologist's delight. He espies it afar off. It may be, in reality, a mere tiny rivulet, creeping down from rock to rock. The distance of many miles dwindles it into the merest streak of silvery brightness, reaching from the cloud-capped summit to the vale below. But, insignificant as it is, that glorious twinkling thread, hanging, as it were, between heaven and earth, lights up the gloomy mountain-side, whose summit is lost in the hazy clouds. Delighted will the botanist wander for hours over heath and through morass, his eye glistening bright as the distant streamlet, at the prospect before him; for he knows that those cool waters, derived from the 'frigid eyes' of the mountain summit, which

'Eternal weep
In summer suns and autumn rain,'

give congenial refreshment to those interesting boreal plants which in our latitude only find appropriate conditions where constant humidity and intense severity

* Sphagnum.

† Hypnum, &c.

of temperature are combined. And, no sooner does he reach the stream, even at its least interesting part, where it joins the wider stream of the plain below, than a rich harvest of alpine flowers and mosses engage his eye. All along the rugged banks which have been formed by this impetuous streamlet a galaxy of beauties present themselves; and, as he ascends, their rarity and interest increase."

These descriptions are very beautiful; but our American variety of moss has characteristics more sublime than any the mountains of Scotland can show. A friend of ours, the Reverend T. Hempstead, now residing in Louisiana, has lately sent us the following gem, delineating

THE SOUTHERN MOSS.

THERE is a little tangled plant that grows
Within our Southern clime;
And in the fanning breezes hangs and flows,
Like flakes of hoary rime.

Where'er, at noonday, along dark morasses,
The forest walks are dim,
And moaning pines lift up their verdant masses,
And blasted oaks look grim—

Far in the old wood's lone and deep recesses,
Where the brown shadows seem
Like living things, its undulating tresses
From the long branches stream.

Not formed within wise Nature's common law,
No tender roots are found;
No knotted fibres, shooting down to draw
Their moisture from the ground.

The slender stems, not like the violet, spring
Along the bladed grass,
Up from a crushed and odorous cup to fling
An incense as you pass.

But, high o'er running stream and dewy sod,
The small, gray tendrils cling;
On dark, rough trunks and hoary branches, God
Has made its folds to swing.

The little flower that on its stems has birth
Half turns its liquid eye
Upon the withered leaves that strew the earth,
And half upon the sky.

The squirrel darts along the reaching limb
From dawn to daylight's wane—
Amidst the sea of waving threads for him
The hunter looks in vain.

The red-bird, singing, 'gainst the tassels gray
Presses her flaming breast;
And tears, with her strong beak, the threads away,
To weave them round her nest.

ANGLO-FRENCH INSTITUTE, FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES.—Among the changes which the "Alliance" has brought about, there is one that promises to be of importance to American families traveling abroad. Many parents, wishing to take their young daughters with them for education in the French language, will be glad to know that there is now an institute in Paris, *Faubourg Saint Honoré, Champs Elysées*, that promises to be a safe and excellent place of instruction. This school is under the special care of the "Clergymen of the Reformed Church in Paris." The patronage of such men will be sufficient guarantee

to American parents. "A Religious Home" is thus secured, combined with the refined accomplishments of foreign education. The agents in Paris are the Messrs. Arthur, agents to the British embassy, *Rue Castiglione*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Ocean Depths"—"Lady, school thy Heart!"—"To Spring Flowers"—"A Child's Thought"—"Be Hopeful and Faithful"—"Sister Mary"—"This is Life"—"Away"—"Nora Linn"—"Smiles of Nature"—"Huon, &c."—"Our Broken Lyre"—"A Blessing on the Rain"—"There is a Fount"—"The Schoolmistress"—and "Musings."

We do not need the remaining articles, viz: "The Sweetest Spot"—"Music"—"The Rejected"—"Impromptu"—"Song"—"To the 'Book,' &c."—(Very kindly done; but it will not do)—"Early Memories"—"The Impromptu Marriage"—"Peace"—"Aunt Amelia—a Sketch"—"Art"—"Our Father"—"Our Minnie, &c."—"Love"—"She is Nobody"—"Fidelity"—"The Locket"—"The Dedication"—"The Inhabitants say I am Sick"—"Isabel"—"Short Comings"—"A Sketch"—"Ponce de Leon"—"The Spanish Duchess and the Orphan Boy"—and "Proud."

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 J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 20 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

THE MYTH OF HIAWATHA, *and other Oral Legends, Mythologic and Allegoric, of the North American Indians*. By Henry R. Schoolcraft, LL. D. Years ago, we perused with extreme pleasure, but under another title, the simple, yet attractive stories comprised in this very acceptable volume. Since the genius of an American poet has excited popular interest in the legendary history of our predecessors as "sons of the soil," we have no doubt that this work will obtain the well merited patronage of every American reader, who would inform himself with regard to the manners, customs, and peculiar mythology of the red fathers of the northern portion of the New World.

From SAMUEL FRENCH, 121 Nassau Street, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—
BROUGHAM'S DRAMATIC WORKS. *Consisting of a Collection of Dramas, Comedies, and Farces*. By John Brougham. Selected from French's American Drama. With a portrait on steel, and Memoir of the Author, by R. Shelton Mackenzie, Esq. This is an elegant stage edition of the first volume of the works of one of the most successful modern dramatic authors. It contains the following comedies, farces, and plays: "Game of Life," "Love and Murder," "David Copperfield," "Temptation," "Game of Love," "Pocahontas," "Dombey and Son," and "Romance and Reality."

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA; *Consisting of a Collection of Tragedies, Dramas, Comedies, Farces, &c.*,

etc. With portrait and Memoir of Edwin Forrest. Like the work noticed above, this volume, the first of a series of a similar character, is adapted to the stage. Its contents embrace the following popular plays: "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Popping the Question," "La Tour de Nesle," "Deaf as a Post," "Theresa, or, the Orphan of Geneva," "Flying Dutchman," "New Footman," and "Pleasant Neighbor." Of both these collections we can safely say, after a careful reading, that they contain nothing at which true modesty need blush.

From LEARY & GETZ, Philadelphia:—

SHORT SERMONS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS. By Jonathan Edmonson, A. M. With an Introduction by Rev. J. P. Durbin, D. D., late President of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. Sixth American, from the fifth London edition. This is another of those volumes which always possess a peculiar interest for the Christian believer, and which those who are seeking for the consolations of religion may consult with safety and with profit. It contains one hundred and forty sermons, printed in large clear type, and is substantially bound. The introduction, by the Rev. Dr. Durbin, is a far better eulogium of the work than we can presume to offer.

From LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

HOURS OF SORROW CHEERED AND COMFORTED. By Charlotte Elliott, authoress of "Hymns for a Week." A beautiful little volume of poems, whose merits have rendered a fifth edition of them necessary to supply the demands of English admirers, and which, being chiefly devoted to religious subjects, will be found full of consolation and interest by the contemplative Christian reader.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES EXPLAINED. By James M. Macdonald, D. D., Princeton, New Jersey. We have here a learned work partially devoted to philological questions, in the settlement of which neither our inclination nor our position permits us to interfere. From a cursory examination of its contents, however, we have no doubt that it will prove highly interesting and instructive to biblical commentators and theological students. It contains, in parallel columns, the "authorized," and a "revised version" of the book of Ecclesiastes, which latter will of itself be a curiosity to the reader, but more particularly so when taken in connection with the explanations that follow.

MEMOIR OF FRANCES E. H. McLELLAN, with a Selection from her Letters. By her cousin, R. M. Haskell. This memoir of a most pious and amiable lady is calculated to inspire the heart of the Christian reader with a deep, but not melancholy interest. Her letters to her youthful friends are full of solicitude for their happiness in a future life, and breathe the true spirit of faith, and of that charity which embraces the whole world in its affections.

From G. COLLINS, N. W. corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia:—

HOUSEHOLD WORDS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. Original and Selected. Edited by Fanny Dale. The contents of this small but attractive volume cannot be too warmly commended to the consideration of parents. They will leave the purest impressions upon the minds of youthful readers, and incite their hearts to feelings

of love and kindness, and to the practice of virtuous and noble actions.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y., through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

A LADY'S SECOND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD; from London to the Cape of Good Hope, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Celebes, Ceram, the Moluccas, etc.; California, Panama, Peru, Ecuador, and the United States. By Ida Pfeiffer, authoress of "The Lady's Journey Round the World," etc. The author of this volume has become quite celebrated as a traveller. The present publication, as will be seen by its title, is an account of her second voyage round the world, in the latter part of which, the lady, after a visit to San Francisco, made her entrance into our Atlantic States at New Orleans, and took her departure from them at New York. Her route, however, was not such a one as enabled her to observe any great portion of our country, being confined almost entirely to the waters of our western rivers and northern lakes, until she reached the St. Lawrence, by which she visited Montreal and Quebec. It will, therefore, be very evident to the reader, that the "lady" had but little time and less opportunity to form a correct judgment of the character of our people, or of the working of our political and social systems, state or national. Yet, following in the track of many "illustrious predecessors," our "lady" traveller would have us believe that she comprehended everything connected with the Republic, chiefly from the observations she made while promenading the decks of Mississippi or Lake steamers. These observations, it must be confessed, are sometimes quite favorable; but only so when our chivalrous steamboat captains have proved themselves to be true gentlemen by presenting the "lady" with a free ticket. Nevertheless, Madame Pfeiffer is a pleasant writer, and an entertaining narrator of rather indifferent incidents. This remark is especially true in regard to the earlier portions of the volume, the facts of which we have not presumed to question, but which, we hope, rest upon a broader, deeper, and more general knowledge of the countries and peoples to which they relate, than do those referring to the peculiar habits, customs, and manners of the population of our own republic.

MECHANIC'S TABLES: containing Areas and Circumferences of Circles, and Sides of equal Squares; Circumferences of angled Hoops, angled outside and inside; Cutting of Boiler Plates, Covering of Solids, etc., and Weights of various Metals, etc. etc. Miscellaneous Notes, comprising Dimensions of Materials, Alloys, Paints, Lackers, etc. By Charles H. Haswell, Marine Engineer. The title of this volume sufficiently indicates the useful and practical nature of its contents.

HISTORY OF EUROPE, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., author of the "History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution, in 1789, to the Battle of Waterloo," etc. etc. Readers of history have long since become acquainted with the peculiarities of the author of these volumes. If he is not as rhetorical as others are, he is generally more plainly truthful. If his imagination does not lead him into brilliant fields of speculation, his desire to be correct conducts the reader into a path which he may follow with a reasonable hope of reaching a knowledge of simple facts. If he is neither so eloquent, so descriptive, nor so popular, as are many of the modern English and American historians, we yet think that it will be gene-

rally acknowledged that he is a writer who, while he appeals to the unprejudiced of his own times, fearlessly relies upon the impartial sentence of posterity. Of course, in all we have said, we express no opinion either in favor of or against the peculiar political principles or views entertained by Mr. Alison; they are his own, are distinct from his historical narrative, and involve no questions about which thinking men may not differ.

A TREATISE ON ARITHMETIC, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL. By Elias Loomis, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of the City of New York, and author of 'A Course of Mathematics,' etc. "Many text-books on arithmetic," to use the language of the author of this treatise, "while they aspire to the reputation of being eminently *practical*, are adapted to no higher end than that of making blind, though perhaps rapid, computers. The present volume claims a different character. An attempt has here been made to develop every principle in its natural order; to demonstrate every rule briefly, but rigorously; to accustom the pupil to think clearly, and to express his ideas with precision."

SELECT ORATIONS OF M. T. CICERO. Translated by C. D. Yonge. This translation is fully equal in spirit and faithfulness to any of its predecessors in the truly excellent classical series of which it forms a part. It is marred, however, by not a few typographical errors—a misfortune not exclusively its own, we may add; for there is scarcely a book upon our table that is not more or less seriously disfigured in the same way.

THE HUGUENOT EXILES: *or, the Times of Louis XIV.* An Historical Novel. The name of the author of this novel is not announced to us. Assuming to be founded upon historical facts connected with the politico-religious wars of France, it presents some very frightful, but, as we hope, very exaggerated pictures.

LEARNING TO READ. *Consisting of Easy and Entertaining Lessons, designed to interest and assist young Children in studying the Forms of the Letters, and in beginning to read.* By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated with one hundred and sixty engravings. We have duly noticed the two preceding numbers of "Harper's Picture Books for the Nursery"—"Learning to Talk," and "Learning to Think." The present volume—"Learning to Read"—carries out in an attractive and admirable manner the original design of the author.

VAGABOND LIFE IN MEXICO. By Gabriel Ferry, for seven years resident in that country. The condition of Mexico, politically, socially, and religiously, is truly to be deplored; but leading a "vagabond life" is not the honest way to obtain information with regard to the manners or morals of the people of it or any other country. Consequently, we cannot recommend the present volume. No father, indeed, if we are not very much mistaken, would like to read it to his daughter. Besides, having met with an exceedingly ancient Joe Miller among the earliest of its anecdotes, we are led thereby to entertain reasonable doubts as to the general veracity of those that follow.

THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF HERODOTUS IN THE FIFTH CENTURY BEFORE CHRIST. *An imaginary Biography, founded on Fact, illustrative of the History, Manners, Religion, Literature, Arts, and Social Condition of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Scythians, and other ancient Nations, in the Days of Pericles and Nehemiah.* By J. Talboys Wheeler, F. R. G. S., author of "The Geography of Herodotus," etc. In two volumes. The title of this

work so fully explains its character and design that we do not feel called upon to notice it any further than to give it our hearty approval. The style in which it is written is adapted at once to the comprehension of children and to the taste of the most refined scholar.

From J. S. REDFIELD, New York, through ZIEBER, Philadelphia:—

PAUL FERROLL. A Tale. By the author of "IX Poems by V." It is somewhat singular that a romance, so powerfully written as "Paul Ferroll," should have been neglected by our enterprising publishers, until English admirers had called for a fourth edition. Though from the first chapter we have a mysterious presentiment as to the final unfolding of the story, yet its exciting interest continually grows upon us, and leads us enchained to the catastrophe, which, after all our shrewd conjectures, affords a full share of surprise. The character of Paul Ferroll is painted by one who has studied the deepest emotions of the human heart, and, strange, novel, and fearfully singular though the picture may be, we feel that it is copied from nature. The morality of the entire work is unexceptionable, and the great lesson it teaches one of the most solemn importance.

POEMS. By Richard Chenevix Trench, author of "The Study of Words," "English, Past and Present," "Lessons on Proverbs," "Synonyms of the New Testament," "Calderon," etc. The poems here, for the first time, presented to the consideration of American readers, are generally of a religious character, and always moral in their tone. They fully evidence not only the wonderful versatility of their author's talents, but also that the deepest religious feeling and the compactest imagination are not of necessity uncongenial qualities of the mind.

CALDERON: *his Life and Genius, with Spectmens of his Plays.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, B. D., author of "The Study of Words," "Poems," etc. etc. The brief title of this volume will sufficiently indicate the nature of its contents. The reader will find it, like all of the Rev. Mr. Trench's productions, a work abounding with attractions both profitable and pleasurable.

HOMERIC BALLADS, AND COMEDIES OF LUCIAN. Translated by the late William Maginn, LL. D. Annotated by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, editor of "Shiel's Sketches of the Irish Bar," "Noctes Ambrosianæ," etc. In previous notices, we have more than once expressed our unqualified admiration of Dr. Maginn's talents and scholarship, as well as of his excellent qualities as a wit, a humorist, and a philosophic critic. The volume before us, in which his natural gifts as a poet are pleasingly combined with his scholarly acquirements, will be found an acceptable addition to the library of every reader of refined taste. The first twelve of the Homeric Ballads are versified from the Odyssey, the remaining four from the Iliad, of the immortal bard whose name their title will indicate. The judgment and industry which Dr. Mackenzie has uniformly displayed as an editor, are as evident in this volume as in any of the numerous works hitherto introduced by him to the attention of the American reading public.

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH: *being Selections from his Writings, and Passages of his Letters and Table-Talk.* With a Biographical Memoir and Notes. By Evert A. Duyckinck. The works of no modern author, with whom we are acquainted, combine so much practical, everyday philo-

sophy, and sound moral and religious sentiment, with generous wit, dry humor, and amusing speculations, as do those of the reverend gentleman from whose writings most of the matter contained in this publication has been derived. The editor has evinced a deep acquaintance with the virtues and weaknesses of the human heart in his biographical sketch, and an excellent taste in his selections from the "wit and wisdom" of the impulsive and eccentric, but truly good-hearted clergyman, whose name and fame, we doubt not, this volume will help to familiarize and perpetuate.

PHILLY AND KIT; or, Life and Raiment. By Caroline Chesebro', author of "Dream-land by Daylight," "Isa, a Pilgrimage," etc. etc. Though we have great confidence in the existence of such curiosities as honest newsboys, innocent apple-girls, industrious organ-grinders, and romantic image-sellers, and are extremely sure that beneath the rags and squalor of poverty the noblest virtues and sublimest charities lie hidden, we still think that such stories as the two contained in this volume are at present little needed, however brilliantly composed they may be. In making these remarks, we do not wish to be considered as derogating in the least from the acknowledged ability or good intentions of the fair author of "Philly and Kit," who, we may conscientiously say, has given a singular air of novelty to very common subjects.

From **DERBY & JACKSON**, 119 Nassau Street, New York, and **H. W. DERBY**, Cincinnati, through **PARRY & McMILLAN**, Philadelphia:—

THE BUNSBY PAPERS. Second series. **IRISH ECHOES.** By John Brougham, author of "A Basket of Chips," etc. With designs by McLenan. We have here a number of very amusing stories, illustrative of Irish life, all of which, however, are made the medium of conveying some sound moral lessons to the reader. It requires a peculiar power, which Mr. Brougham seems to possess, to be able to entertain the mind with humorous trifles, and, at the same time, to instruct and reform the heart.

From **DERBY & JACKSON**, 119 Nassau Street, New York, and **H. W. DERBY**, Cincinnati, through **C. G. HENDERSON & Co.**, Philadelphia:—

WAU-BUN, THE "EARLY DAY" IN THE NORTHWEST. By Mrs. John H. Kinzie, of Chicago. With illustrations. Every patriotic American who can (and what true American does not?) take an interest in the rapid progress which our country has made within a comparatively few years, will be grateful for the pleasure and information that are to be derived from the perusal of this volume. The records of the settlement of this Union, whether North, South, or West, have no parallel, it may be truly asserted, in any similar annals of the progress of mankind, under any other clime or form of government. These records, however, are not written in a dry statistical style, but are enlivened by numerous military, social, and personal anecdotes connected with the wild and romantic history of the region in which the present populous and thriving city of Chicago is included. The engravings which embellish this valuable work are from drawings by Mrs. Kinzie, and afford no weak evidence of her abilities as an artist.

From **DE WITT & DAVENPORT**, New York:—

A DEFENCE OF THE AMERICAN POLICY, as opposed to the Encroachments of Foreign Influence, and

especially to the Interference of the Papacy in the Political Interests and Affairs of the United States. By Thomas R. Whitney. The character of this volume, and the principles and policy advocated by its author, will be readily understood. Its title is sufficiently explicit. "It is written," says the preface, "for the people in the United States, whether Native or Foreign, Protestant or Catholic," and "affords a review of the five prominent elements in the political atmosphere of the present day, viz: Americanism, Foreign Influence, Protestantism, Romanism, and State Sovereignty."

SALAD FOR THE SOCIAL. By the author of "Salad for the Solitary." In noticing a former production from the pen of the author of this work, we gave him, if we mistake not, our heartiest commendation. To speak briefly, we need only say that he is the D'Israeli of the United States. The ingredients of the literary salad he now offers to us are really tempting. They are as follows: Bookcraft, The Modern Moloch, The Toilet and its Devotees, The Mysteries of Medicine, The Cycle of the Seasons, The Humors of the Law, The Mute Creation, Pulpit Peculiarities, The Larcenies of Literature, and A Suray Leaf.

From **D. APPLETON & Co.**, New York, through **T. B. PETERSON**, Philadelphia:—

LIFE SKETCHES FROM COMMON PATHS. A Series of American Tales. By Mrs. Julia L. Dumont. There are fourteen different stories in this volume, all of which are written in a style of mingled energy and simplicity, such as could only emanate from the heart of an educated and affectionate mother, solicitous for the well-being of her children, to whom they are dedicated.

From **GARRETT & Co.**, New York, through **T. B. PETERSON**, Philadelphia:—

FRED. GRAHAM: or, Masks and Faces. By J. Frederick Smith, author of "Charles Vavasseur," "Stanfield Hall," etc. etc. This is one of the most absorbing and most finished works of an English novelist no less famous for excellence than for fertility.

CYRILLA. A Romance. By the author of "The Initials." We have not had time to read this novel, but, with our previous knowledge of the genius and well-toned moral sentiments of its fair authoress, we can scarcely hesitate to recommend it as a work worthy of perusal.

From **WHITTEMORE, NILES, & HALL**, Boston:—

TRIFLETON PAPERS. By Trifle and the Editor. This is a series of genial, spirited, humorous, and sentimental letters, purporting to have passed between Mr. Trifle, who had but recently placed himself under the pleasing influences of the country, and the editor of a city paper. Their author, in our opinion, is worthy of being ranked among the first of those writers who have enriched our literature by their peculiar sketches of rural life.

From **JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.**, Boston, through **MASON & BROTHERS**, New York.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN; or, Breck's Book of Flowers. By Joseph Breck, seedsman and florist, and former editor of the "New England Farmer and Horticultural Register." This work is designed, as the writer tells us in his preface, as a book of reference for those who desire some simple instructions as to the mode of

culture, or description of the habits of plants or seeds which they may wish to cultivate. The author evidently understands his business; and his directions are so simple and definite that there can be no difficulty in understanding them. The book is quite a comprehensive one. Within the compass of nearly four hundred pages, all the plants which we are likely to meet with in these latitudes are treated of; their habits and the mode of treatment adapted to insure their successful growth explained. An appendix has been added to this later addition, containing, among other articles, one on the management of plants for the parlor, which will be very useful to many whose only garden is within their window.

PETER GOTT, THE CAPE ANN FISHERMAN.

By J. Reynolds, M. D. This is a simple and unvarnished story of every-day life among the fishermen on the eastern coast of Massachusetts. When so many highly wrought and over-colored pictures are sent forth from the press, it is well to have one of these sober, truthful delineations to show us life as it really is—a serious and toilsome march from one duty performed to another yet to be done; and not a fierce battle with fate, from which we come off either victors and triumphant for the rest of our days, or else are left a useless corpse on the field of the struggle. Peter Gott is a picture of the New Englander of the true stamp. From a fatherless fisher-boy, with a mother and younger brothers and sisters partly dependent on him, he raised himself by toil and generous self-denial to the position of an independent capitalist. And the wealth he acquired he employed not only for his own benefit, but for the good of the community among whom he had grown up. We would recommend this book as one well suited to boys, both for the story and the moral it conveys.

LIFE OF SCHAMYL; and Narrative of the Circassian War of Independence against Russia. By J. Milton Mackie, author of "Cosas de España." A life of this great hero and lawgiver of our own times has been needed. We hear of Schamyl as the successful general who has so long resisted the encroachments of the Russians, and preserved the independence of his own people, while preventing his powerful enemy from wresting from his dominion the mountain passes through which their armies and their commerce could sweep unrestrained upon the fertile plains of Persia and India. We know that his power is founded, not upon his birth or his own usurpation, but on the love and reverence with which his people regard one whom they consider the successor of Mohammed, and commissioned by Allah to preserve their liberties. In this spirited work we have as full an account of his life as could be expected at this time, ere death has opened for him the records of time. And we have also a graphic and interesting account of Circassia and the Circassians.

THE YOUTH OF THE OLD DOMINION. By Samuel Hopkins. The author has succeeded admirably in his design of throwing the interest that the young generally attach to works of fiction only, around this history of the early days of Virginia. He had, indeed, a good subject to work upon, for the settlement of that State was in itself a romance; and John Smith and Pocahontas are such a hero and heroine as are seldom to be met with even in fiction. The history is carried down to the time of Bacon's rebellion and defeat in 1676.

THE ROMAN EXILE. By Guglielmo Gajani, professor of civil and canon law, &c. We took up this work with some reluctance, supposing it, from its title,

to be one of those romances full of overstrained sentiment, overwrought passion, and improbable adventure which abound in these days of fiction. But we were agreeably undeceived by finding it to be a true account of the life of a Roman patriot of our own day, of a man born in 1822, and exiled in 1849 for taking part in that glorious attempt to make of Rome once more a free and independent republic, which was so basely crushed, when almost on the point of fruition, by the arts and arms of Louis Napoleon.

We learn from this book that the grand old Roman love of liberty still burns in many a devoted heart in Italy. And the writer also gives us a clear idea of the workings of that detestable tyranny under which the Italians have so long been enslaved; and we can understand how unscrupulous ambition, supported by Austrian power, has been able to make of the beautiful and once haughty land of Italy the wreck and byword that it now is.

FOREST AND SHORE; or, Legends of the Pine-Tree State. By Charles P. Hsley. We have here a number of interesting and spirited stories full of adventure and incident, written in a pleasing and animated style. They fully deserve the popularity they have already acquired.

MEMOIR OF REGINALD HEBER, D. D., BISHOP OF CALCUTTA. By his widow. Abridged by a clergyman. It is well to have the biography of a man like Bishop Heber in a form more accessible than the first memoir. The editor has shown good judgment and discrimination in retaining all that was necessary to enable the reader to form a correct idea of the character, and life, and labors of this devoted servant of Christ, whose unpretending zeal in his master's cause, and loveliness and purity of character have seldom been equalled. We hope that the book will be widely circulated; for in this reckless and self-seeking age we need the influence of such examples of conscientiousness and self-denial.

THE CATHOLIC; Letters addressed by a Jurist to a young Kinsman proposing to join the Church of Rome. By E. H. Derby. This book is of a controversial character, and though it is not our province to pronounce judgment on the merits of the questions discussed in it, we cannot avoid expressing our approval of the attractive and pleasing style in which it is written.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, through C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia:—

BERENICE. A Novel. It is surprising how much literary labor is expended in the delineation of unhealthy conditions of the human character, and in placing upon paper the worthless—we might almost say pernicious—effusions of false or perverted sentiment. Here, for instance, is a volume written with evident pretensions to taste and refinement of language, but which, unwittingly to its author, perhaps, is lamentably deficient and deceptive in its moral tone. There is a dangerous speciousness in the merely human ideas it presents of virtue and honor, and of philanthropy and benevolence, which, in our opinion, is likely to establish false principles in the minds of weak-nerved and morbidly-sentimental readers.

THE NEW AGE OF GOLD: or, the Life and Adventures of Robert Dexter Romaine. Written by himself. This is a remarkably original story, as well with regard to the plot as to its incidents and sentiments. The style is generally simple and natural, with considerable of

that racy spirit which renders the writings of French novelists so readable. Though the strange occurrences which happen to the hero of this autobiography make it rather improbable that his story is not fictitious, still he has succeeded wonderfully in impressing upon his narrative the earnest and vivid appearances of truth. Beyond stating that we read the book through at a single sitting, we do not know how to recommend it further than by designating it as a kind of romantic, philosophic, and sentimental Robinson Crusoe.

VASSALL MORTON. A Novel. By Francis Parkman, author of "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," and "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life." It is long since we have had the good fortune to peruse an American novel so chaste in sentiment, so elegant in style, so absorbing in interest, so polished in dialogue, or so judicious in its delineations of character, as the one now before us. It is a contribution to our light literature which cannot but meet with many steadfast admirers.

THE EARNEST MAN: *or, the Character and Labors of Adoniram Judson, first Missionary to Burmah.* By Mrs. H. C. Conant. The contents of this volume will prove highly attractive to all who take an interest in foreign missions, as well as to the numerous friends and co-religionists of the truly "earnest man" and devoted apostle of Christianity, whose evangelical life, labors, and death they so feelingly and vividly portray.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia.

THE HEROES; *or, Greek Fairy Tales.* For my Children. By the Rev. C. Kingsley, author of "Hypatia," "Amyas Leigh," etc. etc. With illustrations by the author. Hitherto celebrated as a novelist, a poet, and, we believe, as a naturalist, the Rev. Mr. Kingsley now comes before us not only as a delightful writer for children, but also as an artist of no mean skill. In the neat volume under notice, we have the mythical stories of the old Grecian heroes—Perseus, the Argonauts, and Theseus—told in a style so clear and simple that any child able to read may understand them, while their artistic beauties of expression cannot but recommend them to the perusal of all grown-up persons of taste and education.

From SANBORN, CARTER, & BAZIN, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

HOMOEOPATHY SIMPLIFIED: *or, Domestic Practice made Easy.* Containing explicit Directions for the Treatment of Disease, the Management of Accidents, and the Preservation of Health. By John A. Tarbell, A. M., D. D. We do not know that we can offer a better explanation of the objects of this work than is afforded by its title. Such as have faith in the peculiar system of medicine upon which it is based, will, we are certain, find it a welcome publication, while the information it imparts with regard to the symptoms and dietetic treatment of the most usual forms of disease will render it an acceptable inmate of any family. Cases of medicine, put up in a very compact form, and especially adapted to the necessities of such as may make this volume their domestic guide in sickness, can be procured, by mail or otherwise, from the publishers, or from the author, No. 37 Pinckney St., Boston, at the trifling cost of four dollars.

THE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL REPORTER. Edited and published by S. W. Butler, M. D., Member of the American Medical Association, and Correspond-

ing Member of the New Orleans Academy of Science. Burlington, New Jersey. We have received from our esteemed friend, Dr. Butler, the January, February, March, and April numbers of his very excellent medical journal. Though from the first a publication adapted to the reading of the profession generally, its title, we observe, has been so modified, by the omission of the words "New Jersey," as to render it certain that the work is not designed for the edification or patronage of any one portion of our Union. Published monthly. Terms, \$2 per annum, in advance.

Godsey's Arm-Chair.

OUR AUGUST NUMBER.—A more truly domestic and touching picture, one that speaks more directly to the heart, we have never published—"Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them." It is the prayer of the mariner's wife. The Rev. H. H. Weld has favored us with some beautiful lines upon the subject.

THE FASHION PLATE in this number is pronounced by all who have seen it the most perfect one we have ever published.

OUR friend of the "Poughkeepsie Examiner" is correct when he says, "It is not always a truism that large bodies move slowly," for there is this world of ours, which is a pretty large body, and that moves around very fast; but, as regards ourselves, we were not always a large body, for we can remember the time when we could say, as Falstaff said of himself: "I have seen the time, Hal, when I could have crept through an alderman's thumb ring." The latter part of his remarks we coincide in: "The young man who does not send the 'Book' to his — doesn't deserve to have a wife, and he who *having one* fails to furnish her with it deserves never to be called 'Pa!'"

A CORRESPONDENT kindly sends us the following receipt for Gooseberry Catsup—to be eaten with roast meats: "Take gooseberries, full grown but not ripe: to one pound of them add three-fourths of a pound of sugar, and to ten pounds add just before it is done one pint of strong vinegar; boil with it cloves, mace, and other spices to suit the taste; season it highly. Boil the above quantity six hours."

THE patterns in this number can all be readily copied by using our copying paper. Price 25 cents a package, containing several colors. Manufactured by J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts.

How to use it. Lay your muslin on a hard surface, such as a table without a cover, then place over that the tracing paper, then over that the pattern which you wish to be on the muslin. Take a hard lead pencil or a stencil, and trace the pattern over carefully, bearing on pretty hard, and you will find the impression on the muslin. If you wish to preserve your pattern, place tissue paper over it, and trace over that instead of the pattern itself.

WE call attention to the advertisement of George J. Henkels, cabinet maker, on our cover for this month. A more elegant variety of cabinet ware is not to be found in any store in this country.

"COLLEGE TEMPLE, NEWNAN, GEORGIA."—We ask the attention of our readers to the handsome engraving and description of this favorite institution. We have before referred to the subject, and can add our testimony to that already given as regards the progress made by the pupils and to the excellent management of the college.

OBÉYING ORDERS.—"But speaking of olive oil, let me tell you an anecdote of my friend Godey, of Philadelphia, of the 'Lady's Book,' sir, the best-hearted man of that name in the world. Well, sir, Godey had a new servant-girl; I never knew anybody that didn't have a new servant-girl! Well, sir, Godey had a dinner-party in early spring, when lettuce is a rarity, and of course he had lettuce. He is a capital hand at a salad, and so he dressed it. The guests ate it; and—sir—well, sir, I must hasten to the end of the story. Said Godey to the new girl next morning: 'What has become of that bottle of castor-oil I gave you to put away yesterday morning?' 'Sure,' said she, '*you said it was castor-oil, and I put it in the caster.*' 'Well,' said Godey, 'I thought so.'"—*Cozzens's Press.*

We give the above, because we found it in our friend Cozzens's paper, but we won't vouch for the truth of it. Cozzens, it is well known, is one of the most lively and pleasant writers of the day. It is fame enough for one man to be the author of "The Sparrowgrass Papers."

THE difference between \$3 and \$5 is \$2. That much is saved by purchasing those splendid pearl card-cases through us. The store price is \$5.

PEARL CARD CASES.—We have an opportunity of obliging our subscribers with these beautiful cases at \$3 each—a very superior article. We have the pick from the manufactory before the stores can get 'hem; and can, therefore, send the handsomest, and they are beautiful. At that price we pay the postage also; such an opportunity has never before offered.

THE "Poughkeepsie Examiner" says: "For regularity, Godey may be compared to an old-fashioned full length Yankee clock." Not the "Jerome" kind, we hope.

AN esteemed correspondent has furnished us with the following receipt for washing the head: "Take a fresh laid egg; beat it thoroughly; then rub it upon the head into the hair with the hands until it begins to feel dry; then rinse with clear water, either warm or cold, as you please, till the water looks clear. As this leaves the hair dry, with a decided tendency to curl, some oil is necessary, and the best is bear's oil, if you can get it. I do not mean the stuff that is sold under that name so often. Genuine bear's oil gives the hair a smooth, glossy look that no other oil will, while it is perfectly healthy both for the head and the hair.

EPITAPH on a lady who lost her life by being run over by an omnibus:—

"Sad was her death. She met it thus:
She was druv over by a 'bus."

ARTHUR'S SELF-SEALING CANS.—We understand the sale of these best of preserving cans has already been very great. We have tried them, and pronounce emphatically that they are superior to all others. Fruits and vegetables can be preserved the whole year. (See notice on page 476 of May number.)

MISSISSIPPI, 1856.

FRIEND GODEY: I always knew you had a large heart, but I do not know why you send me two copies of the "Lady's Book." I have, as you know, for years, acted as your agent (and, *par parenthese*, I would remark the "Lady's Book" comes regular as clock-work, and is one of the few of those I act for of which I never have heard a single complaint); yet I have always paid my club subscription with the rest.

I have had repeated solicitations to loan my magazines and papers, but invariably refuse, as I do not think it right; besides, I have *tried that before*, and know the condition they come back in. Not many days since, a gentleman, not five hundred miles from here, called to borrow the "Lady's Book" for his wife. My better half, finding she had two copies of the March number, sent one, thinking it might gain you a subscriber. She did so. It was returned, and looks as if it had been "marketing in a silk dress." (See plate in March number, 1856.)

You know, friend Godey, how fastidious I am, somewhat eccentric, perhaps; so I was about thrusting the returned number with its rumpled pages, its torn and greased cover, in the fire; but my wife restrained me, and suggested it would do to loan if we had any more applications of "the same sort." So our March number (that is, the extra one) is for loan, rent, or hire, until it gets so perfectly used up that it cannot be used at all. But I want you to discontinue the extra copy. *One* is as much as we can read; and I am determined not to furnish others who are twenty times as able to take it as I am, with reading at your expense. But, rest assured, my one regular copy does not leave my house.

With wishes for your continued health and happiness,
I am, very truly, your friend,
K. T. O.

WE do not remember ever seeing three words in the English language contain such a volume of meaning as the following. We allude to Pat's answer:—

AN IRISH WARDROBE.—At an auction sale in a country town, a trunk was put up, when one of a party of Irish laborers observed to a companion: "Pat, I think you should buy that trunk." "An' what should I do with it?" replied Pat, with some degree of astonishment. "Put your clothes in it," was his adviser's reply. Pat gazed upon him with a look of surprise, and then, with that laconic eloquence which is peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed—"an' go naked?"

SUBSCRIBERS do not seem to understand that, when we receive money for any other publication, we pay the money over to that publication. If they miss a number of Harper, Arthur, or Graham, they must address the publisher of the publication they miss. We have nothing to do with it.

SCHUYLKILL EXCURSION.—We have labored for several years to satisfy and convince our readers and the public about the beauty and healthfulness of this delightful trip. There is no prettier river scenery to be seen in this country than is embraced in the trip from Fairmount to Manayunk. In the morning, hundreds of nurses and parents with children may be seen taking this health-invigorating trip. We earnestly appeal to all parents who are forced to remain in the city during the summer months, not to neglect it. Almost all of the omnibus lines run to Fairmount.

GODEY'S Monthly List of New Music, which will be furnished at the prices annexed.

New songs, by Alice Hawthorne.	
"To Him that Giveth, let us Sing,"	25 cts.
"This Land of Ours,"	25 "
"The Scolding Wife," a capital song for ladies or gentlemen, by Mrs. J. M. Russell, of Lawrenceville, Georgia,	25 "
Also, by the same popular authoress—	
"Thoughts for Americans,"	25 "
This song should be on every true American's piano.	
Parlor Duets for Piano and Violin, by S. Winner.	
"Graffula's Waltz,"	25 cts.
"Jordan Quickstep,"	25 "
"Sontag Polka,"	25 "
Guitar Songs :—	
"How Sweet are the Roses," with a splendid lithograph in colors,	50 "
"My Cottage Home," with lithograph,	25 "
"Song of the Farmer," with lithograph,	25 "

HERE IT IS AGAIN.—The South Carolina "Greenville Patriot" says: "We believe he is a bachelor, and we wonder at it greatly. One who has catered so long and so well for the ladies ought to have received his reward long ago." And verily! we have received our reward.

THE HICCUP.—"Some time ago I had occasion to call at a Highland shooting-lodge, and, on entering the kitchen, where two English sportsmen were sitting, I happened to be attacked by a fit of hiccup. One of the sportsmen took a piece of gray paper from his pocket, and, after lighting and blowing it out, he started up, and held the fumes of it opposite my mouth and nostrils. I started, to be sure, but was quite astonished to find myself immediately cured; and I have since seen it frequently tried on others, and always proving a 'never-failing remedy.'"

THE FARE TO BE RAISED ON THE FAIR.—The omnibus proprietors are taking into consideration the propriety of advancing the rates of fare, as each seat will now only accommodate three ladies, owing to the fashion of wearing hoops. Formerly every seat accommodated six persons.

LARDNER'S ONE THOUSAND RECEIPTS UPON EVERY SUBJECT.—We will furnish copies of this celebrated work on receipt of twenty-five cents.

GENTLY CHECK A CHILD.—A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied, "Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was little."

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievous moral wrong.

Give it play, and never fear it,
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit;
Curb it—only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow!
Onward must it flow forever—
Better teach it where to go.

PATTERNS FOR INFANTS' DRESSES, OR INFANTS' WARDROBES.—Our fashion editor has supplied a great many wardrobes for infants lately, and in every case has given great satisfaction. She has more facilities than any other person for furnishing these articles better and cheaper than any other person. The vast influence that her connection with the "Lady's Book" gives her induces importers and others to submit to her their earliest fashions. To those who cannot afford the articles, made-up paper patterns can be sent, which will be fac-similes of the originals. For particulars, address Fashion Editor (not Mrs. Hale), care of L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. All other patterns furnished as usual.

WE publish the following because *it is old*, but we consider it so beautiful that we wish all our subscribers to have it where it can be preserved and referred to:—

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM—may his tribe increase—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An ANGEL writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made BEN ADHEM bold—
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The ANGEL raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered—"The names of those who love the LORD!"
"And is mine one?" said ABOU. "Nay, not so,"
The ANGEL answered. ABOU spake more low,
But cheery still, and said—"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men!"
The ANGEL wrote, and vanished; the next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of GOD had blest,
And lo! BEN ADHEM's there led all the rest!

THE "Norwalk Gazette" says: "A much larger number of Godey's are sold monthly at our bookstores than any other similar publication, which goes to prove, not only that we are a discerning people, but that true worth is sure to be requited." It does certainly.

WHY is a virtuous and beautiful lady like a door-latch? Because she's something to *adore* (a door).

A grocer is supposed to get his living by various weighs.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

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

Breast-pins, from \$4 to \$12.
Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.
Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.
Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.

WE shall be pleased to receive any useful receipts of any kind that our correspondents have tried, and know to be good.

ARISTOCRACY.—The best hit at *republican* aristocracy is the following from the witty John G. Saxe:—

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce Democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, sneers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the further end
By some plebeian vocation!

Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes;
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

In answer to an inquiry made in the "Book," some time since, a subscriber sends us the following:—

In one of the last winter or spring numbers of the "Lady's Book," I saw the inquiry how to keep cranberries through the winter. I will tell you how we, Western people keep them, and hope many may be benefited by your publishing the method. It is simply keeping them in a tub or barrel filled with water. If they freeze, it will not hurt them to remain so; but they should not be allowed to freeze and thaw frequently. The water should be changed about once a month.

HAIR DYE IN FOUR DIFFERENT COLORS.—The most perfect article of this kind, manufactured by the celebrated Berger of Paris, is now for sale in this city by Fouladoux, in Chestnut Street above Fourth. It will color the hair black, brown, light brown, or of a very light almost flaxen color. There is no deception in this, for we have seen the article tried, and pronounce it, without any exception, the very best Hair Dye we have ever seen. Those who order will please specify what kind they want—as one case only contains one particular dye. In addition to the above, Mr. Fouladoux manufactures Wigs and Fronts, and furnishes every article in the hair line.

WE DECLINE—and for the very reason that the "Connersville Telegraph" gives, because the position is not as pleasant as the one we now occupy.

"Godey is, without doubt, the most popular man in America, among the ladies, and if they had a vote, he would certainly be the next President—a position probably not as pleasant as the one he now occupies."

CLUB and single subscribers are informed that we can always furnish numbers from the beginning of the year, and will send to any post-office where the subscriber may reside. A club of six may be sent to six different post-offices. It is not too late now to make up clubs.

WE are afraid that our subscribers will get tired of our frequent extracts from Sydney Smith's memoirs, but really we find so many good things in them that we want others to enjoy them as well as ourselves:—

PARENTAL ADVICE.—Lucy, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock; tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius; but write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest; and then integrity or laceration of a frock is of little import. And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors? You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic; by the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you; therefore, I now give you my parting advice. Don't marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year, and God bless you, dear child!

A BLACK silk handkerchief thrown over the face of a person in an epileptic fit, it is said, will restore them.

RAPP'S PENS.—We are constantly receiving direct from the manufacturer choice lots, made expressly for us, of those celebrated pens. We annex the prices without holders.

Goose-quill size	\$2.
Swan " "	\$2 50.
Condor " "	\$5.
With holders this pen is—	
Goose-quill size	\$3.
Swan " "	\$4.
Condor " "	\$7.
Best fourteen carat gold, and pens warranted.	

A CONTENTED WIFE.—It is a blessed thing for a poor man to have a contented, loving wife—one who will not wish to live in a style beyond her husband's income, just because her next door neighbor does—one who can be happy in the love of her husband, her home, and its duties, without asking the world for its smiles or its favor.

THE "London Illustrated News" contains an article headed India cotton, the webs of Dacea, which says: Some of the finer kinds of Indian muslin are woven from threads of such extraordinary delicacy that a single pound of cotton is spun for it into a length of 250 miles. They are so fine that you can hardly feel them in your hand. Another writer says:—

A single pound of flaxen thread, intended for the finest specimen of French lace, is valued at \$600, and the length of the thread is about 226 miles. One pound of this thread is more valuable than two pounds of gold.

PATTERNS.—Our fashion editor continues to furnish patterns of any of the dress articles in the "Book." Terms made known on application. We cannot publish the prices, as the postage varies according to the size of the articles ordered, and that we have to pay in advance. The demand for patterns for infant's clothes is immense, and they are of the most beautiful and newest styles. Mrs. Hale is not the fashion editress.

A CORRESPONDENT kindly sends us the following cure for a cough: Take one pint of strong vinegar; put it in a quart bottle; add two new laid eggs, shells and all; let it stand in a warm place, shaking it well occasionally, till the vinegar dissolves the shells, which will be in two days if the vinegar is strong enough; then add one pound of strained honey; shake it well, and let it stand a day, when it is ready for use; take a tablespoonful three times a day.

HILL'S INFALLIBLE UNGUENT FOR THE GROWTH, HEALTH, AND BEAUTY OF THE HAIR.—We have heard this article very highly commended. It is manufactured by William Hill, Number 1, Barclay Street, New York.

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—

"FRIEND GODEY: I have been a subscriber for two years past. Although I am a single man, and although you are opposed to lending, I let the lady that got up this club read and examine my 'Book,' and by that means was instrumental in getting up the club. Hoping you may get 100,000 subscribers for 1856, I am a subscriber as long as 'Godey' continues to be what it has been heretofore.
S. C. B., Indiana."

RECIPE for a modern bonnet:—

Two scraps of foundation, some fragments of lace,
A shower of French rosebuds to droop o'er the face;
Fine ribbons and feathers, with crape and illusion,
Then mix and *derange* them in graceful confusion;
Inveigle some fairy, out roaming for pleasure,
And beg the slight favor of taking her measure;
The length and the breadth of her dear little pate,
And hasten a miniature frame to create;
Then pour, as above, the bright mixture upon it,
And lo! you possess "such a love of a bonnet."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND NON-RECEIPT OF NUMBERS.—We have received several letters, lately, upon these subjects; and the names have not been found on our books. It would be well for persons to remember to whom they send their subscriptions. If a subscriber to the "Cosmopolitan," address C. L. Derby, Sandusky, Ohio.

PERFECTLY CORRECT.—If a person informs you of a disagreeable thing another may say or write of you, hold the informer personally responsible for it. The retailer of the slander is as bad as the originator of it.

A GIFT BOOK FOR ALL SEASONS.—"Flora's Dictionary," edited by Mrs. E. W. Wirt, of Virginia. Lucas & Brothers, of Baltimore, have just published a new, much enlarged, and splendidly illustrated edition of this work, which has received the unanimous praise of the press of the country. It is really the most beautiful work upon the subject ever published, and is emphatically a gift for all seasons. Parry & M'Millan of this city have it for sale.

VERY TRUE.—A writer says, in speaking of Pompeii: "It was, at all events, the antipodes of common delicacy, which gives new names to avoid expressing natural ideas, and discloses more from false shame in substitution, than the natural truth could ever express, however frankly spoken."

WE have no agents for whose acts we are responsible.

WE must now and then pay our respects to that numerous band of outsiders—the borrowers. The "Lexington Gazette" says:—

"AN UNENVIABLE POPULARITY.—Godey's 'Lady's Book' has been received. Godey always makes its appearance ahead of time, and is the only periodical that we exchange with that appears to be popular with those that borrow and refuse to subscribe. Every lady ought to patronize it."

We might add to the above that every lady does "*patronize*" it, but we want them to take it and pay for their own reading.

The editor of the "Kosciusko Chronicle" says a very sensible thing—it is short, but to the purpose: "Godey's 'Lady's Book' is on our table for the examination of all who choose to call, but we can't lend it."

Borrowers remind us very much of an old-fashioned balloon ascension—fifty cents admission to see the inflation. Where there is one who pays to go in, there are fifty who stand outside.

TO PRESERVE GRAPES.—A lady friend has furnished us with the following: Pluck the grapes when ripe with a portion of the stem attached. Dip the end of the stem in sealing wax, and they will keep several months.

* A SUBSCRIBER is anxious to know how to preserve cucumbers as a sweetmeat. Can any one inform her?

GRECIAN PAINTING AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—J. E. Tilton, of Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all the materials and directions. Our numerous inquirers will please make application to him. His price is \$3 for all the materials for Grecian painting.

SOME fashionable ladies intend to introduce the fashion of fastening a rosette on the back of the hair. It will be as useful as the present fashion of bonnets.

GODEY'S EMBROIDERY BOOK, No. 1.—We have nearly exhausted the first edition of this beautiful work. (See advertisement.)

GODEY'S BIJOU NEEDLE-CASE.—See advertisement, which will interest every lady; also, crochet needle-cases.

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.

"A School Girl."—We can furnish "The Campbells are Coming" for 25 cents.

"Mrs. E. W. E."—Sent patterns 17th.

"Mrs. R. D. H."—Sent patterns for infant's wardrobe 17th.

"Miss A. R. R."—Sent colored cottons 17th.

"W. H. S."—Sent colored cottons and patterns 19th.

"Miss O. V. A."—Sent pearl card-case 19th.

"S. T. H."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 19th.

"Miss F. M. H."—Sent hair ring 19th.

"Mrs. L. H. M."—Sent infant's wardrobe 19th.
 "Miss A. A."—Sent pearl card-case 19th.
 "Mrs. E. T. F."—Sent hair ring 19th.
 "Mrs. C. M. J."—Sent French work 19th.
 "C. W."—Sent hair ring 19th.
 "Mrs. M. M. O."—Sent infant's wardrobe and patterns 19th.
 "Mrs. A. A. B."—Sent patterns 24th.
 "M. L. D."—Sent hair ring 26th.
 "J. R. C."—Sent hair ring 26th.
 "D. T. P."—Sent bonnet 26th.
 "Miss E. F. B."—Sent two hair rings 27th.
 "A. M. J."—Sent patterns 27th.
 "M. A. B."—Returned \$2 50 27th.
 "Miss S. A. H."—Sent patterns 27th.
 "Mrs. R. K. J."—Sent two bracelets 28th.
 "F. J. W."—Sent hair ring 28th.
 "H. K. J."—Sent patterns 28th.
 "Mrs. B."—Sent bonnet by Adams' express 29th.
 "Mrs. L. H."—Sent patterns 2d.
 "A. C. D."—Sent pearl card-case 2d.
 "Miss C. H."—Sent hair breastpin and ear-rings 2d.
 "Mrs. T. P."—Sent patterns 2d.
 "Elizabeth P."—Sent hair ring 2d.
 "Mrs. E. A. S."—Sent pearl card-case 5th.
 "W. D. C."—Sent pearl card-case 5th.
 "M. F. L."—Sent bonnet by Adams' express 5th.
 "W. W. C."—Sent patterns 5th.
 "Elizabeth H."—Sent patterns 6th.
 "Mrs. R. R. C."—Sent pearl card-case 6th.
 "Mrs. E. R. G."—Sent pearl card-case 6th.
 "Miss E. S."—Sent hair ring 7th.
 "A. E. W."—Sent two hair bracelets 7th.
 "E. S. W."—Sent bonnet 9th.
 "A. C."—Sent patterns 9th.
 "M. T. H."—Sent patterns 9th.
 "R. H. T."—Sent hair ring 9th.
 "S. E. W. A."—Sent ribbons 12th.
 "Miss E. D. K."—Sent patterns 12th.
 "H. J. D."—Sent pearl card-case 12th.
 "Mrs. O. H. B."—Sent pearl card-case 13th.
 "A. J. B."—Sent two pearl card-cases 13th.
 "S. J. T."—Sent patterns 13th.
 "M. A. C."—Sent bonnet by Adams' express 16th.
 "Mrs. C. M. F."—Sent bonnet by Adams' express 16th.
 "Mrs. G. M."—A set of infant's patterns will be \$5.
 "Mrs. R. F. W."—Sent card-case 16th.
 "Mrs. N. P."—Sent infant's wardrobe 16th.
 "Mrs. B. W."—A carved card-case will be \$4.
 "Mrs. D. O."—Sent bonnet by Adams' express 16th.
 "Miss F. A. B."—Sent card-case 16th.
 Besides the above, we have sent card-cases to "M. O. M.," "G. R.," "S. H. V.," "L. O. O.," "M. McD.," "G. R. S.," "O. P. S."
 "Mrs. E. M. A."—Sent infant's wardrobe patterns 16th.
 "Emmie."—We do not believe that anything will remove them. When we see a receipt, we publish it, that it may be tried—we will print them, if worthy.
 "J. M. S."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 17th.
 "Nannie B."—Gaiters with heels are worn more than any others. Make the dress of some plain-colored material; have a basque buttoned up to the throat; also, a mantle or talma of the same. The gloves and boots should match. The bonnet a dark straw, trimmed with some dark color.
 "J. D."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 17th.

"A. H. R."—Sent pearl card-case 17th.
 "Miss B. R. P."—Sent colored worsteds 17th.
 "Mrs. O. R. H."—Sent infant's wardrobe 17th.
 "Miss M. B. S."—Sent hair bracelet 17th.
 "Mrs. H. O. V."—Sent colored cottons 17th.
 "Belinda."—Answer too long. Send real name and stamp.

Centre-Table Gossip.

THE CHINA CLOSET. NO. 2.

SUCH a simple thing as "washing dishes" is supposed to be understood by all; but there is much to be learned even in this first step to housework, as will be seen.

CARE OF CHINA AND GLASS.—The most important thing to do is to "season" either glass or china to sudden change of temperature, so that it will remain sound after exposure to sudden heat and cold. Now this is best done by placing the article in cold water, which must gradually be brought to a boiling point, and then allowed to cool very slowly, taking a whole day or more to do it. The commoner the materials, the more care in this respect is required. The very best glass and china are always well seasoned, "annealed," as the manufacturers say, before it is sold. If the wares are properly seasoned in this way, they may be "washed up" in boiling water without fear of fracture, except in frosty weather, when, even with the best annealed wares, care must be taken not to place them suddenly in too hot water. All china that has any gilding upon it must on no account be rubbed with a cloth of any kind, but merely rinsed, first in hot, and afterwards in cold water, and then left to drain till dry. If the gilding is very dull and requires polishing, it may now and then be rubbed with a soft wash leather and a dry whitening; but remember, this operation must not be repeated more than once a year, otherwise the gold will most certainly be rubbed off, and the china spoiled. When the plates, &c. are put away in the china closet, a piece of paper should be placed between each to prevent scratches. Whenever they "clatter," the glaze or painting is sustaining some injury, as the bottom of all ware has its particles of sand adhering to it, picked up from the oven where it was glazed. The china closet should be in a dry situation, as a damp closet will soon tarnish the gilding of the best crockery.

In a common dinner service, it is a great evil to make the plates "too hot," as it invariably cracks the glaze on the surface, if not the plate itself. We all know the result—it comes apart; "nobody broke it," "it was cracked before, or cracked a long time ago." The fact is, that when the glaze is injured, or every time the "things" are washed, the water goes to the interior, swells the porous clay, and makes the whole fabric rotten. In this condition they will absorb grease; and, being made too hot again, the grease makes the dishes brown and discolored. If an old, ill-used dish be made very hot indeed, a teaspoonful of fat will be seen to exude from the minute fissures upon its surface. The latter remarks apply more to common wares.

In a general way, water and a soft cloth are all that is required to keep glass in a good condition; but water bottles and the decanters, in order to keep them bright, must be rinsed out with a little muriatic acid, which is the only substance which will remove the fur which collects in them, and this acid is far better than ashes,

sand, or shot; for the ashes and sand scratch the glass, and if any shot is left in by accident, the lead is poisonous.

Richly cut glass must be cleansed and polished with a brush like plate, occasionally rubbed with chalk. By this means the lustre and brilliancy are preserved.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

A PIECE OF OLD-FASHIONED ADVICE.—In a book published some hundred years since,* we find the following excellent piece of advice to a servant-maid, written in good sound English, and as applicable to-day as in the hour in which it was first published.

WASTING OF VICTUALS.—"To make any waste of what God has given for the support of his creatures is a crime of much deeper dye than those imagine who dare be guilty of it; and, to say nothing of another world, rarely goes without its punishment in this by the severe want of that which they have so lavishly confounded. What they call the kitchen stuff is the usual appurtenance of the cook; and I have heard that in large families, where a great quantity of everything is ordered in, some have been base enough to melt whole pounds of butter into oil on purpose to increase that perquisite. I should scarcely believe this to be fact, if I did not know that several, who are very far from being of a niggardly disposition towards their servants, have denied them the profits of the kitchen stuff, merely on this score; others who among you have been so dainty that you could not eat of any joint of meat the second day, and especially if your master and mistress had any little thing for their own table—suppose a fricassee, or fowl, the remains of which they would be glad to have set by for supper—but this you cannot allow of; you must have your share you think, and besides a bit or two purloined in the dressing, make sure of all they leave; and then the poor cat or dog has the blame, who, before you were aware, stole all out of the dish. Indeed, there is something very mean and vile in such paltry pretences, and, as they are easily seen through, make you suspected of worse practices. But banish pride and liquorishness, and you will have no occasion for these little subterfuges. I do not deny but you have the same appetites with your superiors; and a good mistress will, doubtless, allow her servants a taste of everything in season. But then you are not to expect it as often, or in as full proportion as she has it herself: that were to destroy all disparity, and put you too much on a level with those you serve.

"This, perhaps, you think a hard lesson, but, were you to know the real pinches some endure who keep you, you would find the balance of happiness wholly on your side—the exorbitant taxes and other severities of the times have, for some years past, reduced our middling gentry, as well as tradesmen, to very great straits; and the care of providing for you, and paying your wages, is much more than an equivalent for your care of obliging them and doing your duty by them. It often costs many a bitten lip and aching heart to support the

rank they have been accustomed to hold in the world; while you, entirely free from all incumbrances, all distraction of mind, have only to do your duty quietly in the stations God has placed you. Whatever changes happen in public affairs, your circumstances are unaffected by them. Whether provisions are dear or cheap is the same thing to you. Secure of having all your real necessities supplied, you rise without anxiety, and go to bed without danger of having your repose disturbed. And, as to your labor, if you consider the difference of education, it is no more to you than those exercises which are prescribed to your superiors for the sake of health. Methinks, if you would thoroughly weigh the comforts of your condition, you could not help having an affection for those under whose roof and protection you enjoy them, especially when they behave to you with any tolerable degree of affability and sweetness; for then not to love them would be the highest ingratitude. But, supposing they are a little harsh in their expressions, use you with haughtiness, and keep you at the greatest distance, yet still you should remember it is their bed you lie upon, their food that sustains you, and their money which clothes you."

FAMILY ANNIVERSARIES.

WHAT untold delights would be lost to the juvenile world if the celebration of Christmas, New-Year's Day, and the Fourth of July was henceforth and forever annihilated! And what minor pleasures and joyful anticipations would fade in dim distance were the family holidays of birthday and wedding-day to be forgotten!

We know that in some households they are scarcely recognized; but in others, even "baby" may have a birthday, and become at once an individual of importance. There is no prettier picture in all that Mary Howitt has written than her description of the simple feast in those wonderful anniversaries given in "Our Cousins in Ohio." The little hero or heroine of the day not only a receiver of the great plum-cake—manufactured after the most harmless of receipts, but entirely satisfactory to all parties concerned—the brothers and sisters in neat array, even father and mother invited guests at the tea-table; and, in one case—oh, sore misfortune and disappointment! where, despite these charming preparations, Willie proves to be a naughty boy on his very birthday, and goes sobbing to bed, while mother is sorrowful, and the children see the cake laid away uncut, untasted. Think you Willie or Willie's brothers and sisters ever forgot that day's lesson in naughtiness and its inevitable punishment?

We like to see, first of all, wedding-day remembered between the heads of a household by some trifling gift, calling forth tender and grateful recollections of a time when it seemed so easy to love and to cherish, so unnatural to give utterance to a quick word or harsh reproof. It is true, regret, and loss, and self-upbraiding must rise with more genial feelings; but they are as dew and showers to freshen the heart, hardened by the cares of the world, and the attrition of daily petty offences.

Perhaps the milestones will come too quickly hereafter. If we wreath them now with garlands, we may then be thankful to sit awhile beside them in the shade; for shadows lengthen as the eventide creeps on, and number, with thankful recollection, the blessings of the way. A happy childhood carries its own brightness to another generation, springing up with the same glad anticipations, and birthdays are among its brightest recollections.

* A Present for a Servant-Maid; or, the Sure Means of gaining Love and Esteem: the whole calculated for making both mistress and the maid happy. London: printed and published by T. Gardner, at "Cowley's Head" without Temple-bar. 1743. Price one shilling, or twenty-five for a guinea to those who give them away.

"LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN!"

DICKENS' *Haunted Man*.

LORD, keep my memory green,
Whatever intervene,

How rough soe'er life's voyage may prove to me;
I would not lose remembrance of the good,
Nor shrink from thoughts of ills long since withstood—
Lord, keep my memory green!

Lord, keep my memory green—
The boisterous and serene,

That which hath caused a tear or forced a smile.
Let both their true reality impart,
And fix their record deeply in my heart—
Lord, keep my memory green!

Lord, keep my memory green
Through life's conflicting scene!

But should the hand of time obliterate
Aught from my mind, and some chance pages blot,
Let friends and benefits be ne'er forgot—
Lord, keep my memory green!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A YOUNG WIFE" has very commendable prudence, much more than could be looked for or is usually found before the lustre of wedding silks is dimmed, or the brightness of bridal presents tarnished. There are a myriad ways of practising economy in a household; and, as she says, housekeeping, if the first outfit can be afforded, is far cheaper in the end than boarding, to say nothing of its social and moral influence. We would advise her to read Souvestre's "Family Journal," a book that has more straightforward common sense and practical lessons of life than any which has been published for many a day. If we were to give one axiom above another, it would be the political maxim of "eternal vigilance." Watch the expense book, the kitchen, the wardrobe; and, in each and all modes of expenditure of time or money, "gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost"—a rule of authority the oldest and highest that can be quoted.

"MRS. J. S."—Can-preserved fruits are a great assistance to housekeepers in preparing desserts in the winter months, being all ready for pies, tarts, or crust-puddings.

"ALICE."—We are sorry to say that the sad news is true. Gloves have again risen in price, the best being \$1 a pair. We look back with a sigh of regret to the days when Alexandre's were but sixty-two cents. It becomes every one to take care of the present supply, for who knows what may be the next figure of the ascending scale? If gloves are pulled out evenly, and laid away smoothly, back to back, every time they are taken off, they will last twice as long as if tossed upon the dressing-table or carried in the pocket, as young ladies are apt to do, in their crumpled state.

"MRS S. OF ADAIR, OHIO."—The order evidently has reference to British chantilly, quite another article. A French mantle could not be sent at that price; or she may have intended an imitation of the French point, many of which are excellent.

As regards the second query, cottage furniture is as fashionable as ever, and may be had at all prices, from \$25 to \$300 the set.

"BLANCHE."—For new style of nursery-basket, see Chitchat article.

"ELLEN R."—Pointed yokes, embroidered. Sleeves to correspond.

"JESSY L. B. OF SUNNY DELL."—The selection of music is good, and will be forwarded at once. We recommend Bertini's twenty-five lessons for daily practice if she has mastered the "Method."

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, Rapp's gold pens, 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.

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 Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR AUGUST.

Fig. 1.—Equestrian costume, for a young lady. Habit of purple cloth. The skirt full and plain, of the usual length. The basque is not very deep; open in front. Sleeves slightly full, plaited down at the top, and back from the wrist. Cambric chemisette, with Charles the Fifth collar, and cuffs to correspond. Light straw hat, with straw-colored ribbons and plumes.

Fig. 2.—Habit of dark green pelisse cloth. A deep basque, open all the way from the throat, and trimmed slightly by rows of quilling, or moire, of a lighter shade. *Mousquetaire* sleeves, the cuff standing out quite distinctly. Chemisette and sleeves of cambric, the latter coming into a band at the wrist. Gray felt hat with bows and plume to correspond with the lightest shade of green.

Child's walking dress of white *piqué*. The fold and jacket basque trimmed with white Marseilles buttons. We call attention to the entire group including the picturesque *bonne* and pet spaniel; it is as lifelike and graceful, as the costumes are new and correct.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

OUR selection of "Novelties for the Month" having been made for the nursery department, we naturally continue the subject.

We endeavor in nearly every case to select the plainest garments for our illustrations, and wish it distinctly understood that, when we give an elaborate style, it is

for the novelty, and not with the expectation of having it copied. It seems scarcely necessary to say this when our protest has been so constant against extravagance in this branch of expenditure; and yet the evil is so constantly on the increase in our cities, and is extending so rapidly to remote towns and villages, that if we fail to follow remotely the track of French importations, our subscribers must be satisfied by private, personal letters of inquiry, for which we have not leisure. It is a mistake that there is nothing plainer to be found in the large establishments that make this a special branch of display and manufacture. If you have the courage to say, "This will not do, I wish something plainer and less expensive," there are drawers as well as show-cases from which simple garments are frequently forthcoming.

In cloaks, for instance, the long white mantle given in our Novelties is by no means expensive. They may be had in dimity, *brilliant*, plain cambric, linen, or Marseilles, or, if white is objected to—as two at the least will be necessary—buff linen, Chambéry gingham, or Nankeen are to be found in all varieties. For a child a year or a year and a half old, who would still be carried in arms or drawn in a nursery carriage, a shorter coat or cloak, coming below or quite to the child's ankle, with the cape nearly as long, is the favorite style. As the autumn advances, merinoes, cashmeres, Valencia, poplin, or raw silk plaids are made up in the same way; the summer coat, being the least expensive, will serve as a guide. Galloons, gimps, fringes, plain and tasseled buttons are used in trimming them. For the summer coats they are of linen, Marseilles, and even cotton in great variety. Besides the cappelines already described, the neat white Shaker straws, with green silk capes, which we in our day considered the perfection of a school bonnet, are once more brought out for the accommodation of the juveniles of the present time; also a kind of Marseilles hood, not particularly graceful, but much worn.

We notice, at Genin's, many nursery baskets made up in plain and dotted French muslin, instead of the once invariable cashmere. Very sheer Victoria lawn is also extremely neat and serviceable. These covers can be done up more frequently than those in cashmere, and have an exquisitely neat and simple air with their white satin bows and pretty plinishing. We notice several new styles of powder boxes, and that the puffs are mounted on a small metal tip or handle, much more convenient than the old-fashioned button of silk. It is not generally known that a puff should be guarded against moths when laid away, the same as furs, and all expensive flannels should be frequently shaken out and aired.

By another month, the lighter summer fabrics in the shop windows will have given place to the gay colors of autumn silks and ribbons. We reserve until then the few novelties we have already noted in the style and trimming of dresses, by no means less rich and expensive than they have been for the past three or four years.

In answer to a southwestern correspondent, the fashion of appearing in the street without scarf, shawl, or mantle is not considered ladylike, nor is it the fashion. There is no excuse for it now, when lace, tissue, and muslin mantles of every variety, light enough for the extremest heat of summer, are to be had. A slight drapery about the shoulders, and falling at least to the line of the waist, adds very much to the grace of any figure, however perfect. Lace mantles are worn more

than ever before since it has been our pleasant task to note the changes of fashion. They are of every *point* and price, from appliqué and English chantilly to the most costly Brussels.

Bonnets still depend principally upon the combination of the various elegant materials in use. Simple straws, Leghorns, and Neapolitans are seen, worn even by those who have pretensions to style and fashion. As we have before said, it is by no means necessary to dress unbecomingly or beyond one's means, because fashion receives and even demands excess of ornament. The *juste milieu* can always be found by those disposed to seek it. With reference to the size and shape so generally adopted, the following *jeu d'esprit* has as much sense as cleverness, and comes to hand not inappropriately:—

"Mr. Punch, as the acknowledged champion of the rights of women, has to denounce a mean and cowardly attack, made by a medical practitioner in the human form, upon that delicate and fairy-like fabric, the female bonnet. The dastard affects to 'lament the great increase of tic-douloureux in the forehead!' He moreover bewails the predominance of 'great suffering in the ear,' induced, as he firmly believes, 'from the present absurd fashion of dressing the neck instead of the head.' And why not? The fact is, poor women have been put too much on one side; and Mr. Punch cannot but look at the heroic attempt made by the dear creatures to thrust the bonnet on the shoulders as a noble resolution to appear as barefaced as possible. We yet hope to see a woman as far out of her bonnet as a snail can come out of her shell; and, as for tic-douloureux, earache, headache, and so forth, why, what are such calamities other than glorious? Even as soldiers carry scars in honor and memory of their valor, so may women have earache, headache, and tic-douloureux, as glorious, life-long records of the courage that faced all weathers without a bonnet. Mr. Punch hardly knows a more touching sight—a sight so convincing of the inherent energy and devotion of the sex—than to behold a beautiful fragile creature facing the east wind that at this moment (Mr. Punch does not disdain to confess the weakness) makes him rejoice at the fireside like a cricket. It is, we say, a beautiful and touching spectacle to contemplate the young creature, with a face relentlessly mottled by the east wind, her nose as just dabbled with a bluebag, and the wind, like winding invisible steel, cutting at the very roots of the loved one's hair, twisting like corkscrews into the hollows of her all-credulous ears, and subtly entering into the beloved anatomy, making of the nerves so many death-watches that shall *tic* and *tic*, it may be, for the term of her natural life. The life may be blighted. But what of that? Can the beloved one be less precious? Quite the reverse. Even as we pay additional honor to the hero without arms or legs, so are we prepared to render deeper homage to the woman whose whole existence goes upon such *tic*. Indeed, for a woman to be truly adorable she cannot be too rheumatic. We believe that real affection towards an object to be idolized inevitably commences with a cold. It was all very well for Venus in her own mild and balmy climate to take conserve of roses—but the woman who would inevitably fix a man's affections in this country must begin with a mustard poultice. We have inquired of the registrar of marriages, and find that nuptials have increased in number as bonnets have lessened in size. Proceed, ladies; and may the shadows of your bonnets never be greater."

FASHION.



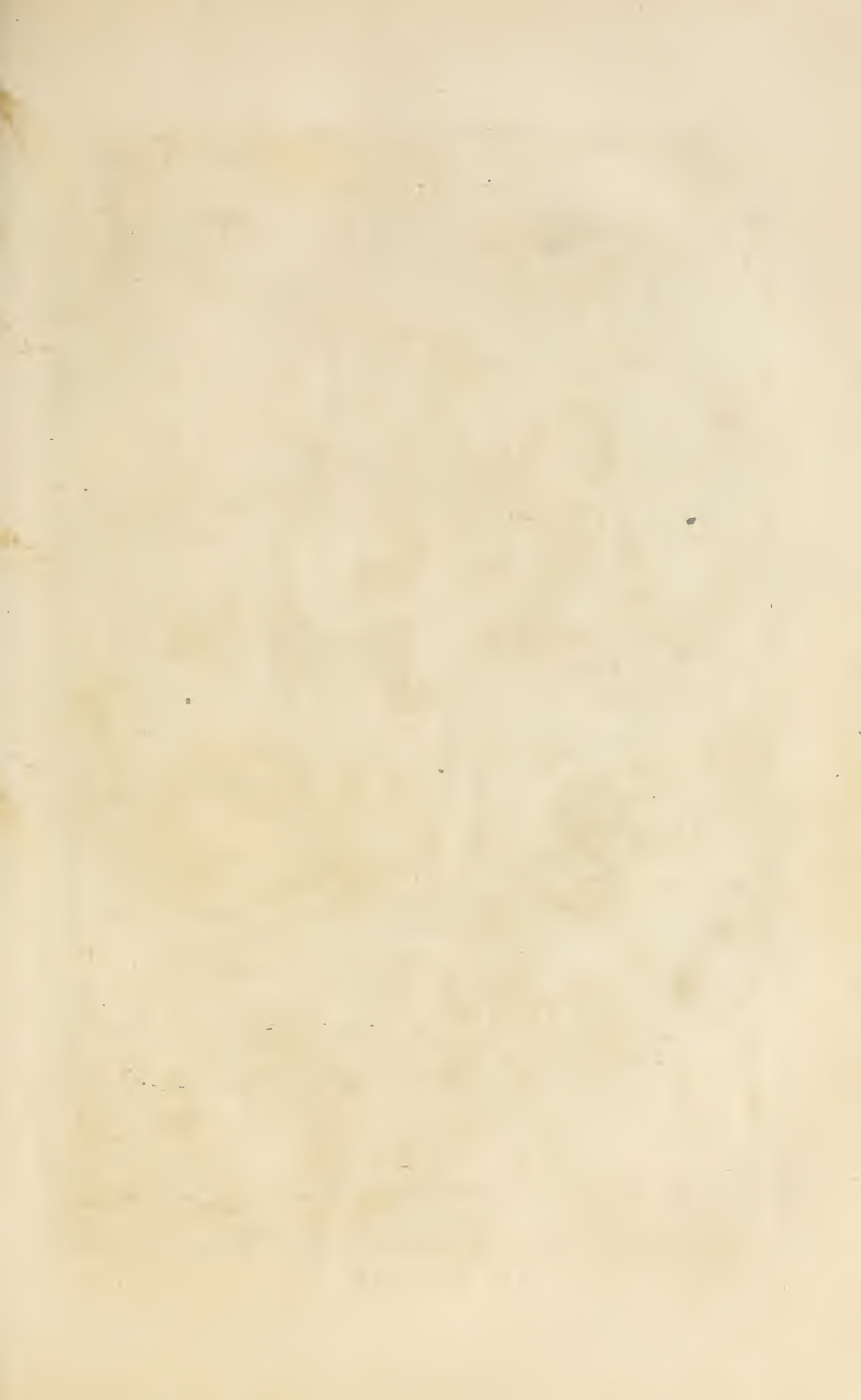
Painted by E. Meyerheim

Eng^d by A.H. Ritchie.

GRANDFATHER'S DARLING

Printed and Published by J. G. & Co., 100, Strand, London, W.







The Musician.

TURKISH BAG IN WOOL WORK.





MORNING DRESS.

(See description.)

“PADDY AROON.”

AN IRISH BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

And Dedicated to the Subscribers by

F. NICHOLLS CROUCH,

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1856, by F. NICHOLLS CROUCH, in the Clerk's Office in the Eastern District Court of Pennsylvania.

Allegro Appassionato

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo and mood are marked 'Allegro Appassionato'. The music begins with a 'for' marking. Dynamics include *mf* and *pp*.

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The vocal line continues with lyrics, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. Dynamics include *mf* and *pp*.

Now don't you now, Paddy! be easy Aroon! My mother will scold me for staying, We meet in the daylight, and yonder's the moon, and the Fairies will soon be a

play - ing, And the fairies will soon be a play - ing, And the fairies will soon be a playing, So don't you now, Paddy A -

mf

Now don't you now, Paddy! keep coaxing me so,
I'll have to do penance for staying,
'Twas so the last time that I met you, you know;
For a week I went fasting and praying.
So don't you now, Paddy Aroon.

roon.

for

mf

for

pp

2.
So don't you now, Paddy Bouchalddear,
For the bridal be keeping a bother,
Sure you've been my own boy, for a day, and a year;
And wou'd I be constant another?
So don't you now, Paddy Aroon!

3.
Good night to you, Paddy; don't trouble your mind,
For the bridal; the more is the sorrow,
We've a cow—and a cabin—and all things to find!
And the money's not easy to borrow.
So don't you now Paddy Aroon!

4.
So don't you now, Paddy; don't trouble your mind,
For the bridal; the more is the sorrow,
We've a cow—and a cabin—and all things to find!
And the money's not easy to borrow.
So don't you now Paddy Aroon!



THE RISTORI SHAWL.

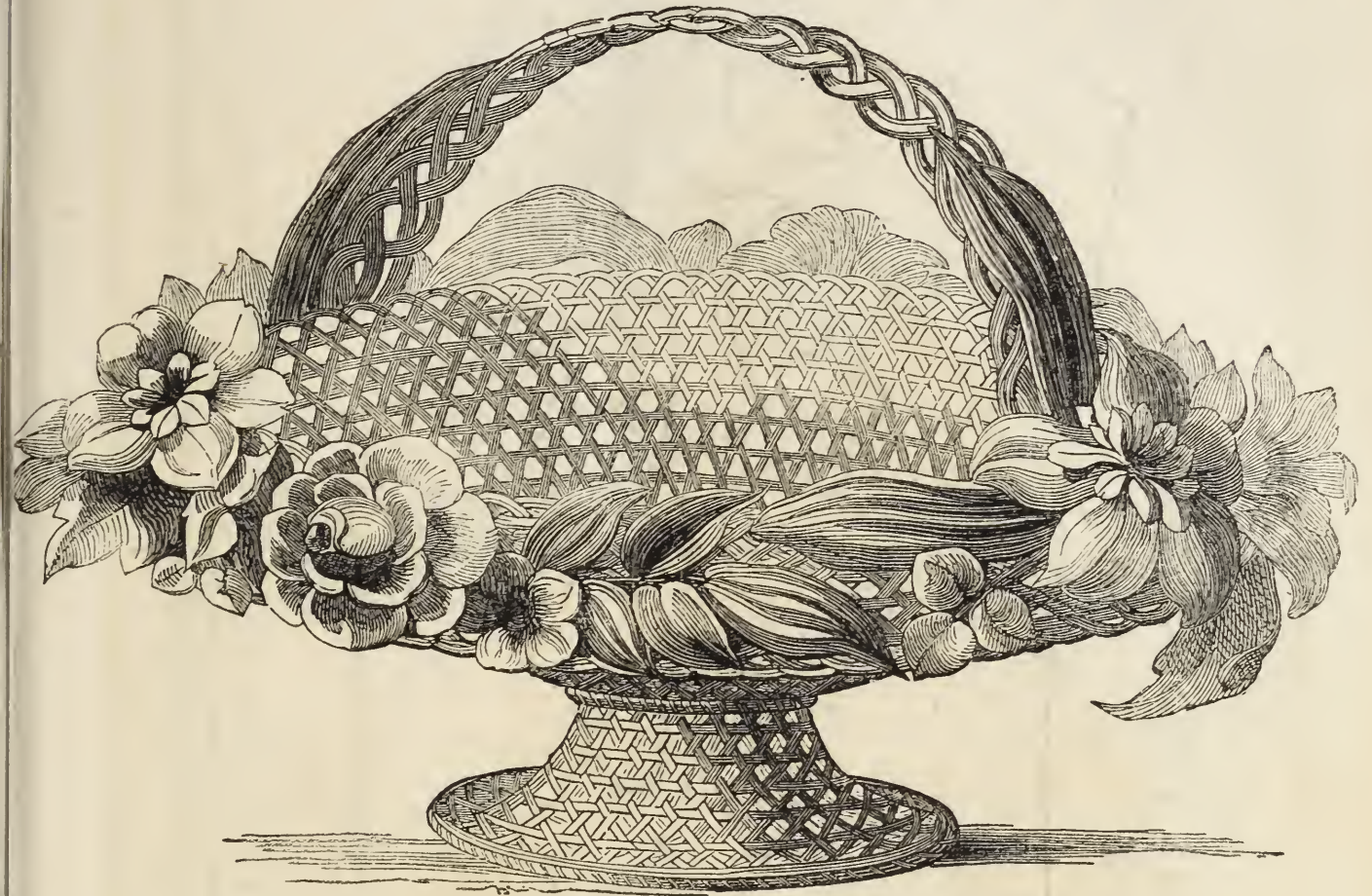
[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

WE have discontinued for the season reports of the lighter modes of overdress, as, in reality, the styles already published, and those that are very similar to them, are alone in vogue. We prefer keeping our fair friends informed of the novelties for the next season, in order, more especially, that our far distant readers may be aware of the character of fashions which the country merchants will be prepared to offer them upon the opening of the fall styles.

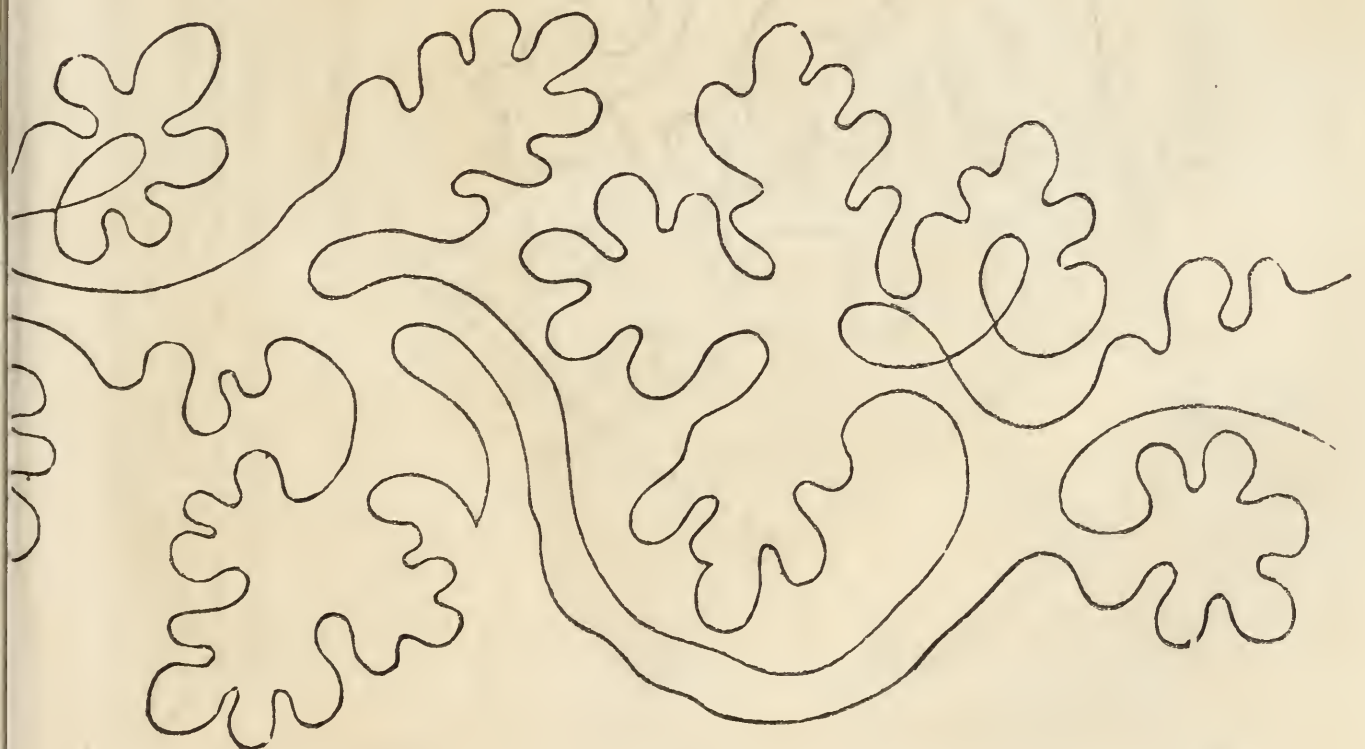
The Ristori shawl is among the most beautiful of the various styles designed for the fall. It consists of alternate strips of moire antique and velvet, the latter richly embroidered, set into a pointed yoke, which is itself composed of bands of the same material; the yoke is enriched by rich drop buttons. The bottom of the garment is gorgeously adorned with crochet-headed fringe; the tassels of the fringe are successively crimped and plain.

There is quite a variety in the finish of this style of shawls, and indeed in the general arrangement. Some very beautiful ones are fashioned of the same materials but the direction in which they are placed causes very different effects. We consider the Ristori fully equal in beauty, at least, to any that we have as yet had the fortune to see.

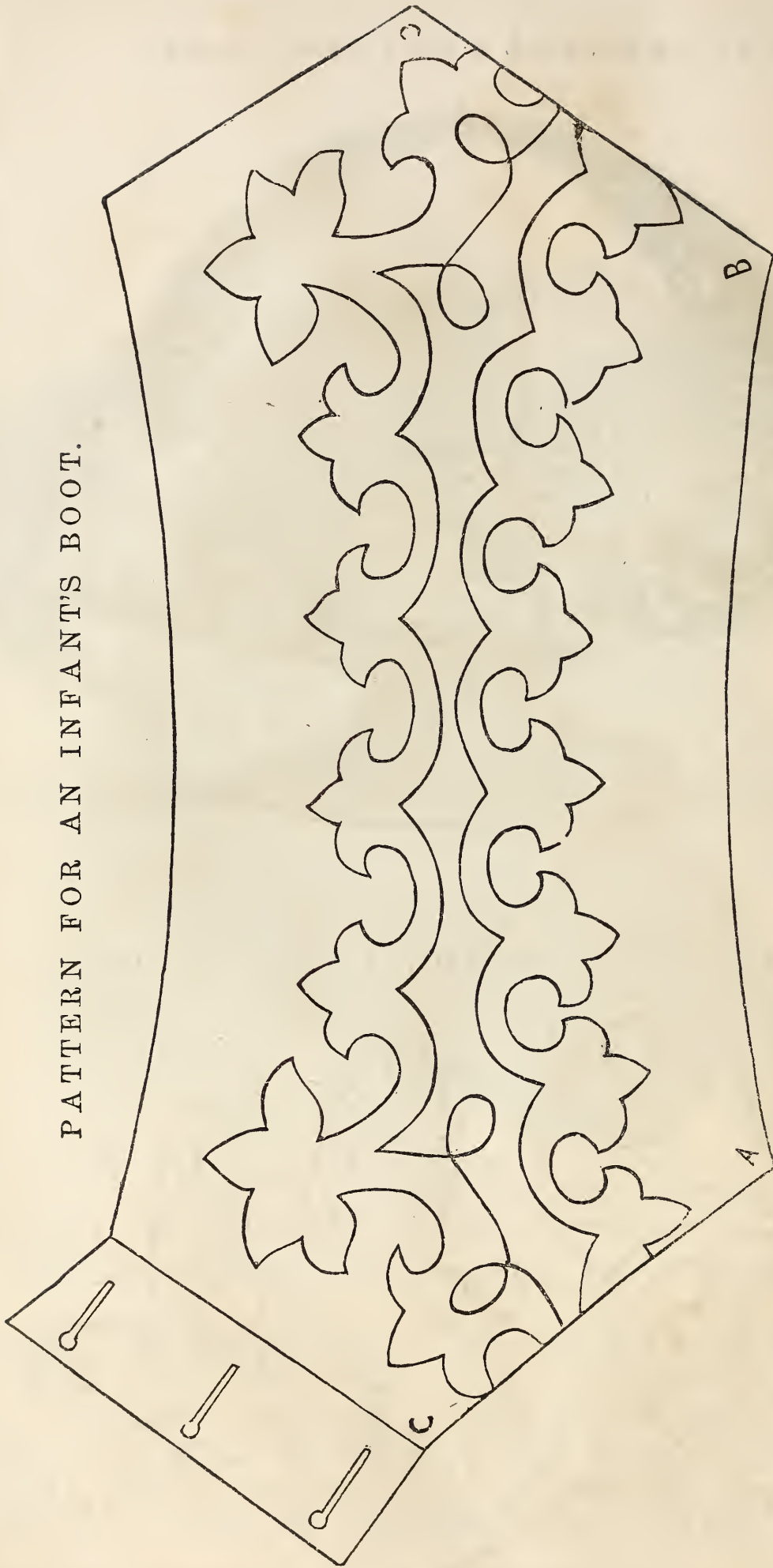
ORNAMENTAL LEATHER WORK.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A BOY'S BLOUSE.

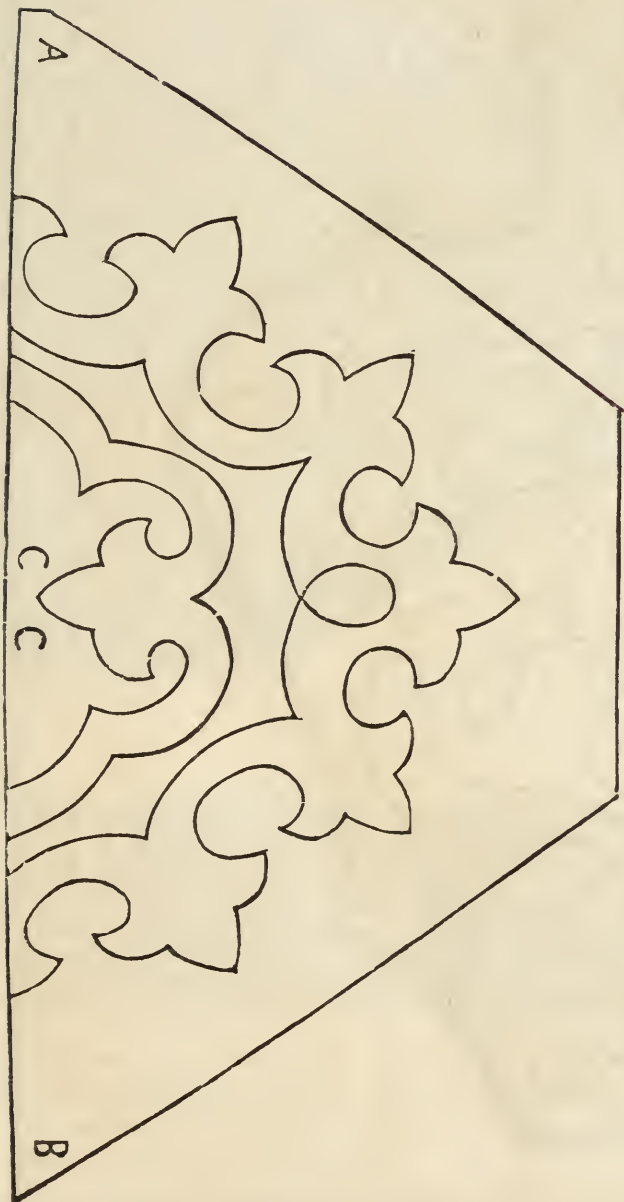
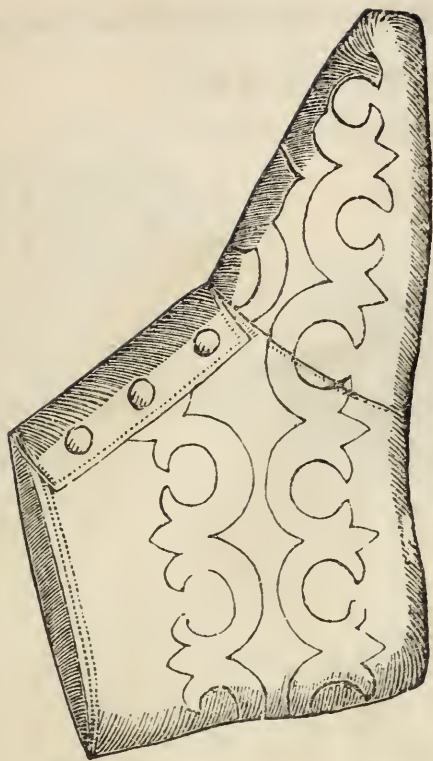


PATTERN FOR AN INFANT'S BOOT.

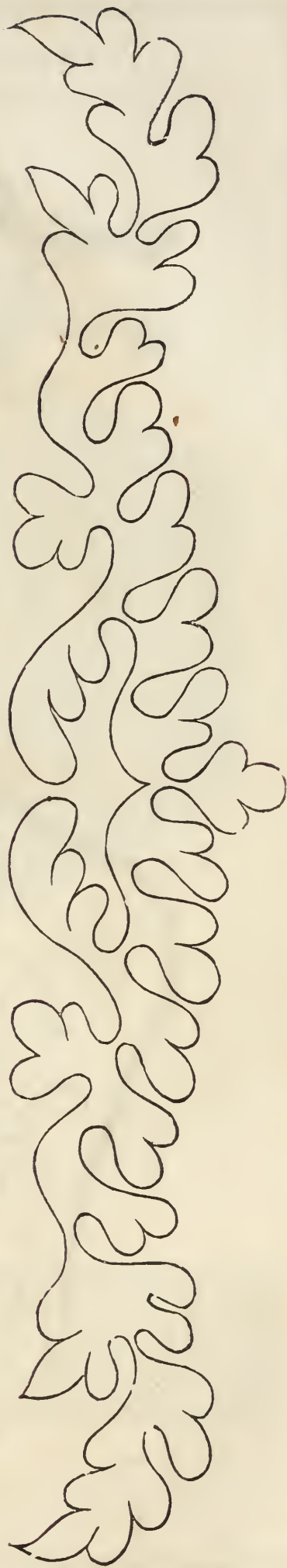


THIS pattern should be braided on merino with silk embroidery braid. A half quarter of merino will be sufficient for two pairs of boots, and six yards of braid is just sufficient for one pair. The boots should be lined with fine silk flannel. The pattern allows for seams. In making them up, it is better to bind the sole with galloon, then the uppers, and overbind them neatly on the right side; the toes should be slightly rounded, and it is necessary to join the toe to the other part of the boot before braiding, or it will not look well.

APPEARANCE OF BOOT WHEN MADE UP.

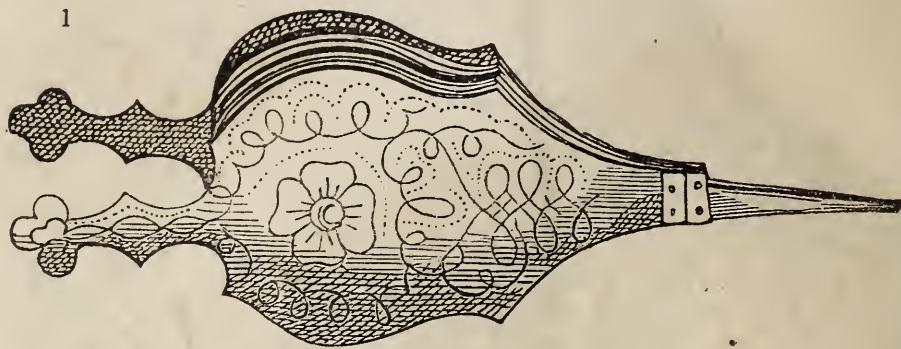


FRONT OF BLOUSE.—ONE OF SEVERAL ROWS.



FANCY BRAIDED BELLOWS.

No. 1.—As it appears when made up.
“ 2 —Working pattern.



FRONT OF INFANT'S DRESS.

IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

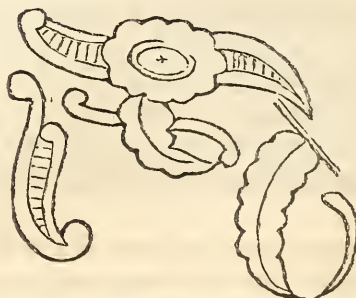
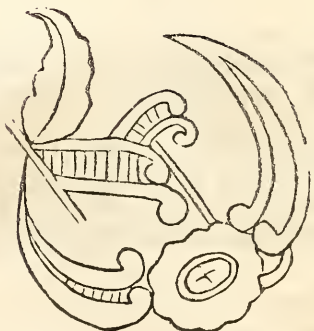
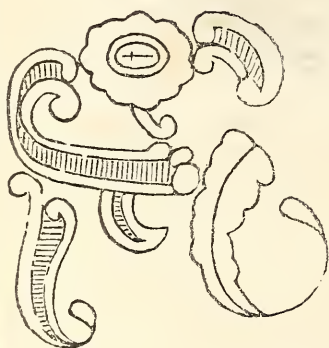
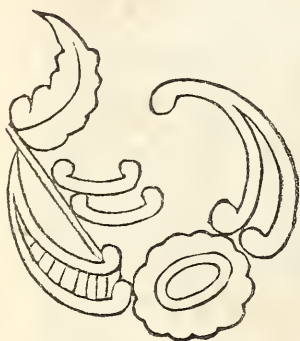
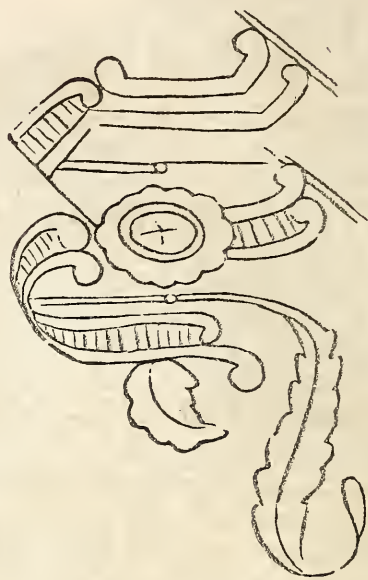
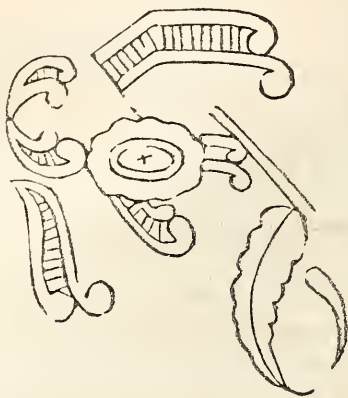
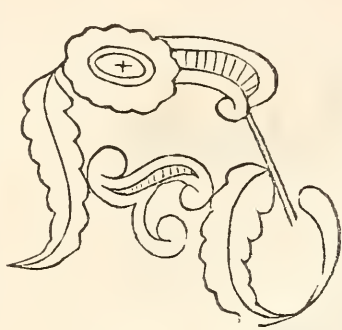
Materials.—Fine jaconet muslin; embroidery cotton, No 36, and sewing cotton, No. 70.



WE give the stomacher of the little dress, and the appropriate trimming. It may be enlarged to any dimensions that may be desired. The pattern is intended only to be sewed over, except the wheels, which must be overcast before filling them in with fancy stitches. For this latter purpose the sewing cotton must be used.

ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING A LADY'S WARDROBE.



GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1856.

SHELLS FOR THE LADIES, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

ALL the shells which are preserved in the cabinets of collectors belong to the class of animals called mollusca. We give, at the outset, a brief sketch of the classification of the animal kingdom, merely to show what place is assigned to the mollusca.

All known animals are constructed upon four different types, and constitute as many natural divisions or sub-kingdoms.

The first of these primary groups is characterized by an internal skeleton, of which the essential, or ever-present part, is a backbone composed of numerous joints, or *vertebræ*. These are the animals most familiar to us; beasts, birds, reptiles, and fishes are four classes which agree in this one respect, and are hence collectively termed vertebrate animals, or the VERTEBRATA.

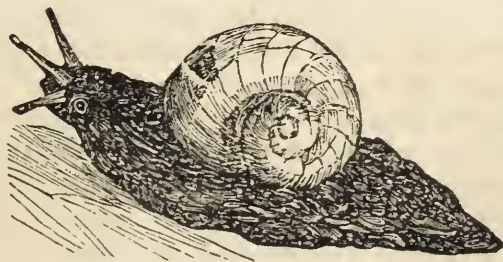
Another type is exemplified in the common garden snail, the nautilus, and the oyster; animals whose soft bodies are protected by an internal shell, which is harder than bone, and equally unlike the skeleton of fishes and the hard covering of the crab and lobster. These creatures form the subject of the present article, and are called MOLLUSCA.

The various tribes of insects, spiders, crabs, and worms have no internal skeleton; but to compensate for it, their outer integument is sufficiently hard to serve at once the purpose of bones, and of a covering and defence. This external armature, like the bodies and limbs which it covers, is divided into segments or joints, which well distinguish the members of this group from the others. The propriety of arranging worms with insects will be seen, if it be remembered that even the butterfly and bee commence existence in a very worm-like form. This division of jointed animals has the name of the ARTICULATA.

The fourth part of the animal kingdom consists of the coral animals, starfishes, sea-jellies, and those countless microscopic beings which swarm in all waters. Whilst other animals are bilateral, or have a right and left side, and the organs arranged in pairs, these have their organs placed in a circle around the mouth or axis of the body, and have hence obtained the appellation of RADIATA.

These groups illustrate successively the grand problems of animal economy. The lower divisions exhibit the perfectionizing of the functions of nutrition and reproduction; the higher groups present the most varied and complete development of the senses, locomotive powers, and instincts.

The mollusca are animals with soft bodies, enveloped in a muscular skin, and usually protected by a univalve or bivalve shell. The univalve shell is in one piece like that of the snail; the bivalve is in two pieces, as in the oyster or clam. The mollusca are divided into six classes: 1. The *Cephalopoda*, or cuttle-fishes. Their name is derived from *cephale*, head, and *poda*, feet; the feet are attached to the head. 2. The *Gasteropoda*, from *gaster*, the under side of the body. The common snail is an example



COMMON SNAIL.

of these. The under side of the body forms a single muscular foot, on which the animals

creep or glide. 3. The *Pteropoda*, from *pteron* a wing, inhabit the sea and swim with a pair of fins extending out from the sides of the head. 4. The *Brachiopoda*, from *brachion*, an arm, are bivalves, and take their name from two arms placed at the sides of the mouth, with which they create currents that bring them food. 5. The *Conchifera*, or ordinary bivalves, like the oyster. 6. The *Tunicata*, which have no shell.

The mollusca have spread themselves over every part of the habitable globe; every region has its tribe; every situation its appropriate species. The land-snails frequent moist places, or woods, or sunny banks and rocks, climb trees, or burrow in the ground. The air-breathing *Limneids* live in fresh water, only coming occasionally to the surface; and the *auriculas* live on the seashore, or in salt marshes. In the sea, each zone of depth has its mollusca fauna. The limpet and periwinkle live between tide-marks, where they are left dry twice a day. The *trochi* and *purpureæ* are found at low water, amongst the sea-weed. The mussel affects muddy shores; the cockle rejoices in extensive sandy flats. Most of the finely colored shells of the tropics are found in shallow water; scallop-banks at twenty fathoms. Deepest of all, the *terebratulæ* are found, commonly at fifty fathoms, and sometimes at one hundred fathoms, even in Polar seas. The fairy-like *pteropoda*, the oceanic-snail, and multitudes of other floating molluscs, pass their lives on the open sea, forever out of sight of land; whilst the *litiopa* and *scyllæa* follow the gulf-weed in its voyages, and feed upon the green, delusive banks. The food of the mollusca is either vegetable, infusorial, or animal. All the land-snails are vegetable-feeders; and their depredations are but too well known to the gardener and farmer. Many a crop of winter corn and spring tares has been wasted by the ravages of the "small gray slug." They have their likings, too, for particular plants: most of the pea-tribe and cabbage-tribe are favorites; but they hold white mustard in abhorrence; and fast or shift their quarters while that crop is on the ground. Some, like the "cellar-snail," feed on cryptogamic vegetation, or on decaying leaves; and the slugs are attracted by *fungi*, or any odorous substances. The round-mouthed sea-snails are nearly all vegetarians, and consequently limited to the shore and the shallow waters in which sea-weeds grow. The whole of the bivalves, and other headless shell-fish, live on infusoria, or on microscopic vegetables, brought to them by the current which their ciliary apparatus perpetually excites. The carnivorous tribes prey chiefly on

other shell-fish, or on zoophytes, since, with the exception of the cuttle-fishes, their organization scarcely adapts them for pursuing and destroying other classes of animals. As the shell-fish are great eaters, so in their turn they afford food to many other creatures, fulfilling the universal law of eating, and being eaten. Civilized man still swallows the oyster, although snails are no longer reckoned "a dainty dish." Mussels, cockles, and periwinkles are in great esteem with children and the other unsophisticated classes of society; and so are scallops and the *haliotis*, where they can be obtained. Two kinds of whelk are brought to the London market in great quantities; and the arms of the cuttle-fish are eaten by the Neapolitans, and also by the East Indians and Malays. In seasons of scarcity, vast quantities of shell-fish are consumed by the poor inhabitants of the Scotch and Irish coasts. Still more are regularly collected for bait: the calamary is much used in the cod-fishery, off Newfoundland; and the limpet and whelk on the English coasts. Many wild animals feed on shell-fish. The rat and the raccoon seek for them on the seashore when pressed by hunger. The South American otter and the crab-eating opossum constantly resort to salt marshes and the sea, and prey on the mollusca. The great whale lives habitually on the small floating pteropods. Sea-fowl search for the littoral species at every ebbing tide; whilst, in their own element, the marine kinds are perpetually devoured by fishes. The haddock is a "great conchologist;" and some good northern sea-shells have been rescued, unbroken, from the stomach of the cod; whilst even the strong valves of the *cyprina* are not proof against the teeth of the catfish (*anarhicas*). They even fall a prey to animals much their inferiors in sagacity. The starfish swallows the small bivalve entire, and dissolves the animal out of its shell; and the bubble-shell (*phylina*), itself predacious, is eaten both by starfish and sea-anemone (*actinia*). The land-snails afford food to many birds, especially to the thrush tribe; and to some insects, for the luminous larva of the glowworm lives on them; and some of the large, predacious beetles occasionally kill slugs. We have spoken of shell-fish as articles of food; but they have other uses, even to man: they are the toys of children, who hear in them the roaring of the sea; they are the pride of "collectors," whose wealth is in a cone or "wentle-trap;" and they are the ornaments of barbarous tribes. The Friendly-Islander wears the orange-cowry as a mark of chieftainship; and the New Zealander polishes

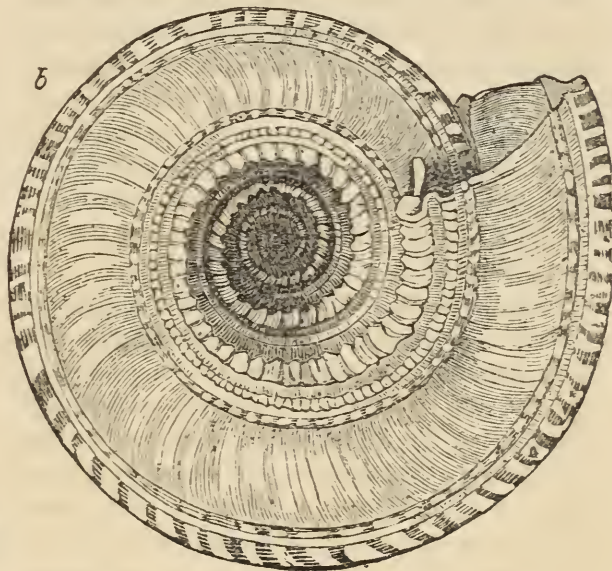
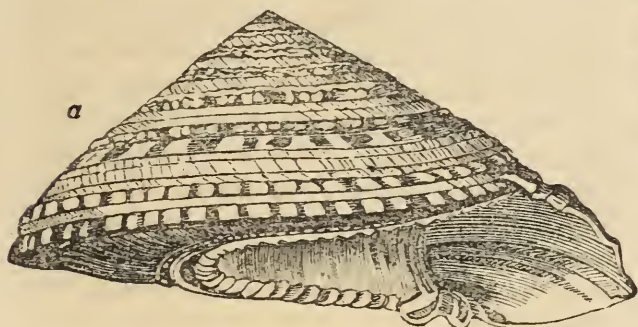
the *elenchus* into an ornament more brilliant than the "pearl ear-drop" of classical or modern times. One of the most beautiful substances in nature is the shell-opal, formed of the remains of the ammonite. The forms and colors of shells, as of all other natural objects, answer some particular purpose, or obey some general law; but besides this, there is much that seems specially intended for our study, and calculated to call forth enlightened admiration. Thus the tints of many shells are concealed during life by a dull, external coat; and the pearly halls of the nautilus are seen by no other eyes than ours. Or, descending to mere "utility," how many tracts of coast are destitute of limestone, but abound in shell-banks, which may be burned into lime; or, in shell-sand, for the use of farmers?

The extravagant prices that have been given for rare shells are less to be regretted, because they have induced voyagers to collect. Mere shell-collecting, however, is no more *scientific* than pigeon fancying, or the study of old china. For *educational* purposes, the best shells are the *types* of genera, or species which illustrate particular points of structure; and, fortunately for

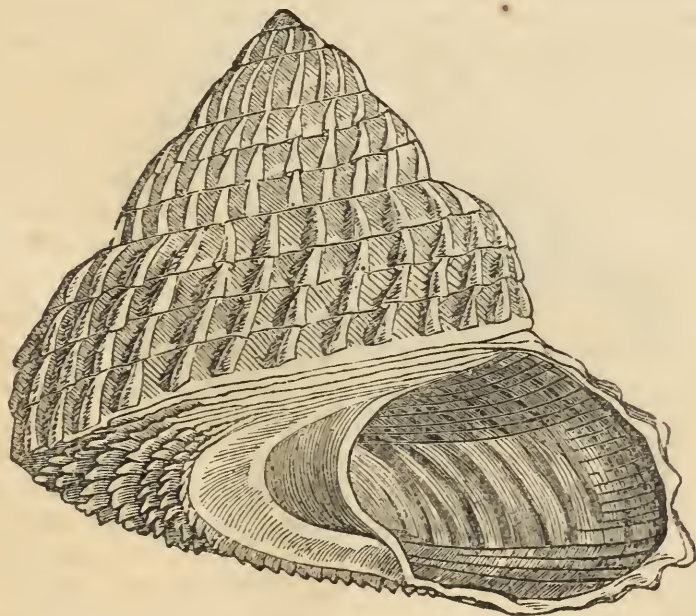
students, the prices are much diminished of late years. A *carinaria*, once "worth one hundred guineas," is now worth one shilling only; a wentle-trap, which fetched forty guineas in 1701, was worth only twenty guineas in 1753, and may now be had for five shillings! The *conus gloria-maris* has fetched fifty pounds more than once; and *cyprea umbilicata* was sold for thirty pounds in 1850.

Many shells have received their names from familiar objects which they resemble in form. Several genera and species bear the name of *trochus*, which is the Latin for *hoop*. The genus *solarium* is one of the *trochus* family; and the perspective *solarium* will give our readers an idea of the general form of the whole family of *trochuses*. The engravings exhibit a side view, *a*, and the base, *b*, of the shell.

Several species of the *solarium* have been



PERSPECTIVE SOLARIUM.



COOK'S TURBO.

found in the seas of warmer latitudes. They occur respectively in the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, in the South Seas, off the coasts of Tranquebar and those of New Holland. Most of them appear to be littoral in their habits, keeping near the shore, on banks or rocks covered with marine vegetation. Upwards of twelve species are recorded.

Another example of shells taking their names from familiar objects is found in the family included under the name *turbo*, which signifies a *whipping-top*. The one called Cook's turbo is a good specimen of them.

The general form, ridges, and markings of the Cook's turbo are so well expressed in the figure as to relieve us from the necessity of entering into a minute description, rather perplexing, from the terms employed by conchologists, than conveying clear and precise ideas to the general reader. It is, in fact, not very easy to express in words the details of a shell, though the eye at once seizes them; nor do the compound words derived from the Latin, as orbiculate-convex, imbricato-squamous, and the like, serve, except for the professed naturalist; and, though we must occasionally use such terms, we at the same time feel that to most persons they convey but little information.

This shell was found by MM. Quoy and Gaimard in great numbers in Tasman's Bay, New Zealand; in the Bight of the Astrolabe, and on the reefs of the *Passe des Francais*. These scientific explorers observe that we may judge of its small degree of locomotion from the dirty incrustation, so difficult to be removed, with which the shell is covered. It grows to a considerable size.

The Marbled Turbo is a large and beautiful shell, well known to conchologists, and is a native of the Indian seas. It would appear that the mollusk is used as food by the natives of Wagon, and voyagers often saw the empty shells of this turbo upon the heaps of other molluscous shells from which the inhabitants derive a great portion of their subsistence.



MARbled TURBO.

The shell is smooth, of a green color, and marbled with green and white; the mouth silvery. This shell, when deprived of its external layer, exhibits a silvery, iridescent, and very beautiful appearance.

One of the shells most frequently used as a mantel ornament in parlors is the *Cassis Tuberosa*. It is a native of the West Indian seas. Thirty living species of the *cassis*, besides the fossil species, have been found in the different seas of the tropical latitudes. They tenant beds of sand ranging from five to ten fathoms in depth.



CASSIS.—HELMET SHELL.

REVERSES.

BY EDITH HERVEY.

ON a dark, lowering afternoon in the beginning of winter, a young man might have been seen riding over an extensive prairie in the far west. There was evidently a heavy storm coming up, and he was looking anxiously around to see if he could discover any place beneath whose shelter he and his horse could pass the night. The nearest village he knew must be some miles off, and he feared much that his wearied horse would not be able to bear him there. While he was deliberating in his mind as to the best course to take, an elderly gentleman rode hastily by him. The young man called to him for information, wishing to know if there was any house in the vicinity at which he might pass the night, and, if not, as to the probability of his reaching the nearest village before the storm could overtake them.

"The storm has already commenced, sir," replied the other, and as he spoke the flakes of snow began to fall thick and fast. "There is no house of entertainment near; indeed, mine is the only house that deserves to be so called within a mile. If you will do me the favor to stop there, you shall find yourself welcome. We can at least give you comfortable lodgings, which you would not find, I fear, anywhere else in this neighborhood."

The young man thanked him warmly, but declined intruding on his hospitality, saying that he was accustomed to the deprivations of the pioneers, and could no doubt rest comfortably in some of those rude cabins the other seemed to despise.

He may be accustomed to those privations, but he is hardly fitted to endure them, thought the old gentleman, as he surveyed his slender figure and thin but strongly marked face; and then he said aloud: "Oh, no! I could not think of allowing you to ride in search of shelter in such a storm as this threatens to be. I must insist on your accompanying me. We have lived long enough in the far west to think the society of any gentleman a luxury, and I should be the greater sufferer if I allowed you to go. You will come, will you not?"

The young man's shivering limbs and aching head warned him that it would be rashness to refuse the kind offer, which he therefore accepted

as warmly as it was made, and in fifteen minutes was riding through a beautiful grove of trees which the gentleman (whose name was Manning) told him he had set out with his own hands. They soon reached the house, a pretty English cottage, standing on one of those knolls common in the western prairies; and, as Mr. Manning threw open the door of the room in which the family were assembled, he turned to his companion--

"What name shall I say?"

"Wardour, John Wardour, from Ohio," replied the young man.

"Ah!" said Mr. Manning, in a tone which said plainly that the name was a familiar one, and he fixed on him a scrutinizing gaze; then recollecting himself, he turned to the group collected around the blazing fire, and introduced them to the stranger as—"My daughter, Miss Henrietta Manning; Miss Ward; Miss Lovell, my niece; Mr. Ward; Mr. Francis Manning, my son. Somewhat of a contrast this room forms to the storm we left without," added he, placing a chair near the fire for Mr. Wardour, who was apparently not a little abashed at feeling so many eyes turned on him at once, and at the dead silence which followed his introduction. He seated himself, and, after a few remarks from the gentleman, which he answered intelligently but briefly, he was left to what he evidently desired, his own meditations; and the animated conversation he had interrupted was resumed.

Feeling reassured, after a while, by their apparent forgetfulness of his presence, he ventured to examine the group before him, and a more interesting one—so far, at least, as the ladies were concerned—could not be found. Miss Manning and Miss Ward were about the same height, and if they had not been friends, might be called rival belles. Though Miss Manning's full, erect form, and majestic carriage, and the noble and perfect outline of her features would have induced almost every person to pronounce her the more beautiful, yet there were few but were glad to turn from the calm, haughty, and almost disdainful glance of her full blue eye to her more animated and easily pleased friend. Easily pleased, yes, that

was the great charm that Kate Ward exercised; and with it, when Henrietta could only count her thousands, Kate could count her tens of thousands of victims. Little Carry Lovell, without possessing any great beauty or grace, was yet a greater favorite with all classes than either of the others; for, while Henrietta was called cold and proud, and Kate vain and capricious by those who were clear-sighted enough not to be blinded by the vivacity of the one, or the beauty of the other, Caroline's gentle, unassuming, and considerate manner preserved her from all harsh criticisms. The second daughter in the numerous family of a poor physician, she had all her life been accustomed to work and think more for others than herself, and that had given a quiet, unselfish tone to her mind, which, with her cheerful disposition, charmed all who came in contact with her. Her father lived only a few miles from Mr. Manning's; and she had ridden over to spend a few days with her cousin and Miss Ward, who had been an old school-mate and very intimate friend of Henrietta's when she was finishing her education in Philadelphia. Henrietta was too fastidious to care to make many friends; but the few she chose she loved with a depth and sincerity seldom to be found; and though Kate Ward might seem at first to be the very last one she would have chosen, yet there was a tone of high aristocratic feeling running through all her words and actions, which, justified as it was by her belonging to one of the best families in the country, had at first won Henrietta's regard, which had changed gradually, as her really fine qualities developed themselves, to love. She was now on a visit of some length to her friend; and her brother, who was practising law in a neighboring town, had ridden over in the morning to pass the day, and saw himself very willingly detained for the night by the storm, for he was in truth not a little smitten by the charms of his sister's beautiful friend.

Mr. Francis Manning was rather a reckless, good-natured young man, a great favorite with everybody, his father in particular, who indulged him in every freak or whim which his extravagant fancy dictated. Mr. Wardour had heard often of the family before, and he knew there was another son, Julian, the eldest of the family, a reserved and melancholy man in society, who had obtained the reputation of being very peculiar and eccentric; being the oldest son of the wealthiest man in that part of the country, and possessing greater talents and acquirements than any other in the place, instead of devoting himself to the practice of the law, for

which he had been educated, as soon as he reached the age of twenty-one—now eight years—he left his home, and went to a still wilder part of the country, where he supported himself partly by farming and partly by teaching. This conduct of his could not be his father's fault, at least so the neighbors concluded, for it seemed to be as great a trouble to him as it was a marvel to them. And whatever might be Mr. Manning's other faults—and that they were many and grievous in the eyes of his neighbors the fact that he was considered proud and unsocial would establish—that he was devotedly fond of his children no one could deny.

Mr. Wardour had met Julian several times in the course of his travels, for he was an itinerant Methodist preacher, and had been very much interested in him on account of the resolution, self-denial, and energy he had shown in the course he had marked out for himself, and the many kind deeds he had heard of his doing. He seemed to be almost regarded as an angel of mercy by the people with whom he dwelt. He had reciprocated Mr. Wardour's friendly feelings, and they had become as much attached to each other as their opportunities of meeting would admit; and, in consequence of this friendship, he had heard enough of the pride and worldliness of the other Mannings, as they were called, to make him think that they were the last family he should desire to know. Not from Julian, who, when he spoke at all of his father, which was but seldom, spoke as a son should who loved his father dearly; of his beautiful sister and daring, manly brother it seemed that he could never speak enough.

If Mr. Wardour was vexed and confused at finding himself so unexpectedly in the midst of a family against whom he had been so much prejudiced, Mr. Manning was also not a little annoyed at having pressed him to come. He had been prepossessed by his appearance, and, as he said to himself, had mistaken him for a gentleman; but when he discovered that he was nothing but a beggarly preacher, and, as he recollected (for Mr. Wardour's name was well known in the neighborhood), the son of a poor carpenter, he was almost tempted to withdraw the invitation. The report that he had heard at the same time of the piety, humility, and zeal of the young clergyman did not weigh for an instant in his mind against what he considered his low birth and the particular sect to which he belonged, against both of which he was very much prejudiced. He had not heard of his son Julian's friendship for Mr. Wardour, or his feelings might have been more cordial,

though he had often blamed Julian for not being more exclusive in his choice of associates.

The group around the fire had also heard of Mr. Wardour, as every now and then a curious scrutinizing glance at him testified; and Kate Ward seemed not a little inclined to amuse herself with the evident shyness and constraint of the preacher, for he was not yet accustomed enough to the world to preserve his self-possession in every situation, and he could not help feeling that he was not welcome. If the storm had not increased in violence every moment, he would have left the house; but it would have been almost madness for him to attempt to do so with his already overtaken horse. So he resigned himself to circumstances and his own thoughts, their course being very rarely interrupted by an observation from any of the party till towards the close of the evening, when Carry Lovell, taking compassion on his loneliness, sat down by him, and entered into conversation. The most exquisite music in the world would have seemed discord to him contrasted with the effect of her sweet voice, burdened as he had been for many hours with a sense of loneliness which he had never experienced so thoroughly, for never before had he been thrown with people who seemed to have so little sympathy with him. Out of gratitude he exerted himself to entertain her, and talked of his travels and adventures so interestingly that the earnest attention of Carry drew on her more than once a wondering glance from the cold, proud eye of Miss Manning, who wondered how she could listen so long to that common looking man. Her scrutiny went no further than the dress. If she had examined his countenance, she would have discovered that "common" was the most inappropriate word she could have used.

As soon as Mr. Wardour retired, Kate Ward gravely congratulated Caroline on the conquest she had no doubt made, and on the brilliant prospect open to her of becoming a Methodist clergyman's wife, especially dwelling on the fine opportunities for travelling that would be afforded her. Caroline bore the raillery with her usual good humor, insinuating that it was caused by jealousy on the part of Kate, who would have been as much interested as she was if she had been a listener.

"He told me, among other things," continued Carry, "that he had been a missionary to the Indians, and that while there he had become acquainted with cousin Julian, and that he had never met a man for whom, on so short an acquaintance, he had formed so decided a friendship."

"Julian has a singular taste in selecting his friends," said Mr. Manning, rather contemptuously; and yet he felt more kindly towards Mr. Wardour for this discovery, for he knew better, and therefore appreciated more thoroughly than any one else, the purity and strength of his son's principles; and to be his friend he knew it was necessary to be a man of uprightness as well as of intellect.

As for Henrietta, looking upon her brother as she did, as a superior being, and almost worshipping him, this information changed the whole tone of her feelings, and made her regret that she had manifested so little courtesy, and resolve to atone for it by her cordiality when she should meet him in the morning.

She carried her good intentions so thoroughly into effect, when they met around the breakfast, as to puzzle poor Mr. Wardour not a little, who could only account for the change by charging it to caprice; and, while he answered her politely, he piqued her not a little by turning from her whenever politeness would admit, and addressing his first acquaintance, Carry Lovell. If Miss Manning was unused to the indifference Mr. Wardour showed to her attention, she was as little accustomed to making any exertion to entertain her visitors, and so she soon relapsed into her usual attitude of calm indifference. But though she found it, as usual, very easy to remain silent, she could not prevent herself from listening, or from being very much attracted by his conversation, which, now that he had recovered from the fatigue of the preceding day, was animated and interesting in the highest degree. She no longer wondered at the pleasure which her cousin showed in listening to him, and joined with her father in insisting on his passing the day with them, as the storm still continued very violent.

Mr. Wardour consented reluctantly; and, accompanying Mr. Manning to his library, spent some hours there in reading and conversation, till, thinking that Mr. Manning might wish to be alone, he went to the parlor in search of the younger portion of the family. But, seeing that the three young ladies had entire possession of it, and being too much a novice in female society to like the idea of acting the part of *cavalier seul* to so many, he proceeded in his search, and succeeded in discovering the two gentlemen in a kind of workshop adjoining the house. They had been trying all the morning to make a sleigh, in order to take advantage of their unusual good fortune, as they thought, in so heavy a fall of snow. That they were unaccustomed to the work the rude, unfinished contrivance at

which they were gazing half ruefully, half laughingly, unconscious of his entrance, proved. And, when his clear manly voice was heard saying "Can I be of any assistance to you? I am, perhaps, more used to this kind of work than either of you," Francis Manning greeted him warmly, and, thanking him for his kind offer, accepted it at once.

Under his direction a sleigh was constructed which promised to answer all the expectations of the makers; and, when they were all collected around the fire in the evening, and had congratulated themselves on the prospect of a pleasant day to test their new vehicle, Francis whispered to his sister that for once he and Julian were of the same opinion, for Mr. Wardour was the pleasantest man he had met for a long time. In the course of the evening conversation, the subject of reverses of fortune was introduced, and Mr. Wardour related a very striking one as having occurred within his knowledge.

"About fourteen years ago," he said, "a lady came to our village in the western part of Ohio, who had married some years before one of the wealthiest men in New York. He died, leaving her with six children, the eldest a boy of about twelve—and, as she and all her friends supposed, in affluent circumstances; but, through the villany of his partner, in whom he had always placed the utmost confidence, the widow found herself deprived of all her fortune; and so cunningly had the fraud been contrived that she could obtain no reparation. Thrown thus penniless upon the world, she might have starved if a cousin of hers, who had married a gentleman in our village, had not sent for her and offered her a home till she could find some means to obtain one herself. She came, with all her children; and, in a few months, was able to establish herself as seamstress in a small house; and her oldest boy, who had given promise of becoming a fine scholar, was obliged to learn a trade. As he was about my age, my father, at my solicitation, took charge of him; and lately he has been able to relieve his mother almost entirely of the charge of the other children. But her trials and sufferings for the first few years were very painful."

"That was a very sad lot," said Miss Ward. "What became of the wicked partner?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Wardour. "He left New York a short time before the widow—Mrs. Deane's—departure, and she had never heard from him. She told me that he had a lovely family, for whose sake he had probably committed the crime."

"For which they would always despise him," said Henrietta, more earnestly than usual. "I attach more importance than most people in this country to birth and family; but I would rather be the child of a man in the lowest rank of society than of one who would commit a deed like that, even if he went to his grave with the fact undiscovered."

Francis Manning made some laughing rejoinder; and the conversation being changed, they were all soon as gay as ever.

No one had noticed Mr. Manning's countenance, or it would have created some remark: his earnest attention, his start when the name of the widow was mentioned, and the dark shade that passed over his face when his daughter was speaking; but he said nothing, and soon after, without his usual good-night, retired.

The next morning rose cold, clear, and bright; and after breakfast Mr. Wardour, declining the offer of a ride in the sleigh, which was pressed on him by the gentlemen, left the house, bearing with him the good wishes and kind feelings of all, even of the haughty Henrietta, who had regarded him at first with so much contempt.

About an hour after, the sleigh, so covered with superb buffalo skins as to hide its rough outside, stood before the door, drawn by two fine horses, which Francis was holding in with all his strength, and calling impatiently for his sister and her friends to make haste. They came in time, as almost everything will, if one only has patience to wait for it, laughing and talking, wondering how they should all get in, and declaring that the most comfortable sleigh they ever saw. Mr. Manning stood by, assisting, but with such a troubled, anxious countenance that his daughter asked him several times if he were not well.

"Oh, yes!" he answered; "only a little afraid some accident might happen to you."

"What, father? I hope you don't mean to insinuate anything against my driving. If I don't bring them all back safe, I'll never drive a sleigh again. Good-by;" and off dashed the sleigh, the horses bearing their merry load rapidly over the snow.

"Isn't this glorious, girls?" continued Francis. "If we drive at this rate, we can overtake Mr. Wardour, as he had to stop at Mr. Hoskin's on an errand. I would like to have him see how his sleigh goes."

Mr. Wardour had passed the prairie, and was riding leisurely along on the main road, which wound around the foot of a hill at some little distance from a precipice overhanging a river flowing at its base. His eye was wandering

carelessly over the scene, but his thoughts were with those who had left that morning, especially the gentle Carry Lovell, when he heard the loud jingling of bells and quick tramp of horses' feet, and saw close upon him the sleigh with its precious freight, drawn by the infuriated horses, with the reins loose about their necks, that were almost leaping directly towards the precipice. It was his first thought to spring from his horse, and, seizing the reins, he contrived so to change their direction that they ran along the road, but it was some time before he could stop them.

When he succeeded, he was almost frightened at the situation of the occupants. Kate Ward was in a violent paroxysm of hysterics, which Carry Lovell, herself pale and trembling, was vainly endeavoring to soothe, while Henrietta lay motionless and apparently dead in the arms of Mr. Ward, and Edward was nowhere to be seen. He was thrown out soon after the horses first started, so Mr. Ward said, about half a mile further back. Turning the horses, which had been apparently much frightened, but now seemed quiet, Mr. Wardour led them back in the same direction they had come, and found Mr. Manning lying stunned and senseless in the road. His head had struck a stone, and was apparently much hurt. He was laid carefully in the sleigh, and sadly and slowly they proceeded homeward.

It would be vain to attempt to describe the agony and anguish of Mr. Manning when he saw the two so dear to him, who had left him but a short time before full of life and buoyancy, now lying so still and motionless before him. The physician pronounced Francis's case almost hopeless, while Henrietta, who had seen, as she thought, her brother killed before her, only recovered from her swoon to go from one fainting fit to another. For two long days and nights Mr. Manning, refusing all consolation and all nourishment, went from the bedside of one apparently dying child to the other; and it was not till Henrietta was pronounced out of danger that he was induced to rest his wearied frame. Late in the evening, he sent for Mr. Wardour. He was so pale and haggard that the kind young man started; but Mr. Manning would not allow him to speak, but, motioning him to a chair, said: "These last two days have been the most trying, and yet I hope the most beneficial ones I have ever passed. I never saw so clearly the worthlessness of those objects in whose pursuit I have passed my whole life. And, while I was standing over the almost lifeless bodies of my children, I renewed a reso-

lution which I have often formed, but never yet had courage to put in practice. I feel a confidence in you which induces me to tell you what, two days ago, I would rather have died than have breathed to any one, in the hope that you may strengthen and confirm me in the resolve I know by experience to be very weak. But, first, you must promise never to reveal what I relate without my consent."

Mr. Wardour readily promised, and Mr. Manning continued:—

"You recollect the widow, Mrs. Deane, of whom you were speaking the other night? I was her husband's partner! You would not blame me so much, perhaps, if you knew all the circumstances. But I will not attempt to justify myself. I will only say that I had no choice between taking the step I did and utter poverty. But I will say I have never known a peaceful moment since. Though nothing could be proved against me, the public feeling was so strong, and showed itself so openly in the coolness of my old friends, that I was glad to leave the city, and retreat to this wilderness. By some accident, Julian, who was spending a few days in New York, heard of what I was accused. He recalled some circumstances which proved my guilt conclusively, and hastened homeward to entreat me to make restitution. I was several times on the point of yielding, but the thought of my other children restrained me. Now I am resolved to continue firm. Poor Henrietta! She little knew what agony I was enduring while she was talking the other night. Neither she nor Francis must have a suspicion of the truth. I have written to Julian, who will be here to-morrow, probably, and then we can decide what to do."

"You had better try now to sleep a few hours, if possible," said Mr. Wardour; "you seem very much in need of rest."

"Yes," replied Mr. Manning. "I have not slept for three nights. I will follow your advice."

Mr. Wardour now understood the apparent eccentricity of Julian. He knew that so lofty a mind as his could never consent to become a partaker of wealth wrongfully obtained, but would prefer to live on a crust honestly earned; and his esteem for him was increased tenfold.

Nothing could exceed the joy of Julian when he heard his father's resolution, except his sorrow at his brother's precarious situation. Nothing could be done while they were all so anxious about him. And in the mean time Julian exerted himself to obtain a professorship, then vacant in a college in one of the Eastern States,

and, being eminently qualified, was successful. So that, by the time Francis—who, contrary to the opinion of the doctors, did recover, thanks to his robust constitution—was well enough to hear of their loss of fortune, Julian had not only a comfortable but a delightful home to offer to his family in one of the pleasant New England villages.

Six weeks after the eventful ride, Henrietta was standing alone by her open window, with the bright moonlight falling in floods over her exquisite figure and statue-like face. The air was cold, but she felt it not; for Mr. Wardour had left her not an hour before, and she had at last yielded willingly to a discovery she might have made some days before. But, though she had suspected it, she could not endure the thought that the proud, the aristocratic Henrietta Manning should love the poor Methodist, the son of a mechanic. Yet the purity and loftiness of his character seemed just fitted to suit her fastidious taste; and, before he left the house that night, she had determined to lay aside her prejudices of birth and education, and look only to the man. She did not dream for a moment that she should not be successful. He had always seemed alike kind and considerate to every one; and she had no doubt that the slightest evidence of a preference on her part (she was too proud to go further) would be sufficient. She stood for hours at her window, forming plans for her future as bright and beautiful as the moonlight shining around her. And so filled was her mind with the delightful visions of her future life, which her fancy pictured before her, that it was morning before she closed her eyes.

She was aroused by a kiss on the forehead.

"I have come to tell you good-by, Henrietta," said the voice of her cousin Carrie. The room was so darkened that neither could see the other. "Father has come for me sooner than I expected; and I would not have wakened you, but I wanted to tell you something before I went. Mr. Wardour was here last night, you know?"

"Yes. What of it?" said Henrietta, starting up.

"Why, a great deal, *ma belle cousine*. He came to ask me—I may as well say it in plain English—to marry him, and 'of course I said yes;' and so I wanted to tell you first, and ask you to be bridesmaid. Will you?"

"Yes, yes, certainly. When are you to be married?"

"Next spring, I think; I don't know. Good-

by. Father is impatient, I fancy, by this time;" and, with a hasty embrace, Carry left her cousin alone to the pangs of unrequited love.

For nearly the whole day, her room, on the plea of a headache, was closed to all who came to ask for her; and the sun was setting before she could summon resolution to meet any one. When, at last, she ventured to the parlor, where Francis was sitting in an easy-chair, with Kate by him, pretending to read to him, their gayety seemed so discordant to her feelings that she retreated to a sofa in a dark corner; and, throwing herself upon it, begged to be left unnoticed. Julian had been closeted nearly all day with his father, settling his business for him, as he was intending to set out the next day to prepare his new home for the reception of his father, brother, and sister. But now his firm, quick tread was heard approaching.

"I am glad to see you down," said he to Henrietta, sitting by her, and drawing her towards him. "I have some rather disagreeable news for you; and you too, Francis;" and he went on to announce to them the complete loss of all their fortune; and told them of the home he had secured for them.

They both bore the intelligence much better than Julian had expected. Henrietta indeed seemed perfectly indifferent. Her mind was so filled with her peculiar sorrows, that she hardly realized this misfortune. That they were to change their residence was all that made an impression on her, and at that she was pleased. Francis declared that he had always had a great turn for business, and that this would afford him an opportunity for developing an uncommon genius, which otherwise would have been hidden, perhaps destroyed, by too much prosperity. After a little conversation, Julian rose to return to his father, and Henrietta accompanied him, that—"he might see for himself," she said, "that she bore the reverse like a philosopher;" and Francis and Kate were left alone.

"Now, Kate," began Francis, with an earnest, troubled look.

"Now, Frank, I hope you are not going to accuse me of being mercenary. If you are, I will never forgive you. I have enough for us both, and Henrietta too, at least to begin with; and with your wonderful genius I should not wonder if we were as rich as Rothschild before long."

"Ah, Kate, that was all nonsense of mine; for I would not like father to know how badly I felt, more for you than myself, though. To think that I should have nothing but my own

poor self to offer you, after all; and it is a very serious matter to be a poor man's wife, as, if you venture to try it, you will find."

"I never intend to be a poor man's wife, at least not long; and therefore I am resolved to marry a man of such remarkable genius. I know I am not fitted in the slightest degree for that elevated station; and so I give you fair warning that I can neither mend nor make, bake nor brew, nor spin, nor do any of those notable acts of housewifery that all young ladies are bound to know; and for all that I am determined to marry you and no one else."

That Francis was willing, no one can doubt; and, when April came with its south winds and showers, they were married; and in the course of time Kate's prophecy was fulfilled, for Francis showed, if not genius, great skill and energy in his business. The day after Francis's marriage (Carrie and Mr. Wardour had been married a week or two before), Mr. Manning and his daughter left the old home for the new with less regret than, six months before, either would have thought possible.

Henrietta had never been fond of society, and therefore neither her father nor Julian thought it strange that she kept herself almost entirely secluded from the people in the village. Neither did they wonder much that, though her hand was often sought, it was never given. Her father seemed so wrapped up in her that it was cruel even to think of leaving him; but, when he died, and left her alone with her brother, she wrote to Carry, begging for one of the numerous little family which were growing up around her. The sacrifice was too great: Carry could not consent to part with any of her darlings.

But when, nearly twenty years after, Henrietta had left her western home, a feeble invalid, bowed down more by grief than age, stood before her, leading two children. She recognized John Wardour, changed as he was, and knew that he brought her the legacy her cousin had left her.

"They are all that remain to me," said he, mournfully, after the first painful interview was over. "Their mother and six others have gone before where I hope soon to follow them. Under any other circumstances I would not leave them till I was taken from them; but my health would not permit me to watch over them as I should. My little Henrietta I will confide entirely to you; but, if I should recover my health, I must reclaim John."

"John and Henrietta?" murmured, half unconsciously, Miss Manning.

"Yes; she was named for you. You know my wife loved you like a sister."

Mr. Wardour left in a week or two; and, the next time they received information of him, he was dead. Henrietta lived long and usefully, and her two adopted children mourned for her as they would have sorrowed for their mother.



HOME AND WOMAN.

OUR homes—what are their corner-stone but the virtue of a woman, and on what does social well-being rest but in our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to the doors of our private dwellings? Are not our hearth-stones guarded by holy forms, conjugal, filial, and parental love, the corner-stone of church and state, more sacred than either, more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble, and capitals of state be levelled with the dust, but spare our homes! Man did not invent, and he cannot improve or abrogate them. A private shelter to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all in the world; high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being; seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a holy and peculiar name—this is home: and here is the birthplace of every secret thought. Here the church and state must come for their origin and support. Oh! spare our homes. The love we experience there gives us our faith in an infinite goodness; the purity and disinterestedness of home is our foretaste and our earnest of a better world. In relations there established and fostered do we find through life the chief solace and joy of existence. What friends deserve the name compared with those whom a birthright gives us? Our mother is worth a thousand friends! our sister truer than twenty intimate companions. We who have played on the same hearth, under the light of the same smile, who date back to the same scene and season of innocence and hope, in whose veins runs the same blood, do we not find that years only make more sacred and more important the tie that binds? Coldness may separate, different spheres may divide, but those who can love anything, who continue to love at all, must find that the friends whom God himself gave are wholly unlike any we can choose for ourselves, and that yearning for these is the strong spark in our expiring affection.

A CAROLINA WOMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

MARY GREY.

IN December, 1773, a family, emigrating from Antrim County, Ireland, landed in Charleston; and, remaining till the following March, travelled thence in a wagon to the back country, stopping, after a journey of three weeks, at Jackson's Creek in Fairfield District. It was the household of John Dunlap, who had married Mrs. Grey, a widow with four children, in the old country. Mary, the youngest of these children, was born in 1758.

The proceeds of a farm in Ireland, with industry and management, comfortably settled the family—their home being a spacious log-cabin—and the marriage of the eldest daughter with James McCreight, of Winnsboro', shortly followed. When the mother's health failed, Mary Grey became housekeeper.

The name of Grey is cherished in popular remembrance throughout Fairfield District by the inhabitants who now enjoy the blessings purchased by their toils and sufferings in the cause of religious and political liberty. But history makes no mention of the services of that family. It is a worthy task, therefore, to make some record—though an humble one—of the merit of patriots who deserve praise not only on account of their heroism and self-sacrifice, but their association with names illustrious in the annals of the State of South Carolina.

In 1776, when the country was called on to defend the city of Charleston, Dunlap and McCreight, with the brothers William and Robert Grey, entered the army of the patriots. They were engaged later in the same year in the Snow Campaign against the Cherokee Indians. While the men were absent on service, the whole burden of the out-door farm labor fell on the women, for there were then no negroes in that region. Often the families in the defenceless settlements were startled by the news that the stealthy and fearful Cherokees were coming upon them. One evening, on the occasion of an alarm, Mrs. Grey and her daughters fled from the house, and lay concealed in a dense wood the whole night.

It was a happy time when the father and brothers came home from the camp for a brief period. On their return from the defence of Charleston, they were accompanied by a young lieutenant of engaging manners and a spirit

kindled by the love of freedom. This officer, Alexander Gaston, and Mary Grey were interested in each other at first sight, and their preference speedily ripened into a deep attachment. The times permitted no lovers' dalliance; but their love was mutually acknowledged, and they entered into a solemn engagement to be united as soon as the wars were over. "In those days," says Mr. Stinson—who furnishes this memoir—"lucre seems to have had little dominion over the minds of men or women: engagements of this kind were of the heart." The plighted maiden's hopes of happiness with her betrothed were linked with her prayers for the great cause in which he was fighting. She worked day and night, spinning and weaving, and attending to the farm, having but little assistance from her stepfather, whose health had failed entirely after three months' service in the Snow Campaign. The labor of her hands supplied bread for the family, and clothing for her brothers when they would return home in rags. Her unwearied toil was sweetened by trust in her lover's faith, and anticipations of a bright future with the return of peace. Alas for the fallacy of human hopes!

When the Greys first entered the army, Captain James Philips was the commanding officer. Philips deserted his troops, and joined the royalists. After his defection, Robert Grey entered into the artillery service. During the battle of Fort Moultrie, he was stationed on the Charleston wharf all day, never tasting a particle of food. When the fight was over, and he returned weary and exhausted to his tent, he found that one of his comrades, who had excused himself from duty in the morning on the plea of illness, had devoured all his rations; so that he was compelled to fast till the next day. He was the orderly sergeant of his company. Not long afterwards, when he was firing a cannon, it burst, and injured him so severely as to disable him forever from active service.

William Grey, after Philip's departure, joined the company of Captain Robert Ellison as first lieutenant. He served in the Indian war under General Pickens; at the battle of Fort Moultrie; in the campaign against St. Augustine, remarkable only for the suffering of the troops; and was engaged in almost every battle fought in

the South. Gaston was his chosen friend, and both were lieutenants in the regular army. Both were remarkable for their brave spirit and love of the pomp and show of war; their uniforms were rich in material and splendid in decoration, and their three-cornered hats were adorned with tall and waving plumes. The soldiers remarked that Gaston's uniform made him too conspicuous when the regulars made the charge on the British works at Savannah, in which he was wounded. At the opening of the campaign of 1780, these two young officers were again in the field. After the fall of Charleston, when the whole province lay under the paw of the British lion, they were among the handful of Whigs who stood unsubdued on the upper edge of the State, on their return from North Carolina, whither they had been driven as refugees, and ready to contend for the ground, inch by inch. In June, 1780, their camp was pitched on Clem's Branch, on the upper edge of Lancaster District. It was here that they were found by General Sumter.

The heartfelt, thrilling joy of this meeting may be imagined. These officers had been engaged for years in the same sacred, though now drooping cause. All were driven from their homes; their beloved ones left to the mercy of the invader. Sumter had been forced to fly, while the enemy were wreaking their vengeance on his defenceless household, destroying his property, plundering his goods, and burning his house to the ground. Mrs. Sumter and the family, turned out shelterless, had sought the hospitality of a family in the country. Solitude for the safety of these helpless ones, and indignation at their spoilers, stimulated the patriots to immediate action. General Sumter selected a few men, among whom were William Grey and Alexander Gaston, to accompany him to the lower country, bring away his family, and punish the destroyers. At Wright's Bluff, on Black River, they encountered a body of British and Loyalists, and were forced to retreat across the river. Gaston had taken the smallpox, and, being wet while crossing, became too ill to proceed, and was left at the house of McConnell. He died in a few days.

As a curious incident, it may be mentioned that his splendid uniform, carefully preserved by the Gaston family, was altered into a wedding-coat, nine years afterwards, for his youngest brother, Joseph Gaston. The coat was made by John Hemphill, who then followed the trade of a tailor, and having, by industry in his calling, accumulated money, obtained a classical education, studied divinity in the Associate

Reformed Presbyterian church, and ranked among the ablest divines of the day.

The anguish of Mary Grey at the news of her lover's death may not be described. The lapse of twelve years could not soothe her grief so that she would listen to any proposal of marriage. And, to the latest period of life, the mention of Alexander Gaston's name would bring tears to her eyes, while she repeated: "Yes; we were to have been married at the close of the war."

During the summer of 1780, probably at the surprise of Sumter, on Fishing Creek,* William Grey was taken prisoner, and sent to Camden jail. He was afterwards liberated on parole, but not allowed to go more than three miles from Winnsboro'. He stayed with his brother-in-law McCreight, where Mary was most of the time, the British being encamped at Winnsboro'. Her family had been several times robbed by the Tories; but she was accustomed to say: "I had no fears. My mind was fixed unchangeably to the cause." She looked on the enemies of her country as the cause of her own sorrows.

The British always pretended to pay for what they took from the country people, giving certificates, which, they said, would be redeemed by the king's agents; which, however, the Whigs did not like to receive. On one occasion, when a party of the enemy took most of the provisions from Dunlap, he requested the soldiers to leave him a few dozens of oats for seed. On their refusal, he observed: "I am now satisfied you don't intend to stay long, or you would want to let us plant again." When, at another time, they had plundered McCreight's barnyard, Mrs. McCreight saw them chasing her poultry, and, calling after them, "You rascals! will you take my geese?" saved her flock from spoliation.

The smallpox was prevalent at this time among the British soldiers, and especially the Tories and hangers-on of the camp. The sick were quartered upon the inhabitants of the surrounding country, two being placed in Mary's family. She was compelled to give up the house, and live in the kitchen; yet to attend upon the intruders, who were suffering much with the disease, and appeared to be clergymen. They seemed repentant for having left their charge at home, and acknowledged the kindness shown them by those whom they had come to injure, and who gave them help like the good Samaritan.

On Christmas morning, several cannons were fired, after the morning gun. Mary Grey asked

* See "Domestic History of the Revolution."

a soldier's wife what it meant. The woman answered that they were keeping Christmas; as they always did when they were in a friend's country. "And do you really think you are in a friend's country?" asked the patriotic maiden. "Certainly," was the reply. "South Carolina is a conquered country, and belongs to the king." "Does it?" asked Mary. "Well, we shall see." She would never go to see the army on parade, saying, "I have no wish to see the enemies of my country."

At this time, a few patriots of the upper districts were planning an attack on the camp of Lord Cornwallis. Robert Carr, sergeant in Colonel Davies's company of dragoons, made his way to McCreight's, and conferred privately with William Grey, who went next day to the borough, counted the troops on parade, observed the means of defence, strength of position, and everything necessary to be known, and made his report to Carr. The enterprise failed because the Chester men could not muster a sufficient force to warrant the hope of a victory.

The Reverend William Martin, who had been imprisoned since early in June, 1780, at Rocky Mount and Camden, was now brought into the presence of Lord Cornwallis. This remarkable man might have been called the Knox of our Revolution. Like the Scottish reformer, he "feared not the face of clay," and his influence had contributed not a little to the spirit and resolution of the patriots. He stood before his lordship, his gray locks uncovered, hat in hand, his form erect, and his eyes fixed on Cornwallis, while the charges against him were formally stated. "You stand charged," said his lordship, "with preaching rebellion from the pulpit. You, an old man, a minister of the gospel of peace, to be guilty of stirring up rebellion, and that, too, against your lawful sovereign, King George the Third. Answer what you have to say to these charges."

Martin bowed respectfully, and, lifting his head, fixed his piercing eyes on the face of his judge: "I am happy," he answered, "to appear before you. For many months I have been held in chains for preaching what I believe to be the truth. I hope your lordship will bear in mind—indeed, I say it with sincerity—that, as a man, I rather love King George, and owe him nothing but good-will. I am not unacquainted with his private character. I was raised in Scotland; educated in her literary and theological schools; settled in Ireland, where I spent my prime of life; and emigrated to this country about seven years bygone. I have preached what I believe to be the doctrines of

the Reformation and the creed of my people. King George was bound to protect his subjects; he has failed to do this; protection and allegiance go together; and your lordship will remember our doctrine is that the subject ought not to obey those who do not protect their civil and religious liberties. Your large armies and the unoffending people here slain in cold blood show, as I hold it, that your king has rebelled against these colonies, and they owe him no allegiance. The Declaration of Independence is a faithful commentary on the old faith of the Covenanters." Having spoken his mind, the sturdy old Scotchman expressed himself willing to abide the pleasure of his lordship.

About the same time, a conspiracy was on foot to take the life of Cornwallis, who was accustomed to take his morning and evening ride along the road. John and Minor Winn concealed themselves in a wood, armed with rifles; but, before his lordship appeared, they were discovered by some Loyalists, captured, and brought into the borough. They were condemned to be hung at noon, and placed under guard in the wood; the bushes, which had been cut away to get firewood, being piled in heaps around them. Minor, distressed at the near prospect of death, prevailed on the guard to send for Martin, the minister. He came; and they knelt in devout prayer under the shadows of a brush-pile, pleading earnestly for divine mercy till the fatal hour struck. The gallows stood in view; but the conspirators, at the last moment, were marched to the head-quarters of Cornwallis, and graciously pardoned. Mary Grey stood in the door to watch the melancholy procession conveying her neighbors to death; and was able afterwards to explain the mystery of their pardon and the release of Martin, which the young men attributed to miraculous interposition called down by the minister's prayers. The mercy was owing to the intercession of Colonel John Philips—called Tory Philips—who had known Martin in Ireland. Justice has not been done to the character of this man, whose wealth and aristocratic education imbued him with Loyalist principles; but who was conscientious, kind, and generous. While the British were in possession of Winnsboro', it is said he was constantly occupied in acts of kindness to the Whigs, saving their lives and property. None of his acquaintances were put to death.

After the departure of the British troops, Philips was sole commander of the Loyalists in his district, and he formed his camp at Caldwell's, not far from the Wateree or Mount Olive;

Church. They maintained, with no little pride, the control of the country. But a surprise from a party of Whigs completely routed them. One poor Tory was killed in the loft, where he had hid himself, and refused to come down. Philips, though he had a pistol in each hand, was taken prisoner, and carried to Camden. Here he was tried for crimes probably committed by his men, and condemned to be hung. The Whigs of Fairfield who had received favors from him joined in a petition for his life, and his sentence was commuted to banishment. Thus compelled to sue for and receive his life from the hands of his political enemies, his example formed a striking contrast to that of Martin.

Another Loyalist camp, near the mouth of Wateree Creek, was surprised after a night of careless revelry; for, supposing the country subdued, they slept without sentinels. A few resolute Whigs crept up stealthily on their hands and knees to the place where the guns were stacked, and carried them off. This accomplished, they posted themselves around the camp, raised a terrific yell, and fired off the guns in rapid succession. The startled Tories, finding their camp surrounded and their guns taken away, and confused with the darkness, the sharp peals of the rifles, and the yelling of the enemy, with one accord made for the creek, and, jumping down the bank, swam across. It was a cold night, and much ice had formed on the edge of the stream. The Whigs took possession of the camp, threw the firearms into the deep water of the creek, and long before sunrise were on their return to the upper districts.

Not many of the patriots remained in the neighborhood after the memorable surprise of General Sumter; though a few ventured back, and lay out in the woods. One day they sent a young man, William Lewis, to procure some provisions. He found a potato-patch that promised well; but, while digging, he was seized by some Tories, and carried off, without an opportunity to send word to his party. At noon, the Loyalists stopped at a farm-house, and ordered the lady to prepare dinner. There was in the yard a cedar trough, which they filled with corn; then slipped their horses' bridles, and let them feed.

The hostess got the dinner, and made preparation to release the prisoner. She had directed her little son to put the bridle on the best horse at the trough, which he did, and, then lying down in the corner of the fence, pretended to be fast asleep. While the Tories were discussing their meal, the matron beckoned

to Lewis to come into the back room, and get something to eat. She then showed him the window, and told him what arrangements she had made for his escape; returning with more provisions to her guests. Presently, the whole party was alarmed by the tramp of a horse's feet, as he passed up the lane. They rushed to the door, and after their flying prisoner, but failed to overtake him. The boy was very hard to wake, and professed to know nothing of the matter. Lewis remained some three months in North Carolina before he durst venture home. When he was afterwards about to marry the widow of Captain John Taylor, some of his enemies endeavored to prevent the match by charging him with stealing the horse on which he had escaped; but, when Mrs. Taylor was made fully acquainted with the circumstances, she looked upon it rather as a recommendation.

Lieutenant William Grey removed to Georgia, and, after a few years, to East Tennessee; but died on the way, leaving a widow and family. Robert died a few years after the close of the war. Mary was induced to give up her resolution never to marry by Hugh Barkley, a young Irishman, in 1792. She was the last surviving member of her own family; and her husband died in 1814. She lived afterwards with her son and daughter. In her ninety-third year she enjoyed remarkable health, retaining her mental faculties in unusual vigor. The Bible was her daily companion, and she read chiefly religious books, though she always took a decided interest in the politics of the country, read the newspapers, and expressed her opinions freely on the questions of the day. She expressed great contempt for the cowardice of runaways during the Mexican war. "Our days," she would say, "were the good old times of log-cabins, and training in the Word of God and the catechism. The people then knew their rights, and dared to maintain them; and made no false issue."

Mrs. Barkley was intimate with Mary Johnston, another admirable matron, mentioned in "The Women of the Revolution." To the latest period of her life she was skilful with her needle, and spent much time in sewing. In person, she was of medium height and large; her full face showing not many furrows; her snow white locks shading a high and massive forehead; her eyes of piercing brightness, and full of intelligence. She was lively, and fond of cheerful conversation, entering with interest into the mirth of those around her; and esteemed by all who knew her as one of the most interesting of women, considering her great age.

MATERNAL COUNSELS TO A DAUGHTER.

THE SICK-ROOM.

“When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!”—SCOTT.

“Hath she not soothed me, sick? enriched me, poor?
And banished grief and misery from my door?
Hath she not cherished every moment’s bliss,
And made an Eden of a world like this?”

THE work that, whilst professing to counsel young women, omitted all mention of the duties of the sick-room, would indeed be imperfect; for where is there to be found one of our sex so isolated as never to be called upon to watch over a suffering friend, or so robust that she is never herself likely to be an unwilling captive on a couch of pain?

Surely there is no young girl who would willingly depute to hirelings the care of a parent, or a younger brother or sister, suffering from one of the many maladies to which we all are liable; who would shrink, either in selfish fear or morbid sentiment, from administering to the relief of those she loved? But, as it is possible that some may be deterred from proffering their aid from mistrust of their own powers of usefulness, and as some also are doubtless so ignorant of the duties of a nurse as to be rather a hinderance than a help, we will just give a few directions concerning the most obvious duties of those who are engaged in attending an invalid.

But let us first remark that those who would leave a suffering parent or friend to the care of a professional nurse, under the idea that her services would be more welcome because she is more skilful than themselves, little know or guess the blessings which they thus voluntarily forego; for who can estimate the increase of affection which will be lavished on the dutiful daughter who has been her father’s faithful nurse during a long illness? Who can tell how the remembrance of a kind and loving sister, soothing and amusing him during a childish illness, may return to the heart of some prodigal brother, and recall him to his duty and his home? Who can tell how many bonds of family union, that would otherwise have been snapped asunder in the wear and turmoil and conflicting interests of the world, are riveted yet more strongly by the tender sympathy and patient love which the suffering of some members have elicited from the others? And oh, never forget that affection

and the desire to please will atone much for the want of skill; that your father and mother will receive your imperfect service with a sentiment of joy which can only be comprehended by you when you yourselves are parents. Then, indeed, if not before, you will learn how the severest pain of which mortals are susceptible is assuaged, if not removed, by the tender and gentle ministering of a beloved child; that never more than in periods of bodily suffering do we recognize the truth, that

“Love is still the lord of all;”

for that wealth and luxury, great as is their power, are as nothing in soothing the agony of suffering, compared to the gentle voice of one we love, and the kind and patient watching of those to whom we feel ourselves to be endeared.

But, as it is desirable not only to possess the earnest wish to aid the sufferings, but also to know how best to do so, a little friendly advice as to the duties of the sick-room may fairly be considered as an essential part of the guide. The qualities which every good nurse must especially possess are, CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, GENTLENESS, FIRMNESS, GOOD SENSE, and GOOD TEMPER.

First, undoubtedly, comes CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, by which, in this instance, we imply a rigid and truthful obedience to the orders of the medical man, and the giving a careful account to him of every symptom and of every incident connected with the patient. It would seem almost unnecessary to insist upon the propriety of obeying the orders of the doctor, did we not daily see instances of the evasion of them. One would think that it followed as a matter of course, on calling in a medical practitioner, that, after giving such a proof of confidence in his skill, we should implicitly carry out all his wishes; but probably every member of the profession could relate instances of a patient’s life being endangered, if not sacrificed, by the obstinacy of the sufferer or the neglect of the nurse. The guardian of a sick-room, therefore, should not only rigidly obey orders herself, but she should insist on the obedience of others, and esteem it a part of her duty to acquaint the medical attendant with any violation of his rules. She should be careful to inform herself what diet is proper for the patient,

and at what intervals it should be taken, as well as with regard to medicines and every other matter. Every symptom should be carefully noted, and related at the next visit of the doctor. It may or may not be important: of that you are not required to be a judge; your duty is simply to be as a hand or an eye for him during his absence, observing everything, and following his orders in all matters, large or small. To do this, and yet to be welcome to a patient who is perhaps rendered irritable and self-willed by severe suffering, how much is needed of two other qualities we have named—GENTLENESS and FIRMNESS. Gentleness indeed can hardly be sufficiently extolled in a nurse: like charity, its twin sister, it covers a multitude of sins. A low sweet voice, always “an excellent thing in woman,” is doubly so when the brain is racked by suffering, and the hearing rendered unusually acute by disease; at such a time a harsh, loud tone is quite inexcusable. Some women, however, in their anxiety to avoid noise, make a practice of *whispering* all their communications with others in a sick-room, which is very frequently more injurious, as it is more exciting to the nerves than the loudest ordinary voice. Every sort of noise should be avoided with equal care. Quietness is almost invariably one of the conditions of restoration to health, and in nervous diseases especially the crumpling of a piece of paper, the banging of a door, or the throwing of coals on the fire will be sufficient to increase the previous fever and excitement to an alarming degree. Everything necessary should therefore be done with the utmost quietness, and no precaution be spared that will prevent the carelessness or unskilfulness of others from injuring our charge. All bustle and fuss should be avoided, and such forethought exercised in considering what will be wanted, and what is done with, that no unnecessary opening and shutting of doors take place. A little *method* in all these matters will diminish your own fatigue and that of the servants, and save much annoyance to the patient. But if gentleness be requisite in movement, how much more so is it in all our intercourse with the sick? The soothing tone, the look of affection, the indulgence of any harmless whim, are quite compatible with the utmost firmness in obeying orders and causing them to be obeyed. Whoever is placed near a sick couch will almost certainly encounter much waywardness and petulance, and perhaps at times some injustice; this must not only be borne, but it must be borne as if there were nothing to bear. To display any petulance in return would be to show yourself utterly unfit to be a nurse;

to attempt to appear magnanimous—to act as if there were something to forgive—would probably wound one already suffering self-reproach for the impatient word which has wounded you. A generous heart must be already deeply grieved by having suffered even severe bodily pain to extort an unkind or an ungrateful word; and if, whatever the lips may express, the *heart* is not touched by kindness during illness, any parade of forgiveness would be worse than useless.

Nor must we forget that our duty is in no way affected by the waywardness and irritability of our charge, whatever our comfort may be. To do all in our power to lighten the sufferings of the patient, and contribute in every way to his restoration to health, is the obvious duty of a nurse. To lead the thoughts, therefore, to cheerful subjects, to draw the attention from present suffering, to inculcate cheerful submission to the will of the Almighty, and trust and faith in his love, are duties almost more imperative than any others in those who watch by the sick. But if we do not *feel* these sentiments ourselves, how shall we impart them to others? If we ourselves have no stay, no truth, no confidence in our heavenly Father, words of consolation from our lips will be but as “sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.” Sad indeed is it if the hour of pain and suffering is the first in which we begin to think of the future; for it is an hour when we see so clearly through all fallacies, that nothing less pure and true than Eternal Truth itself can satisfy our minds. At such a time, a knowledge of the Bible is of unspeakable benefit; and often the hymns and pieces of sacred poetry learnt in the days of childhood may be available to lighten and cheer the dreary hours of suffering. This should always be a motive for acquiring and retaining a store of such things, since there are often times when to read is impracticable, both to patient and nurse, and when the recital of a few verses, or a hymn, may be an unspeakable benefit.

In all intercourse with the sick, good sense will teach us to avoid any unnecessary irritation of a mind already excited and enfeebled by disease, and good temper will induce us to give way to them in every point which does not involve their well-being. Needlessly to oppose the harmless fancy of a patient is an act of folly as well as cruelty, and this is especially the case when he is sufficiently convalescent to no longer be a subject of great anxiety. How many are retarded in their progress towards complete recovery by the thoughtlessness of those about them, or of some foolish indulgence they have

been permitted. All medical men say that even greater care is necessary during recovery from a dangerous illness than whilst it is at its height ;

because, when we are conscious of danger, we guard against it, but when we consider it as passed, we forget that it may return.

GRANDFATHER'S DARLING.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

(See Plate.)

THERE lived, many years ago, in a pretty country town, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, a family, consisting of old Farmer Campbell, his daughter, son-in-law, and two grandchildren. The farmer owned a pleasant, substantial house ; several acres of ground ; and a small, very small sum of money in the county bank. His son-in-law, Roger Harris, was a carpenter by trade ; and, being an industrious, painstaking man, supported his wife and infant son in comfort, leaving often a little sum to place beside the farmer's in the bank. There was one other member of the farmer's household, the daughter of his eldest son. She was an orphan, her father having died just one month before her birth ; and her heart-broken mother following soon after, leaving the little Bessie to her grandfather and Aunt Rachel's care. Very tenderly was the little one brought up ; and, previous to her aunt's wedding, she was the sole object of care and interest to the old man and the pretty young girl, who supplied a mother's place to her. But, at the time my story opens, Roger and little Eddy occupied the first places in Rachel's heart ; and, although still kind and loving to the little girl, she found less time to attend to her than before her marriage. Bessie's dress showed the change ; her fair hair, which it had once been Rachel's pride to curl and decorate, was now suffered to hang loose, except on great occasions, or when Bessie's own untutored fingers arranged it. Her shoes and dresses were often too large or too small ; and, but for an innate love of purity and neatness, which made her careful of her own appearance, Bessie would have presented a dismal contrast to the pretty, neat little girl who had been pet and plaything for seven or eight years in her grandfather's household. Bessie felt the change, but did not resent it. She was of a meek, loving disposition, grateful for the kindness showered upon her, and willing to make all allowances for aunty's increased cares ; besides, she was still grandfather's darling, his

pet, and companion. No ; Roger, not even Rachel's baby, could come into Bessie's place in grandfather's heart. She was the orphan child of his noble son ; and there was no sacrifice too great for him to make to the little one. His love was judicious. No indulgence was spared that was not pernicious ; and yet no fault was suffered to pass unpunished. She was early taught to read and write, sew, and perform many household tasks ; and grandfather's great delight was to increase her stock of knowledge by telling many anecdotes and stories of distant lands, or great and good men, as he and his darling sat out the pleasant evenings together.

The first time I ever saw little Bessie Campbell was after I had been riding in the vicinity of Farmer Campbell's house. It was just after sunset ; and I was very much fatigued with my long ride. Seeing a farm-house on the road, with the door standing most invitingly open, I proposed to my companion to alight, and rest. Fastening our horses to a post, we took the path leading from the gate to the door. The scene within was so characteristic of home comfort, that we paused a moment, doubtful whether to disturb the group before us. A pretty looking young woman was seated at a table, feeding a baby ; and, in the room beyond, a man was engaged in some carpenter's work ; but the group that attracted my attention consisted of an old man and a little girl. He was seated ; a book in his hand, hearing her spelling lesson ; and, from time to time, caressing his little pupil, who, with her hands clasped, her eyes raised, and her whole soul intent on her task, was repeating the words.

We stood a moment, silent ; then the old man, raising his head, perceived us ; and, laying aside his book, advanced to welcome us. During the time we were resting, he told many anecdotes of his pet's brightness, goodness, and gentleness ; and the little girl won our hearts by her sweet, modest manner, her low voice, pretty looks, and devotion to her grandfather.

I often saw the little one after that; and will give her story as I knew it.

For eight years after the time I have chosen for opening this sketch, the family lived happily at the old farm. Then there was a change made. Roger Harris, whose family was increased to five children—two boys and three girls—built a house near his father-in-law's, and took his wife and family to live in it; leaving Bessie and her grandfather alone at the farm. Rachel dreaded the change for her father's sake; but his whole soul was so wrapped up in Bessie, now a lovely girl of sixteen, that he bore the change very well. They were very happy together, the old man and the young girl. It was Bessie's turn to protect and care now for the dear grandfather who had so devotedly loved and guided her in her infancy and childhood.

It was a pleasant spring evening. Farmer Campbell was sleeping in his room, for age had damped his vigor; and a day's work left him very tired, and glad to retire to rest early. The household duties were over; and Bessie was standing in the porch. Not alone: by her side stood a young man, one who had seen some two-and-twenty summers; who had sought Bessie, and won her gentle, loving heart into his own keeping.

"You will not leave me, Cyrus?" said Bessie, raising her large, blue eyes to his face.

"You will accompany me, Bessie," he answered, drawing her close to his side. "I must go. My uncle proposes to start me in business if I will join him in California; while here, as you know, I have no prospect of being more than a carpenter's foreman for my lifetime. I have received, thanks to my uncle's care, an education above this; and my ambition is to be a merchant. You love me, Bessie; you have often owned it; and you will go with me."

"You know I cannot, Cyrus. Grandfather could not take this journey at his time of life."

"Why, who ever imagined you would take your grandfather!" said the young man, in a tone of surprise.

"You would not have me leave him, Cyrus—leave my grandfather, who has given up his life for sixteen years to me; who considered no sacrifice too great to indulge me; who loves me more than life! Cyrus, you would not have me leave him to die alone?"

"He has Rachel, Roger, and his other grandchildren."

"Could any of them supply my place? My aunt and uncle have their own cares; and my

cousins are too young to take my place. I cannot leave him, Cyrus."

"Not to be with me?"

The tone was reproachful; and the large black eyes, looking into hers, were full of love's pleading eloquence. Bessie's head drooped upon his breast. There was a fearful struggle going on in her heart. Her grandfather, if she left him, would have Rachel and Roger, would be well cared for, perhaps not miss her. Not miss her, the darling of his old age, his constant companion? Who could take her place? who could read by the hour together to him when his eyes failed? who would give her whole time to studying his comfort? who *could* supply his darling's place? Suppose he should die, and she be far away from him! But, Cyrus—how could she let him take that long journey—go to a far, distant country alone? Alone? he was young and hopeful. Could he not better bear to be alone than the feeble old man who so loved her?

Poor Bessie! How fiercely love struggled with duty! And Cyrus's encircling arms and low voice, pleading his cause, made her task harder still.

"Cyrus," the voice was low and trembling, and he bent to catch her words, "I love you. I shall always love you; but I cannot go."

"Not go! You do not love me. Words are easily said, actions speak more loudly. You do *not* love me," said Cyrus, passionately; and, pushing her from him, he strode down the steps, and from the farm. Bessie stood in the porch, looking after him. Her face was very pale, and her whole form trembled with agitation; her eyes were turned towards him, with a look of love and wistfulness agonizing to see; but no word passed her lips to recall him. She watched him as he walked rapidly down the road; and then turned sadly into the house, and sought her own room, where, sinking on her knees, she poured forth her sorrow in prayer.

The next day, without seeing Bessie, or leaving her any word of his purpose, Cyrus Hill left the country town for New York, and, in a few weeks, sailed for California. Bessie heard of his departure, and felt that now indeed her life was *all* her grandfather's.

A few months after Cyrus had deserted Bessie, Farmer Campbell was taken very ill. He had been ailing for a long time; but now he was so ill that a physician was called in; and everything had to be put aside by his darling, and her whole time spent in nursing and watching him. He was sick for many months. The little sum at the bank was all exhausted. Roger

helped as far as he was able; but he had a large family to care for, and could spare but little. Bessie's earnings were very small; for her grandfather required such constant care that but little time could be spared for needlework; and one by one the articles of furniture, excepting those in her grandfather's room, were sold to meet his wants. After lingering for nearly fifteen months, the old man died, and Bessie was indeed alone. She looked around for a home. Roger's was open to her; but Bessie knew Roger had his own family to support, and shrank from being a burden on him. A situation as seamstress was offered her in a neighboring village, and she accepted it.

It was a pleasant morning in July that Bessie started for her new home. She had spent the night, the last, in the old farm-house, in prayer, and was strengthened for the weary prospect before her. She has altered since she stood in the porch, that memorable night; her face is very pale; her form thin; and her expression very, very sad. Her deep mourning dress casts a gloom on the sweet face, very painful to see in one so young.

Oh, in the long days, when bending wearily over her work, how her heart longed for Cyrus! She had forgiven him his unkindness, and remembered only how she loved him; and his face was ever in her eye, his loving words in her ear. How the sad heart longed for him! But she never regretted her decision. She shuddered, as she imagined that long illness, and she far away from her grandfather's bedside.

Farmer Campbell had been dead just a year. Bessie was seated at her window, sewing on some plain work for some neighboring farmer's wife. She was still in mourning, though not so deep as when we last saw her; and her face was still sad and pale; but, with its expression of patient resignation and inward trust, very, very lovely. She sat sewing with languid fingers, her thoughts far away. She was thinking of Cyrus. Ever, when her fingers were employed and her mind free, memory brought back the loved face and dear voice; and all unkindness was forgotten by the gentle, forgiving heart of the wronged one. Had he forgotten her? How often had that question been unanswered? And still she longed to know. He was alive, wrote often; that she heard from his mother; but there came no message to her, only, occasionally, he asked if she was well, and still unmarried. The work dropped from her hands, while the beautiful head drooped wearily upon her breast.

"Bessie!"

She started, looked up, and saw a man standing before her. Her heart told her who it was; though the pale face, attenuated form, and sad voice accorded ill with the ruddy bloom, hardy figure, and merry tones Cyrus Hill had left upon the young girl's memory. He stood a moment, looking into her upraised face, and then spoke.

"Bessie, I have deeply wronged you. I feel that I deserve most bitter punishment; but I come craving forgiveness. In my long absence, I have longed, words cannot tell how intensely, to ask your pardon for the false, hasty words I spoke at our parting. Yet I could not write. I felt that I must come and sue myself for forgiveness. I have been very ill; and, as soon as I was strong enough, I came home to you. Let me, when I return, take with me the pardon I so ill deserve."

Bessie sat still, looking into the face she had loved so well, and struggling to subdue her emotion. As Cyrus finished speaking, she bowed her head, again praying inaudibly for composure.

He mistook the motion, and said: "You turn from me, Bessie; you cannot forgive. I deserve it; but it is very hard to bear. If you could know how your image has been with me constantly since I left you; how, night and day, I have longed for one word from the sweet voice I so worship; how bitterly I have repented my injustice, you would—" He ceased, and then exclaimed, impetuously—"Bessie, will you not look or speak to me?"

She stood up before him, and with only one word—"Cyrus"—flung herself, sobbing, into his arms.

The long journey and subsequent agitation, working on a frame already weakened by disease, brought on a relapse; and Cyrus Hill lay for weeks, after his interview with Bessie, at the point of death. A young, strong constitution, however, conquered the illness; and he recovered.

In about three months after his arrival, Cyrus sailed again for California; but he did not go alone: there was a young, fair face smiling a farewell from the vessel's deck to friends on shore; and, as it turned to him, grandfather's darling felt amply repaid in the love she knew met her there for all her former sacrifices.

IF you wish to please in this world, you should muster resolution sufficient to allow yourself to be taught many things which you know by persons who know nothing about them.

CHARADES IN ACTION.

Answer o Charade in the July number—MISTLE-TOE.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A LADY. VISITORS. IRISH FOOTMAN.
SERVANTS.

SCENE 1.—*A drawing-room in the house of a LADY. The room is in confusion, the chairs placed one on another, and the table covered with chimney ornaments, to tell that it is a day for "doing the drawing-room."*

Enter a LADY, with her hair in papers, and dirty white kid gloves on. She holds a feather broom in one hand and a duster in the other. Her face wears an expression of intense fatigue.

Enter SERVANTS with pails and brooms. Some kneel down and commence scrubbing, whilst the others sweep the floor.



SCENE 2.—*Passage in the house of a Lady. At the end the drawing-room door for street door.*

Enter IRISH FOOTMAN, dancing wildly, and crying "Macree!" The knock is repeated, and, having shaken his fist at the door, he advances and opens it.

Enter VISITORS, splendidly dressed, and holding their card-cases in their hands. As they arrange their bonnets, they inquire, in genteel action, whether the Lady is at home. Footman shakes his head, and spreads his arms open to prevent the Ladies advancing. They are surprised at his impudence, and cast withering glances at the fellow. The Footman then exhibits a placard



inscribed, "MISSUS SAYS SHE IS OUT!" The Ladies are disgusted, and dashing their cards on the ground with passion, leave the house.

Enter the IRISH FOOTMAN, who begins dancing about, and every now and then crying "darlint," to show the land of his birth. He is ordered by the Lady to polish the chairs, whilst she herself dusts the picture frames, and wipes chimney ornaments.

Suddenly a loud double knock is heard in the passage. The Lady starts, and, as she pulls on her cap, stamps on the floor to express how tire-some it is. She goes cautiously to the window to see who the Visitors are; and having intimated that they are carriage-people—by pretending to hold some reins and a whip—points to her curl papers, and wrings her hands with sorrow. Pulling out a placard inscribed, "SAY I'M OUT," she shows it to the Irish Footman, who, crying "Och!" bounds from the room, followed by Servants and Lady.

The man picks up the cards, and, winking knowingly, laughs outright, dancing about with joy at having done his duty.



Exit Footman, dancing.

ACT II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PASSIONATE HUSBAND. KNAGGING WIFE.
HUSBAND'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SCENE.—*Dining-room in house of Passionate Husband. A table covered with a dinner-cloth is seen in the centre.*

Enter PASSIONATE HUSBAND, in walking costume, and carrying his business blue bag. He is astonished at finding no one in the room. He looks at his watch, and with a look of anger,

holds up seven fingers to tell that it is seven o'clock. He goes through the process of eating, at the same time shaking his head to inform the audience that the dinner is late. In his rage he throws away his blue bag, dashes his hat on the floor, and rushing to the bell-rope, rings violently until he pulls it down.



Enter **KNAGGING WIFE**, with great dignity, and looking very cross. She, in disdainful pantomime, inquires the cause of his rage. He



points to the table. Holding up seven fingers, he pulls out his watch to tell her that it is seven o'clock. Knagging Wife sneers at watch, and, pulling out her own, holds up six fingers. Husband, in a greater rage, shakes his seven fingers in his Wife's face, dancing about with passion all the while. She stands gazing on him with contempt, and still pointing to her six fingers.

Enter **MOTHER-IN-LAW**, who has come to dinner. She is surprised at the scene that is going forward, and lets her parasol drop in her amazement. Husband, on seeing her, rushes forward, and seizing her by the arm, drags her to his Wife. Then, showing her his watch, he



commands her to state the time. In her alarm, Mother does not know what to do. Her Daughter keeps on saying that it is six, and her son seven. At last she, in her endeavors to agree with both her children, holds up six fingers, and one half doubled up, to intimate that it is half-past six. On this her Son-in-Law's rage increases. He seizes the chairs and dashes them on the floor,



breaking them in pieces.* He upsets the table, until, quite exhausted, he picks up a chair and sinks into it. Mother-in-Law faints, and—the clock strikes seven.

The Husband is astonished to find that he was wrong. He is overcome by his feelings, and drawing his cheque-book writes a handsome draft. He advances coaxingly to his Wife. She beckons him from her, stamping with indignation. On seeing the cheque she grows calmer, and bursts into tears. Husband clasps her in his arms. Mother-in-Law comes to, and rising, blesses them.

ACT III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OMNIBUS MAN. A STOUT GENTLEMAN.
A LADY, *en tres bon point*.
THEIR THREE PLUMP CHILDREN.
PASSENGERS. THE RAIN.†

SCENE.—*The Strand, as closely as it can be imitated. The Rain is supposed to be descending in torrents. At the end of the room the sofa for the omnibus, with a placard written, "TO THE BANK," fastened on it.*

Enter **OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR**, in a huge white cape, and saucepan lid fastened round his neck for a badge, following **PASSENGERS**—all holding up umbrellas—and soliciting them to enter his omnibus. They are persuaded, and take their seats. The Conductor, mounting on his board, holds up his finger and leans forward, hailing



on all sides. The Passengers within grow impatient at the delay, and keep pulling Conductor by his coat, frowning at him. They point threateningly to his badge, and pull out their note-books to take his number. Conductor in vain endeavors to pacify them. He compliments the Ladies, and appeals to the Gentlemen, but without effect, for all the "fares" take his num-

* For the success of this act, something ought to be broken. If it is only a kitchen chair, it helps; but a card-table would be the proper thing.

† Rain can be made in any quantity by rustling paper, or small pieces of tin, in the passage outside. A few peas in a saucepan make a very nice shower; but for "cats and dogs" it is always much better for two or three of the company to sh-e-e-ew.

ber. He again mounts his stand, and hails on all sides. Umbrellas are thrust from the omnibus, and the Passengers poke the Conductor with the ferrules. Just as the Man is about to resent,

Enter **STOUT GENTLEMAN** running and hailing omnibus. In one hand he holds his large umbrella, and with the other he wipes his forehead.



answer, and invites the Family to enter the omnibus. The Passengers inside here refuse. They indignantly oppose the entrance with their umbrellas. Conductor is enraged, and lifting up one of the children thrusts him in, but it is immediately pushed out again. The Passengers descend from the 'bus in great anger. They point to the new-comers, and intimate they are too large to be admitted. They also object to their wet umbrellas.

Conductor demands his fare. They all refuse, and buttoning up their pockets make for the

Enter a **LADY en tres bon point**, also running, and carrying large parcels.

Enter **THEIR THREE PLUMP CHILDREN**, one after another, and panting for breath. Conductor descends from his perch, and all the Passengers gaze with horror on the great size of the new-comers. The Stout Gentleman, between his gasps, inquires, in pantomime, whether there is any room. Conductor immediately nods in an-

passage, pursued by Conductor, squaring and jumping in circles round the Passengers, who defend themselves with their umbrellas.



Exeunt omnes, disputing, and raving.

BEATRICE

BY G. H. S. HULL.

"AND now, Luttrell, we are alone. I must again repeat to you how rejoiced I am to once more welcome you to your native land, and insist upon your fulfilling the promise once made me, of relating all the adventures and stirring scenes you passed through, particularly those in which the little god took so large a share."

"Alas, my dear Carleton, my adventures are like the recollection of some wild, fevered dream, a hideous nightmare, from which we start with bristling hair, while the cold sweat bursts from every pore! Had I not been seized with that fatal yearning to visit foreign lands, had I resisted firmly my restless love of adventure, I might still have been careless, light-hearted Harry Luttrell. As it is—"

"As it is," interrupted his friend, "you have a desperate attack of blues, which nothing will dispel but one of these cigars. Upon my life, there is a vitality about them perfectly irresistible! And now, while that fragrant vapor is

curling so deliciously around your rather savage moustache, you may proceed with your nightmare. I wish the gods would vouchsafe just such a one to me."

"As great a rattle-brain as ever, Phil. But, before I commence, what say you to a stroll around the plantation, into the village? The moon will soon be up; and our romantic walks and groves will show to none the less advantage beneath the rays of her most peerless majesty."

"I do not in the least doubt your penchant for these dark, orange groves and romantic walks, most noble Luttrell. Here, perchance, you have played the Corydon to many a fair Phillis, swearing by the stars above, the earth beneath, by her bright eyes and cherry lips, by all the gods and goddesses in the Pantheon, to love and be true forever and aye. By the way, was there not a whispered rumor that you were really about to wed one of these little rustics?"

"Really, Carleton, you rattle on so absurdly," exclaimed Luttrell, pettishly flinging away his

cigar. "It is impossible for me to get on with the tale you were so anxious to hear."

"My dear prince of Harries, forgive me, and I promise, nay, swear to do penance in any way or shape your offended dignity may require. Bid me salute the withered cheek of that miracle of ugliness, that essence of crab-apple and sour-kroust, the dark-browed Teresa, and I vow—"

"Carleton, you *are* incorrigible; but you know how well I love you, my dear old friend. It is needless to bore you with a recapitulation of all the little incidents befalling a tourist. Suffice it to say, I left New Orleans as light-hearted and happy a fellow as a full purse, an excellent credit at my bankers, and the realization of my boyhood's dreams could make me. I went the same eternal round of sight-seeing with which American travellers have bored the public, years back, and will for years to come. One bright, glorious morning, I awoke in Florence, beautiful Florence.

"Phil, as memory unseals the fountain of the past, the rushing torrent bears upon its surface so many dark and troubled images, I scarcely dare face the hideous phantasmagoria. You think me weak, nervous, womanish. Heaven knows I *am* changed! But you shall hear all before you judge me.

"As I said, I awoke one sunny morning in Florence. Here my love for the beautiful, the picturesque, was fully gratified. For weeks I lingered in the galleries of art; dreamed away hours in the sacred studio once hallowed by the presence of Michael Angelo; mused in the solitary tower of Galileo, and in the dusky aisles and crypts of the old cathedrals; gliding along the sunny Arno, beneath a cloudless, true Italian sky; and passing days on desolate Val-lombrosa; with Italy, the land of song, of love, of romance at my feet. Here I really believe I enjoyed perfect happiness. Having a strong desire to visit Rome and Naples during the carnival, I awaited, with some impatience, the arrival of my expected letters, before I tore myself away from Florence.

"One morning, carelessly sauntering in a cathedral during mass, my attention was arrested by one of the most exquisite forms I ever beheld passing up one of the aisles, closely followed by an elderly woman, her attendant. It is impossible to describe the witching gracefulness of her gait, accompanied by that voluptuous languor only to be seen among these dark-eyed daughters of Italy. She was veiled; but I caught a glimpse of a pair of dreamy, tender eyes, shadowed by their long, jetty fringes; a

shower of soft, raven curls; and a little hand like Parian marble. She knelt before a picture of the Virgin, her attendant just behind, and, Carleton, I know not what prompted me, but I knelt at her side. She gave me one sidelong glance, and, drawing her veil more closely to her face resumed her devotions. The last prayer was at length finished, and, mingling with a group of devotees at the door, she dipped her white fingers in the vase of holy water, and disappeared in the crowd."

"Why, in the name of all that's mysterious, did you not follow her?" eagerly inquired Carleton.

"There was a certain air of dignity, mingled with her youthful grace, forbidding any such impertinence; and I felt a presentiment we should meet again, and we did. At mass, angelos, vespers, I saw her daily, and yet I had only learned her name was Beatrice, from accidentally seeing it written on the fly-page of her missal. Our language was of the eyes; and yet, Carleton, I did not love her. I confess this to you, because I shall bare my heart, and show you the extent of my folly and cursed love of adventure. No, I did not love her," he repeated, dreamily. "There were holy memories in my breast; a quiet, sacred happiness rooted there; blue, forget-me-not eyes as true as heaven, and a tress of pale gold hair nestling next my heart. This is why I did not love. But my letters were still delayed; and, growing familiar with the beautiful scenes around, ennui crept over me, and this fair creature had seized upon my imagination; but I will not attempt to excuse myself. As I said before, we met daily, and yet I had never spoken, though she had once smiled, and murmured her thanks as I restored the handkerchief she had dropped.

"One delicious evening, as the vesper bells were chiming, I stood at my usual post, watching for her appearance. A violent quarrel took place between a ragged Armenian and an Italian. The former stabbed the latter to the heart; and, endeavoring to make his escape, rushed full against the beautiful Beatrice, who was just turning the corner. Flying to her aid, and lifting her fainting form from the ground, with the assistance of her maid, I lifted her into an empty carriage which chanced to be passing, and, springing in after them, had the pleasure of receiving her thanks, uttered in tones so soft and musical, my ardent imagination was more than ever fired. On arriving at a pretty little villa near the banks of the Arno, Beatrice, once more expressing her gratitude and perfect recovery, was gracefully waving a farewell, when

some evil spirit prompted me to insist upon accompanying them into the house. The maid half muttered a malediction, and Beatrice turned deadly pale, though I thought a gleam of pleasure shone in her dark eyes. At all events, I followed them into a sort of half sitting, half reception room. One or two lounges, a table covered with books, a guitar standing in a corner, pictures, and a tall cabinet or wardrobe completed the furniture.

"A short hurried consultation then took place between the mistress and maid, of which I overheard 'Signor to-night' and 'Pietro,' ended in the attendant's disappearance through a side door. Beatrice stood irresolute near an open window. The crimson rays of the setting sun left a rich glow upon her rounded cheek. The soft air, laden with the perfumed breaths of orange and oleander groves, gently stirred the silken ringlets that shadowed the perfect brow and marble throat. I was about to speak, when the maid, in an agony of terror, rushed into the room, exclaiming—'Alas! alas! the signora is lost. El Signor Marco.'

"Beatrice gave a half suppressed shriek, sinking back upon a lounge, while her cheek and lip turned ashy pale, as she gave utterance to half broken words—'Alas, signor, we are lost! My husband has returned. He is here. Ah, you know him not! His anger—his jealousy—so fearful—'

"Even as she spoke, a quick step was heard, accompanied by the joyful barking of a dog. Almost before I knew what had occurred, I was seized by the maid, and thrust into the cabinet, and the door pushed to. The next moment, I heard a deep-toned voice addressing Beatrice in words of endearment.

"'I am here at last, cara mia, to stay with thee a long time. I am sick of this roving life. Fortune has served me well, this time, and now my Beatrice shall queen it among the proudest at the carnival. What sayest thou, Carina? Hast no word of greeting for Marco? Ah, 'tis ever so, cold as the snows of Vallombrosa! Saint Mark! Signora, can nothing move thee?'

"'Marco!'

"'Thou lovest me not, Beatrice.'

"'Marco!'

"'Well, hast naught to say but Marco? When thy father gave me this little hand, Anima, I thought thou couldst love me; but, when we talk of love, I mean one thing—*thou* another. Thou hast no smiles for Marco. Nay; then I will trouble thee not soon again with my presence. By Saint Mark, ere to-morrow's sun—'

"'Signor,' interposed the trembling maid, 'will you not have some refreshment? The signora would rest: she is not well.'

"'Cospetto! Teresa, cannot the signora speak?' Beatrice, Fra Giocomo has hinted to me of a tall Signor Inglese who has knelt at thy side. Ha! have I touched thee? Believed I the lying priest that thou wert false to me, Beatrice, my stiletto should find thy heart.'

"Here, to my alarm—and believe me, Carleton, it was only for the sake of Beatrice—the little dog, having smelt around my prison some time, now commenced a series of short, quick yelps, attracting the attention of his master, who, hastily striding across the floor, said: 'What game hast started here, Zeno?' and, flinging open the door of the cabinet, I stood full disclosed to view.

"By Heavens, I never can forget the demoniac expression that crossed his face! In an instant, he rushed to the entrance door, locked it, and threw the key from the window; then, snatching a pair of rapiers from the cabinet, he thrust one in my hand, hissing in my ear, through his teeth—'Defend yourself.' In vain I essayed to speak, to offer an explanation to exonerate the wife of the maddened man. He made a furious pass at me, which required all my address to parry; for, wretched and guilty as I felt, yet the life instinct was strong within me. Still I acted solely in self-defence. Twice a stinging sensation warned me that I received slight wounds. The purple shades of evening were gathering around us. Naught could be heard in that lonely spot but the clashing of our steels; the quick, hurried breathing of my antagonist, as he muttered curses on me; the smothered sobs of Teresa, as she told the beads of her rosary; and a sweet chorus of voices floating down the Arno, singing the evening hymn to the Virgin. One of us must die; of that I felt assured. Either my hand must be bathed in the blood of a stranger, one who had harmed me not; or I must make my grave in a stranger land. I am no coward, Phil; but the thoughts of death were to me then—so filled with youth and bright hopes—very terrible. He pressed me closer and closer. I felt myself weaker and more confused. I was no match for his sinewy frame. His fancied wrongs lashed him into frenzy. Again he pressed towards me; and, making a furious lunge, which would have caused my instant death, he lost his balance, and—my God, Carleton!—fell upon my weapon, which passed through his body. So instantaneous was the act, I had not time nor power to move. Great Heaven! The

agony of years was concentrated in that moment. As I bent over him, speechless with horror and remorse, he spat at me with the mingled blood and foam rising to his lips; and then all was still.

"Beatrice lay upon the floor in a death-like swoon. I stood cursing my mad folly, stupidly looking at that fast stiffening form, from which the crimson life stream was slowly welling, when I was aroused by Teresa, who directed me in quick, hurried accents to carry her insensible mistress through the side door in an adjoining room, at the same time giving me a package, which she desired me to secrete about my person. She whispered that Pietro, the night watchman, was her brother; and showed me a bag of gold. My heart grew sick within me as I obeyed her instructions. In utter darkness and silence we remained for nearly an hour. A slight crash told me the outer door had been forced. My senses seemed quickened by my suspense; and, shortly after, a dull, heavy plunge in the water, which seemed to be at the back of the house, beneath the windows of the room I occupied, and a low murmuring of voices, told me *my work was finished*; and the waves of the Arno concealed my crime. My brain seemed on fire, when Teresa reappeared, and, throwing a heavy mantle around her mistress, told me to follow her. I was like one under the influence of a dream. But why dwell upon these sickening details, which harrow my very soul? That night, we left Florence, and rested not until safe in France, where Beatrice told me she had an aunt, who was an abbess in a convent.

"As it was my wish to take a packet from Havre direct to New Orleans, I took an early opportunity of breaking my intentions to Beatrice; and as delicately as possible hinted the impropriety of our longer continuing together, and offered to procure an escort, or accompany her myself wherever she desired.

"Do not condemn me, Carleton. I was neither cruel nor heartless. I had no reason for thinking my presence produced aught but pain, especially as she had closely secluded herself from me during our journey. I had scarce finished speaking ere, bursting in a passion of tears, she threw herself at my feet, sobbing: 'Ah! send me not from you, signor; my life is in you. I never loved until you came. I married to escape a convent with which I was threatened. He who sought my hand had gold. My father was poor, though of noble blood; I a child, a happy, loving child, filled with warm love for all created things, the heavens, the

birds, the flowers; but, when *you* came, signor, I forgot them for you. Then I knew a mightier passion which, like a mountain torrent, swept all before it. At your approach the skies grew brighter, the air filled with fragrance, my heart swelled with music and gladness; and, where you were *not*, the sun grew dark—all was cold, cheerless, and void. Your form was in my sleep, until deeper and deeper grew this gushing, boundless love. I have struggled against it; but now I know not, I reck not if it is wrong; I only know I love. Send me not, then, from you. Whom have I but you?' And here her voice was choked by sobs. 'My stern father—all will spurn me—break not my heart—take me with you—I will be your slave—I ask no more. Let me be near you, at your feet; thus.' And she sank exhausted upon the floor.

"I hastily raised her in my arms. Heaven knows what I said; but that evening a venerable curé in the village married us.

"When we arrived at New Orleans, I dispatched a letter to my mother, begging her to kindly meet my Italian bride. She received her well for my sake, and now loves her for her own. I think Beatrice is happy. And you are the first and only one, Phil, to whom I have revealed the circumstances of my marriage."

The bright, peerless moon was by this time high in the heavens. The waters of the mighty Mississippi shone like burnished silver in the distance. A solitary whippoorwill alone broke the dead silence that reigned around, as the two friends walked musingly along. At length, in a tone half jesting, half serious, Carleton said: "And the little blue-eyed damsel, what said she to her recreant knight? Has she healed up her wounded affections in the arms of another?"

Luttrell replied not, for a moment; and then, in a strangely altered voice, while a spasm of pain crossed his fine face, he murmured, huskily: "The worm that knows no dying is gnawing away my heart. See, I have brought you to her home."

They passed into the quiet church-yard; and there at their feet gleamed a snowy slab, bearing the name of "Alice, aged nineteen. 'The Lord giveth; the Lord taketh.'"

DR. FRANKLIN recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her "from a bunch," and gives as his reason that, when there are a number of daughters, they improve each other, and, from emulation, acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

THE ART OF SKETCHING FLOWERS FROM NATURE.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

THE representation of *roundness of form* in flowers is of the utmost importance as to their pleasing effect upon the eye. This essential quality can only be correctly given by paying due attention to the true appearance of objects under circumstances exhibiting the various characteristics of light, shade, shadow, and reflection.

It is not usual to notice the distinction between *shade* and *shadow*, the two words being generally considered as synonymous. For the purposes of instruction, however, it is thought that it would greatly tend to simplify the subject, if a more rigid attention were paid to the difference that exists between them, by *shade* being always considered to designate the *dark side* of an object

only; and shadow, the darkness thrown upon another object by the intervention of a solid body between it and the source of light.

In an artistic point of view, another fruitful source of confusion is the common use of the word *shadow* to signify the *reflected* images of objects on smooth surfaces. This is particularly exemplified in the well-known fable indelibly impressed on all our minds from youth, improperly called "The Dog and his Shadow;" the fact being that the dog never saw his *shadow* at all, but in reality his likeness *reflected* on the glassy surface of the water. It may be safely asserted that no dog was ever so silly as to take his *shadow* for another dog, however possibly deceived by a *reflection* of himself; nevertheless, we do find people silly enough to be continually

Fig. 15.

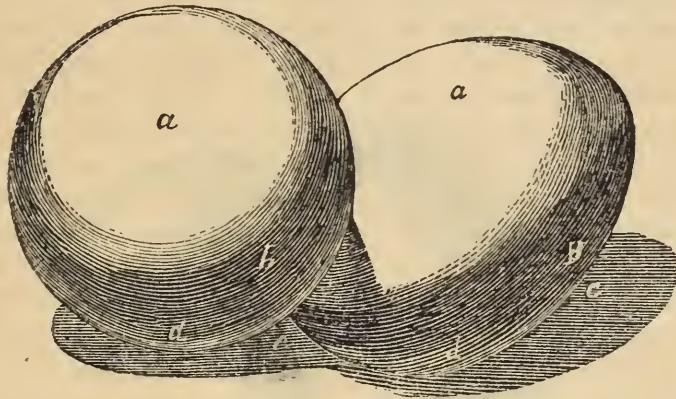
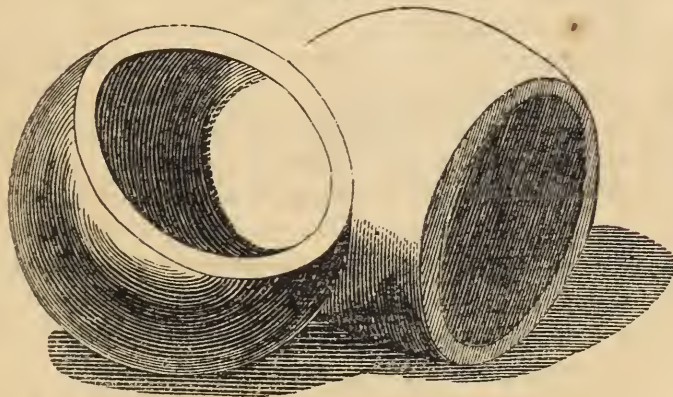


Fig. 16.



confounding in common conversation the shadows and reflections of objects, than which no two things can be more dissimilar.

In figures 15, 16, and 17 are shown various solid and hollow forms, with their different lights, shades, shadows, and reflections distinctly represented, all combining to show roundness of form. The imitation of these is particularly

recommended to the learner, as necessary to the proper representation of this interesting characteristic, too often neglected in flower painting.

The plain globe, and the elliptical solid, as shown in fig. 15 and 16, when illuminated by strong light, will exhibit, first, what is termed the *high light*, see the letters *a a*; secondly, the *shade*, or side turned from the light, *b b*; thirdly,

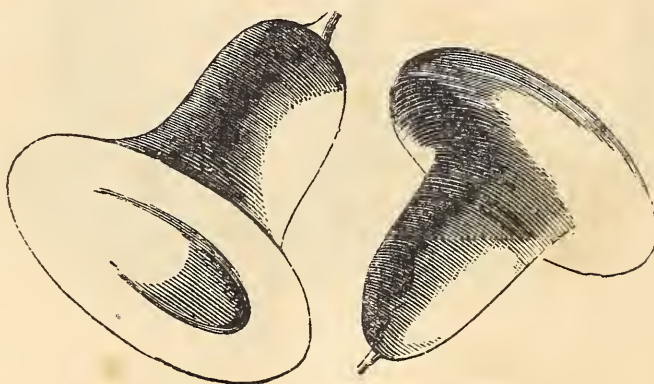
the *shadow* thrown on the next object, or on the ground, *c c*; fourthly, the reflected light, *d d*, cast back on the dark side, from some other strongly illuminated surface near it; and between the high light and the shaded side, that which is termed the half-tint occurs. It is necessary to observe that, in all these several parts, the local color of an object is more or less affected; for instance, in the high lights it is strongest; slightly diminished in the half-tint, and nearly disappears in the dark shade, provided no reflected light occur to reduce the depth of the shade. In the reflected light, the color of the reflecting object will be imparted, and form a compound with the local color of the principal object. In the *shadows* the color of the surfaces will be observed according to the depth of shadow thrown.

It must be evident that to represent the beautifully diversified forms of flowers with truth, under all the above-mentioned circumstances, the student must carefully observe them in proper conditions of light; that from above through a skylight, or the upper part of a window, will be found to produce the best effect; a low side-

light, causing the shades to be too near the top of the flower, gives it a heavy appearance.

In order to prosecute the further study of light and shade effects, a wooden ball or cup, similar to those represented in the annexed figure 15 (painted white), would be found very useful, care being taken to dispose them in suitable light. If placed in too strong a light, the effect produced will appear sharp or harsh to the eye, unless relieved in the shades by a strong *reflected* light; and, on the contrary, if the light be too weak, a dull uniform tone will be imparted to the whole subject. In fig. 16 are represented the light and shade of two cups, so disposed that the light falls partially on the interior of one, whereas in the other the hollow part is entirely in shade. The two remaining subjects, fig. 17, exhibit the light and shade of a bell-shaped object, a form frequently occurring in flowers, and therefore selected as suitable for the imitation of the learner. In one, the light is represented on the exterior, and in the other strikes obliquely on the interior or cup, as well as on the exterior.

Fig. 17.



PRESERVATION OF SIGHT.

THE eye should never view an intense light. The light of a flame should never fall upon any part of the eye during use. Bodies of all colors should be equally viewed, and after regarding a bright or primary color, repose should be sought by looking at a tertiary color. An unsteady flame is hurtful during reading or writing. The eye is liable to damage from being employed on black objects by artificial light, because it is insufficient for the purpose. The observation of objects at the reflecting angle is hurtful, from the intensity of the light. All coverings to lights are injurious, as the clearness of the flame

is diminished; and ground-glass shades are particularly detrimental. Reading during railway travelling is hurtful, because of the constant unsteady motion which is imparted to the book. The observation of close objects during rapid locomotion is trying and detrimental to vision. Glass of neutral tint, blue or green color, may be employed to protect the eyes from a bright sun in the middle of the day; but they are injurious when the light is not painfully intense. Rapid transition from darkness to intense light is liable to be followed by blindness.

AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE.

No. XII.—POLLY BELL'S PRESENT.

BY EDITH WOODLEY.

“SPEAKIN’, t’other evenin’, about Abel Hodgkins, brought to my mind another old bachelor by the name of Ichabod Dustin. Ichabod, as long as his father lived, who owned a complete farm over in the north parish, never thought of sich a thing as gittin’ married; and I don’t know as he would arterwards, if his sister Hitty had been able to do the work about house. But her health begun to fail her, so that they were obleeged to hire a gal to do the spinnin’ and weavin’, and help about the housework, nights and mornin’s. Well, they went on in that way five or six months, when, one evenin’, when the gal had run into one of the neighbors, and Ichabod and Hitty were by themselves, Ichabod says to his sister—‘I’ll tell you what it is, Hitty, this payin’ a gal three shillin’s a week is dreadful poor business, accordin’ to my way of thinkin’. I don’t vally her board so much, ’cause we’ve a house full of everything to eat and drink that heart can wish: that is to say, the substantial; but, to give a gal, who can work under kiver and have sich a comfortable time, as much for a week’s work as a man can airn hoein’ corn and potatoes in the hot, blazin’ sun all day, is a pairfect moth. It keeps eatin’ and eatin’ right into the purse; and, afore you think on ’t, ten dollars are gone.’

“Well, I know,” says Hitty, kind o’ disconsolate like, ‘that, in the course of six months, it runs up to consid’rable.’

“Thirteen bright dollars,” says Ichabod.

“Yes, but what can I do? You know it’s out of my power to do all the spinnin’ and weavin’, besides doin’ all the housework and takin’ care of sich a large dairy as ourn is. If you ain’t willin’ to hire a gal, you must get married.’

“Well, to tell the truth, Hitty,” says he, ‘that’s jest what I was thinkin’ about.’

“I kind o’ mistrusted,” says Hitty, ‘that you’d got some sich idee in your head. Have you got any one picked out that you think’ll answer?’

“Well, I don’t know’s I have. Can’t you think of somebody that’ll do?’

“Maybe I can. What do you think of the widder Sheldin?’

“The widder’s a leetle mite too old to suit me.’

“Why, you are gittin’ along in years yourself, Ichabod. You are up’ards of four years older than the widder Sheldin, to my sartain knowledge.’

“I don’t care. She don’t fill my eye.’

“Well, there’s the widder Batson. What do you say to her?’

“I say she’s an outrageous scold; and when she isn’t scoldin’, she’s frettin’.’

“Patty Cornish: what fault have you to find with her?” says Hitty.

“Patty is well enough; but she’s gittin’ oldish; and was never, in her best days, dreadful handsome.’

“Well,” says Hitty, ‘if you don’t fancy Patty, nor either of the widders, you must pick out somebody yourself. I can’t.’

“What do you think of Polly Bell?” says he.

“Polly Bell! Why, Ichabod Dustin, you’re crazy, I raly b’l’eve! Polly isn’t a bit more’n eighteen; and she’s the handsomest and gentleest gal there is in the place.’

“That’s jest what’ll suit me,” says Ichabod.

“Well,” says Hitty, ‘you’d better let Polly Bell alone. She won’t have anything to say to you. She’ll give you the mitten as sure as you are alive; and make all manner of fun of you into the bargain.’

“Ichabod said nothing more about goin’ to see Polly Bell to Hitty, but kept ponderin’ upon it, and turnin’ it over in his own mind. At last, he concluded that he’d make her a present of some kind, afore he went to see her, so as to kind o’ smooth the way, as ’twere. The next question was, what the present should be. He didn’t want it to cost much, for he was as close as the bark to a tree; and there was no knowin’ but what ’twould be a dead loss to him. Arter puzzlin’ his brains about it for the matter of a whole week or more, without bein’ able to pitch on anything, one day, when he was in the store tradin’ for some tea, and sugar, and molasses, and other necessaries, a woman that was there asked to look at some white silk gloves. The minute he sot eyes on the gloves, he says to himself—‘They’re jest the thing to give Polly

Bell.' He'd brought a parcel of rye to pay the storekeeper for what he bought; and, when he found that he should be obliged to give a bushel and a half for a pair of gloves, he hesitated a spell about buyin' 'em. But at last he said to himself—'Nothin' venter, nothin' have;' and, in a fit of desp'ration, as 'twere, he concluded he'd take a pair of 'em. So he looked the gloves over, and picked out a good, large pair, so that, in case Polly wouldn't accept 'em, they'd do for his sister Hitty, whose hands were naterally a purty good size. Mr. Purdy, the man he bought 'em of, did 'em up in a piece of paper, and Ichabod put 'em in his pocket; but it ground his feelin's dreadfully to see the half bushel filled brimful three times to pay for a little roll of stuff he could put in his waistcoat pocket.

"The next step was to find out some way to send 'em, without lettin' Hitty know anything about it, 'cause he was afeard that she would speak agin it. Not long arterwards, he happened to meet Seth Burt. Seth was a horseback, goin' to mill, and would pass right by the door where Polly Bell lived. So Ichabod hailed him, and says he—'Seth, I've got a little bit of an arrant I want you to do for me. It's of a nater kind o' dilicate, you see; but I guess you can manage it.'

"'Let's hear what it is,' says Seth.

"'Here's a little wad of suthin' done up in this 'ere paper,' says Ichabod, takin' the gloves out of his pocket, 'that I want to send to Polly Bell. It's privacy, you see; so I want you to give it right into Polly's own hand. And look here, Seth, I want you to tell her that Ichabod Dustin sent it to her; and that there's suthin' inside the paper he wants her to wear to meetin', next Sunday, if she feels fri'ndly to the giver. Tell her, if she wears 'em, I shall know how to interpret it, and shall act accordin'ly.'

"'Yes, yes,' says Seth, noddin' his head, and winkin'; 'I understand the psalm, as the sayin' is.'

"'Now, Seth, if you see Hitty, as you pass by our house, don't say a word to her about it.'

"'Sartainly not,' says Seth. 'I know all about managin' sich dilicate matters.'

"'Well, you see Hitty was on the look-out for somebody to do an arrant for her; and, as soon as Seth got agin the house, she run to the door, and spoke to him.

"'You're goin' to mill, I take it, by the bags on your horse,' says she.

"'Yes,' says Seth, 'that's my calc'lation.'

"'Then it won't be much put out for you to call at Uncle Sam Dustin's, will it?'

"'Not a bit,' says Seth. Seth was naterally of an obleegin' turn, you see.

"'Well,' says Hitty, 'if you'll jest ride up to the door, and hand this little bundle to any one of the family you happen to see, I'll do you as good a turn, the first chance I have.'

"'That's the least of my consarn,' says Seth. 'When I git to sich a pass that I can't do a neighborly kindness, I haul up stakes, and go off, and live in the parched and howlin' desert, among the bears, and wolves, and lions, and other wild insects.'

"You see that 'twas the fashion in them days for old gentlemen who'd lost their hair, and wa'nt very well able to buy a wig, to wear a cap, or a skullcap, as 'twas sometimes called. Some had 'em made of one thing, and some of another. Mr. Sam Dustin always wore white linning ones; and it so happened that Hitty had been makin' one for him, so she thought she'd send it along by Seth. As ill luck would have it, his mind was so bent on deliverin' Ichabod's message right to Polly, that he didn't take very partic'lar notice of the two little bundles he had in charge; and, when he arrived at Mr. Dustin's, he couldn't, for the life of him, tell which was which. One, he found, was done up in brown paper, and the other in blue; and so, arter considerin' a while, he concluded, as 'blue was true,' the blue one was meant for Polly Bell, and the brown one for Mr. Dustin. So he called up to the door, and left it. When he arrived at Mr. Bell's, he inquired for Polly, and she went to the door.

"'Step this way, a minute,' says Seth. So she went up close to where he sat on his horse.

"'Here's a leetle suthin',' says he, 'that Ichabod Dustin asked me to call and give you. It's some furbelow, I expect, for he says he wants you to wear it to meetin', next Sunday, if you feel fri'ndly to the giver.'

"Polly was so struck up, that she hardly knew what to say, or what to think; and, by the time she'd fairly come to her senses, Seth was gone. Without sayin' a word to anybody, she slipped up stairs, to find out what was inside the paper, when lo, and behold! 'twas a white linning skullcap, ironed as smooth as glass, and rolled up so nice there wa'n't a wrinkle in it. What to make of it, she didn't know. At first, she felt purty much vexed, 'cause she naterally thought that Ichabod sent it to kind of insult her, as 'twere. But, on the whole, she didn't much care if he did; and then, when it popped into her mind what a queer figure she'd cut if she did as he desired her to, and wear it to meetin', she couldn't help

burstin' right out a laughin', all alone there, by herself. Arter she'd got sobered down a little, she made up her mind to keep her own counsel, and see how 'twould turn out in the eend.

"It so happened that the next Sunday was terrible stormy; and Polly, who lived a consid'erable distance from the meetin'-house, was obleeged to stay at home; so that Ichabod remained in onsartainty about his present—didn't know whether 'twas well received or not. Finally, when it got along into the middle of the week, his feelin's got so worked up, that he was detarmined to go and see Polly, and have his distiny read to him from her own lips. But, arter thinkin' and considerin' on it a spell, he couldn't pluck up courage to go alone; so he says to his sister—'Come, Hitty, what do you say to goin' over to Squire Bell's this evenin'?"

"Well, I should like to go well enough," says Hitty.

"So Ichabod went and dressed up in his best; and, by the time Hitty was ready, the horse and shay was at the door.

"When they arrived at the squire's, who should be there but the widder Batson, Patty Cornish, and a young, genteel-lookin' man they didn't know, besides several others. Ichabod always had an awful solemn way with him; and was naterally terrible awk'ard, 'specially when he was dressed up in his meetin' clothes—never seemed to know what to do with his hands. People, in a gin'ral way, accordin' to the widder Batson's account, could have taken care of half a dozen pair of hands better than he did his one pair. And 'twas the same with his feet: they were in everybody's way as well as his own; and once, in the course of the evenin', he come near trippin' up Squire Bell, which made him awful 'shamed, besides bein' tremendous scairt. But then, you know, that thinkin' of Polly and the present he'd sent her, made him ten times more awk'ard that evenin' than common.

"Once in a while, when he thought nobody was obsarvin' him, he cast a look out of the corner of his eye to Polly; but she looked, and appeared purty much as she al'ays did, on'y, once in a while, there seemed to be a kind o' mischievous twinkle in her eyes. It comforted Ichabod to find how free and sociable she was; for, accordin' to his intarpretation, it was a sign that his present was well received. Arter a while, his courage riz so, that he made a sign to Polly that he wanted to speak with her in private; but she made b'l'ëve that she thought he meant the widder Batson, who happened to sit next to her. So she jest jogged the widder's elbow, and then whispered in her ear that she

guessed that Mr. Dustin wanted to say suthin' to her that he didn't care to have the rest hear; and that she'd better go out into the back room, so as to give him a chance. But the widder give her to understand that, if he'd got any-thing to say to her he wa'n't willin' to say afore the whole company, she didn't want to hear it.

"By and by, the clock struck nine, and then, the minute Hitty got into her seam-needle, she rolled up her knittin'-work, and put it into her pocket. She sot a spell; and then, as Ichabod didn't say anything about goin', she jest hinted to him that it was time sich old folks as they were should be thinkin' about goin' home. He seemed dreadful loth to start; but at last he riz out of his chair, and said that he would go and harness the horse into the shay.

"No, no; you set still," says Squire Bell, 'and let one of the boys harness the horse.'

"So Ichabod sot down; and Polly, while she was helpin' Hitty on with her things, said she guessed there was a storm a brewin'; for, by the sound, there seemed to be a strong northeast wind a blowin'.

"I'm sorry for that," says Hitty, 'for Ichabod is al'ays afeared of a northeast wind: thinks it gives him a cold.'

"In a minute or two, one of the boys came in, and said the shay was ready.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dustin," says Polly, 'that sich a cold, raw, northeast wind has come up. You'll sartainly take cold if you don't have suthin' to keep it from whistlin' into your ears.'

"Do you think I shall?" says Ichabod, puttin' his hands up to his ears, and rubbin' 'em, as if he felt the wind beginnin' to blow into 'em.

"I raly b'l'ëve you will," says Polly, lookin' as meek and innocent as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. 'But, as good luck would have it, I had a present sent me a little while ago, which'll be jest the thing to keep your ears warm;' and, afore Ichabod had time to say a word, she slipped the linning skullcap right on to his head, slick as a mitten.

"There," says she, 'it suits to a T.'

"Why, Polly Bell, where on airth did you get Uncle Sam Dustin's skullcap I sent him t'other day?" says Hitty.

"I should rather think 'twas sent to me," says Polly. 'Seth Burt handed it to me as he went to mill, a few days ago, and said that a sartain gentleman sent it to me as a present, with a request that I would wear it to meetin', last Sunday; but you see 'twas so stormy I couldn't go; so I thought, bein' it's a case of necessity, I wouldn't be selfish, but let your

brother have the wearin' of it for the first time.'

"Well," says Hitty, 'what on airth could 'ave put it into Seth Burt's head that 'twas you I wanted him to give it to, no pairson can tell.'

"Up to this time, Ichabod had stood like a critter that was 'mazed. He was, naterally, no very despisable-lookin' pairson; but, bein' rather long favored, and purty much tanned, a snow-white cap wasn't the most becomin'est lookin' thing he could have on his head. As I said, he stood like a man that was 'mazed, a statter, as one might say; while the boys, who 'd huddled up in a corner, couldn't help gigglin' right out; and the widder Batson, old as she was, had hard work to keep from j'inin' 'em. If the truth was known, I guess 'twas purty tough work for the squire and his wife to keep their countenances; but 'twould 'ave been unpolite, you know, for 'em to 'ave laughed at one of their company.

"As soon as the squire had got so as he could speak, he put on a stairn look, and says to his darter Polly—"I should like to know what all this nonsense means.'

"Why," says Polly, 'as Mr. Dustin sent me the cap, with a request that I would wear it to meetin', Sunday, I thought that I wouldn't be outdone in ginerosity, but lend it to him to wear home, when there was sich danger of his takin' cold.'

"Now, Ichabod," says Hitty, 'there's suthin' more in all this than Uncle Sam Dustin's skull-cap; and I mistrust you can explain it if you're on'y a mind to. You sent suthin' to Polly by Seth, I know; for he isn't so much of a fool as to make a blunder like this, if you didn't. Come, you may as well own the truth as not.'

"Well, then, if you must know, I sent her a pair of white silk gloves. I bought 'em of Mr. Purdy, and paid him three half bushels of rye for 'em. And capital rye 'twas, too: some that grew on that piece of burnt ground, the furder eend of the long paster. 'Twas first-rate sile, and—'

"Never mind the sile," says Hitty; 'the goodness of that won't make the gloves either better or worse. The next time you want to send a gal a present, jest write her name on the paper you put round it: that's my advice. When I was young as Polly is, if an old bachelor like you had sent me a skullcap, with word for me to wear it to meetin', I shouldn't wonder if I'd 'ave thinned his locks for him, the first chance I had, so that he'd been glad to have had that, or some other one, to wear himself.'

"And 'twould 'ave been sarvin' him right," says the widder Batson. 'Don't you say so, Patty Cornish?'

"No, not if 'twas a mistake," says Patty, kind o' candid like.

"Well, it was a mistake, as sartain as I'm alive; and, if Polly will accept the gloves, she shall have 'em now.'

"I'm much obleeged to you," says Polly; 'but, as Seth left the cap here, it's quite likely that he left the gloves at your uncle's; and your aunt will naterally think they were intended as a present for her. Besides, I'm in no need of gloves: I've a good supply on hand for the present.'

"'Mongst the rest are your weddin' gloves, I s'pose," says the widder Batson.

"Polly, at this, colored up as red as fire; and the genteel-lookin' young man that I spoke of looked right straight for'ard, as if, all at once, he'd discovered suthin' oncommon nice the other eend of the room.

"Ichabod was never dreadful sharp-witted; couldn't, if he'd tried, sot a river afire; but he could see there was no chance for him where there was sich a handsome young man in the way. If it hadn't 'ave been for the loss of the three half bushels of rye, he'd 'ave been resigned as a lamb. If he could had his way, he would sent to his Aunt Dustin's for the gloves; but Hitty wouldn't consent to it, 'cause, you see, as Polly Bell said, the old lady thought they had been sent her as a present. At first, Ichabod worried and fretted a good deal about it; but, arter a while, he kind o' forgot it; and, a year from the next Thanksgivin', he was married to Patty Cornish. A grand, good wife she made him, too; and 'twa'n't a great while afore he begun grad'ally to grow less narrer-minded, so that 'twa'n't many years afore a four-pence-ha'-penny, instead of appearin' in his eye as large as a dollar, dwindled down to its nateral size."

AVOID connecting yourself with characters whose good and bad sides are unmixed, and have not fermented together; they resemble phials of vinegar and oil, or pallets set with colors: they are either excellent at home and intolerable abroad, or insufferable within doors and excellent in public; they are unfit for friendship, merely because their stamina, their ingredients of character, are too single, too much apart; let them be finely ground up with each other, and they will be incompatible.

ORNAMENTAL LEATHER WORK.

(See Cut in front of Book.)

IN our prospectus for the year, we promised "Ornamental Leather Work." We commence it in this number.

Materials requisite for the Work.—

Basil Leather.	Cutting Knife.
Thin Skiver Leather.	" Board.
Bottle of Oak Varnish Stain.	Mould for Grapes, &c.
" Shaw's Liquid Glue.	Set of Brushes.
" Stiffening.	Fine Black Lead Pencil.
Small Hammer.	Wooden Frame, Bracket,
Veining Tool.	or other article intended
Bradawl.	to be ornamented.
Pair of Scissors.	

Leather.—The kind of leather used for general purposes is basil; it should be selected of an even texture and of a light color, as the lighter colored basil takes the oak varnish stain better than the dark.

The skiver leather is used for making grapes, or very small leaves and flowers, and can be obtained at the same place as the basil leather. This kind is also very useful for thin stems and any minute portion of the work.

Amongst the numerous articles which admit of ornamenting with leather may be enumerated frames, brackets, vases, pole and hand-screens, card-plates and racks, music and watch-stands.

Directions for making the Leaves.—Sketch, either from nature, or from the examples annexed, the leaf you intend to copy, upon pasteboard; cut it out very carefully; then place a piece of basil in cold water for half a minute (not longer), unless the leather is unusually thick; the leather should then be taken out of the water, and pressed in a linen cloth until the surface becomes dry. The leather being thus prepared, lay it quite flat and place upon it the pasteboard pattern, holding it firmly down with the left hand, and with the right draw a line round the pattern with a fine lead pencil; while the leather is damp, cut out the leaf with a pair of scissors, or with the leather-cutting knife, as occasion may require. When smaller or larger leaves are required, a reduced or enlarged sketch should be taken, and pattern made in pasteboard, and applied in the same manner for cutting as for the other leaves. Vein the leaves with the veining tool (using it as a lead pencil in drawing) upon the right or smooth side of the leaf; bear heavily where the strong indentations are re-

quired, and lightly where the finer veins are wanted. Each leaf must now be bent and moulded to suit the position it is intended to occupy when the work is finished. Having succeeded in producing the leaves, they should now be dried quickly, which brings us to the

Process of Stiffening.—After the leaves are dry, in order to make them hard, a coating of the prepared stiffening should be applied with a brush; great care must be taken to cover the edges; a rather large camel's hair pencil is the best for applying the stiffening. The leaves will soon dry, and then they will be ready for the

Staining.—Stain the leaves by brushing them all over with oak varnish stain, thinly and evenly, with a hog's hair brush. The stain must not be allowed to lodge in the *veined* parts, but must be brushed out carefully, or the veins will appear too black. When the leaves are dry, they are ready for use. Should the leaves not be dark enough, there must be a second application of the stain.

To make Stems, &c.—Cut strips of basil about one-third of an inch wide, and as long as the leather will allow; soak them thoroughly in water; then roll them up, the smooth side outwards, as round as possible, on a table or any other smooth surface. Dry them quickly by the fire. If the stems are wanted very stiff, wire should be rolled inside the leather.

To make Tendrils.—Tendrils are made in the same manner as the stems, using the skiver leather instead of basil.

Take a piece of the prepared tendrils the length required for winding, damp it slightly, and immediately wind it round the point of a bradawl, taking care to secure both ends of the tendril; dry it by the fire, then remove it from the awl, and a delicately formed tendril will be the result. The stems and tendrils should be hardened with stiffening, and stained, &c., in the same manner as the leaves.

To cover a Frame.—Procure a deal frame of the size and form required, taking care to have it made of well-seasoned wood. Size it all over with patent size. Leave it about an hour to dry, then apply a coating of oak varnish stain, and when dry it will be ready for use. Com-

mence the process of covering by attaching the stem with small tacks all round, in spaces of a few inches, in a zigzag direction. Supposing the vine pattern frame is selected, cover the wood with four or five gradations of foliage, well arranged, so as to preserve as nearly as possible the natural appearance of the vine. Too great a profusion of grapes should be avoided; but the number and size of the clusters can hardly be determined; we must therefore leave it to the taste of the artist.

To make Grapes.—In order to produce grapes symmetrically formed, a proper mould should be obtained; then cut rounds of skiver the size required, which must be wetted and placed in the mould, the smooth side downwards; then fill the leather in the mould firmly with wadding, and tie the grapes securely with strong thread or fine twine; or, grapes can be formed of deal, or of any kind of soft wood, with a hole pierced through the centre large enough to admit

of a leather or gutta percha stalk being drawn through and fastened at one end; they should now be stained and made into clusters. Wooden grapes may be covered with damped skiver, if preferred. It is necessary to observe, in making the clusters, that the tying should be entirely concealed.

To make Acorns.—Acorns can be made in the following manner: Procure some natural acorn-cups (which are to be found in great quantities in the autumn); choose such cups only as are perfectly sound; then pierce two holes through the bottom of the cup, pass a piece of fine wire through the holes, leaving the two ends long enough to be twisted into a stalk; if the stalk is to be exposed, it must be covered with skiver and made fast with Shaw's liquid glue. The most correctly formed acorn tops are those turned in wood, which can be firmly placed in the cup by the aid of the liquid glue; this completes the fully-formed acorn.

REMINISCENCES OF BONNETS.—NO. V.

BY FLORENCE FASHIONHUNTER.

IN the fourth volume of the "Lady's Book," at the beginning, I find a colored plate of Philadelphia Fashions for January, 1832. The head dress of the first figure, Fig. 1 (lettered Evening Dress), puzzled me not a little. My difficulty

Fig. 1.



was in finding a name for it. It is not a cap—that is self-evident. Nor is it a hood—it is still less like a hood. Nor can it be a toque; although, with a very slight effort of imagination, it might be regarded as two toques which had engaged in a violent quarrel, and had taken opposite sides on the lady's head. Finally, it

occurred to me that my perplexity might be terminated, and the mystery solved, by turning to the description, which I fortunately found on the first page of the letter-press. It is "Coronet turban of crimson velvet with white feathers." The coronet appears to refer to the small ornament next the hair. So it is nothing more nor less than a turban after all. And such a turban! It should have some qualifying epithet to distinguish and set it apart from all other imaginable turbans. For example, a turban *enragée*, or turban run mad. Young America, looking over my shoulder, suggests the Flare Up Turban. That will do, Young America. Put that child to bed, Kitty!

On the same plate with this remarkable head-dress is a representation of the walking dress of Philadelphia ladies in the same month of January, 1832, Fig. 2. It is so remarkable and suggestive that I have ventured to depart from my ordinary rule, and have directed the engraver to copy the whole figure for the delight and astonishment of the reader. The whole dress is thus described: "Pelisse of Royal Purple Merino, trimmed with black velvet. Hat of purple velvet lined with black, and edged with a deep fall of blonde. Bows and strings of black and purple gauze, alternately." Observe the self-satisfied air and attitude of the lady, as who

Fig. 2.



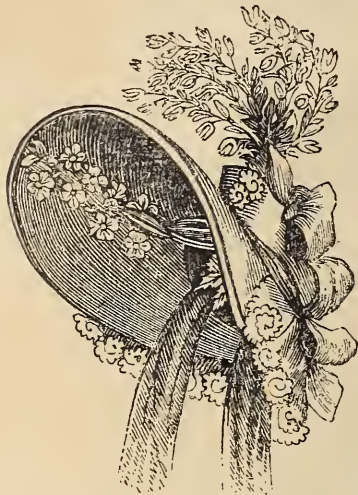
should say: "What do you think of that now for a fashionable *ensemble*?" I should have been rather taken aback, I confess, if I had encountered the apparition of such a walking dress in Chestnut Street, some bright cold morning of

January of this current year, 1856. Such breadth of shoulders! Such sleeves! Old tradition says they were called "leg-of-mutton sleeves!" Such a mountain of purple velvet for a bonnet; *such* a "deep fall of blonde," or, rather, such an

overwhelming cataract of blonde, rather as a surrounding garniture for the bonnet, than a veil for the face. To complete the picture and put the machinery in action, it is only necessary to suppose the lady walking out and facing a stiff northwesterly breeze, such as are supposed to prevail in the month of January.

In the same number of the "Lady's Book" with these fashions, I find two remarkable bonnets, under the title of "Latest English Head-dresses." The first, Fig. 3, appears not to be of English origin. In its general contour it is

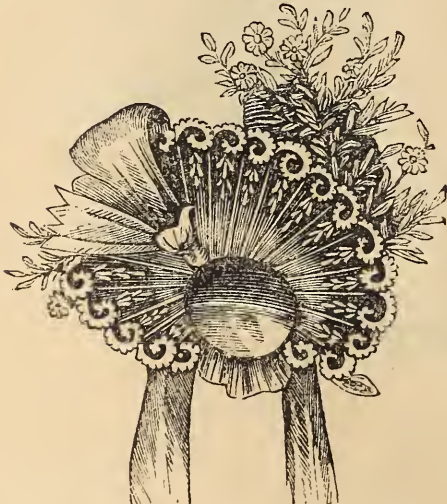
Fig. 3.



identical with a bonnet worn in connection with an outrageous *semi-nude* street dress worn by the Paris belles in the most licentious days of the French Revolution. The French original had a rather more defiant sweep in the front part, which was not counterbalanced by the high crown and flowers behind.

The other English bonnet, Fig. 4, I think should have been styled the Marigold, from its

Fig. 4.



resemblance to that interesting flower. The outer circle of curved ornaments, and the large bow of ribbon surmounted by the redundant

bocage of flowers, must have had a very killing effect. I think a revival of this Marigold pattern would produce a very decided sensation.

In the same volume of the "Lady's Book" occurs the engraving, Fig. 5, of the bonnet

Fig. 5.



called by the sailors from time immemorial the "fore and aft bonnet," from its projecting so far both in front and in rear. The odd effect of this peculiarity must have been greatly exaggerated by the tall upright bunch of flowers on the top.

THE MOTHER'S WHIM.

A CERTAIN lady had a child which she never allowed to be contradicted for fear it would make him sick. Relatives, friends, and even her husband told her she would spoil the child, but all was of no avail. One day she heard him screaming with great anger in the garden. At the moment she ran and ascertained the cause to be that the servant had refused to give him something he wanted. "You impertinent creature," said the mother to the servant, "not to give the child what he wants." "By my troth," said the girl, "he may cry till the morning, and he'll not get it." Enraged beyond bounds at this reply, the lady ran for her husband to chastise the saucy servant. The husband, who was as weak as his wife, cried out to the servant: "You insolent creature, do you have the impudence to disobey your mistress?" "It is true, sir, I did not obey her. The child has been crying for the moon, which he sees reflected in the fountain. I could not give it to him, though commanded by the mistress. *Perhaps she can do it.*" A general laugh followed, in which the lady, despite her anger, joined. It was a good lesson for her.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"Her cheek was pale and thinner
Than should be for one so young;
And her eyes on all my motions
With a mute observance hung."

LOCKSLEY HALL.

A soft, golden June sunset bathed the whole country-side in a flood of radiance. The white pendent blossoms of the acacia and the delicate green of the just opened foliage were rippled by the low west wind beginning to stir among the tree-tops burdened by its freight of perfume stolen from the distant clover fields, the new mown hay, and the clustering roses—crimson, white, and blush tinted—that clung around the unpainted cottage, nodded in at the windows, or disputed the outstanding trellises with honeysuckle, clematis, or hardy grape-vines—a wealth, a mass of blossoms, and tendrils, and emerald leaves.

A shy, slight child, at first sight neither plain nor attractive, looked out eagerly from the gateway down the road to the city, white with dust, and in its unshaded barrenness. Strange contrast to the nook of verdure which we have described. It seemed as if some miracle must have reclaimed this spot from the desolate common, covered by a crop of stunted weeds, and crossed in every direction with a network of foot-paths or netted cart-tracks. A sluggish stream wound sullenly among them; and a few cabins of miserable structure were scattered here and there, the only other human habitations within sight.

It was indeed a miracle of patient industry and forethought that had rescued this lovely home and the fertile gardens which surrounded it from what was once all desolate and barren. At first, a little patch of ground, scarcely an acre, was inclosed around an old country house long deserted, and falling into decay. All that remained of its former occupancy were the fine old trees that had shaded it, and which first attracted the Scotch gardener, Allen Palmer, in his search for a home in the New World. Here he settled for his experiment, renting the house and garden spot, and spending his little capital in repairs, and renovating the worn-out soil. His wife, like himself, frugal and industrious, shared with him their earlier toil. Night and morning dews, the heat of summer noonday, and the cold of early spring were alike unheeded

until their home was their own, blossoming into the promise of its present luxuriance, and yielding a fair return for the original outlay. Little by little they purchased, and dressed, and tilled the barren land around, turning the weedy stream to usefulness, and profiting by a knowledge of soils and favorable exposures, which then were but little attended to, or indeed understood in the busy New World.

One thing was against them: the market was so far off. It was the journey of a day to transport the vegetables thither, and dispose of them profitably; and the gardener could afford but two from every week without neglecting their culture. But they were earliest with spring delicacies, and latest with successions; so, in spite of this drawback, Allen Palmer had become a prosperous man.

His own frame had but developed and strengthened by the honest toil; but earlier hardships and the first few years of care and anxiety had stolen silently strength and health from his one friend and companion, his much loved, all-enduring wife. He did not dream how heavily the burden had fallen upon her till the crowning blessing of a child was given to them; and when, in his thankfulness, he thought life had nothing more to offer, he watched in vain for the old buoyancy of step and tone to return to the mother of his little one. She lived to hear the baby voice prattling to the birds and flowers, to guide its first tottering steps through the shaded alleys of the garden, and then left them both, isolated, as their lives had always been dependent on each other for comfort and companionship.

An old servant was the only person Christy had seen beside her father for many years. When occasional visitors came, she ran away from the garden, her natural shyness heightened by this unusual seclusion, and hid, clinging to old Betsy's garments, until the intruder was gone. The evening was her delight. Then she sat on her father's knee, and smoothed his fair hair, silvering now upon the temples, or patted his rough, sunburnt cheek, and sang, and talked, and questioned him of her dead mother, or his old home, until he came to look upon her more as a loving friend than a child. The wild children of the cabins were no playfellows for her;

the farm-houses were too far off to find companions there; but she was satisfied with her flowers and pets, and never knew what she lost in merriment, or what she escaped in coarse contact.

She could not always remain a child: following her father, or aiding old Betsy with her busy, helpful hands; and satisfied with the scraps of knowledge she gathered from the few old books that but for her would have lain dusty and undisturbed upon the window-sill. The gardener began to think of this; and to fall into long reveries of what might befall his orphan child should he too be taken away from her, and so to regret the severed ties of kindred and friends in the Old World.

The thin, wistful face looked longer than usual, for the trim market cart Christine could tell so far off. Twice she ran into the house to be sure there was nothing wanting on the supper-table she had arranged with her own hands, or to hasten old Betsy's preparations in the kitchen. And when the sober brown horse trotted slowly into view, Christine saw with a pang of disappointment that her father was not alone. She shrank back, hoping that the stranger was a wayfarer, and would pass on; but no. When the wheels passed by so closely that they brushed the hawthorn bush behind which she was hidden, she saw by a leathern valise and packages in the wagon that, for the first time since her recollection, a visitor had come to stay at the cottage. She had watched for her father, and anticipated their coming, after a whole day of absence, so eagerly, that great hot tears of disappointment sprang to her eyes, and she sat down disconsolately on the ground, with her apron thrown over her face, sobbing harder and harder at fancied wrong and neglect, as minute after minute went by, and her father did not come to seek her. He had looked through every room, and wondered at her absence before he came to the door and called "Christy," the second time so imperatively that she dared not disobey. How she hated this stranger, whoever he was, as she walked slowly to the house, shutting her eyelids tight, every now and then, to shake the tears from her long lashes, to which they sprang again in spite of her resolution and her pride!

The room was just as she had left it: flowers everywhere that a nosegay could be placed, filling up the centre of the wide-mouthed fireplace, and reflected on the shining brasses over which they fell; on the little round table with its twisted legs and cloven feet in the corner; on the grandest piece of furniture in the room, called by Betsy a "secretary;" the drawers sur-

mounted by a slanting desk, whose mysterious recesses and pigeon-holes were a wonder still to Christy when her father sat before it making out his accounts or arranging his few papers.

All was so neat, and fresh, and shining with cleanliness, and the supper-table looked so inviting, now that Betsy brought in fresh vegetables with their appetizing odor, and the cold joint from yesterday's dinner, that the guest congratulated himself on the excellent quarters into which chance and the market cart had conveyed him, happily unconscious of the unfavorable scrutiny of the child standing in the doorway. He was seated in what had been her mother's chair—an offence in itself, for it was only very lately that Christy had ventured to occupy it, and always, when she did so, felt grander and more important than at any other time in her life, and held herself very straightly from all contact with the cushioned back and sides. But the stranger—what did he know of its sacredness?—loll'd back completely at his ease, and was surveying himself with evident complacency in the little oak-framed mirror between the windows, on which the last slanting sunlight fell.

"Who can he be?" thought Christy, waiting her father's reappearance from the stable, where he had gone to superintend personally the comfort of old Dobbin. "He's more like a picture in a book than my father, or John, or old Mr. Ronalds. How white his hands are! how his hair curls!—just as mine would if Betsy would not cut it off every time." And he was young, too, younger than any man she had ever seen; lithe and graceful in figure, but with pale features; and listless in attitude, as if suffering from ill health. He was, in fact, just recovering from a severe illness, and had been ordered to the country for a change of air, and total cessation of the studies which had so absorbed him as to make him forgetful that knowledge without health was unavailing. Strolling through the market in search of early fruit, all that his appetite craved, he encountered his old acquaintance, the gardener, who had served him with many a tasteful, if not choice bouquet; and, questioning him of lodgings, had proposed himself as guest, and as suddenly found the arrangement accepted.

It was plain to see that Allen Palmer liked his young acquaintance. Perhaps there was no other of all his chance customers whom he would have admitted to his little household. As it was, he turned a deaf ear to old Betsy's muttered wonderings, and ordered the only unoccupied room to be put in readiness for their visitor.

"But I never will like him, I don't care how long he stays," the child said, perversely, to herself, as she stood by her father's chair, later in the evening. The twilight was suddenly replaced by the unclouded splendor of the just risen moon, tracing the foliage across the window on the uncarpeted floor, and making the low room and its homely furniture picturesque. Her father's arm was around her; but he scarcely seemed to know it, as he talked on and on as she had never heard him talk before. There was all her little news of the day still untold—the first blossoming of the white moss roses, the loss of a favorite chicken from her little brood, an undeserved lecture from the old servant to be deprecated, and still, for the first time in her recollection, a stranger absorbed all his thoughts. It was very hard; and she looked out into the garden, and the moonlight brought strange, sad thoughts, as it often did, of her unknown mother, and a yearning for sympathy and companionship which she had never felt before, and scarcely understood now, until she stole away to bed without a good-night kiss, for the first time in all her life, and cried herself to sleep.

Eternally miserable, as Christy determined to be at night, she had to confess herself quite resigned and even interested before the next day was over. She had been surprised into an acquaintance with Mr. Wiley while dusting and arranging his room—a task at which Betsy had set her as soon as he had gone out for a look over the garden with her father. It was in wonderful confusion, to be sure: clothes hanging on the high, slender bed-posts, and lying on the floor just as they had been pulled out of the open valise; drawing materials and toilet articles scattered about; and, greatest treasure of all, a pile of books tumbled down as heedlessly.

It was a very plain, unadorned chamber, low, as were all the rooms, with open rafters overhead, on which were deposited Betsy's accumulation of dried medicinal herbs, with thyme, and sage, and various other winter help to soups and dressings for the kitchen. The one window had no curtain save the drooping branches of a weeping willow and one adventurous spray of climbing roses, just now flushed with buds and blossoms. But the busy little hands did their best. The bed, with its blue and white counterpane, was straightened into most tidy precision, the clothes gathered together on a single chair for Betsy's longer arms to dispose of; but then came the temptation—lifting those enticing volumes to place in the window seat, the only bookshelf the cottage could boast of. Christy opened one and another, skimmed a page of this

and a verse of that, until, absorbed in the rhyme of the "Ancient Mariner," she sat, with her head bent down on her hands, leaning over the book, and the short waves of fair hair shading her large gray eyes, lighted by the wonderful interest of the story.

Her face flushed into positive beauty for a moment as she looked up with a startled, appealing glance to find Mr. Wiley quietly seated, and watching her from the foot of the bed. She had heard the footsteps, but, thinking it only the old servant come to chide her for her idleness, sat still, spell-bound, by the legend.

Shame and timidity struggled together as she sprang up, and would have escaped from the room had he not seized her hands, and held her fast a prisoner before him.

"And so you read Coleridge?" he said, "and Shelley too, perhaps? Why, what a wonderful little maiden! Who taught you to like poetry? Oh, no, I can't let you go yet awhile!" And, after a time, she ceased to struggle, and stood passively, while his soft hand brushed the hair back from her face as a woman might have done.

Christy never exactly understood how it came about; but she ceased to think he was so formidable, though a certain wholesome awe never quite departed, and she was soon showing him the flower-garden, and making him the recipient of yesterday's still unuttered news, instead of her father, who certainly did not deserve it, she thought.

That evening, she listened to the conversation, instead of watching the moonlight, although it was not of the subjects she liked best. She could not understand all they said about railroads, and real estate, and the greatly increased value of her father's land if it could only be brought nearer to the market.

But it was pleasant to see her father so interested, instead of falling asleep in his chair as he so often did, evenings, and to hear Mr. Wiley's pleasant voice, and watch his face, knowing that he could not see her for the shadow in which she sat.

A whole host of new pleasures was suddenly opened to the child, young in heart and experience rather than in years, for she had passed her thirteenth birthday. Almost incapable of exertion, as the convalescent felt himself to be, talking to this little maiden with her strange fancies and sometimes startling thoughts was the occupation that best suited him. He gave her free access to his books, and wondered at her choice among them, and the avidity with which she read and comprehended. He took long

strolls over the uninviting common with her by his side, silently holding by his hand if he had fallen into a reverie of the glorious career he would carve out for himself, of the fame, and fortune, and the love he was sure to win. So said young, untried enthusiasm, leaping over all intervening obstacles, with the largest faith in the future. Or, if he chatted to her, that was more delightful still. He told her of books she must read when she grew older, of pictures that she would learn to understand if she could see them, of the actual world beyond this narrow life which now seemed bounded and obscured until she began to wonder if it would always be thus, or whether she should some day see, and hear, and learn for herself.

"Have you never been in the city?" Mr. Wiley said, one evening, in answer to some such half revealed aspiration. "Never? and within seven miles of its roar and confusion! Would you like to go some day?"

"Oh, yes, very much!" and the child's heart gave a great bound, but as suddenly sunk again. "With you, I mean. I should not be afraid then, I think."

"Less afraid with me than your father, Christy?"

"But he would be so busy he could not attend to me, you know."

"Well, you shall go, little one. I may have to be there myself, to-morrow; but I dread it—ugh!" And he shrugged his shoulders at the thought of encountering the heat, and dust, and turmoil of town life even for a day.

The gardener exclaimed—and pondered for a moment over the proposition: "But if Mr. Wiley was so good as to be troubled with the child, he saw no reason to say nay;" and Christine ran headlong to the kitchen to communicate the wonderful news to Betsy.

If her master saw no objections to the trip, Betsy was instantly alive to all that could be urged.

"And who was to shell the peas, and dust, and sew up that dozen bags her father had brought in the day before?"

"But I'll not always be working like you, Betsy," the child said, indignantly.

"And why not, Miss, I'd like to know, bless us? And the child's wits! What's to hinder, when your father earns his honest penny in the sweat of his brow? It's all ailing of books, and young gentlemen, and nonsense. The child's head is turned;" and Betsy shook her own over the ironing-table in a spirit of prophetic foreboding.

But the project was carried out, nevertheless;

and Christine, wisely rejecting the offer of Betsy's best ruffled collar, which would have enveloped her like a cape in its ample dimensions, and the fringed parasol which had been the pride of her heart for many a Sunday, could scarcely believe the reality of her good fortune when she found herself in simple gingham frock and wide cape bonnet seated between her father and Mr. Wiley on their way to the city.

She did not heed the disorder and squalor of its environs, looking to the tall steeples, the crowd of buildings, the fluttering flags beyond; and, when they really came to the gay shops and bustle and glitter of a thoroughfare, she seemed suddenly to be transported to fairy-land. It was a never-to-be-forgotten day. Mr. Wiley gave up the morning to his little pupil; and, unmindful of fashionable friends or acquaintances whom he might meet, sought out what he knew would best please her. There was an enchanted palace of a picture-gallery where, at first, she shrank back from the lovely ladies who seemed coming forward from the tall golden frames to meet her, and where, afterwards, she stood dreaming before soft, sunlighted landscapes with summer showers drifting up over them, or tall mountains rustling blue and dim in the distance. After that, while the spell of artistic beauty was still upon her, she found herself grasping her companion's hand tightly as they stood in the dim interior of a church, such as he had described to her, watching the light from the stained windows flicker over the kneeling figures of the few worshippers, while the solemn swell of the organ and the deep-toned voices of the choir thrilled her to tears not of sadness, but a tender, mournful happiness she could not describe.

When they went out into the sunshine and the stir again, it had lost much of its interest to her, and she was not sorry to hear Mr. Wiley say: "Now we will go and see my mother, and rest awhile:" though, the evening before, as they had planned their day's amusement, she had dreaded this visit most of all, for she knew she should be afraid of such a grand lady as his mother must be.

"Do people really live in these tall, beautiful houses?" Christine asked, as they came to the palaces built by the Dives of this later generation. And the splendidly dressed women that she passed were marvels of beauty and grace, outshining the lilies of the field in their fluttering raiment.

"This is my mother's house," Mr. Wiley said, at last.

It was not one of those tall, fine houses, though many of them stood close beside it. So Christine had courage to enter, clinging to Mr. Wiley's hand closer than ever as the servant who opened the door eyed her curiously.

Still, the house was unlike anything she had ever imagined in the elegance of its old-fashioned draperies and dark, heavy furniture. There were mirrors, too, in which she saw herself as if she had been some one else, a shy, shrinking figure, leaning against a great arm-chair covered with heavy brocade now faded from its original brightness. More pictures, though she could not make them out in the dim light; and marble figures on pedestals, motionless and white.

It was a relief when her friend came back again, saying, "Now, then," in his old, familiar tone, and led her up the broad stair-case, and through an upper hall to his mother's own room. The lady, reclining in an easy-chair by the open window, was very like her only son in voice and manner. She seemed to understand the child's shyness, and began to talk of the flowers Christine had brought, and thank her for them and for the care and attention Henry said she had given him.

"You have made him well again," she said, making the child sit down on the cushion at her feet, and looking so fondly into her son's face as he tossed the hair back from his broad, white forehead, and threw himself at length upon a lounge near them.

After a while, Christine began to feel less strange and shy as she sat there with her hand in Mr. Wiley's, as they always walked about

the garden at home, and the mother and son talked on of their own affairs, not flattering her with notice. Their conversation was of some cousin who had come to stay with Mrs. Wiley; and presently they heard a gay voice singing through the hall; and Henry started up with a sudden crimson flush upon his face as the door opened, and this cousin Caroline appeared. School-girl as she was, she seemed already a miniature woman of fashion in her dress and ornaments, and a certain coquetry of manner when she saw who was with her aunt.

For Christine, only a half curious, half contemptuous glance that the child scarcely noticed, so absorbed was she in the beauty and grace of this sudden apparition; but on her cousin fell her most bewitching smiles, and a playful war of words instantly began between them.

These were the grand events of the day, as Christine thought them over in the gray evening light, once more seated in the humble conveyance that had brought them to the city. She had grown wonderfully older and graver, suddenly, as if she had encountered some enchantment such as she had read of, where people were held for years in what seemed the passing of an hour. An enchantment, indeed, from which she was never to be set free, though she could not understand it then, had changed the whole current of her life, and had given new hopes, and purposes, and aims to be worked out slowly in the lovely, dreaming girlhood on which she had now fully entered.

(Conclusion next month.)

ON THE ANALOGIES BETWEEN THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

BY HARLAND COULTAS, PROFESSOR OF BOTANY IN THE "WAGNER FREE INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE."

At first sight, it is hardly possible to imagine any two objects in nature which appear to differ so widely from each other as a plant and an animal. How different, for example, is a tree from the bird singing on its branches or the traveller resting beneath its shade!

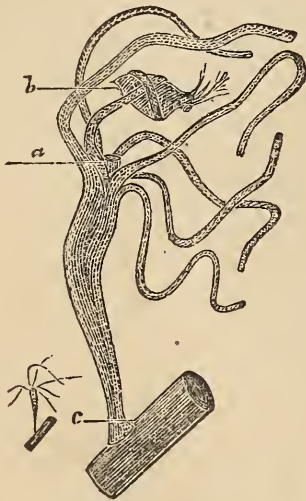
But these well-marked and obvious distinctions exist only in the higher forms of animal and vegetable life. As we descend to beings of a lower rank in creation, these distinctions become gradually effaced, until at length the animal and plant resemble each other so closely that it is hardly possible to draw any line of

demarkation between them. This is the case, for example, with that order of animals which have been very appropriately termed by naturalists zoophytes, of which the coral and sponge are familiar examples. These creatures, which show undoubted signs of animality, present, also, at the same time, many striking indications of a vegetable nature. They are not only fixed to the ground like plants, but they have also a plant-like method of growing and propagating.

It is extremely difficult to convey any general idea of a zoophyte, because there is no order of creatures among which the different individuals

bear so little resemblance to each other. The organization of the corallines, flustras, sertularias, and other orders of marine zoophytes may, however, be illustrated by that of the hydra, or common fresh water polype. These animals, which resemble little pieces of jelly, are found in ponds or slowly running streams, attached to the under surface of the leaves of aquatic plants. They are remarkable for the extreme simplicity of their organization, which consists of nothing but a digestive cavity or stomach, surrounded by a fringe of long, thread-like arms or movable tentaculæ, by means of which the animal procures its food. Fig. 1 represents

Fig. 1.



a magnified view of the hydra, or fresh water polype, attached to a piece of stick, with its arms extended, and searching for prey; *a*, the mouth of the animal surrounded by the tentaculæ; *b*, tendril-like grasp of an aquatic insect; *c*, foot or base of the animal with its suckerial disc. The natural size of the hydra is also shown in the drawing.

The different species of corallines, sertularias, and other marine zoophytes, found attached to, or more frequently intermingled with the seaweed cast upon our shores, consist of an association of polype, having individually a similar organization to that of the hydra, but united together about a common axis of growth, like the buds and branches of a plant. Fig. 2 is a drawing of one of these compound polypes. A species of sertularia; *a* shows the natural size and appearance of the zoophyte; *b*, a portion of it magnified, showing numerous polype buds attached to a common stalk. These sertularian polypes, developing about the same axis, have in every instance been produced by continuous growth from a single individual. Here we have a repetition of similar parts, precisely as in plants. There can be no mistake as to the

vegetative nature of these actions. Each of these associated polypes has an independent

Fig. 2.



vitality of its own; and yet all depend on the general life diffused throughout the entire community. They individually capture and digest their prey, like the hydra; yet the products of their digestion are applied not only to their own support, but to that of the general axis; for the stomachs of the several polypes communicate with each other by means of a tube which proceeds from the base of each into the common digestive cavity of the stem. Some of these polype buds periodically die, and are cast off like the leaves of a tree; whilst others, retaining their vitality, spontaneously detach themselves, and evolve into similar fabrics elsewhere.

THE LAUGH OF WOMAN.

A WOMAN has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sweet sound of flutes on the water. It leads from her in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day.

Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of mind.

How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose to poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

THAT BLESSED BABY.

MR. FRANK FINNICKE was the most inveterate baby-hater that ever lived in the shape of a bachelor. Babies were his favorite aversion; he never engaged a servant until he had ascertained to his satisfaction that he or she had no baby to come and visit the dear parent at Mr. Finnicke's house. He never entered his brother's house, where there were several small children, if not more, without a shiver of dread. A beggar could get nothing from Mr. Frank if she carried a baby, and although a very humane and kind-hearted man in other respects, he was heard, at times, to give vent to the most dreadful denunciations if a baby cried in his hearing. His brother Mark, the father of the small children mentioned before, had faithfully promised that his next baby should be sent to Frank to adopt, and for several weeks the unfortunate bachelor expected, whenever the door-bell rang, to see the present arrive nicely packed in a straw cradle. Every time he met his brother, the threat was laughingly renewed, until Mr. Frank grew perfectly desperate, and left home, went to Paris and remained eighteen months, dreaming of his pleasant house in London overrun with very diminutive children, who cried when he was reading or writing, plastered his velvet chairs and ottomans with gingerbread and candy, broke his looking-glasses, used his watch for a plaything, his fine china for baby-houses, his books for stools, his razors for hatchets, and his newspapers for lamp-lighters before he had seen them. He shunned the squares where the pretty *bonnes* and their precious charges passed the hours; he moved from several hotels because there was a suspicious crying, hushing, and lullaby-singing in another room, and made himself miserable generally on the strength of baby-hating.

While Mr. Frank was in Paris *enjoying* himself as I have described, writing letters to his aunt, Mrs. Lever, and his pretty cousin and future wife, if he ever could summon up sufficient resolution to marry and she would have him, there were sad changes going on in the peaceful home he had left. His two servants, John Thomas and Mary Jane, whom he had left maiden and bachelor, had married, and now, at the time of his expected return from Paris, owned a baby six months old, a fine, hearty, healthy, *crying* baby. Its lungs were decidedly the best developed portion of its whole body.

If taken into a room full of company, it could cry longer, louder, and shriller than any other in the room. There was no end to that baby's talents in this line. It was useless to attempt to quiet it with catnip cordial or paregoric; he regarded all these attempts as "weak inventions of the enemy," and cried louder than ever to prove his contempt of all such efforts.

Mr. Frank was expected home. John Thomas and Mary Jane were in an agony of dread on account of that Blessed Baby. If it *should* cry as it *could* cry while Mr. Frank was in the house, there was no foretelling the consequences. John Thomas made rushes at the Baby, stifling its cries with duster, or blacking-brush, whichever happened to be uppermost. Mary Jane had the coffee-mill charged and the cat ready to shoulder all the crying of that Blessed Baby. It had had what its mother called a poor morning, which meant, it had made noise enough to wake the Seven Sleepers since breakfast, but at length it yielded to the soothing influence of a powerful dose of Godfrey's cordial, and had fallen asleep. Depositing it gently upon the drawing-room sofa, the parents left it to prepare the house for the master's arrival. While they were gone, Mrs. Lever; Frank's aunt, and stepmother to Miss Flora Fisher, whom Frank admired, came into the parlor. Mrs. Lever was a most inveterate match-maker; she prided herself upon her skill in this department. Her last experiment had been upon Frank and Flora, but she was mysteriously baffled in her most ingenious schemes. There was no reason, apparently, why the young people should not fall in love with each other and marry. Both were rich, both young, both handsome, and both perfectly independent of any control in their likes and dislikes, and yet Frank hung back, until Mrs. Lever decided that an obstacle was the thing wanted. Somebody or something must oppose the match; all was at present too smooth for true love. What was to be done? Flora could not very well be shut up in an impregnable castle for Frank to win her by scaling the walls and bearing her off bodily in triumph; there was no stern guardian to oppose the match, and force an elopement; Flora would not listen to any scheme, she could not be persuaded to feign a broken heart to win her lover, and poor Mrs. Lever was at her wit's end. She came into the drawing-room and sat down

on the sofa, in such a position that her ample skirts completely covered the baby, and began to think. The room was in perfect order, and her eye could detect nothing with which to find fault. Suddenly the fond parents returned in search of their offspring, and perceived the lady apparently seated upon that Blessed Baby. Mary Jane swooned, and while John Thomas supported her, Mrs. Lever, utterly astonished, inquired the cause of her terror. *John Thomas could not account for it.* Suddenly the lady's quick eye detected the infant's little cap lying at her feet; she took possession of it, and left the room in search of something more. Mary Jane revived, flew to the baby, and finding it unhurt, retired with the blessed burden to the kitchen, just as Mrs. Lever entered the drawing-room again, and confronted John Thomas with the cap in one hand and a pair of infant's socks in the other. John Thomas, when questioned, stammered out something about having kept them to remember his own babyhood by, but Mrs. Lever, placing them carefully in her reticule, firmly resolved to sift this mystery, and left John Thomas with a message to his master, to the effect that Miss Flora and herself would take luncheon with him.

Mr. Frank came; John Thomas received him with nervous apprehension, wondering what lies he should have to invent in case Mrs. Lever produced the unlucky cap and shoes. While Mr. Finnicke was looking with complacency upon his own premises, congratulating himself upon having so successfully dodged his brother's promised present, there was heard a shrill cry from the kitchen, presently followed by the sound of a coffee-mill furiously grinding. A galvanic shock could not have operated more powerfully upon Mr. Frank's nerves. He stood aghast, until John Thomas soothingly suggested cats. Then, heaving a long sigh of relief, he sat down to recover from his previous agitation, and when quite restored, went to his own room to get rid of his travel stains before his fair cousin arrived. Indulgent reader, there was some excuse for Mr. Frank's agitation; he had been a victim to a baby in crossing the channel; a sick mother had intrusted her precious offspring to his tender mercies, and he had suffered agonies of fear from the apprehension that she might not return to claim it; he prevented a fat man from sitting upon the lovely cherub, and then fiercely regretted his folly at the time; but when most despairing, and most fearful that he should have the child left on his hands, the anxious parent returned and claimed her offspring. Mr. Frank was naturally nervous about babies, and

this little incident had completely unnerved him. He rang the bell for Mary Jane, dispatched her for buttons, and when his toilet was finished and he had ascertained that no improvement could be made in his faultless appearance, he again sought the parlor.

And here I want to say a word for Miss Flora. Although a lady, and a kind-hearted one, she had a great dislike to trouble, and to Frank's certain knowledge, had refused to marry two fine, pleasant, gentlemanly persons, merely because they were widowers and had young children. She was not going to be mamma to other people's children, and have all the trouble of tending Mrs. ——'s first children through the measles, whooping-cough, and scarlet fever. Frank's fear of his brother's threat arose partly from his knowledge of this fact. Flora would never consent to marry him, to be head nurse to his little nephew or niece. Mr. Frank had been musing, as he arranged his cravat and curled his hair, on the subject of matrimony. It would be decidedly pleasant to have the pretty Flora presiding at his table, making his home evenings delightful, sewing on his stray buttons, and taking care of him and his house generally. Frank was seriously thinking of putting some leading questions to Flora at luncheon time. In this pleasant frame of mind he entered the parlor. One step he took forward and then stood thunderstruck. Could it be possible? Did not his eyes play him false? No, it was not a frightful dream, but a most direful reality. There sat the faithless John Thomas, holding, actually caressing, and playing with—a *Baby*. *A live, kicking, laughing, crowing Baby*. Frank did not faint, but, advancing furiously, he demanded in a voice of thunder where that baby came from. John Thomas, surprised by the sudden appearance of the enemy's forces, fearful of losing his place were the truth discovered, and knowing how little chance there was of his master's countenancing such an article on the premises, nearly dropped the blessed baby, and stammered out that it was sent there.

"From my brother's?" said Frank, faintly. Catching eagerly at the words, John Thomas protested that it had arrived from Mr. Mark's, neatly pinned up in a napkin, and placed carefully in a basket directed to Mr. Frank.

Mr. Frank furiously demanded how the servants dared receive it into the house in his absence, and Mary, who entered during the dialogue, weepingly protested that she was a woman, and could not see a poor little innocent suffering from neglect. There was an ominous pause; Mr. Frank strongly tempted to turn John

Thomas, Mary Jane, and that Blessed Baby all into the street, and the servants waiting in trembling silence the decree. Suddenly the door-bell rang; Mrs. Lever and the fair Flora were at the door. It was a critical moment! If the baby was discovered, there was an end to his hopes of winning Flora, and in a hoarse voice Mr. Frank ordered the delinquents to the kitchen, charging them, on their lives, to keep the existence of the baby a secret. Mrs. Lever's quick eye detected marks of agitation in her nephew's face; John Thomas too looked flurried, and there were traces in the parlor of a "scene" having been enacted there. Shrewdly suspecting the truth, Mrs. Lever, congratulating herself upon having discovered an "obstacle," determined to keep her eyes open. Luncheon was served; it consisted of roasted pheasant, veal pie, bread sauce, wine, and accompaniments; Mr. Frank proceeded to dissect the pie. It cut very well until his knife came in contact with something hard, which, on being "fished up," proved to be the Blessed Baby's coral and bells. John Thomas looked amused, Frank dismayed, Mrs. Lever triumphant, and Flora perfectly astounded. John Thomas was ordered in a thundering tone to remove the pie, and pass the wine; the glasses were filled, touched, and tasted. There was a moment's silence, the trio looking gravely at their glasses; then Mrs. Lever took the bottle and read aloud: "Aniseed; from a teaspoonful upwards, according to the age of the infant, in warm water." John Thomas marked the gathering wrath in his master's eye, and tremblingly protested that he had been in the habit of using the physic from infancy. The bottle was removed, and John Thomas went into the cellar to procure a substitute for aniseed. He was passing along the entry, when his faithful helpmate accosted him and in moving accents entreated him to refrain from helping the guests to the bread sauce. Visions of prussic acid and arsenic floated through the poor fellow's brains as he glanced through the open door and saw bread sauce on each plate. Mary exclaimed with horror at the sight, and declaring her intention of leaving the place instantly, left him. He tottered into the dining-room just as an exclamation of horror arose from all three, who had tasted the sauce. John Thomas seized the dish, tasted it, and his confidence revived, as he protested that he was dieting, and this was his dinner. It was Baby's farinaceous food. Frank angrily protested, with a meaning look at Flora, that it was the absence of a mistress that made his house so disorderly, and drew out his handkerchief to wipe his mouth. Mrs. Lever

took it from him and held it up, inquiring if there was any particular advantage in that cut of handkerchief. Frank inquired, with a look of pitiful distress at the queer-looking, little article, what it was. A baby's shirt, which, according to John Thomas, *had come by mistake with the wash*. Mrs. Lever, her heart throbbing with excitement, sent John Thomas for Mary Jane. Mary Jane, however, was not forthcoming; Flora, who was perfectly thunderstruck with all these discoveries, and had settled in her own mind that Frank must have brought home a wife and baby from Paris, felt, now that she feared she had lost him forever, how much she loved her cousin, and entreated her aunt to depart. Frank, who thought Flora had detected his secret, and was wishing to avoid being asked to superintend the education of the nephew he so cordially hated, felt that without Flora his life would be miserable. Mrs. Lever, inwardly blessing John Thomas, looked on complacently. John Thomas, after vainly searching the house for Mary Jane, returned to the parlor, where the unfortunate bachelor was awaiting him. The links of evidence from the cap to the shoes, the shoes to the coral, the coral to the aniseed, the aniseed to the farinaceous food, the food to the shirt, were produced by Mrs. Lever, and the unfortunate servant called upon for an explanation. He referred them to his master, and just as Frank was about to confess and throw himself upon his cousin's generosity, Mary Jane was escorted into the parlor by a policeman, while another followed dragging a cradle, containing that Blessed Baby, after him. Frank ordered both to be taken to the station-house, which so roused Mary Jane's ire, that she openly owned her relationship to the baby, calling upon John Thomas to support her. He did so, pathetically adding that there was now no resource for them but begging with baby in their arms. Frank rejoiced to find his brother was not to blame, Flora that Frank was still true to her, and Mrs. Lever, in the prospect of her object being accomplished, forgave the offenders, and Baby was taken into high favor. Frank and Flora were married, and were always most kind to the little intruder, who, until he arrived at the age of twenty-one, was always known as *that BLESSED BABY*.

"I RESOLVE," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtue before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule, the observation of which would, at one stroke, banish flattery and defamation from the earth.

THE ART OF MAKING WAX FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

SINGLE AND SIMPLE FLOWERS.

THE SNOWDROP, CROCUS, PRIMROSE, AND VIOLET.

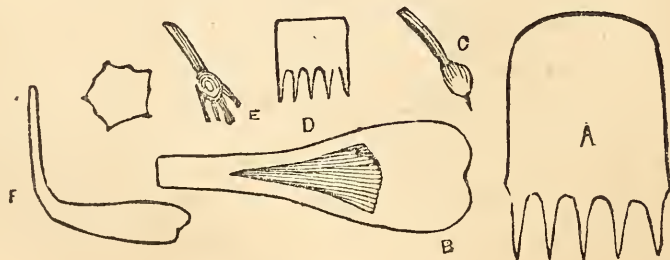


In cutting out the patterns, always lay them lengthwise of the sheet of wax, as it is much less brittle cut thus than if the petals were cut crosswise. It is advisable, also, in cold weather, to warm the wax a little before it is cut up.

Primrose.—The character of all the tribe is to have the calyx in one piece, with five feet on the top. The corolla of one piece, five cleft at the top, five stamens, and one pointal.

Choose the palest-colored yellow wax, one sheet will be enough for two flowers and two buds; also, bright green wax for the calyx and leaves, one sheet will make two leaves or four buds. Cut the calyx, as shown at A, and five petals, as at B. Paint each petal with a spot in

the middle, as shown, with a dark orange yellow. Choose a piece of moderately thick wire for a stalk, three or four inches long; cover it with a slip of green wax, and make a little knob at the point. Then take a piece of yellow wax, half an inch long, and a quarter of an inch wide; cut this with the scissors into five strips for stamens; stick these on to the top of the wire, or rather on to the knob which terminates it; then put on in like manner the five petals; afterwards, take the calyx in a warm palm of the hand; roll over it the knob of one of the curling pins, so that it may gradually curl up, that the edges may be joined together, assisting this curling up by folding them with the fingers. When thus made warm and pliant, fold it carefully over a small pencil or round stick, made wet, until the edges slightly lap over each other; rub down these edges so that they unite neatly. Thrust the wire part of the pin down within the calyx and between that and the centre stick in five places corresponding to the top of the teeth. This, if carefully done, will form the calyx into five ribs, as in nature, and as shown in section in the cut; or it may be improved in this respect by having a pentagonal stick instead of a round one, or it may be finished when removed from the stick. When made, pass the calyx up from the bottom end of the stalk. Fasten it in the proper place, so that its points shall come under the corolla, and fix it by pinching its lower end with the stalk. Lastly, make the flower of proper form by bending all the petals quite flat, not individually, for each may have a little folding or other irregularity given to it, but



merely that the whole flower shall be flat and not cup-shaped.

The corolla of the primrose is in nature but of one piece, formed at the lower part like a tube, and spread out in the upper part into five parts; but it is much more difficult to make it

so in wax, nor is the effect, when made, better than when made in five pieces.

To form the bud, take one or two yellow petals only, curl them round, and nearly bury them in the calyx. The leaf, to be natural, must be cast in a proper mould, and should,

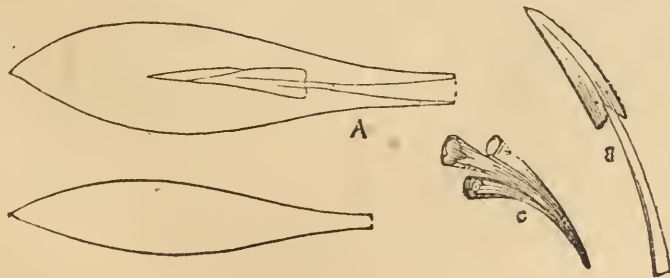
when made, be dusted underneath with the white down.

The common primrose, "that pale visitant of balmy spring," as Bidlake calls it, is not always so pale, for, when cultivated, it not only becomes double, but sports into white and various colors. The double variety may be made white, sulphur-colored, pale pink, and dark red. The form of a double primrose is shown in the cut, page 248. When thus double, the peculiar dark spot painted on the single variety is not found, but the whole flower is of a uniform tint. The whole flower thus double is in general form like a carnation, but of the size of the primrose; its petals are of the form of the single one, except those near the centre. It may be made of wax, which is of pure white, pale yellow, deep yellow, pink, or dark red. This last should be made by white wax painted with dry carmine by the tinting brush before it is cut out, and the cut edges touched with the same after cutting.

Other flowers of the primrose tribe are the cowslip, the polyanthus, the auricula, the Chinese primrose. All these have many flowers upon the same stem, and all coming out of the top of it. The cowslip has cup-shaped flowers, the others have their flowers flat like the primrose; the cowslip is smaller than the primrose, and darker, with a still darker spot upon each division of the corolla. The manner of making the primrose will suggest the modelling of the others. The polyanthus is to be made of bright yellow wax, the auricula generally of white wax. The mealiness of this last may be put on best thus: Damp the parts which are to be mealy with turpentine, and dust arrow-root or hair powder over them. The leaves are of a dark bluish green: they must also be dusted with white.

The Crocus Tribe.—All crocuses have six petals, or rather sepals, colored alike, and formed

into a long tube below. Three of the sepals are rather within the other three. There are three stamens and one pointal. Choose first the common yellow crocus, which is seen expanded on page 248. Cut the sepals and stamens of the size and form shown at A and B, the former of gold-colored wax, either cast of proper color, or yellow wax to which a more golden hue is given by deep chrome, or rather of deep orange. When the stamens are formed, damp them with turpentine, and dip them, while damp, into powdered dark chrome. From the pointal, as represented at C, of yellow wax on the end of a wire, damp it with turpentine, and dip it into powdered carmine, with a little orange mixed, or, not to spoil the carmine by mixing another color with it, this last may be dusted over afterwards. Join the three stamens on to three of the sepals, first having rolled them in the hand with the ball end of the pin, so that each sepal may be somewhat boat-shaped. The lower end of the stamens should blend with the sepal to which it is attached, so that their union is not observed. The point of union should also be below the expanded part of the flower. Put a little bit of spare wax around the base of the pointal, and fasten the sepals on to it by pressure, first putting on the three which bear the stamens at equal distances, and then the other three. Unite them, if possible, so as to form a tube at the base, and spread them out somewhat at the top, according as an open or closed flower is desired. Sheaths or large folding leaves of light brown wax may be placed over the stem, first one on one side, and then one on the contrary. Between the lowest sheath and the stem may be placed the leaves. When a crocus is in flower, the leaves generally have not grown so tall as the flower. They must be always cut out of dark-green wax, and have a white stripe painted up the centre of each.



The cut, page 248, also shows a bud of the Scotch crocus. This species is yellow, with brown pencilling on the outside of the sepals. It has always two flowers to a root. *Crocus sativus*, or the saffron crocus, shown in the cut, blossoms in the autumn. It is a fine purple,

with yellow stigma and stamens. The pretty little cloth of gold crocus is a bright yellow, marked outside with brown, and its sepals are turned downwards when the flower is full out.

The colchicum is to be modelled in the same way as the crocus. It is of a purplish pink

color, and has six stamens; also, the sternbergia, a bright yellow autumn flower, of the size and form of the crocus, but with six stamens. Numerous other flowers will suggest themselves as of the same character.

The Snowdrop.—Take a wire of small size, about six inches long; next, a piece of white wax, a quarter of an inch square, and cut this into six thread-like strips after the manner of a fringe; twist this around the end of the wire, so that the six points hang down a little way. You need not be particular about this, because, as the flower always hangs down, the centre part is not much seen. Then cut three of each of the two patterns given of pure white wax; make each of them hollow, rubbing them by the ball while warmed by the hand. Then put on at equal distance the three inner petals, so that they adhere well to the stalk, and completely cover the stamens, and also that they overlap each other a little. Next put on the three outer petals. Paint the inner ones with a spot of bright green, made of a mixture of Prussian blue and chrome yellow, and laid on with a camel's-hair or sable brush of small size. At the foot of the flower put a little piece of green wax to form a small ball; bend the stalk, and add on it, distant from the flower, a sheath made of very thin green wax. When there are to be leaves shown, there should be always two on the stalk; but, when a pot full of snowdrops is to be represented, there may be many leaves arising from the ground without a flower at all; observe in this case, also, there should be always two together. Snowdrops should always be shown two or three together.



The Violet.—This simple flower, which is of five petals, may be made of dark purple wax, cast of the proper color at first, or of blue wax or pink wax colored, after being cut into petals, either with oil or dry colors: the latter is to be preferred, because it gives a finer tint. Sometimes white violets are made: their form is the same as the dark purple ones. It is the botanical characteristic of the sweet-scented violet that its flowers grow on stalks which come at once from the root of the plant, as so also the leaves; thus the plant is never branched, and, properly speaking, there is no real stem to it, although each leaf and flower has its distinct stalk. Owing to this, it is very easy to make, and looks well when in an imitation garden pot, or in a bunch of two or three together. There

is a calyx of one piece, which, however, is five pointed, the points not very sharp.



A, calyx, to be cut rather larger than the pattern; B, shape of lower petal; C, side petal; D, top petal. First, form the centre of the flower of a small piece of dark yellow wax: this is to be scarcely larger than the wire which forms the stalk; indeed, it is but the piece of wax folded over the stalk, and pointed up at the end. It may be snipped with scissors, after being put on, to resemble five stamens closed packed together. Now put on the five petals, one below, one at each side, and two at the top. All the petals are considerably hollowed in the hand first, particularly the three lower ones. When these are fixed, wrap the calyx around the purple petals, so that each point of it comes to the interval between the petals, or, in other words, so that the points are seen from the face of the flower. The upper part at the stalk end of the flower should be rather fuller than the lower, as if the stalk came out in some degree from the bottom as well as the end of the flower. The calyx and leaves are of a bright green.

The Heart's-ease.—The whole of the heart's-ease are of the tribe of the violet, and therefore consist of the same parts, and are equally as easy to imitate, except that many of them require much after-coloring. The heart's-ease has very rarely any scent, and it is branched, that is, although each flower has its own footstalk, yet there are many flowers and leaves to the same stem; the leaves, too, are very different from those of the violet. The flowers are of every variety of purple, blue, yellow, white, and occasionally brown color, but never red; they are also of every size, from the wild one of the fields, which is scarcely half an inch across, to the splendid productions of the garden, eight inches or more.



LITTLE GIRLS.—There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenuous, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies, and everything. They are sweet little human flowers, diamond dew-drops in the breath of morn. What a pity they should ever become women, flirts, and heartless coquettes!

PSALM OF NATURE.

BY ASHLEY TORRENS.

NATURE hath many voices ; in our ear
 She pours her music from the Lyric hills,
 And down the choral skies, from star to star,
 Their echoes chime in undulating swell
 Like the first anthem from Creation roll'd.
 The weird and solemn lyrist of the sea,
 Stringing his harp upon the rocky shore,
 Flings o'er the bars the white hand of the deep,
 And the reverberation, improvised,
 Goes slowly upward to the waiting skies.
 Is there no worship in such holy hymn?
 Comes it not from the lips of the Unseen,
 A type and symbol of harmonic truth,
 Sang round God's mighty throne and given us
 In the first lisp of His seraph choir?
 As there is nothing lost of sound or form
 In the whole rounded Universe of God,
 Who knows but from the deep's great lips goes up
 To one's learning spirit the loud chant
 Of this great Minstrel Harper to the skies!
 The rivulet, that, like a living thing,
 Hymns its slow flight, a note of many hills,
 Sent down from cot to cot, and town to town,
 Touching a melting cord in human hearts,
 And to the fringed Lilies on her banks
 Singing a joyous cadence all night long,
 Utters the story of her mountain birth
 To the hush'd plains and valleys spreading there ;
 The unseen winds that navigate the air,
 Warm with the current of the southern land,
 Have, in their wondrous organ symphonies,
 Attuned to the affinities which break
 Upon the rippling margent of old song.
 The lyre of Nature, burdened with the hymn,
 Goes grandly ebbing through the sea of sound,
 And at the flood lifts up her gate to yield
 The full affluence to the void beyond.
 This voice hath plead unto the living world
 Through many years, and crept into the night,
 Making a festal in her hollow halls—
 Is wrapped about the day with fleecy fold,
 Sent through the urn of dark with lonely cheer.
 Anon from the remote and pulpit hills
 Bursts forth its preacher-voice to charm the world,
 And bless the waking millions of our kind.
 The treble of the anthem are the birds,
 Set to the scale of summer ; wifiter's bass
 Comes in at the great wreck of verdure, cast
 Upon this stifled psalmist of the year.
 So shall this spirit haunt the rivers wide,
 The lonely cliff, and the great waterfall ;
 Crown with a grandeur the wide, open sea,
 Smile in the sunny and unbashful day,
 And in the blast and storm a beauty pour.

SISTER MARY.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

SISTER, far from thee I'm roaming,
 Where the willow shades my way,
 Where so oft in merry childhood
 Happy hours we pass'd away.

Swinging on the drooping branches ;
 Watching wavelets dance along,
 As they flowed o'er pearly pebbles
 With a soothing, murmuring song.

Twining wreaths as dewy laden
 From the scented starry vine ;
 Culling gems for memory's casket,
 As we bud and leaflet twine.

Culling gems. Ah, yes! those jewels
 I this morn am conning o'er ;
 Brushing from them dust and rubbish,
 'Till they gleam as bright as yore.

Every one with thee is mingled ;
 Mossy bank and singing stream ;
 Violet blooming 'neath the aspen,
 Mountain haze and sunset gleam.

Sister, oft the thought steals o'er me,
 Oh, that thou wert with me now !
 But I check the wish unspoken,
 Quell the tear and throbbing brow.

Could I dim that glorious vision,
 Far too fair for mortal sight,
 That is gleaming e'er before thee,
 Radiant, peerless, cloudless, bright?

Could I still that heavenly music,
 Sung by seraphs, wildly sweet,
 Softer than the whispering zephyr
 That thy 'raptured senses greet?

No—oh, no! I miss thee, dearest ;
 But there's care upon my brow ;
 Care to thee, a phantom buried,
 Nevermore to greet thee now.

I will still, each thought repining,
 Joy for thee that all is bliss ;
 Patient pass the heavy shadows
 That are resting drear on this—

Till the glory greets my pathway,
 That is bathing heavenly hills ;
 And the music pure, enchanting,
 My entranced spirit fills.

THERE IS A FOUNT.

BY E. B. F.

THERE is a fount, a blessed fount,
 A priceless boon to man, from God ;
 It springs from out a sacred mount,
 And waters man's cold, drear abode

In gushing rills, the crystal flow
 Pours from its holy fountain head ;
 Pure as the winter's falling snow,
 Still as the chamber of the dead.

It glides along with dancing wave
 To the dark sea of man's despair ;
 Its perfumed waters gently lave
 The foaming crests of thought and care.

Its flow is ceaseless, calm, and still
 It is supplied from springs above ;
 God's sunlight flashes on its rill,
 That holy fount of woman's love.

PULSELESS HEART AND QUIET HAND.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

FOLD the thin white hands on her breast,
And in them place a pure white rose;
The weary heart is now at rest,
The weary hands have now repose.

Her lot has been a lonely one,
Belike to many here below,
Who toil from rise to set of sun,
Who bear about a load of woe.

She had no pampered hours of ease,
No costly robes, no jewels rare;
Of joy's rich wine she drank the lees,
And all her hours had much of care.

Unnoticed passed she on her way,
With few to smile and few to cheer;
And all along life's roadside lay
The shadow of a solemn fear.

But now the midnight has its morn,
The dearer, since expected long;
She wears the robe by angels worn,
She stands amid the angel throng.

Here, stranger-like in stranger land;
There, welcomed with the pure above;
Here, pulseless heart and quiet hand;
There, spirit-throned on heights of love.

Take courage, ye who toil and hope;
The future bears a braver meed;
The paths that now to sorrow slope
To lands of Buehlah surely lead.

To-day hath much of grief and care,
To-morrow bringeth bliss and bloom;
And they who now life's sackcloth wear
May wear white robes beyond the tomb.

MY SWEET SISTER.

BY WHISTON WHITE.

MY sweet sister, cold and dreamless
In the grave, so dark and beamless,
Found that rest the broken-hearted
Find when earth and they have parted.

She had loved pure and fondly,
And was loved as wild and strongly;
A soul of flowers to bloom in heaven
Seemed the love their hearts had given.

Unto the battle went he boldly,
From that battle came he coldly,
From earth to sky his spirit passed,
Where many a hero drew his last.

Sad and solemn was the story,
Darkly shadowed was all its glory,
And that hour of sorrow crushed
The fairest rose that ever blushed.

Calm as the deep currents flow,
Seemed her silent, tearless woe;
Life to her was void and dreary,
Hope had fled and left her weary.

'Twas the languid eye once so bright,
'Twas the heavy step once so light,
'Twas the wasted form once so fair,
Alone told of the sorrow there.

She lived to see a few fair flowers
O'er him bloom, thro' summer's hours,
Till autumn winds a chillness cast,
And with them bowed she to the blast.

Then my sister's spirit dreamless,
From this earth so dark and beamless,
Fled to where the severed-hearted
Meet as angels, and never parted.

A METAPHOR.

BY E. J. DOBELL.

THERE stood an oak—a strong one,
But the winter of his soul
Was chilly and a long one.

His arm was strong; strength could not bring to it
The warmth of love;
No fondling vine grew yet to cling to it.

Comely, and straight, and stern, and high,
He stood indifferent,
Feeling no gentle, trusting one was by.

Feeling no leaning, loving one was there
Upon his brawny arm,
Fondly her timid, twining weight to bear.

And his brow wrinkled, and his heart grew stone,
He longed for love;
But there in the wide world he stood alone.

There came a vine—a leaning, loving vine,
Bending and weak;
And round his arm most gently did entwine;

And leaning there, in a most sweet embrace,
Trusted him all,
With purities alone and mild, sweet grace.

Gone is the wrinkled brow and heart of stone,
He stands no more alone,
But loves the vine, his beautiful, his own.

SONNET.—THE WIND.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

I LISTEN to thy music, mournful wind!
When rustling leaflets lend their harmony;
Thou comest, at eve, a messenger most kind,
To fan the fainting earth refreshingly.
Thou comest to "rock the wood-bird in his nest,"
And cause the green young sapling fast to grow,
To scatter fragrance over nature's breast,
And banish fever from man's burning brow.
Thou mindest me of the disciple's bark,
Which, erst, in wilder mood, thou madest to toss,
Till One arose amid the tempest dark,
And bade the waves "Be still." Thou diest across
Earth's face in hurricane's proud form,
And in the red simoom thy genius rules the storm.

SACRED MUSIC.

BY BEATRICE.

THROUGH the long aisle, and rolling from the roof,
Come the full organ tones fitfully on;
Echoing in a hundred hearts; now near us;
Then strangely dying off, and they are gone!

On the loud notes of triumph in the air
The soul finds wings, that waft it up toward heaven;
While purest rays of truth, o’erflood in splendor
Its altar, scattering thence earth’s sinful leaven.

In the soft, solemn, prayerful strains, how humbly
The spirit turns to God, repenting lowly;
On his eternal mercy only waiting,
And his high gift of absolution holy!

The grand “Te Deum” wakes our slumbering feelings
To rapturous faith’s high and ecstatic pleasure;
The “Gloria Patria,” and the sublime “Excelsis,”
Bear us away upon their glorious measure!

The softly breathed hymns steal o’er our senses,
Like voices from the world where *they* are singing,
Who tell the carol of the earth’s redemption,
The mantle of their bliss on mortals flinging.

Tears run in silent eddies down the cheek,
That erewhile was so calm, and smiles will wrestle
With the sad drops, while peace folds her soft pinion
In the heart’s temple, dove-like there to nestle.

Through the long aisle, and rolling from the roof,
Come the sweet organ notes meltingly on;
Sorrow and care in guilty wonder stare
Upon their spoils, take wing, and they are gone.

THE GRAVE OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

THE mother lays the dust of her first-born
Where she may visit it with flowers and tears;
And hence she strays at early dewy morn,
The sacred spot, the treasured mound she nears—
The object of her vanished hopes and fears
Lies buried ’neath the turf on which she kneels,
O’ergrown with daisies in their modest bloom;
Deep sorrow o’er her broken spirit steals;
Whoe’er can tell the grief a stricken mother feels!

She weaves a garland of white rose-buds rare,
Of violets and lilies of the vale,
And binds them with a tress of her own hair,
Whose threads of gold shine ’mid the flowret’s pale,
While round about her zephyrs lowly wail,
In keeping with the pulses of her heart:
She places her fond offering on the mound,
The tear-drops from her eyes of sorrow start,
And with one look of love she rises to depart.

The sun is sweetly rising from his bed,
And sheds his golden rays o’er flower and tree,
O’er hill and dale, and that meek, gentle head,
Bow’d low by sorrow which she cannot flee;
The air is musical with bird and bee,
As slow she wends her way, o’er field and mead,
To what to her is now no more a home:
But neither flower nor music doth she heed,
The soul no joy may know—till from the body freed.

How many mourn the loss of loved ones dear,
Who, slumbering, lie beneath the fragrant mould!
Their tender voices ne’er can greet us here,
Nor weave for us their graceful locks of gold:
They ne’er again will meet us on the wold,
Or walk with us unto the house of prayer—
The Saviour has them safe within his fold,
And we their many virtues may declare;
But let us run the race and strive to meet them there.

“WE’LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING!”

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

It was a beautiful exclamation of a dying child, as the golden rays of the sunset streamed on him through the window: “Good-by, papa, good-by! *Mamma* has come for me to-night; don’t cry, papa; we’ll all meet again in the morning!” And the heart of that father grew lighter under its burden; for something assured him that his little angel had gone back to the bosom of Him who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Oh, wild is the tempest, and dark is the night,
But soon will the daybreak be dawning;
Then the friendships of yore
Shall blossom once more,
And we’ll all meet again in the morning!

Art thou doomed in a far distant region to roam,
To meet the cold gaze of the stranger?
Dost thou yearn for the smiles of the loved ones at home,
While thou prayest God to shield them from danger?
Ah! the night of the waters may shadow thy form,
But soon will the daybreak be dawning;
Then thou’lt mingle once more
With the loved ones on shore—
For we’ll all meet again in the morning!

Dost thou miss the sweet voice of a fond loving wife
Whose music brought balm to thy sorrow?
Didst thou see her decline in the sunset of life,
Nor felt one bright hope for the morrow?
Oh, cheer up, dear brother! the night may be dark,
But soon will the daybreak be dawning;
Of all ties bereft,
One hope is still left—
We’ll all meet again in the morning!

Art thou wearied, O pilgrim! on life’s desert waste?
Dost thou sigh for the shade of the wildwood?
Have earth’s choicest fruits proven bitter to taste,
And mocked all the dreams of thy childhood?
Oh, cheer up, poor pilgrim! faint not on the way—
For soon will the daybreak be dawning;
Then the dreams which have fled
Shall arise from the dead,
And all will be bright in the morning!

Oh, servant of Christ! too heavy the cross—
Has thy trust in the Master been shaken?
In doubt and in darkness thy faith has been lost,
And thou criest, “My God, I’m forsaken!”
But cheer up, dear brother! the night cannot last,
For soon will the daybreak be dawning:
Then the crosses of earth
We’ve borne from our birth
Will all be made crowns in the morning!

"SUFFER THEM TO COME."

BY LILLIAN.

OPEN wide the garden gate,
 Let the little wanderers in;
 Let them now no longer wait,
 Though their lives are soiled by sin.
 There is room enough for them
 In the perfume-laden bowers,
 Room for many a sparkling gem
 'Mid the garden's living flowers.

Take them from the sin-tost flood,
 Moor them at the Eden-isle;
 Sprinkled with atoning blood,
 Theirs shall be an angel-smile.
 Shield them from the world's stern care,
 Guide their little footsteps right,
 Let them breathe the heavenly air,
 Let them see its living light.

Suffer them to come to Him,
 Shepherd of the cherub band;
 He can light the valley dim,
 Leading from this desert land.
 Nurtured with a kindly care,
 All the weeds of sin kept down,
 Golden fruit their lives shall bear
 Till they win the sparkling crown.

And with golden harps in hand,
 Gladdening all that blest abode,
 They shall shine a star-gemmed band,
 In the coronal of God!
 Open then the garden gate,
 Let the little wanderers in,
 See the blessed Saviour wait—
 Wait to save their souls from sin!

OH, SING TO ME!

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

OH, sing to me, my own beloved,
 That sweet and simple strain
 That I have treasured in my heart
 Throughout long years of pain!
 For its clear tones recall to me
 The joys of bygone days,
 When hope's bright sun lit up the path
 Of happy childhood's ways;
 And, as I hear its soothing notes,
 My mind goes wandering back,
 And once again I tread with joy
 Sweet childhood's fairy track.

Oh, would that we, my own beloved,
 Could woo again the shade
 Where, in the halcyon days of youth,
 Our wandering footsteps strayed!
 Oh, would that we could sit beside
 The dwarfish mountain streams,
 And mirror as in days of yore
 Our future golden dreams
 But ah, alas! we only now
 Their memories can bring,
 And soothe the soul with melting tones
 Of songs we used to sing.

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES AND ENIGMAS
IN AUGUST NUMBER.

29. A cut-lass. 30. Corn-ice. 31. A clock.
 32. A candle. 33. A cricket. 34. A vow.

CHARADES.

35.

THERE 's an edible grain you can name,
 With a nation it feeds, in the East,
 A trisyllabic vice will proclaim
 Which debases a man to a beast.

36.

WHAT you're likely to do when you visit a friend,
 Who may hap to reside in my second;
 Which, united, make what must the worthy offend,
 So venal its character 's reckoned.

37.

UPON your bed I'm always called
 The antagonist of pain;
 Yet many a sufferer 's died appalled
 In my embrace, 'tis plain.

ENIGMAS.

38.

A SANGUINARY monster I,
 On bloodshed e'er intent;
 I spare few victims I come nigh,
 So cruel e'er my bent.

And yet I'm cherished by mankind
 With most assiduous care;
 For frequently indeed they find;
 Their evils I repair.

My reputation stands so high,
 With ardent zeal I swell;
 And 'tis by wounding them I try
 To please myself as well.

Nor do I cease my efforts till
 I've done the best I can;
 And, though I'm not a lawyer, still
 I stick unto my man.

Then I so fondly love a drop,
 I'm such a drunken elf,
 That I swill on, and seldom stop,
 Until I drop myself.

39.

A JOVIAL character I own,
 A wet one too am I;
 My craft for usefulness is known,
 Though useless when I'm dry.

Though thwarted, I'm obedient still,
 And serve my master's need;
 My course is guided by his will,
 I'm open too, indeed.

To those who will themselves intrust
 With confidence to me,
 To such my buoyant nature must
 Most acceptable be.

NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.

Fig. 1.

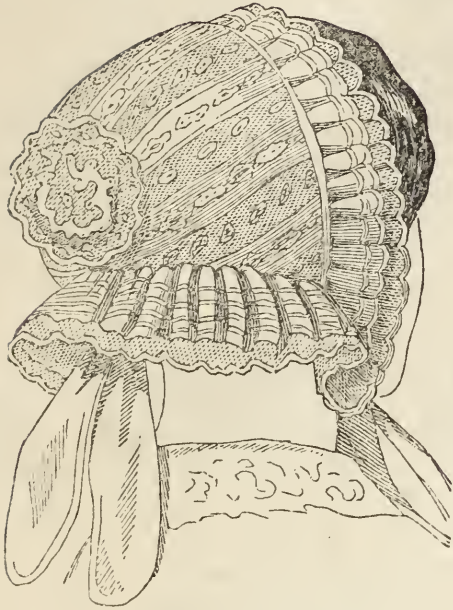


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4—as also the back of the head. It will

Fig. 4.



NOTHING is considered of more consequence in the feminine toilet than the fashion of a cap, especially as a part of a bridal wardrobe, or of the preparations for an invalid's room, especially if the convalescent be a young mother, receiving the congratulations of her friends and acquaintances. We give, therefore—

Fig. 1.—An illustration of the style lately received into universal favor, where the frill is carried around the face. The cap itself is of alternate insertions, fine cambric, and Valenciennes, with a crown piece, as in the infants' caps so long worn. The frill of fine cambric is ornamented by narrow tucks, and has a good Valenciennes edge; this is disposed in large flutings, so as to set close to the face.

By those who fancy that a full border is not becoming—

Fig. 2 may perhaps be preferred. It is of English embroidery, the cap a *fauchen*, or half handkerchief, with rounded corners, while a broad band of the same, scalloped at both edges, crosses it like a ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Style of arranging the hair, for an evening party or reception. The hair, parted through the centre, is turned back from the forehead in two small puffs; over the right passes a demi-wreath of fine flowers, terminating in larger blossoms and foliage. Behind that, at the left of the face, is a spray of roses, buds, and foliage, as seen in

be noticed that the berthe intended to be worn with this headdress is a full puff caught up with fine flowers to correspond.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 5.—Garland for the back of the hair, to encircle the braids, or twists, and fall low on the shoulder.

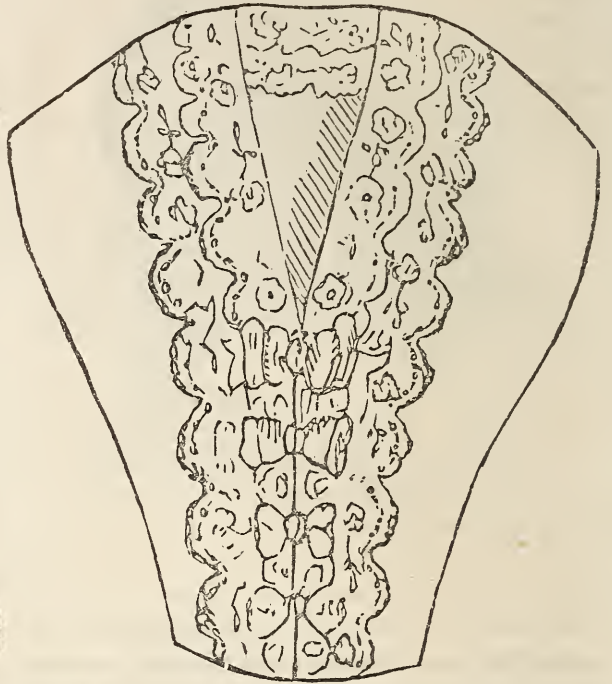
Fig. 6.



Fig. 6.—Berthe of lace, headed by thulle puffs or transparents, with a pretty shade of ribbon drawn through. It is more tasteful to have the ribbon tied upon the shoulder, and falling with bows and flowing ends.

Fig. 7.—Chemisette of lace, the foundation of

Fig. 7.



net, and the front a double row of handsome lace turned back upon it.

FLOUNCING FOR SLEEVES.



POINT LACE CROCHET COLLAR PATTERNS.

No. 1.—POINT D'ALENCON PATTERN.

Materials.—No. 20 cotton; steel crochet hook.

1st row.—Make a chain of one hundred and sixty-eight stitches.

2d.—Work two stitches of single open crochet into one loop of the foundation, make one chain stitch, miss one loop, work two more long stitches into another loop of the foundation, make one chain, miss one loop, and repeat.

Long stitch means a stitch of single open crochet.

3d.—Chain of five, working every fifth into every fourth stitch of the last row.

4th.—A plain chain, working every third into the centre stitch of the five in last row.

5th, 6th, and 7th rows of treble open crochet, making in all three rows of treble open crochet. This forms the band. Crochet each end of the band in plain double crochet, to prevent the commencement and finishing being observed.

8th.—Make a chain of five, work the fifth into every fourth stitch of the last row; and into every third stitch at the corners, commencing from the foundation chain, working round the band to the foundation chain at the other end.

9th.—A plain chain, working every third stitch into the centre stitch of the five in last row.

10th.—Work three long stitches into successive loops, four chain stitches, miss three of the last row, work a stitch of double crochet into the fourth stitch of the last row, four chain, miss three, work four long stitches into successive loops, four chain stitches, work five chain stitches at the corners, work a stitch of double crochet into the fourth, chain of four, and repeat.

11th.—Work four long stitches into successive loops. * Make a chain of four, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, four chain stitches, increasing one in every chain at the corners, work two long stitches into the second stitch of every four in the last row, chain of five, work two long stitches into the third of the four stitches in the last row, chain of four, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, four chain, five long stitches commencing on the fourth of the chain in the last row, and repeat from *.

12th.—Work five long stitches. * Make a chain of four, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of four, increasing one in every chain at the corners,

work two long stitches through the chain of five in the last row, chain of five, work two long stitches through the same chain, make a chain of four, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of four, work seven long stitches commencing on the fourth stitch of the last chain, repeat from *.

13th.—Work six long stitches. * Make a chain of four, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of four, work two long stitches through the chain of five in the last row, chain of five, work two long stitches through the same chain, chain of four, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of four, work nine long stitches commencing on the fourth of the last chain, repeat from *.

Observe in every row to increase the chain stitches round the corners.

14th.—Work five long stitches. * Make a chain of five, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of five, work two long stitches through the chain of five in the last row, chain of five, work two long stitches through the same chain, another chain of five, work a stitch of double crochet as before, chain of five, work seven long stitches commencing on the second stitch of the nine in the last row, repeat from *.

15th.—Work four long stitches. * Make a chain of six, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of seven, work two long stitches through the chain of five in the last row, chain of five, work two long stitches through the same chain, chain of seven, work a stitch of double crochet as before, chain of six, work five long stitches commencing on the second of the long stitches in the last row, repeat from *.

16th.—Work three long stitches. * Make a chain of six, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of eight, work two long stitches through the chain of five in last row, chain of five, work two long stitches through the same chain, chain of eight, make a stitch of double crochet as before, chain of six, work three long stitches commencing on the second of the long stitches in the last row, repeat from *.

17th.—Work four long stitches. * Make a chain of five, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of nine, work two long stitches through the chain of five

in the last row, chain of five, work two long stitches through the same chain, chain of nine, work a stitch of double crochet as before, chain of five, work five long stitches commencing on the fifth stitch of the last chain, repeat from *.

18th.—Work five long stitches. * Make a chain of four, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of nine, work two long stitches through the chain of five in the last row, chain of five, work two long stitches through the same chain, make a chain of nine, work a stitch of double crochet as before, chain of four, work seven long stitches commencing on the fifth stitch of the last chain, repeat from *.

19th.—Work seven long stitches. * Make a chain of four, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of nine, work two long stitches through the chain of five in the last row, chain of five, work two long stitches through the same chain, chain of nine, work a stitch of double crochet as before, chain of four, work nine long stitches commencing on the fourth of the chain in last row, repeat from *.

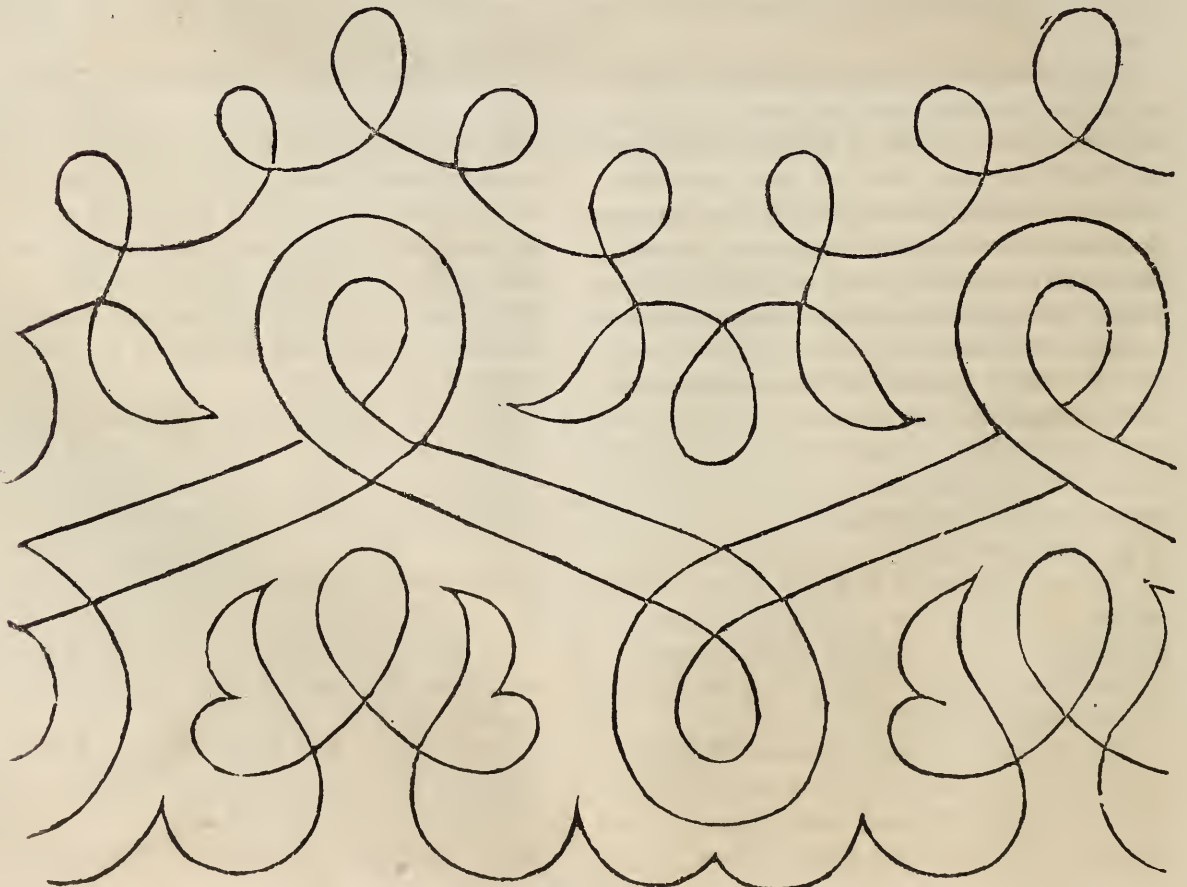
20th.—Make a chain of eight, work it into the seventh long stitch of the preceding row.

* Chain of four, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of nine, work two long stitches through the chain of five in the last row, chain of five, work two long stitches through the same chain, chain of nine, work a stitch of double crochet as before, chain of four, work a stitch of double crochet on the first of the nine long stitches in last row, chain of ten, work the tenth stitch into the ninth of the long stitches, repeat from *.

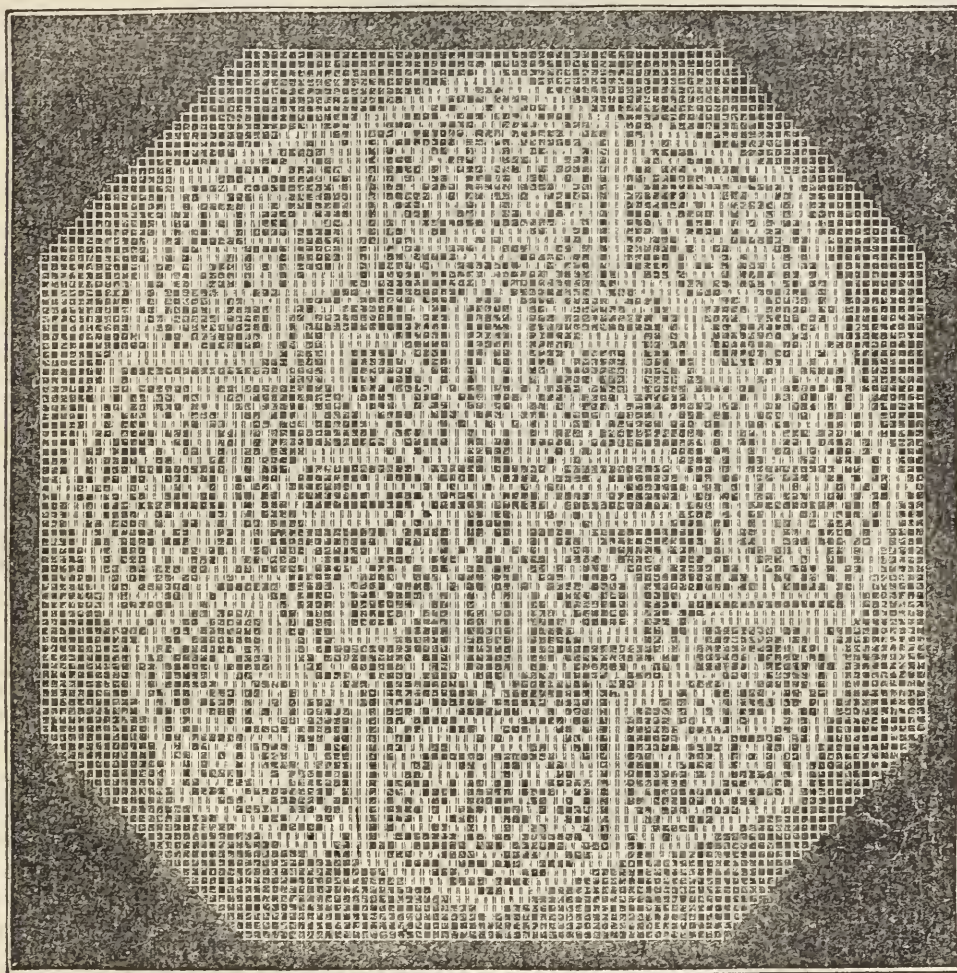
21st.—Work seven long stitches into the chain of eight in the last row, making one chain stitch at the top between every long stitch. * Make a chain of four, work a stitch of double crochet over the one in the last row, chain of nine, work two long stitches through the chain of five in last row, chain of five, work two long stitches through the same chain, chain of nine, work a stitch of double crochet as before, chain of four, work eight long stitches, making one chain stitch at the top between each long one, let the first of the eight long stitches come on the second of the ten in the last row, repeat from *.

After finishing the last row, crochet the neck of the collar in plain double crochet.

BRAIDING FOR A DRESS.



OCTAGON ANTIMACASSAR.

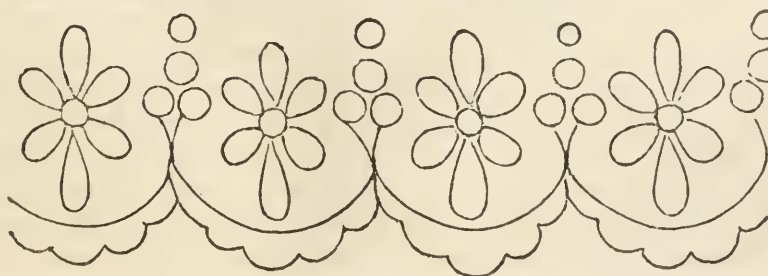


Materials.—Four reels of crochet cotton; two ounces of knitting cotton.

ON a foundation begin with 25 stitches, and increase (by netting two in one at the end of every row) until there are 51 squares at each side. Continue without increasing for 48 rows, and then decrease by netting two together at the end of every row, until 25 loops only are left. The antimacassar should then be washed, and

pinned out, that it may form into shape. Place it in a frame to darn, and this may be done extremely well from the engraving; then add the border and fringe. The former is plain netting, with a stitch in every one, except at the corners, when four must be worked in each. This is for the first round; in the succeeding ones, one stitch only is to be worked in each. Finish by knitting on a rich fringe, three inches deep.

EMBROIDERY FOR CHEMISE BANDS.



CAP FOR THE CONCERT ROOM, OR THEATRE.



NETTING.

Materials.—One ounce of rose-colored German wool, half an ounce of white; one piece of white chenille, and two steel meshes, Nos. 4 and 8.

With the rose-color cast on sixty loops on mesh No. 8, join and net eight rounds; leave twenty-four loops for the neck; net the remaining loops until half a quarter of a yard is worked.

For the border fasten on the white net three rows, netting round the sides, net three loops in one round, the ends to form the ears; with the rose net four rows, with the white one row on mesh No. 4, netting four loops in one. One plain row. With the rose two rows, fasten on the rose-colored at the crown, leaving the twenty-four loops at the neck; net the remaining loops four rows. Net two rounds, netting the twenty-four loops. With the white net one round, netting four loops in one on mesh No. 4, one plain round, two rounds with the rose-color.

Cast on mesh No. 4 with the white twenty-four loops, net one row, 4 rows with the rose on mesh No. 8, with white one row on mesh No. 4,

netting four loops in one, one plain row, two rows with rose-color; this forms the frill at the ears, which place six rows above the border; finish by passing the chenille through the loops in darning stitch at the crown and border, and in the centre of cap, as seen in illustration. Make a cord and tassels with the rose-colored wool.

 TURKISH BAG IN WOOL WORK.

(See Plate printed in Colors in front of Book.)

Materials.—Coarse canvas; black, royal blue, and red Berlin wool.

THE entire outlines of this pattern are worked in the black wool. The spaces are then filled alternately in scarlet and black. The small pointed figure being always in a color different from the stripe in which it is placed, and *vice versa*. The bag may be made up on a frame, with leather top and handles, the edges at the sides being finished with silk cord. This is the proper way, if the bag is of a large size; if smaller, it may be lined with twilled glazed calico, and the handles may be of silk cord.

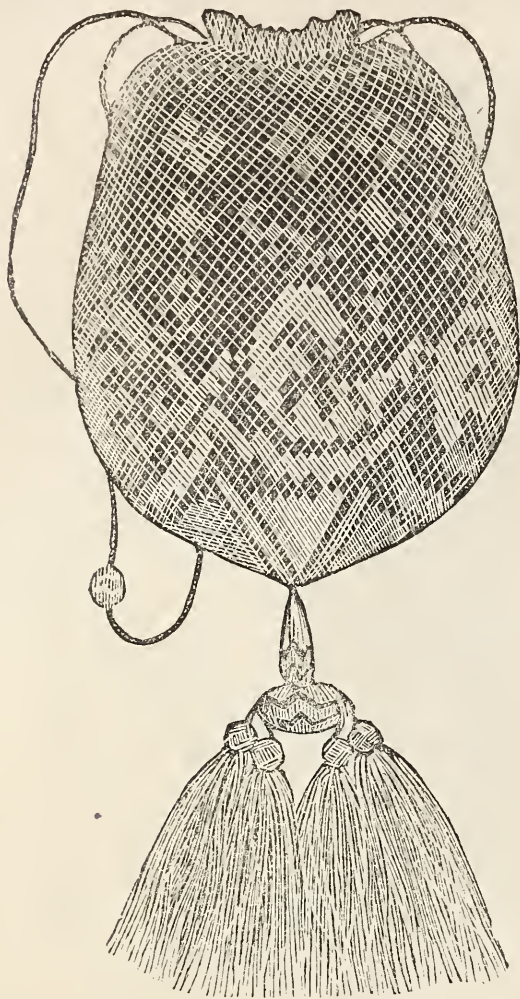
PATTERN FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY FOR AN INFANT'S SKIRT.



LADY'S NETTED PURSE



Materials.—A skein of scarlet gossamer netting silk, a little vert-islay and white netting silk; six skeins of gold thread, No. 1; French trimmings; steel netting mesh, Nos. 14 and 17. Ivory gauge.

BEGIN with four stitches, and fine mesh, close into a round, and net two in every stitch. Of the eight thus worked, four will be long and four short stitches. Do two in every short stitch, and one in every long. Continue to work round and round in this manner, always increasing by netting two in every short stitch (which occurs four times in each round) until there are sixty stitches altogether. Then do sixty-four rounds without any increase. Take the mesh No. 14, and do one round with it.

Resume the fine mesh; net the second long stitch, drawing it through the first; then the first. Continue all round in the same way.

Do two plain rounds, and again repeat from the one with the large mesh, finishing with six plain rounds instead of two.

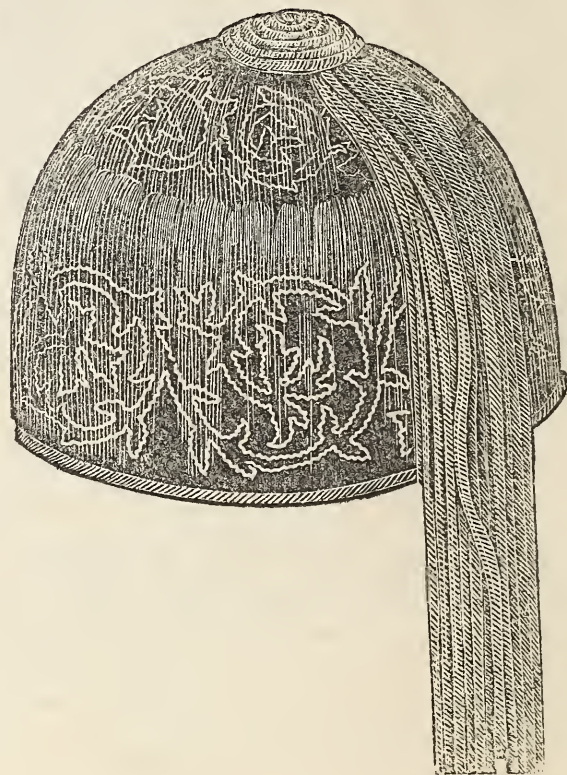
THE POINTS.—Net nine; turn, net eight on the nine; turn, net seven on the eight; turn, net six on the seven. Continue in this way until there are only two stitches to net, which

form the extreme point. Fasten off. Do all the points in the same manner.

FOR THE DARNING.—With the gold thread darn the star at the bottom of the purse, and the shell above it. The three-cornered pieces at the bottom of the purse are alternately vert-islay and white, the scallop above them and below the shell being white over green, and *vice versa*.

In the same way these two colors are blended in the stars and scrolls on the upper part of the purse. The points are alternately gold, green, and white.

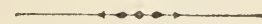
LOUNGING CAP.



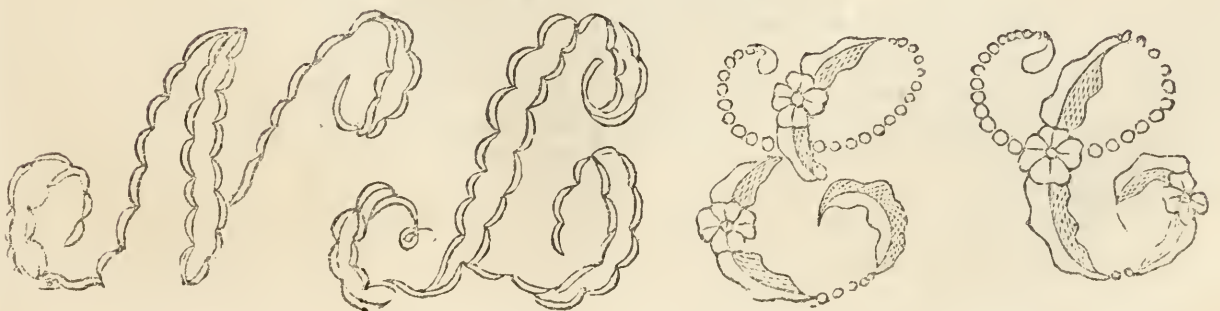
Materials.—Three-quarters of a yard of purple velvet; a piece of crimson and gold soutache; one and a half yard gold cord, and gold tassel.

THIS cap is formed very simply, and is so quickly worked, that we are sure it will be liked. A rich, but simple braided pattern surrounds the head piece; and the crown is worked in a similar way. The head piece is seven inches deep, and large enough to go round the head, varying from twenty-one to twenty-three inches. It is set full round the crown, which is about five and a half inches in diameter. Any kind of soutache will look well on black velvet; and on green, violet, a lighter green, or gold and silver will do. When made up, the cap is to be lined with silk of the same color, and edged with gold cord round the head and crown.

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A MELON-SHAPED SMOKING CAP.

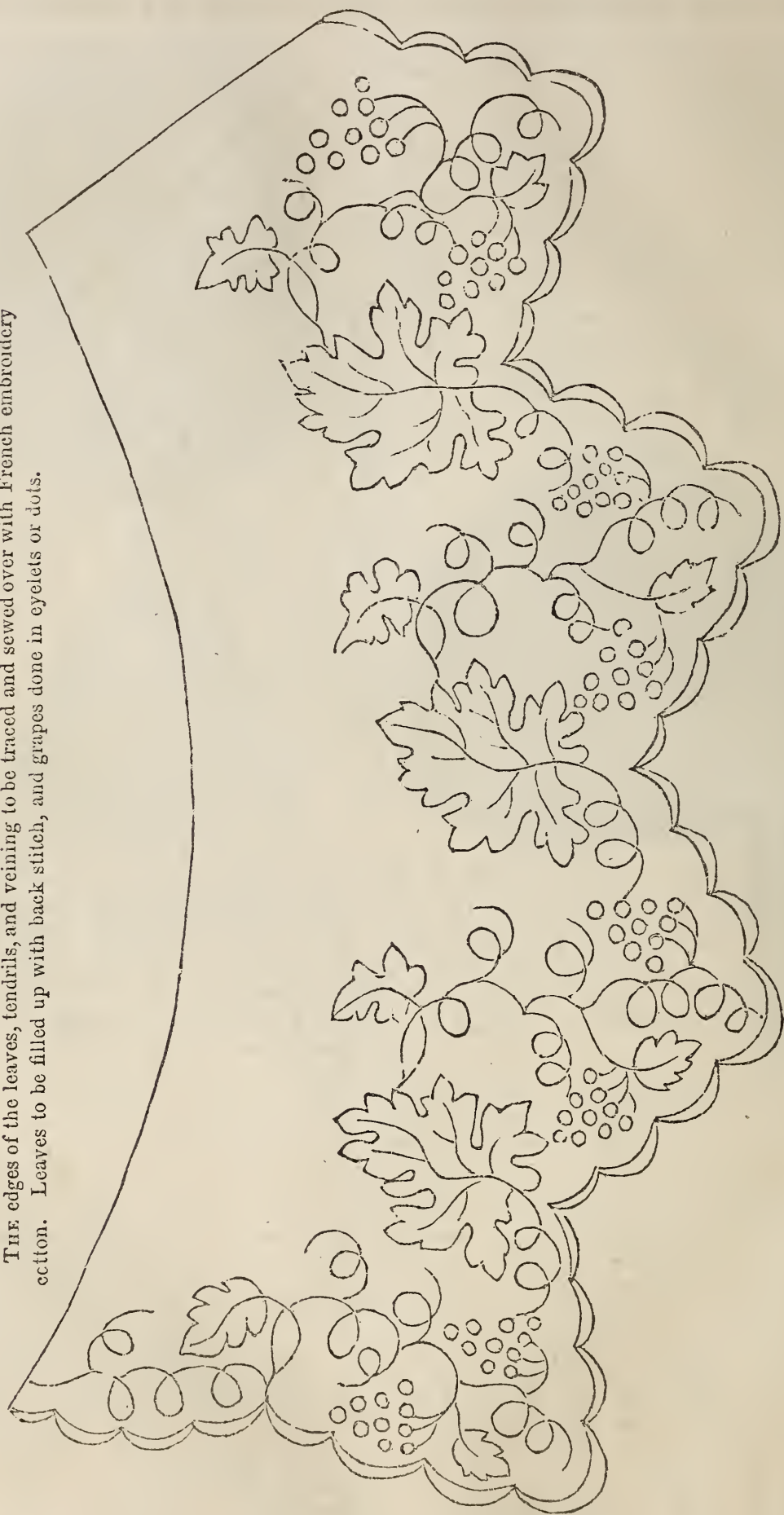


INITIALS.

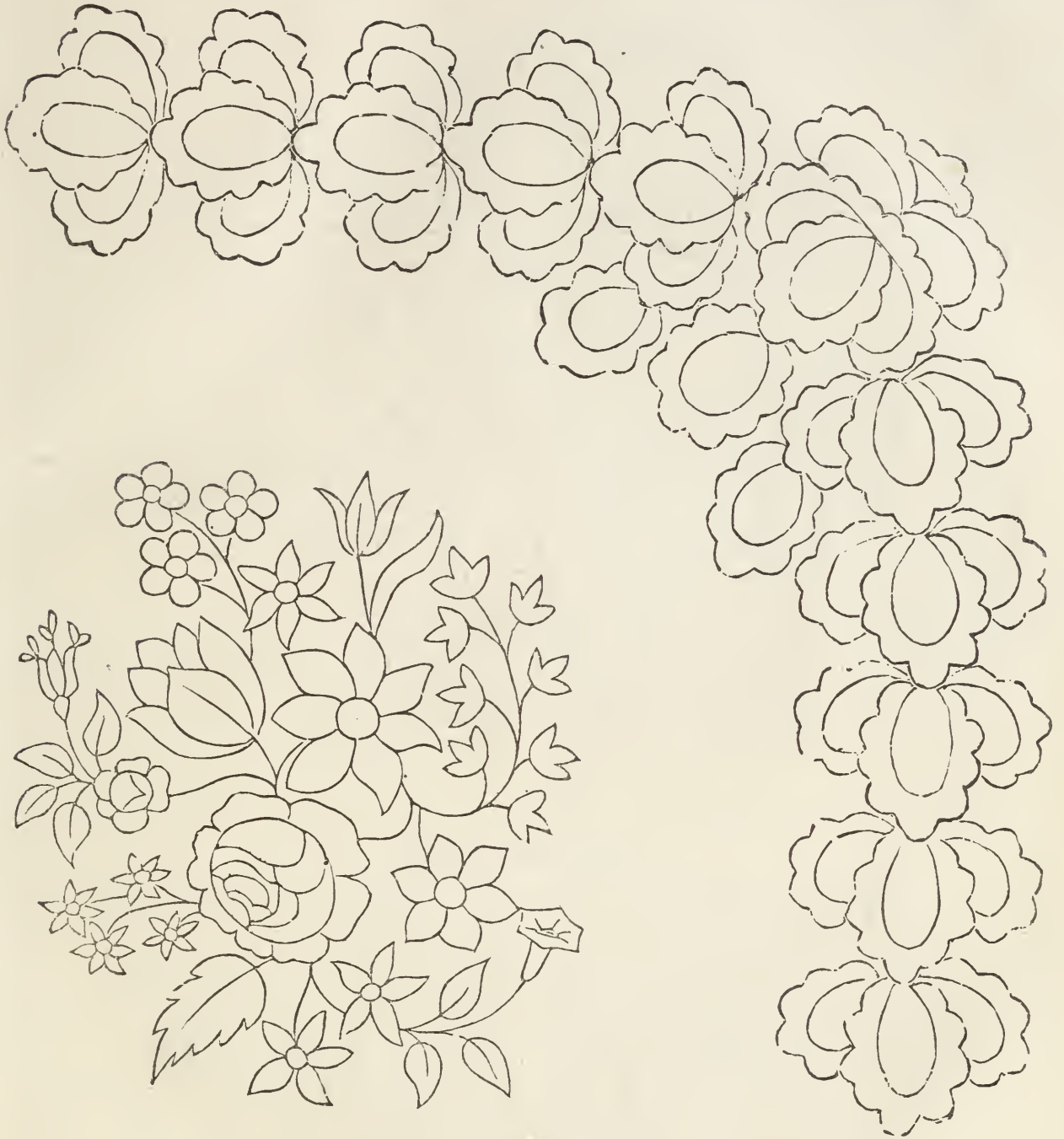


EMBROIDERED COLLAR.

THE edges of the leaves, tendrils, and veining to be traced and sewed over with French embroidery cotton. Leaves to be filled up with back stitch, and grapes done in eyelets or dots.

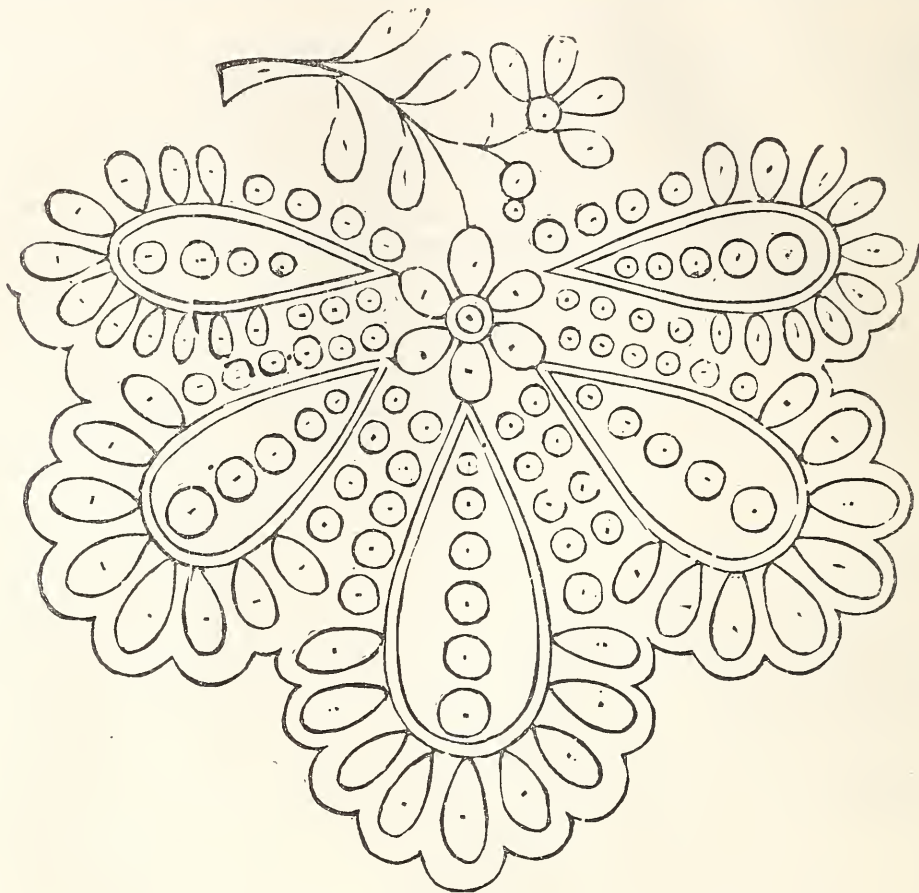


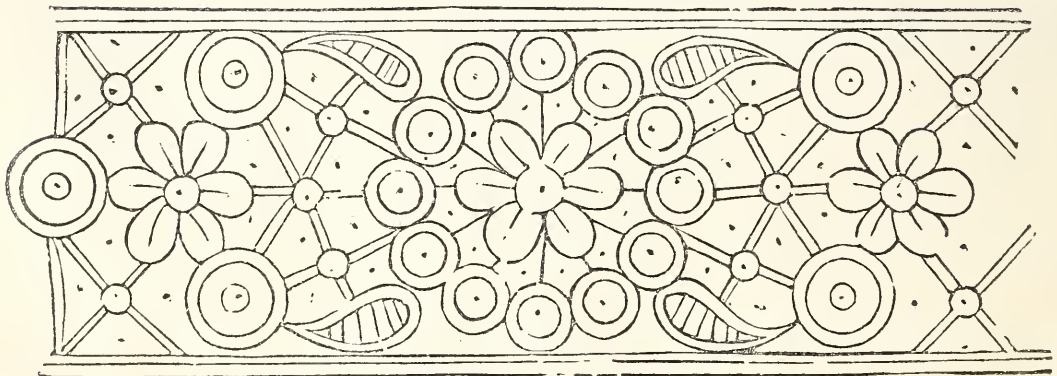
CORNERS FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

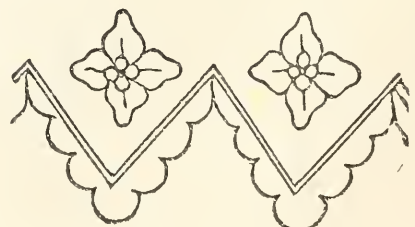
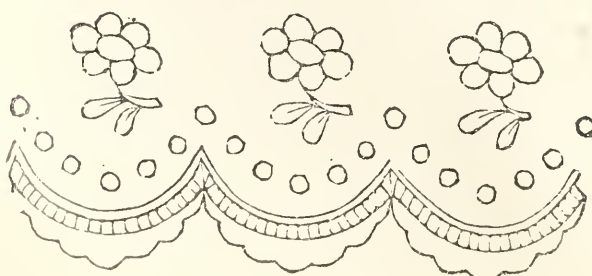


INSERTING.



 EMBROIDERY FOR A MARSEILLES BASQUE.


 INSERTING.


 EMBROIDERY FOR CHEMISE BANDS.


Receipts, &c.

DOMESTIC MANIPULATION.

CLEANING AND DISINFECTING.

IN our previous papers on Domestic Manipulation, we have several times given directions as to the best mode of conducting processes for cleaning various articles, such as bottles, glass, &c. What remains, therefore, under this head, is to furnish hints for cleaning miscellaneous articles, which have not been included under previous accounts; and the very important process of disinfecting, which may be regarded as a medical cleaning, falls naturally into the same chapter. As the substances to be submitted to the process of cleaning vary greatly from one another, we shall find it more convenient to throw our remarks into the form of miscellaneous hints than to arrange them in a chapter for consecutive reading.

Iron-work which is exposed to wet rusts rapidly. It is usually preserved from the action of moisture either by covering it with two or three coatings of paint, as is customary in large out-door works, or by brushing it over with a varnish termed Brunswick black; this plan is usually followed in the case of smaller substances used in-doors. A very superior plan of protecting small iron goods from the injurious action of wet is to heat them a little below redness, and whilst hot to brush them over with common linseed oil, which is decomposed by the heat, and forms a thin, very firm coating of varnish, which is quite impervious to water, and, unlike paint or Japan-black, does not chip off. It is evident that this plan can only be adopted in a limited number of cases, but where it is available we very strongly recommend it.

Floor Boarding and other wood-work is exceedingly apt to be stained by various substances spilled upon it. Ink-stains, for instance, are extremely obstinate: they withstand washing many times, and at last turn to a rusty iron color from the application of the alkali of the soap. Both the black stain of recent ink and the rusty iron mould may be removed by the action of oxalic or muriatic acid. As wood is not likely to be injured like cloth or linen, the latter may be used, being the cheaper; and it should be diluted with two or three times its bulk of water, and applied until the stain is removed. Grease which has been trodden in, or has remained a long time, should be first softened by the application of a little turpentine, and then it will be found to yield much more readily than it otherwise would to the action of fuller's-earth and pearlash or soda. Fruit stains are quickly removed by the action of a little chloride of lime, mixed with water, and applied until the desired effect is produced. It should be borne in mind that all vegetable colors are utterly destroyed beyond any restoration by the energetic action of this agent.

Paint, when soiled, is readily cleaned by soap and water; soda and pearlash are frequently employed, but they act by removing a portion of the paint, and if not thoroughly washed off with clean water afterwards, they will be found to soften the whole. Caustic alkalis, such as the solution for washing on the new plan, will rapidly dissolve paint, and are therefore inapplicable for cleaning; they may, however, be usefully employed in removing paint from wood, where such an operation is requisite.

Plate may be cleaned by rouge, or, if this is not readily obtained, by washed whiting: this is readily made by stirring some whiting up with water, then allowing the larger particles and the grit to subside, and pouring off the water charged with the finer powder, which is allowed to settle, and dried for use. When plate is very much stained, it may be cleaned with putty powder; but this preparation would soon wear away the silver if used frequently or unnecessarily. It may be mentioned that this substance is not made from putty, as its name might seem to imply, but is a rust or oxide of tin, obtained by heating the metal.

Japanned Goods, such as tea-boards, should not have boiling water poured upon them, but should be washed with warm water, and polished with a piece of wash-leather and fine flour.

Knives.—The common wooden knife-board wears out the knives very rapidly; it is therefore much better to employ a piece of buff-leather to cover the board. For very superior cutlery emery powder should be used instead of Bath-brick. Whatever the material of the board, it will be rapidly spoiled by cleaning the backs of knives upon the edge of the board. To prevent this evil, a small piece of leather should be fixed at one end to clean the backs upon. We have seen several knife-boards, lately, covered with a material formed of India-rubber and powdered cork, which was manufactured as a substitute for floor cloth, and sold under the name of *kamtulicon*; but we have had no experience in their use.

Steel Forks are readily cleaned by having a pot of damp moss or hay, with some sand intermixed, into which they may be repeatedly thrust. If knives or forks get an unpleasant taint, which cannot be removed readily, they may be plunged into the mould of the garden, which has a very absorptive power, and rapidly removes such odors.

Bedsteads may be freed from vermin by brushing them over in the cracks with a mixture formed of one ounce of corrosive sublimate dissolved in half a pint of oil of turpentine, and the same quantity of any spirit, such as strong gin or whiskey: this effectually prevents their harboring. But, when first applied, it possesses a disagreeable odor from the turpentine; and great care must be taken with it as it is excessively poisonous, although from its disagreeable smell it is not likely to be swallowed accidentally. It has been found that the presence of the odor of creasote (in vessels which have been used in carrying railway sleepers prepared with this substance to prevent their rotting) has effectually driven away these enemies to our nocturnal peace. Unfortunately, the odor of creasote is very powerful and unpleasant; but there may be cases in which it may be applicable. On the whole, constant and unremitting cleanliness and the employment of iron bedsteads, which are now manufactured of the most elegant forms, are the best means of getting rid of these pests.

As stated in our first article, the operations of dusting, scrubbing, &c., though in strictness Domestic Manipulations, hardly come within the limits of this series of papers; we pass on, therefore, to the more important operations of disinfecting. Various means have been proposed of lessening or utterly destroying the infectious emanations that proceed from persons in certain diseases, and which frequently have the power of attaching themselves with greater or less tenacity to such articles as wearing apparel, furniture, &c. Generally speaking, the presence of a good system of ventilation is sufficient to prevent taking any infection. When rooms are properly aired, a disease can seldom be caught

more than a few feet from a patient; or, even in the case of those most infectious disorders, scarlet-fever and smallpox, it seldom spreads more than a few yards; but, if the air of a room is confined, the infection is concentrated, and becomes much more certain in its action.

Downy and fibrous materials readily receive infection; it may, in fact, in many instances, be folded up in them, and so retained almost any length of time; but, if they are thoroughly exposed to a free current of air, it is dissipated in a short time. It should be mentioned that infectious diseases are more readily received in certain states of the body; thus, fear, timidity, mental anxiety, and such states of mind, by lowering the general tone of the system, render it much more liable to contract infectious or contagious diseases; a state of exhaustion from bodily fatigue, or from hunger, has the same tendency. Infection is also more readily received through the lungs than through the skin; therefore, it is important never to receive the breath of a patient, and, as a sailor would say, always to keep to the windward side of him. Amongst the domestic disinfectants, vinegar has a great reputation, but undeservedly so; its only action is to overpower, by its odor, the smell of a sick-room—as a destroyer of the peculiar influences that engender disease, it has no power. Burning substances act in the same manner. Burnt brown paper, fumigating pastiles, tobacco, only act by substituting one smell for another. The ridiculous practice of carrying about a piece of camphor is very common, and is perfectly inefficacious. If it has any action at all, it must be an injurious one; for camphor is a stimulant, and its constant inhalation must tend to lower the system, and so produce the very evil it is supposed to remedy.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO COOK MUTTON.

MUTTON CUTLETS—MAINTENON.—Trim the cutlets as for former cutlets, half fry them, then cover them with fine herbs and bread crumbs, and season with pepper and salt. Lay all to cool; have some fresh parsley to add to the already fried herbs and shalot. When cool, spread the butter and herbs thick upon each cutlet; sprinkle them with bread crumbs; wrap them in buttered foolscap paper, and broil them over a slow fire until done.

BRAISED CUTLETS.—Trim your mutton from the bones as before, then put it whole into a good braise, let it stew gently until tender, put it aside to get cold; when so, cut your cutlets as thick as the former, trim them neatly, make them hot and glaze them.

FILLET OF MUTTON.—Choose a very large leg, cut from four to five inches in thickness from the large end of the leg, take out the bone, and in its place put a highly savory forcemeat, flour and roast it for two hours, it will be done; it may be sent to the table with the same accompaniments as a fillet of veal, with melted butter poured over it, or a rich brown gravy and red currant jelly.

FILLET OF MUTTON STEWED.—Cut and prepare stuff as above, flour and brown in a little butter, and put it into a stewpan with a pint and a half of gravy; with it a small bundle of sweet herbs, two or three small onions, or eight or ten small button onions peeled, & a teaspoonful of whole black pepper; stew slowly three

hours and a half. The fillet may be salted, and being half roasted may be stewed with its trimmings.

FILLETS IN MARINADE.—Cut from the loins of mutton; prepare some carrots, turnips, onions, and celery, thyme, mace, cloves, and whole pepper, cut up in thin slices; boil a little vinegar and water, put your fillets in a deep dish, pour the vinegar over the roots and mutton when cold, let it lay all night; next day trim neatly and braise them, take them out, and when required glaze them, sauce under them.

BLANQUETTE DE MOUTON is generally made from a former day's saddle of mutton; cutting out the fillets, trimming it neatly, you will be able to cut clearly pieces the size of a shilling, which you will put into some good cooley sauce, you may put two or three gherkins then into it; this is dished better in a tin.

HARICOT MUTTON.—In this dish proceed as before in removing the bones, but leave more fat on and cut each cutlet much thicker; fry them over a quick fire to brown, twelve will make this dish; put them into a proper sized stewpan with a little good second stock, pepper and salt, a little piece of sugar, cover it over and stew gently over a slow fire; when tender, strain off sufficient stock for the sauce, for which roots will be previously prepared, you will see among the sauces.

HARICOT MUTTON—ANOTHER WAY.—Cut into chops the best end of the neck of mutton, fry them a light brown, in fat made boiling hot before the chops are put into it, some pieces cut from the neck will be the best, dredge them with flour, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, put in a stewpan three parts of a pint of water, an onion stuck with cloves, parsley, a few spring onions, and a bay leaf, stew gently till the meat is nearly done, then add turnips and carrots cut small, fry a large onion cut in slices brown, add it to the gravy, which when just done must be thickened, take out the sweet herbs when the whole has stewed an hour, and serve.

HASH is made from former dressed mutton, leg or saddle, cut in nice thin-shaped pieces, and put into some good brown sauce.

HASHED MUTTON.—Cut the cold mutton into slices as uniform in size as possible, flour them, pepper and salt them, put them into a stewpan with some gravy made of an onion stewed with whole pepper and toasted bread in a pint of water, to which a little walnut ketchup has been added—this gravy should be stewed two hours before using—do not let the hash boil; when it is done, add a little thickening of butter, flour and water if required, and serve up with sippets of toasted bread.

HASHED MUTTON.—This is a favorite method of disposing of the cold shoulder, especially if it should happen to be underdone; cut it into slices, take the bones (if of a shoulder or leg, break them) and put them in a stewpan with the trimmings, cover them with water, put in a fagot of thyme, parsley, whole pepper, allspice, &c., cover down and simmer for three quarters of an hour; while the bones, &c. are stewing, fry an onion brown in a little butter and flour, put it into the stewpan with the gravy, stew gently twenty minutes, strain it, lay the slices of mutton in the stewpan, pour over them the strained gravy, pour in a spoonful of walnut ketchup or any suitable preferred sauce, season it, simmer until the meat is hot through, dish and serve.

A spoonful of curry powder is sometimes added, and is always a palatable addition.

SICK-ROOM AND NURSERY.

DOMESTIC SURGERY.

(Continued from June Number.)

A *bandage for the chest* is always placed upon the patient in a sitting posture; and it may be put on in circles or spirally. *Use*, in fractures of the ribs, to retain dressings, and after severe contusions.

A *bandage for the belly* is placed on the patient as directed in the last, if spirally carrying it from above downwards. *Use*, to compress the belly after dropsy, or retain dressings.

The *hand* is bandaged by crossing the bandage over the back of the hand. *Use*, to retain dressings.

For the *head*, a bandage may be circular, or spiral, or both; in the latter case, commence by placing one circular turn just over the ears; then bring down from left to right, and round the head again so as to alternate a spiral with a circular turn. *Use*, to retain dressings on the head or over the eye; but this form soon gets slack. The circular bandage is the best, crossing it over both eyes.

For the Foot.—Place the end just above the outer ankle, and make two circular turns, to prevent its slipping; then bring it down from the inside of the foot over the instep towards the outer part: pass it under the sole of the foot, and upwards and inwards over the instep towards the inner ankle, then round the ankle, and repeat again. *Use*, to retain dressings to the instep heel, or ankle.

As it sometimes happens that it is necessary to apply a bandage at once, and the materials are not at hand, it is desirable to know how to substitute something else *that any one may apply with ease*. This is found to be effected by handkerchiefs, and an experienced surgeon has paid great attention to this subject, and brought it to much perfection. It is to him, therefore, that we are indebted for most of these hints.

Any ordinary handkerchief will do; but a square of linen folded into various shapes answers better. The shapes generally required are as follows: The triangle, the long square, the cravat, and the cord.

The *triangular handkerchief* is made by folding it from corner to corner. *Use*, as a bandage for the head. *Application*.—Place the base round the head, and the short part hanging down behind, then tie the long ends over it.

The *long-square* is made by folding the handkerchief into three parts, or double it once upon itself. *Use*, as a bandage to the ribs, belly, &c. If one handkerchief is not long enough, sew two together.

The *cravat* is folded as usual with cravats. *Use*, as a bandage for the head, arms, legs, feet, neck, &c.

The *cord* is used to compress vessels, when a knot is made in it, and placed over the vessel to be compressed. It is merely a handkerchief twisted in its long diameter.

Sometimes it is necessary to apply two or more handkerchiefs, as in a broken collar-bone, or when it is necessary to keep dressings under the arm. It is applied by knotting the two ends of one handkerchief together, and passing the left arm through it, then passing another handkerchief under the right arm, and tying it. By this means we can brace the shoulders well back, and the handkerchief will press firmly over the broken collar-bone; besides, this form of bandage does not readily slip or get slack, but it requires to be combined with the sling, in order to keep the arm steady.

THE TOILET.

ALMONDS.—

“Mark well the flow’ring almond of the wood;
If od’rous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign,
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.”

VIRGIL.

This perfume has been much esteemed for many ages. It may be procured by distilling the leaves of any of the laurel tribe, and the kernels of stone fruit; for trade purposes, it is obtained from the bitter almond, and exists in the skin or pellicle that covers the seed after it is shelled. In the ordinary way, the almonds are put into the press for the purpose of obtaining the mild or fat oil from the nut; the cake which is left after this process is then mixed with salt and water, and allowed to remain together for about twenty-four hours prior to distillation. The reason for moistening the cake is well understood to the practical chemist, and although we are not treating the subject of perfumery in a chemical sense, but only in a practical way, it may not be inappropriate here to observe that the essential oil of almonds does not exist ready formed to any extent in the nut, but that it is produced by a species of fermentation, from the amygdalin and emulsin contained in the almonds, together with the water that is added. Analogous substances exist in laurel leaves, and hence the same course is to be pursued when they are distilled. Some manufacturers put the moistened cake into a bag of coarse cloth, or spread it upon a sieve, and then force the steam through it; in either case, the essential oil of the almond rises with the watery vapor, and is condensed in the still-worm. In this concentrated form, the odour of almonds is far from agreeable; but when diluted with spirit, in the proportion of about one and a half ounce of the oil to a gallon of spirit or alcohol, it is very pleasant.

The essential oil of almonds enters into combination with soap, cold cream, and many other materials prepared by the perfumer; for which see their respective titles.

Fourteen pounds of the cake yield about one ounce of essential oil.

In experiments with this substance, it must be carefully remembered that it is exceedingly *poisonous*, and, therefore, great caution is necessary in its admixture with substances used as a cosmetic, otherwise dangerous results may ensue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BREAD.—A New England housewife gives the following directions for making that desideratum with all, good bread:—

Wheat and Indian Bread.—To two quarts of sifted Indian meal add hot water enough to wet the same; when sufficiently cooled, add one teaspoonful or more of salt, half a pint of yeast, and one-half teacupful of molasses; then add wheat flour enough to make it into loaves (it should be kneaded well); and, when risen light, bake or steam it three or more hours; if this should get sour while rising, add a teaspoonful of sugar and a little saleratus dissolved in water.

Brown Bread.—Take equal quantities of Indian meal and rye flour; scald the meal, and when lukewarm add the flour, adding one-half pint of good yeast to four quarts of the mixture, a tablespoon even full of salt, and half a cup of molasses, kneading the mixture well.

This kind of bread should be softer than wheat flour bread. All the water added after scalding the meal should be lukewarm. When it has risen well, put it to bake in a brick oven or stove—the former should be hotter than for flour bread; if a stove oven, it should be steamed two hours, then baked one hour or more; when done, it is a dark brown. The best article for taking this kind of bread is brown earthenware—say pans eight or ten inches in height, and diameter about the same; grease or butter the pans; put in the mixture; then dip your hand in cold water, and smooth the loaf; after this, slash the loaf both ways with a knife quite deep. Some let it rise a little more before they put it to bake. Many people prefer this bread made of one-third rye flour, instead of one-half. When it is difficult to get rye, wheat flour will answer as a substitute. It adds very much to the richness and flavor of this kind of bread to let it remain in the oven over night.

Virginia Corn Bread.—Dissolve one tablespoonful of butter in three and a half pints of boiling milk; into this scald one quart of Indian meal; when cool, add a half pint of wheat flour, a little sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, and two eggs well beaten; mix well together, and bake in two cake tins well greased or buttered.

Indian Bread, called the Saint Charles Indian Bread, because prepared at the Saint Charles Hotel, New Orleans.—Beat two eggs very light; mix them with one pint of sour milk (or butter with sweet milk will do); then add a teaspoonful of soda or saleratus; then stir in slowly one pint of Indian meal and one tablespoonful of melted butter; beat these well together; bake in a common cake pan in a quick oven. The bread can be made very good without eggs.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Lady's Book" sends the following:—

"MR. GODEY: I have a way of making good bread that I have not seen in the 'Lady's Book:' Two teacupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one of saleratus or a little salt."

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM BOARDS.—Pour boiling water on fuller's-earth enough to bring it to a stiff paste, which immediately spread over the greasy spots. This should be done over night, that it may remain on several hours. Next morning, scour with hot water, and the grease will most likely be removed; if not, apply the fuller's-earth again.

SPONGE.—A correspondent writes to us that she has found the following an excellent means of preserving sponges in proper condition for years. A sponge should never be wrung, as this breaks the fibres and injures its elasticity. Squeeze it as dry as possible, and hang it by a string to dry in the air. Leaving it soapy soon spoils a sponge. When used with soap, it should be squeezed well in warm water, and left to lie a few minutes in cold.

TO WASH CALICOES.—Calicoes, if badly washed, are more liable than linens to assume a yellow tinge. Many persons attempt to overcome this by imparting a strong shade of blue, which makes the linen look much worse. The detergent properties of the lime-water act with energy upon cotton without injury, unless used too strong. Even the best washed calicoes, if kept for a long time without being used, will become discolored when placed in a dark drawer or closet where no circulation of air or light can possibly reach them. They should, therefore, be taken out every week, and exposed in the daylight to a current of fresh air. This will not

occasion much trouble, and will save the expense of washing and bleaching the articles when discolored.

Chemistry for the Young.

THE DISTINCTIVE PROPERTIES OF, AND THE SOLVENT FOR, CHLORIDE OF SILVER.

APPARATUS AND MATERIALS REQUIRED.

Two or three test-tubes of about half an inch diameter.

A test-tube stand to match.

A little stoppered bottle (say 1 ounce) of nitric acid, otherwise called aquafortis.

Ditto of liquor of ammonia, otherwise called hartshorn.

A candle.

Twisting a bit of paper around a test-tube, so as to form a handle by means of which your fingers may be protected against the heat, collect a small portion of the chloride of silver on the end of a glass rod, and deposit it in the tube. Pour in a few drops of aquafortis, and a little distilled water, and remark, the chloride is *not dissolved*. Pour in some more aquafortis. Still no solution. Next hold the tube about an inch over the flame of a candle, not allowing the flame to exercise its full force exactly against the end of the tube, but causing it to play up its side, by which means the contents may be made to boil without boiling over. Still no solution of the chloride of silver takes place; for, in point of fact, the substance is *absolutely insoluble* in nitric acid or aquafortis; therefore put your test-tube into the test-tube stand, and try the effect of some other solvent.

Thrusting a little chloride of silver, as before, into another clean tube, fill the tube half full of distilled water, and pouring in a few drops of ammonia, observe how *immediately and completely* solution takes place.

Hence water—containing a small quantity of ammonia—will be theoretically indicated as the proper cleansing liquid for the apparatus; and moreover, two highly important chemical facts will have been impressed on your mind.

Chloride of silver is soluble in ammonia.

Chloride of silver is not soluble in nitric acid.

Proceeding, therefore, to the cleansing of your apparatus, do as follows: First, wash many times in succession in water, then in water containing a little ammonia. Finally in water again. Lastly, wipe the apparatus dry with, first, a linen cloth; secondly, with an old silk handkerchief. As regards the little test-tubes, they may be very nicely cleaned after washing them out first with ammonia, then with water, thus. First, dry them as follows:—

Having warmed one of them over a candle or before a fire, thrust it into a glass tube, and, putting the external end of the glass tube into the mouth, take an inspiration through it again and again, until the test-tube becomes quite dry. This process of drying, or something like it, must be gone through whenever it is desired to dry a tube, a flask, or other vessel, having but one narrow orifice—a condition most unfavorable to evaporation. The tubes, having been thus dried, should be wiped clean with a bit of soft silk tied to the end of a stick or whalebone, and being cleaned should be put away.

EDITORS' TABLE.

HOME.

"There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief—
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
Oh, do not widely roam!
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, dear home!"

BERNARD BARTON.

YES; pleasure, to be real, substantial, a fact, and not a fancy, must be found in the place we call *home*. The word typifies safety, rest, ease, comfort, love, improvement, and happiness. The best blessings of life are bound up in the sweet burdens that home duties impose when these are faithfully discharged. If the real, every-day enjoyments of a well-ordered, loving, pious family could be faithfully portrayed, with the substantial benefits resulting to the individuals concerned, and through these to society, to the State, the Church, the world below and the world above, we should have a series of wonderful pictures of heart happiness and heart heroisms more romantic and more beautiful than Genius has ever painted on the canvas of fiction.

We lately met with a story that elucidates, in a good degree, the sort of novels which are, as we think, at present most needed. High life has been thoroughly explored; nobility and gentry pictured in every phase of fashionable being; and the classes immediately below these, that is, commercial and professional life, have been well displayed. The poverty-stricken, miserable, and vagabond classes have also been largely brought out by some of the most popular writers of English fiction. No need of stating here what every intelligent person admits, that the staple of our supply of novels and fictitious literature comes from Great Britain: therefore we are better versed in the social manners of that country than of our own, because there the customs are defined, the classes are fixed, while here, "new lords and new laws" are the order of the day. We will not now stop to inquire "which way is best;" only stating the fact, we say that there is one large and important class of English people which we have as yet scarcely heard of, namely, those who live on small salaries and keep up respectability and a degree of gentility by the closest economy, such as an American in any condition of life would hardly know how to practise. This class of English families is among the most orderly, virtuous, and religious in that land, and their heart histories would be full of examples of quiet, beauty, and contented happiness. Would that another Jane Austen might arise and fitly illustrate these isolated pictures of domestic life!

In order to elucidate our meaning, we intend giving a synopsis of this story of "The Three Gifts." It opens with the introduction of three children of Mr. and Mrs. Atheling: Agnes, Marian, and Charles. They were going home to Bellevue Cottage, No. 10. One of the girls, Marian, is very pretty; you can see that at a glance: under the simple bonnet, and through the thin

little veil, which throws no cloud upon its beauty, shines the sweetest girl's face imaginable. It is only eighteen years old, and not at all of the heroic cast; but it brightens like a passing sunbeam through all the sombre line of passengers, and along the dull background of this ordinary street. There is no resisting that sweet, unconscious influence: people smile when they pass her, unawares: it is a natural homage paid involuntarily to the young, sweet, innocent loveliness, unconscious of its own power. People have smiled upon her all her days; she thinks it is because everybody is amiable, and seeks no further for a cause.

The other one is not very pretty; she is twenty: she is taller, paler, not so bright of natural expression, yet as far from being commonplace as can be conceived. They are dressed entirely alike: thriftily dressed in brown merino, with little cloaks exact to the same pattern; and bonnets of which every bow of ribbon outside and every little pink rosebud within is a complete fac-simile of its sister bud and bow. They have little paper parcels in their hands each of them; they are about the same height, and not much different in age; and to see these twin figures, so entirely resembling each other, passing along at the same inconsistent youthful pace, now rapid and now lingering, you would scarcely be prepared for the characteristic difference in their looks and in their minds.

Charlie, the brother, so far from being handsome, was strikingly the opposite. He had large, loose, ill-compacted limbs, like most young animals of a large growth, and a face which might be called clever, powerful, or good-humored, but certainly was, without any dispute, ugly. He was of dark complexion, had natural furrows in his brow; and a mouth, wide with fun and happy temper at the present moment, which could close with indomitable obstinacy when occasion served. No fashion could have made Charlie Atheling fashionable; but his plain apparel looked so much plainer and coarser than his sister's that it had neither neatness nor grace to redeem its homeliness. He was seventeen, tall, big, and somewhat clumsy, as unlike as possible to the girls, who had a degree of natural and simple gracefulness not very common in their sphere. Charlie's masculine development was unequivocal; he was a thorough *boy* now, and would be a manful man.

It is a spring afternoon, cheery but cold, and lamps and shop windows are already beginning to shine through the ruddy twilight. This is a suburban street, with shops here and there, and sombre lines of houses between. The houses are all graced with "front gardens"—strips of ground enriched with a few smoky evergreens, and flower-pots ignorant of flowers; and the shops are of a highly miscellaneous character, adapted to the wants of the locality. Vast London roars and travails far away to the west and to the north. This is Islington, a mercantile and clerkish suburb. The people on the omnibuses—and all the omnibuses are top-heavy with outside passengers—are people from the city; and, at this time in the afternoon, as a general principle, everybody is going home.

The Home of the Athelings.—The house is old for this

locality—larger than this family could have afforded had it been in better condition—a cheap house out of repair. It is impossible to see what is the condition of the little garden before the door; but the bushes are somewhat straggling, and wave their long arms about in the rising wind. There is a window on either side of the door, and the house is but two stories high: it is the most commonplace of houses, perfectly comfortable and uninteresting, so far as one may judge from without. Inside, the little hall is merely a passage, with a door on either side, a long row of pegs fastened against the wall, and a strip of brightly painted oil-cloth on the floor. The parlor door is open: there are but two candles, yet the place is bright; and in it is the lighted window which shines so cheerily into the silent street. The father sits by the fire in the only easy-chair which this apartment boasts; the mother moves about on sundry nameless errands, of which she herself could scarcely give a just explanation; yet somehow that comfortable figure passing in and out through light and shadow adds an additional charm to the warmth and comfort of the place. Two little children are playing on the rug before the fire—very little children, twins scarcely two years old: one of them caressing the slippered foot of Mr. Atheling; the other seated upon a great paper book full of little pictures, which serves at once as amusement for the little mind, and repose for the chubby little frame. They are rosy, ruddy, merry imps as ever brightened a fireside; and it is hard to believe they are of the same family as Charlie, and Agnes, and Marian. For there is a woeful gap between the elder and the younger children of this house—an interval of heavy, tardy, melancholy years, the records of which are written, many names, upon one gravestone and upon the hearts of these two cheerful people among their children at their own hearth. They have lived through their day of visitation, and come again into the light beyond; but it is easy to understand the peculiar tenderness with which father and mother bend over these last little children—angels of consolation—and how everything in the house yields to the pretty childish caprice of little Belle and little Beau.

* * * * *

Yet it was a pretty scene—with Marian's beautiful face at one side of the table, and the bright intelligence of Agnes at the other—the rosy children on the rug, the father reposing from his day's labor, the mother busy with her sweet, familiar, never-ending cares; even Charlie, ugly and characteristic, added to the family completeness. The head of the house was only a clerk in a merchant's office, with a modest stipend of two hundred pounds a year. All the necessities of the family, young and old, had to be supplied out of this humble income. You may suppose there was not much over, and that the household chancellor of the exchequer had enough to do, even when assisted by that standing committee with which she consulted solemnly over every little outlay. The committee was prudent, but it was not infallible. Agnes, the leading member, had extravagant notions. Marian, more careful, had still a weakness for ribbons and household embellishments, bright, and clean, and new. Sometimes the committee *en permanence* was abruptly dismissed by its indignant president, charged with revolutionary sentiments and a total ignorance of sound financial principles. Now and then there occurred a monetary crisis. On the whole, however, the domestic kingdom was wisely governed; and the seven Athelings, parents and children, lived

and prospered, found it possible to have even holiday dresses, and books from the circulating library, ribbons for the girls, and toys for the babies, out of their two hundred pounds a year.

* * * * *

Agnes and her Gift.—Agnes Atheling was not wise; she had no particular gift for conversation, and none whatever for logic; no accomplishments, and not a very great deal of information. To tell the truth, while it was easy enough to discover what she had not, it was somewhat difficult to make out precisely what she had to distinguish her from other people. She was a good girl, but by no means a model one; full of impatience, resentments, and despairs, now and then, as well as of hopes, jubilant and glorious, and a vague but grand ambition. She herself knew herself quite as little as anybody else did; for consciousness of power and pre-science of fame, if these are signs of genius, did not belong to Agnes. Yet genius, in some kind and degree, certainly did belong to her, for the girl had that strange faculty of expression which is as independent of education, knowledge, or culture as any wandering angel.

And when all the domestic affairs were over—when Mr. Atheling had finished his newspaper, and Mrs. Atheling put aside her work-basket, and Mr. Foggo was out of the way—then papa was wont to look over his shoulder to his eldest child. “You may read some of your nonsense, if you like, Agnes,” said the household head; and it was Agnes's custom upon this invitation, though not without a due degree of coyness, to gather up her papers, draw her chair into the corner, and read what she had written.

And so the young romance was read; there was some criticism, but more approval; and in reality none of them knew what to think of it any more than the youthful author did. They were too closely concerned to be cool judges; and, full of interest and admiration as they were, could not quite overcome the oddness and novelty of the idea that “our Agnes” might possibly one day be famous, and write for the world.

The young writer was as far from being an abstracted personage as it is possible to conceive; and, from the momentous matter of the household finances to the dressing of the doll, and the childish play of Belle and Beau, nothing came amiss to the incipient author. With this sweet stream of common life around her, you may be sure her genius did her very little harm.

Marian and her Gift.—Marian Atheling had as little choice in respect to her particular endowment as her sister had; less, indeed, for it cost her nothing—not an hour's thought or a moment's exertion. She could not help shining forth so fair and sweet upon the sober background of this family life; she could not help charming every stranger who looked into her sweet eyes. She was of no particular “style” of beauty, so far as we are aware; she was even of no distinct complexion of loveliness, but wavered with the sweetest shade of uncertainty between dark and fair, tall and little. For hers was not the beauty of genius; it was not exalted and heroic expression; it was not tragic force or eloquence of features; it was something less distinct and more subtle even than these. Hair that caught the sunshine and brightened under its glow; eyes which laughed a sweet response of light before the fair eyelids fell over them in that sweet inconsistent mingling of frankness and shyness which is the very charm of girlhood; the cheeks as soft, and bloomy, and fragrant as any flower: these seemed but the appropri-

ate language in which alone this innocent, radiant, beautiful youth could find fit expression. For beauty of expression belonged to Marian as well as more obvious beauties; there was an entire sweet harmony between the language and the sentiment of nature upon this occasion. The face would have been beautiful still had its possessor been a fool or discontented; as it was, being only the lovely exponent of a heart as pure, happy, and serene as heart could be, the face was perfect. Criticism had nothing to do with an effect so sudden and magical: this young face shone and brightened like a sunbeam, touching the hearts of those it beamed upon. Mere admiration was scarcely the sentiment with which people looked at her: it was pure tenderness, pleasure, unexpected delight which made the chance passengers in the street smile as they passed her by. Their hearts warmed to the fair creature of God's making, they "blessed her unaware." Eighteen years old, and possessed of this rare gift, Marian still did not know what rude admiration was, though she went out day by day alone and undefended, and would not have faltered at going anywhere if her mother bade or necessity called. *She* knew nothing of those stares and impertinent annoyances which fastidious ladies sometimes complained of, and of which she had read in books. Marian asserted roundly, and with unhesitating confidence, that "it was complete nonsense"—"it was not true;" and went upon her mother's errands through all the Islingtonian streets as safely as any heroine ever went through ambuscades and prisons. She believed in lovers and knights of romance vaguely but fervently—believed even, we confess, in the melodramatic men who carry off fair ladies, and also in disguised princes and Lords of Burleigh; but knew nothing whatever in her own most innocent and limited experience of any love but the love of home. And Marian had heard of bad men and bad women—nay, *knew*, in Agnes's story, the most impossible and shortsighted of villains—a true rascal of romance, whose snares were made on purpose for discovery, but had no more fear of such than she had of lions or tigers, the Gunpowder Plot, or the Spanish Inquisition. Safe as among her lawful vassals, this young girl went and came—safe as in a citadel, dwelt in her father's house, untempted, untroubled, in the most complete and thorough security. So far as she had come upon the sunny and flowery way of her young life, her beauty had been no gift of peril to Marian, and she had no fear of what was to come.

Charlie and his Gift.—This big boy was about as far from being handsome as any ordinary imagination could conceive: his large loose limbs, his big features, his swarthy complexion, though they were rather uglier in their present development than they were likely to be when their possessor was full-grown and a man, could never, by any chance, gain him the moderate credit of good looks. He was not handsome, emphatically, and yet there never was a more expressive face: that great furrowed brow of his went up in ripples and waves of laughter when the young gentleman was so minded, and descended in rolls of cloud when there was occasion for such a change. His mouth was not a pretty mouth: the soft curve of Cupid's bow, the proud Napoleonic curl, were as different as you could suppose from the indomitable and graceless upper lip of Charlie Atheling. Yet, when that obstinate feature came down in fixed and steady impenetrability, a more emphatic expression never sat on the haughtiest curve of Greece.

He was a tolerably good boy, but he had his foible. Charlie, we are grieved to say, was obstinate—marvelously obstinate, unpersuadable, and beyond the reach of reasoning. If anything could have made this propensity justifiable—as nothing could possibly make it more provoking—it was that the big boy was very often in the right.

Yet Charlie was not clever. The household could come to no satisfactory conclusion upon this subject. He did not get on with his moderate studies either quicker or better than any ordinary boy of his years. He had no special turn for literature either, though he did not disdain "Peter Simple and Midshipman Easy." These renowned productions of genius held the highest place at present in that remote corner of Charlie's interest which was reserved for the fine-arts; but we are obliged to confess that this big boy had wonderfully bad taste in general, and could not at all appreciate the higher excellences of art.

He had two homely possibilities before him—a this and a that. He had a stout intention to be *something*, and no such ignoble sentiment as content found place in Charlie's heart; wherefore, long, animated, and doubtful was the self-controversy. Do not smile, good youth, at Charlie's two chances: they are small in comparison of yours, but they were the only chances visible to him: the one was the merchant's office over which Mr. Atheling presided—head clerk, with his two hundred pounds a year; the other was grandiloquently—by the girls, not by Charlie—called the law; meaning thereby, however, only the solicitor's office, the lawful empire and domain of Mr. Foggo. Between these two legitimate and likely regions for making a fortune Charlie wavered with a most doubtful and inquiring mind.

In the mean time, however, pending the settlement of this momentous question, Charlie worked at two grammars instead of one, and put all his force to his study. Force was the only word which could express the characteristic power of this boy, if even that can give a sufficient idea of it. He had no love for his French or for his Latin, yet learned his verbs with a manful obstinacy worthy of all honor; and it is not easy to define what was the special gift of Charlie. It was not a describable thing separate from his character, like honesty or genius; it was his character (or force), intimate and not to be distinguished from himself. (We shall continue this sketch in our next Table.)

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, near Jerusalem, has been purchased by a lady, Madame Polark, the widow of a rich banker of the Hebrew faith at Königsberg, Prussia. Madame Polark intends to beautify the place and improve the whole neighborhood at her sole expense. She has already planted a whole area with a grove of olive trees. Thus, as woman was "last at the Cross and earliest at the grove" of the Saviour, she may be the first in preparing for the glorious era of His visible reign of "peace on earth and good-will to the children of men."

MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.—The ladies are about taking measures to bring this subject more fully into public notice. The grave of Washington must be made sacred to the peace and harmony of the Union. The Daughters of America can accomplish this holy mission, and they are in earnest to do it. In our next we shall

have a paper on this subject, and also give the names of contributors which have been omitted.

THANKSGIVING-DAY FOR 1856.—Let it be held on *Thursday, November 20th*—that is, the *third Thursday in that month*.

We have, heretofore, suggested that the last Thursday in November should be set apart as the day of Thanksgiving, and we have, through the *Lady's Book*, endeavored to persuade all the Governors of all the States to make their appointments accordingly. Last year we had the pleasure of finding that fourteen States had united in this festival, viz: New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Michigan, Missouri, Wisconsin, Indiana, Georgia, Texas, Kentucky, Illinois, held Thanksgiving on the 29th of November; while Maryland and Virginia observed the 15th, and Pennsylvania, Maine, Iowa, and Ohio the 22d of the month. Other States had their festival earlier or later, though only one, we believe, delayed till December.

Taking the medium, therefore, probably the *third Thursday* in November would be the most acceptable time throughout the whole Union, and we earnestly invoke the Governors of the States to unite on this day. To make it a national festival, the time of holding it must be fixed by circumstance, by custom, or by statute. Americans have but two national holidays, Washington's birthday, and Independence day. These are both settled by circumstances; one in midwinter, the other in midsummer. Let us have a third festival, hallowed by custom or by statute, for autumn. We have it as a State holiday by custom; to make it National, requires a concert of action in the State Executives which might be brought into permanent arrangement. How this can best be done, we leave our brother Editors to explain. We call on them to aid this movement of Union in gratitude to God for his wonderful blessings on "Our Whole Country."

PERSEVERANCE is an attribute of Genius; no great work was ever produced without its author had the power of *waiting* as well as of working. This perseverance is happily illustrated in the biography of that distinguished ornithologist, Audubon: we give the incident in his own words:—

"An accident which happened to two hundred of my original drawings nearly put a stop to my researches in Ornithology. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the bank of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to all my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge to a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced, and opened;—but, reader, feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had reared a young family amongst the gnawed bits of paper, which but a few months before represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion—until the animal powers being recalled into action, through

the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth into the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened."

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,

No. 12 Portico Square, Spruce Street, Philadelphia. Miss S. J. Hale* and M^{lle} Hennet, principals.

The school-year commences on the first Wednesday in September, and ends the last Friday in June. The usual vacations of one week at Christmas and one at Easter are allowed.

Pupils are charged from the time of entrance, and no deduction made but for protracted illness. No pupil will be received for a shorter period than to the close of the school-year upon which she enters.

Terms.—Payable semi-annually in advance. For Day Scholars. Instruction in the English branches, French, German and Latin: Under thirteen years of age, \$60 per annum; over thirteen years of age, \$100. For Boarders, \$300; Drawing and Water Painting, \$20; Use of Piano, \$20; Use of Guitar, \$10; Use of Harp, \$50; Dancing, \$10 per quarter—\$5 Entrance; Washing, \$6 per quarter; Pew Rent at cost.

Music and singing lessons, oil-painting, and other languages than those mentioned above at professors' charges.

Particular attention will be paid to speaking French. It will be spoken in the family; in the school-room one hour daily will be devoted to conversation in that language, in which all, whose friends desire it, can join.

Each boarder should be provided with silver fork, table and teaspoons, toweling, napkins, and ring. All articles to be marked in full.

Address Miss S. J. Hale, or, M^{lle} G. Hennet, No. 12 Portico Square, Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted the following articles: "The Grave of the First-Born"—"Sonnet"—"Oh, Sing to me!"—"Lines to E. S. H."—"Life's a sad, &c."—"Sacred Memories"—"Stanzas"—"Jam Moriturus, &c."—and "To a Frost-Bitten Flower."

The following articles are declined for lack of room and for other reasons: "Bury me in the Forest" (will the author send a corrected copy?)—"My dear Reader, &c."—"To an absent Friend"—"To Mabel"—"Crochet"—"Twilight Thoughts" (pretty, but imperfect)—"Stray Leaves from a Journal"—"Nearer, brother, nearer"—"Wit" (but little in the article)—"Yes"—"When Midnight has come"—"Godey's 'Lady's Book'"—"Lines to a Coquette"—"To Orelia"—"The Mysterious Artist"—"A Song"—"Conjugal Happiness" (J. C. G. had better forego the ambition of ranking as a writer of poetry than to appear in stolen honors. The poem he sent us as "original" for the "*Lady's Book*" was written years ago by Levi Frisbie)—"Lines on the Death of a Sister"—and "Hints for those who need them." The author of "*The Wife's Experiment*" is requested to send her address to Mrs. Hale.

The following little gem is worth setting in the frame

* We trust to be excused for whispering to our friends of the "*Lady's Book*" that Miss Hale is daughter of the editor. Those parents who send their daughters to this school will, we believe, find that it is worthy of their warmest approval.

of our "Book." It is from the pen of a new correspondent, Frank H. Hickling.

P E T I T E.

At the eager breath of coming day,
Crimsoned all the quivering garden roses;
Where the arch of balmy woodbine closes,
Down the garden-walk she took her way;
All the flowers seemed to bend to meet
Graceful little evening-eyed Petite.

Thus I saw her from my window frame,
Half her face by gathered roses shaded—
By her lips their crimson hue was faded.
Thus I saw her come when morning came;
She, of all the flowers around, most sweet,
Graceful little evening-eyed Petite.

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 J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—
THE PICTURE BOOK FOR THE YOUNG. *By Mary Howitt.* With twenty illustrations by Byram and Pierce. These stories are calculated to amuse as well as to instruct the class of readers for which they were intended by their experienced author.

THE MYSTERY; *or, Evil and God.* By John Young, LL. D. (Edinburgh). The mind of man has never been content with simple facts and principles—easily understood, and easily put into practice. Hence the numerous metaphysical works which have followed each other from a remote period of time, coeval, at least, with the discovery of letters. It may be well, for aught we know, that those who profess to be satisfied with the revelations of the Scriptures, and who wish to settle their theological disputes by the light of the Gospel—it may be well, we say, that some of the more learned, at least, should examine the "mystery," if for no other reason than to gratify their own pride of opinion, and to show how shallow are the intellects of their neighbors. The "Mystery; or, Evil and God!" We supposed that this mystery—the great mystery of God, of sin and redemption—had been settled long, long ago by the Bible. If not, we do not see how such inquiries as these, which must remain mysteries to the multitude, will ever effect any good for the perfection or regeneration of man. Nevertheless, this volume has great attractions for the schoolmen, the deep thinkers, and for all those who are versed in profound logical disputation. Its spirit, moreover, is eminently pious. Its intentions are no doubt to glorify the Creator; but, after all, it does not address itself to those who most need truth in its simplest form.

THE KINGDOM WHICH SHALL NOT BE DESTROYED, ETC. *An Exposition of Prophecy, more especially of Daniel,* Chapter vii. By Rev. J. Oswald, A. M., York, Pennsylvania. The title of this book indicates the nature of its contents. The author says of it that, should it "be instrumental in directing the attention of some to the study of the prophecies, now so

much neglected, and to the kingdom which is to come—which is the Christian's inheritance, and which will be set up, or established on earth, renewed, purified, consecrated, and thus edify the Church; and, above all, glorify the master, all will be effected" that he, the author, hopes for.

WILD WESTERN SCENES.—SECOND SERIES. THE WAR-PATH. *A Narrative of Adventures in the Wilderness: with minute Details of the Captivity of Sundry Persons; Amusing and Perilous Incidents during their Abode in the Wild Woods; Fearful Battles with the Indians; Ceremony of Adoption into an Indian Family; Encounters with Wild Beasts and Rattlesnakes, etc.* By J. B. Jones, author of "Wild Western Scenes"—First Series—"The Winkles," etc. A refined literary critic might discover displeasing points in the style of these sketches of border life; but we are of opinion that they are written in a manner calculated to please the simpler and more natural tastes of the great mass of readers for whose perusal they are especially intended. The volume opens with a scene in Burlington, New Jersey, at the commencement of the Revolutionary War. It is the preparation for the departure of a company to settle upon a farm in the then wilderness near the Delaware Water Gap. The adventures of this party form the basis of a story into which are introduced many of the exploits of Boone, Kenton, Simon Girty, and of the Indian chief Brandt.

FASHIONABLE LIFE. By Mary H. Eastman. Mrs. Eastman's delineations of character are true to nature. In the first sketch of this volume we have a most forcible as well as a most painful picture, not indeed, of absolute vice and profligacy—not of penury and destitution—not of the consequences of a state of hopeless dependence—but of the more dangerous results often attendant upon wealth and a fashionable career, from which are shut out all the domestic sympathies and all the enjoyments that have their foundation in the strength of the affections, and of pure religious feeling. In the sketches following that to which we allude, and in which the fatal effects of spiritualism and mesmerism on persons of weak minds and nervous temperaments are vividly depicted, careful readers will find many lessons why, if already in a happy mediocrity, they should be content with the blessings they enjoy.

THE GRAY-BAY MARE, AND OTHER HUMOROUS AMERICAN SKETCHES. By Henry P. Leland. With numerous illustrations. This is one of those volumes of hearty, but not always very refined humor, so characteristic of the fast young men of our country, and which has no counterpart in any other literature. Interspersed, however, among these sketches are many evidences of true sentiment and manly feeling.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia, and W. & R. CHAMBERS, London and Edinburgh:—

HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND CRITICAL. This is a neatly printed and cleverly written volume of over three hundred pages, containing, in a compendious form, a tolerably fair and impartial history of American literature, together with biographical and critical notices of the lives and works of our most prominent authors, old and young. In substance, it is a kind of supplement to "Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature." Many of the critical opinions of the compiler will not, we think, be received with general favor on this side of the Atlantic; but, to all those who desire a cheap and

convenient book of reference upon subjects connected with our national literature, this volume will prove very acceptable.

From T. B. PETERSON, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

TAN-GO-RU-A: *An Historical Drama.* In prose. The author of this production, which is by no means destitute of interest, has modestly withheld his name from the public. Yet, while we do not refuse to praise his work, we think that he should have entitled it a dramatic dialogue. Though containing numerous fine passages of tender sentiment, philosophic reflection, and life-like description, there is in it a lack of that spirit which renders dramatic writings attractive, even to the closet reader, for whose perusal, alone, Tan-gó-ru-a seems to have been intended. With but few exceptions, the *dramatis personæ*, whether soldiers or missionaries, Indians or Quakers, citizens or councilmen, exhibit few marked differences either in language or character. Still, as we have before intimated, the reader will meet with many passages which evidence no ordinary talent.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By Charles Dickens ("Boz"). With forty-eight illustrations on steel, from designs by Phiz and Cruikshank. In two volumes. Of the genius of Charles Dickens as an author, or of the peculiar merits of this, the first of his inimitable productions, and the one which established his world-wide reputation, it is unnecessary for us to speak. We only desire to call the attention of our numerous readers to the exquisite neatness and beauty in typography and binding, and convenience in form, of the volumes before us. They belong to Peterson's uniform duodecimo edition of Dickens's complete works, now in course of publication.

FEMALE LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY. *Illustrated with Forty-four real Portraits from Life.* By the late William Burns, editor of the "New York Sunday Dispatch." The "real portraits from life," contained in this volume, are rather poor specimens of the art of engraving on wood; but the letter-press descriptions are in the main characterized by real and hearty feeling, truthfulness to nature, and delicacy of language. Price 25 cents. Free of postage by mail.

PICTORIAL LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACK ADAMS, the Celebrated Sailor and Mutineer. By Captain Chamier, R. N.; author of the "Spitfire," "Ben Brace," etc. Already well-known and popular, this new and cheap edition of one of Captain Chamier's best works requires but to be announced. Sent to any one by mail, free of postage, on the receipt of 50 cents.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS. Edited by Mrs. Marsh, author of "Emilia Wyndham," "Angelo," "Two Old Men's Tales," etc. This is a beautiful and deeply interesting story of domestic life, in which we readily discern that pure spirit of religion and morality which characterizes all the writings of its fair authoress. Its lessons are worthy the consideration of every family. Price 38 cents. Sent by mail, free of postage, to any address.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

THE DAISY CHAIN; or *Aspirations.* A Family Chronicle. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heart's-ease," etc. etc. In two volumes. These volumes are rather formidable in their appearance, and

may, at first sight, induce the reader to entertain some apprehensions of their drowsy effects. But really there is no occasion for alarm in that particular. The interest in the simplest characters introduced is so fully sustained, the narrative is so connected and so attractive even in its smallest details, and the moral of the story so beautiful and fascinating, that no one who can comprehend the workings of the human heart, or sympathize with its honorable and virtuous aspirations, can possibly feel anything but reverence for the author.

NOTES TAKEN DURING THE EXPEDITION COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN R. B. MARCY, U. S. A., THROUGH UNEXPLORED TEXAS IN THE SUMMER AND FALL OF 1854. By W. P. Parker, attached to the expedition. We have been favored by the author with a copy of this unpretending narrative of adventurous travel in a distant and interesting portion of our country. Although it has been for some time before the public, it is not on that account any the less deserving of the attention of those who may not have had an opportunity of perusing its pages. This narrative is the more interesting and reliable because, unlike the closet compilations of mere book-makers, it is founded upon the actual and minute observations of the writer himself. Many of the author's descriptions of scenery are truly life-like and beautiful, not prepared artistically and to order, but sketched with a free hand as the scenes came under his observation, and colored by the feelings of the moment in which he beheld them. His asseverations on the peculiarities of the Indian character, though without any pretension to the new science of races, are deeply interesting, and will not fail to arrest the attention of future inquirers into the origin and history of those remarkable people. It is also pleasant to find that, in speaking of the wanderers of the forests and prairies, the heart of the author is on the side of justice and humanity, so truly so, that we think the perusal of his work would relieve a certain class of readers of the prejudices which induce them to be indifferent to the rights, or rather to the wrongs, of a suffering portion of the "natives of the soil." There are, we are sorry to say, some defects in style, but still more in punctuation, which, however, we hope to see corrected in a second edition of the work. It is for sale by Hayes & Zell, No. 193 Market Street, Philadelphia.

From G. P. PUTNAM, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

THE MODERN STORY-TELLER: or, *the Best Stories of the Best Authors.* Now first collected. We have here twenty-two stories, of the highest order of excellence, in which the humorous, the witty, the grave, and the gay, are happily blended. "The design of this volume, the first of a series, uniform with the most approved selections of the British poets and classics, is," we are informed by the preface, "to present to the public, in a form suitable for amusing and attractive reading and for permanent library use, the best selections from the standard story literature of the English language."

From DE WITT & DAVENPORT, New York:—

THE WHITE CHIEF. *A Legend of North Mexico.* By Captain Mayne Reid, author of "Hunter's Feast," "Scalp Hunters," etc. etc. With original designs,

engraved by N. ORR. In this legend Captain Reid has presented to us many novel pictures of life in New Mexico, in connection with a narrative of thrilling interest, in which, however, there are numerous words, if not ideas, scarcely suited to the minds of pure women. As to the truthfulness of these pictures, we are really unable to judge; but we hope they are colored a little too highly, as composition pieces generally are. We think, moreover, that in the present volume the gallant captain has not added to his fame as an author, and we would advise him to confine his talents to those plain and instructive narratives upon which he has already built up a not unenviable reputation.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y., through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. By the author of "The Head of the Family," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," etc. etc. etc. Depicting the life of a truly Christian gentleman, who, by his honesty, strict attention to duty, and indomitable energy, finally, after many struggles, succeeded in rising from the condition of a penniless orphan to that of an opulent but kind-hearted manufacturer, this story will be found one of deep interest and of the highest encouragement to readers of every class. Being told by a very gentle-hearted invalid, whose whole life was one of uncomplaining sickness, it is extremely sentimental in its style, but not morbidly so: it is somewhat womanly, and, therefore, very delicate; Christian, and, consequently, very humane and brotherly.

From DIX, EDWARDS, & Co., New York, through COWPERTHWAITTE, 211 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

RACHEL AND THE NEW WORLD. *A Trip to the United States and Cuba.* Translated from the French of Leon Beauvallet. Those persons who are familiar with, and especially interested in, the movements of the French actress, Mademoiselle Rachel, and the company which attended her during her sojourn in the United States, will probably find something in this narrative to amuse, if not to instruct, them. The author is evidently one of the buffoons of that party, a frivolous, flippant, gossiping character, who, rather than lose the opportunity of perpetrating even a very bad joke, would, on the first occasion that might offer, be guilty of a worse falsehood. Like the stupid Cockney, who scarcely ever conceives that there is anything of the world that does not centre in London, so this Parisian fop and literary pretender returns to his native city, proclaiming his detestation of all that crossed his path while out of it, but more particularly of those characteristics which he was permitted, in his hurry, to observe of the people of the United States.

From DIX, EDWARDS, & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE PIAZZA TALES. By Herman Melville, author of "Typee," "Omoo," etc. etc. Herman Melville has numerous admirers, and perhaps his writings render him worthy of them; but—unfortunately, it may be, for ourselves—we cannot read his productions with much satisfaction. His style has an affectation of quaintness, which renders it, to us, very confused and wearisome. Nevertheless, those with whom he is a favorite will not think the worse of him after they have

perused the tales embraced in this very neat volume. They are "Bartleby," "Benito Cereno," "The Lightning-Rod Man," "The Encantadas; or, Enchanted Islands," and "The Bell-Tower."

From E. D. LONG, successor to H. LONG & BROTHER, New York:—

THE WANDERER: *A Tale of Life's Vicissitudes.* By the author of "The Watchman," "Old Doctor," "Lawyer's Story," etc. In point of style, and in the character of its incidents, this novel is not less attractive than the "Watchman," a previous production of the same author. The scenes of the story alternate between England and America, and, while it portrays the unaided struggles of the poor in almost every clime, it also shows that industry and energy, seconded by genuine honest principles, stand a better chance of success in our own land than in any other. We have no doubt but that this work—which belongs to a peculiar class of novels—will be welcomed eagerly by many readers.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through SMITH & ENGLISH, Philadelphia:—

THE HALLIG; *or, the Sheepfold in the Waters.* A tale of humble life on the coast of Schleswig. Translated from the German of Biernatzki. By Mrs. George P. Marsh. With a Biographical Sketch of the author. This is an excellent story, written by a good and true man, whose great object appears to have been the elevation and purification of the hearts of his fellows. The reader of this agreeable volume may be able to discover some faint differences between his own and a few of the author's theological views; but these differences, if noticed at all, will be speedily forgotten in the perusal of the lessons of love, charity, and universal brotherhood, which adorn almost every page of the book. The incidents introduced are often thrilling, and always natural; while the language is pure, and frequently possesses a gentle eloquence, the influences of which few will be able to resist.

THE CAMEL: *His Organization, Habits, and Uses, considered with Reference to his Introduction into the United States.* By George P. Marsh. The contents of this volume are principally the results of the author's own observations made during several years of residence in the Turkish Empire and several months of travel in Egypt, Nubia, Arabia Petrea, and Syria. By these observations, which he now gives to the public, he "arrived at a strong persuasion of the probable success of a judiciously conducted attempt to naturalize in the New World this oldest of domestic quadrupeds." His work contains much that will be found to be new and interesting to the general reader in regard to the history of the camel.

From LEONARD, SCOTT, & Co., No 54 Gold Street, New York, through W. B. ZIEBER, Philadelphia:—

THE LONDON, EDINBURGH, NORTH BRITISH, and WESTMINSTER QUARTERLY REVIEWS; also BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for June. These works are the most popular of European periodicals, and offered, if all taken together, for \$10 per year—about half the price of a fashionable bonnet. Would it not be well to have something valuable for the brain, instead of expending all our care and money on the outward decorations of the skull? Think of it.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

DEAR READER: We have been abroad. After twenty-seven years' confinement to the desk, we determined to enjoy a month's holiday. We left Philadelphia for Altoona, where, by the way, there is a splendid hotel, delightful rooms, clean beds, and good attendance. Anybody could stay at Altoona for a month, and be pleased with it. Thence we went to Pittsburg; thence to Cleveland, the most beautiful town in the United States, containing more fine houses than any city of twice its size; thence to Chicago, the wonder of towns and good people—thanks to our friends Wallace & McNally, we became pretty well acquainted with it; thence to Dunleith; and thence by steamboat to Saint Paul's, where we were most kindly received by our friends A. C. Smith, Esq., late of the "Free Press," and S. M. Newson, Esq., of the "Daily Times." Our thanks are also due to our good friends Dr. J. T. Mann and his amiable lady. Well, Saint Paul's is a wonderful place; though the growth of but a few years, it has several stores quite as fine as any we have in Philadelphia; and equally handsome equipages. If we live, we should like to visit it some ten years hence. It has also an excellent hotel, the Winslow House, kept by Mr. E. A. Deuel. We received every attention from the excellent host and his handsome clerk, Mr. Darrow. We recommend the Winslow to every traveller. We have already personally recommended some of our friends there. Our first reception by the landlord convinced us that we had met with a gentleman. Thence we left for Saint Anthony's, where we expected to be solitary and alone, but found we could not get into the hotel until some one vacated a room. Beautiful place is Saint Anthony's; and a very kind friend to travellers is our estimable agent, Mr. Wales. Over the prairie, rich with its gaudy flowers, by the way of Mini-ha-ha Falls and Fort Snelling, we returned to Saint Paul's. More friendly greetings again, and a wish for our further stay. Retracing our steps to Dunleith, by the Mississippi River, we had a fine opportunity of seeing that portion of the scenery of the river that we missed on our night travel up; and splendid indeed it is. Why is it that so few persons have written anything about the scenery of the upper Mississippi? It cannot be surpassed in this country; at many points it is equal in majesty to the Hudson; and altogether it is superior to that beautiful river, because it is more diversified. Many of our citizens take a voyage to Europe to see the Rhine. A traveller informed us that he had seen the Rhine, and it only excelled the Mississippi by its wonderful old castles. And yet, added he, it requires a very slight stretch of the imagination to turn those towering rocks into old castles; and we could well imagine that, for more castellated-looking rocks we never saw. But, independent of this, the interest is constantly kept alive by the landing at the various towns on the route; the discharge and taking of freight on board; the associations connected with the former occupants of the ground; the Indians, many of whom you see on the route; their traditions, old villages; and their singular mode of burial, as can yet be seen in an old Indian village; and by the wooding up of the boat at various stations. We can only add, had we the time, we would start again and at once for a trip on the upper Mississippi. The boats are excellent ones, the fare good; and our friend, Captain Lodwick, of the Galena, is particu-

larly attentive to the ladies. We left Dunleith for Saint Louis, across the prairies, the most beautiful railroad ride in the world—the boundless prairies, where we saw the sun rise (a rather unusual circumstance with us) as if rising from the ocean. Deer sporting about, prairie hens, and prairie flowers tended to lend enchantment to the scene. We never shall forget that ride across the prairie. Arrived at Saint Louis, we were indebted to an old and valued friend for much kindness. His horses and vehicle were at our service; and he showed us the beauties of Saint Louis with a good-will that we shall never forget. After a sojourn in this great city for two days, we left in the Alvan Adams, Captain Lamb, for Louisville. We mention this boat and its captain in the hope that any of our friends who are about to take the same journey may hunt out the captain, and enjoy him and his boat as we did. We have often heard of the living on board of Mississippi steamboats, but we realized it here. Breakfast at six—and such a breakfast! Lunch at eleven; dinner at one, with a bill of fare that would grace any hotel in any city; tea at six; and, at nine in the evening, water-ices or ice-cream and cakes handed around. This, with the scenery, made us feel sorry when we arrived at Louisville—a very pretty city, and also celebrated for its magnificent private residences. From Louisville we went to the great Mammoth Cave. Leaving Louisville at four in the morning, you arrive and stay all night at what was formerly Bell's Tavern. It is now Proctor's, and it will be a pity when it shall be managed otherwise; for at Proctor's you realize all that Washington Irving and others have written about "Inns" of the olden time. Bell's Tavern is probably better known to the travellers of the United States than any other. It has been celebrated everywhere for the manner in which the guest is provided for; and well does its proprietor maintain its former reputation; perhaps he a little exceeds it. You sit down to an excellent supper, a real, home, Kentucky supper; and, after that, as soon as you please, to bed to repose in aired snow, vulgarly called sheets. Up, betimes, and off to the cave, only seven miles distant. About the cave we shall avoid saying one word. It is neither in the power of pen nor pencil to give any idea of it. Get Stephen Bishop, if you can, for a guide, and you will find one of the most intelligent gentlemen it has ever been your good fortune to meet with. We thank good Stephen for his kindness and information to our party, and trust he won't forget us. At the Cave House you will probably be as agreeably disappointed as we were. Here you find another Proctor, another of nature's noblemen—there must be something in the name—who will in a few minutes make you feel quite at home. Imagine our astonishment to find a place of sufficient beauty to attract strangers without the additional show of the cave: a house that will accommodate two hundred and fifty boarders with fine large rooms—and a promenade piazza of six hundred and seventy feet; the living equal to that of the very best hotels—indeed, we should say a little better, for there was less pretension; chicken was called chicken, and not poulet; all kinds of corn-bread were in abundance, and this is the place to eat that delightful bread. The hotel has a very large dining-room, over which is a ball-room of the same size. We should have been pleased to spend a week with agreeable Mr. and Mrs. Proctor.

From the Cave we returned to Louisville and to Cincinnati, the beautiful Queen City of the West. Here

our stay was made very agreeable by friends Bagley and Pease. After a short sojourn, we returned to our home and our desk, invigorated in body and mind; and here, ladies, you will find us for some time, catering, as usual, for your amusement and instruction. We travelled nearly five thousand miles at an expense not to be compared to a three weeks' sojourn at a fashionable watering-place; and here, let us ask, why do not our young men, and women too of our large cities, instead of wasting their time at a watering-place playing the fool, travel, and see our glorious country and its institutions? They would find the benefit of it. Their minds would expand, their health be invigorated, and they would see something of the length and breadth of the wonderfully magnificent country they live in. No; it must be either a watering-place or a trip to Europe. We never shall make that trip until we have seen even more of the country that gave us birth.

For the information of travellers, we will state the different houses we stopped at, and which we can recommend: the Great Hotel at Altoona, the Monongahela House at Pittsburg, the Angier House at Cleveland, the Brigg's House at Chicago, the Winslow House at Saint Paul's, the Saint Charles at Saint Anthony's, the Galt House at Louisville, and the Burnet House at Cincinnati.

OUR September number is graced with a very beautiful plate "Grandfather's Darling." We are sure that our readers must notice the superiority of our steel engravings to those of other magazines. As for our Fashion plates, there is nothing out of Paris to compare with them; and there is one advantage even over those of Paris—we give more figures, and our plates are better engraved. The Turkish Bag in wool-work is a handy thing for ladies who travel.

THANKS TO THE LADIES who have sent us Receipts, one and all; they are now so numerous that we shall make a separate department for them next month. It is advisable to have all receipts in one place, for convenience in reference.

IF any of our city friends wish to see some beautiful specimens of blank-book work, let them call on Christy, No. 65 South Third Street, and look at our mail-books for 1857. They are fifteen in number, and will hold about 250,000 names. It will be seen that we expect a very large list next year.

TRIP UP THE SCHUYLKILL.—We were going to say that we were astonished; but we are not, as our subscribers know us well enough to place reliance upon what we say; therefore we are delighted to find that our recommendation of this delightful trip has had its effect. Thousands are now going where only hundreds went before. Not an accident has ever happened on the line since the boats have been running.

EXCELSIOR.—Some years ago, our edition of the "Book" was comparatively small. In 1851, we commenced on the ascending scale, and every year we have increased. This year we have very strong reasons to suppose that our edition will reach 100,000. If we do reach that number, we will have increased 70,000 in five years. This rise we consider unprecedented.

WE have no agents for whose acts we are responsible.

"DEAR MOTHER, WAS IT RIGHT?"—We published a poem under this title, some time since. One of our subscribers wished us to ask the author what the mother's answer was. We did, and have received his answer dated

"LONDON, June 15, 1856.

L. A. GODEY—DEAR SIR: Just as I was on the verge of my departure, I received a short note from you requesting an answer to the poem of "Dear Mother, was it Right?" Now the old women over here are so entirely different from our own dear mas that, after a faithful search as to what might in all probability be the ladies' opinion, I cannot give it from this side of the water. Tell those dear girls, who are so eager to learn the answer, that in all probability the reply would be, "Yes, it was Right." But, to make sure, I will ask the first *handsome* Englishwoman I meet; for that will give me plenty of time; for I do assure you, after a nine weeks' sojourn here, I have yet to meet with a handsome woman."

By the way, our young friend, the writer of the above, Alfred Burnett, Esq., has made a great impression upon the Londoners by his readings of "Longfellow's Hiawatha" and selections from other American poets. The "Times," "Dispatch," "Literary Journal," and "London Star" are loud in his praise.

A KINDLY WISH.—"The 'Lady's Book' is becoming quite popular in our retired village as well as elsewhere. One year ago, there was not a copy taken in the neighborhood, now there are fifteen or twenty copies. May success undiminished attend it everywhere in its mission over the world, and may long life and happiness be the just reward of its publisher!

MRS. *** S. Illinois."

BOILING A TEAKETTLE.—Mrs. Brown engaged as a help Biddy O'Shane, who had just arrived. Miss O'Shane was ordered to "boil the teakettle."

"The what?"

"The teakettle."

"An' do you mane that?"

"Certainly. If I did not, I would not have ordered you to do it—and be quick about it."

"Yes, marm."

Miss O'Shane obeyed orders. In about half an hour afterwards, Mrs. Brown resumed the conversation.

"Where's the teakettle, Bridget?"

"In the dinner-pot, marm."

"In the what?"

"In the dinner-pot. You told me to boil it, an' I've had a scald on it for nearly an hour."

Mrs. Brown could hear no more. She had a rush of blood to the head, and went into a swoon. The last we saw of her she was being carried in an arm-chair up-stairs.

THE difference between \$3 and \$5 is \$2. That much is saved by purchasing those splendid pearl card-cases through us. The store price is \$5.

PEARL CARD CASES.—We have an opportunity of obliging our subscribers with these beautiful cases at \$3 each—a very superior article. We have the pick from the manufactory before the stores can get them; and can, therefore, send the handsomest, and they are beautiful. At that price we pay the postage also; such an opportunity has never before offered.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S FOOTMAN.—A faithful, old-fashioned man-servant of a country clergyman, on a visit to the Archbishop of York, told his master that, while sitting one morning in the servants' hall, a bell was rung violently. Near him a richly liveried footman was lounging in an easy-chair, with his heels as high as his head—for all the world like an American Congressman legislating at his ease—and from this comfortable position he budged not an inch at the importunate summons above mentioned. "What!" cried the primitive and provincial serving-man, "don't you answer the drawing-room bell?" "Not unless they *persew*," was the cool response of his footmanship.

This reminds us of Billy Lackaday. He was conversing with a fellow servant when the door-bell was rung. Billy kept "never going." "Why don't you answer the bell?" "Oh, it's no use!" replied Billy. "It only encourages them. I lets them ring; and, when they gets tired, they go away."

WE understand that W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., of South Carolina, the very able author, has had several offers made to him to lecture in the North during the ensuing winter. A very able lecturer is Mr. Simms, and certainly one of the most agreeable talkers we ever listened to. He will be a great card for our Lyceums and other institutions that have regular lectures during the season. A letter addressed to him to the care of his publisher, J. S. Redfield, New York, will reach him.

FASHION MAGAZINES.—Once we stood solitary and alone—the pioneer of the magazine business, and the first to publish fashions. Now how many magazines are published in the United States, and how many of the monthlies are there that do not contain fashions? About three, we believe; all the others have something in them that they call fashions.

HAM SANDWICHES.—We have a suggestion to make. Why do not the eating establishments, where the trains stop, keep ham sandwiches for sale? They are very good, and are very handy, for they can be eaten in the cars: but no! they generally have hiccory pies and a something, called cake—very poor fare for a hungry traveller. While upon this subject, we have mentioned elsewhere, that we recently travelled nearly 5,000 miles and fared well, until we got in our own State, and at Mifflin, Pa., we got the worst breakfast that we ever sat down to. We thought our State rather celebrated for its beef, but we would like to know from what part of the animal the piece of beef-steak was cut that was handed to us and how it was cooked? We pause for a reply.

THE patterns in this number can all be readily copied by using our copying paper. Price 25 cents a package, containing several colors. Manufactured by J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts.

How to use it. Lay your muslin on a hard surface, such as a table without a cover, then place over that the tracing paper, then over that the pattern which you wish to be on the muslin. Take a hard lead pencil or a stencil, and trace the pattern over carefully, bearing on pretty hard, and you will find the impression on the muslin. If you wish to preserve your pattern, place tissue paper over it, and trace over that instead of the pattern itself.

A FRIEND OF LONG STANDING.—We know and acknowledge your many acts of kindness, friend "Gazette." We have long been friends. "We have watched with pleasure the progress of this magazine from the issuing of the first number. In fact, we sent the publisher several subscriptions for the first volume more than twenty-five years ago." The citizens of Mauch Chunk may well congratulate themselves upon having a paper like the "Gazette," published in their place.

WHERE DO THE RAGS COME FROM?—A writer, in giving an estimate of the quantity of paper used in the United States, says it takes one pound and a quarter of rags to make one pound of paper; at that rate we use a little over one-quarter of a million of pounds of rags in one year. Where do they all come from?

ARTHUR'S SELF-SEALING CANS.—We understand the sale of these best of preserving cans has already been very great. We have tried them, and pronounce emphatically that they are superior to all others. Fruits and vegetables can be preserved the whole year. (See notice on page 476 of May number.)

A ROUGE DETECTOR.—It was lately remarked that an exceedingly brilliant auditory, amongst which were many very elegantly dressed ladies, attended, at Berlin, a lecture on chemistry, delivered by one of the most celebrated chemists of the age. After witnessing a number of beautiful experiments and hearing of the marvels of science, a young lady grew fatigued, and requested her husband to lead her from the hall.

"My love," said the gentleman, on reaching the landing-place outside, "wipe your cheek; there's a large blue spot upon it."

The lady, much surprised, turned to look at her reflection in the mirrored window of a shop they were passing, and was almost petrified to observe that the *rouge* on her cheeks had become blue, in consequence of the chemical decomposition occasioned by the gas the professor had used in making his experiment. She quickly wiped her face, and stifled her vexation in the thought that she should find herself amply revenged upon the other ladies in the hall. In reality, the lecture closing at this moment, the audience began to disperse, and the gentleman and his wife almost burst with laughter at the sight of cheeks of yellow, blue, black, violet and other colors, which now made their appearance in the street. Some of the ladies who had manufactured for themselves ivory complexions, rosy cheeks, coral lips, and ebony eyebrows, were so transformed that they would have excited the envy of a peacock. It is whispered that a lecture from the professor would produce similar effects in other cities besides Berlin. [Ladies who believe in painting the lily will please notice, and *not* attend lectures on chemistry when illustrated by experiments.]

It is the principle, and not the manners, that make the man. The principle is the mainspring; the manners are only the figures on the dial.

CLUBBING.—We give this early notice that all clubs sent us must be for the Lady's Book only, with one exception. We cannot add one of any other magazine in place of a Lady's Book, except Arthur's Home Magazine.

GODEY'S Monthly List of New Music, which will be furnished at the prices annexed.

Beauties of the Ballad, or Variations of the following, by Charles Grobe, each number 40 cents:—

- "I've loved thee long." "Katy Avourneen."
 "Nelly Bell." "Hold your Horses."
 "Sweet Mississippi." "Angel Friend."
 "To the West." "I went to gather Flowers."

Songs:—

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------|
| "Ask me not why," | 25 cts. |
| "Bonnie Kate," | 12½ " |
| "Farewell, I may not see thee more," | 25 " |
| "Going Home," | 30 " |
| "Aunt Jemima's Plaster," comic, | 25 " |
| "Laura Schottisch," | 25 " |
| "Golden Polka Quadrilles," | 38 " |

At a fancy ball given in Paris, the following is a description of some of the dresses worn: "Last week, one of the fine hotels of the Faubourg Saint Germain was thrown open, and richly decorated for a fancy ball. Some of the costumes were extraordinary, and at the same time very becoming. The four seasons were represented by beautiful women of the *haut-ton*. Winter (a fair girl of eighteen) was robed in the thinnest white tulle, covered with snow-flakes. The hair was wreathed with icicles. Spring, Summer, and Autumn were covered with flowers and fruits, gracefully and fantastically arranged. All the resources of French taste and ingenuity were displayed in the costumes and decorations of this brilliant fête."

THE "FLY-LEAF," NEWNAN, GEO.—This delightful little paper has come to hand again, showing the progress made by the pupils at the College Temple, an engraving of which we published last month. The articles in this number are even an improvement on those in the last. The annual examination and commencement took place June 23d—25th. Our publishers would find it to their advantage to send their books to the "Fly-Leaf" for notice.

OUR lady friends have no doubt noticed that we took especial pains to collect and publish, in our July and August numbers, all the receipts that could be collected upon the subject of preserving the various fruits of the season. Twenty dollars could not have procured them such a variety as we published in those two numbers.

PATTERNS FOR INFANTS' DRESSES, OR INFANTS' WARDROBES.—Our fashion editor has supplied a great many wardrobes for infants lately, and in every case has given great satisfaction. She has more facilities than any other person for furnishing these articles better and cheaper than any other person. The vast influence that her connection with the "Lady's Book" gives her induces importers and others to submit to her their earliest fashions. To those who cannot afford the articles, made-up paper patterns can be sent, which will be fac-similes of the originals. For particulars, address Fashion Editor (not Mrs. Hale), care of L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. All other patterns furnished as usual.

A LADY, by birth and education, wishes to obtain a situation as a teacher of music, on the piano, guitar, or vocal. She will also teach French and the English branches. Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

CLUB and single subscribers are informed that we can always furnish numbers from the beginning of the year, and will send to any post-office where the subscriber may reside. A club of six may be sent to six different post-offices. It is not too late now to make up clubs.

WONDER is often expressed how it is that we are able to give so much reading matter and so many engravings, colored and others, for the very low price we ask for the work. The whole secret lies in the immense edition we publish. Those who have smaller editions cannot do it. It is therefore a great advantage to a person to subscribe to a work publishing an immense edition like ours, for they get nearly twice as much as they would in a work with a less circulation. The "New York Dispatch," a paper with the largest subscription list in that city, says—"Godey presents his lady patrons with a superb number this month. The great success of this periodical is one of the marvels of the day. Its circulation is now, we are informed, very little short of Harper's; and, in another year, we should not wonder to find it on a par with that popular magazine. But we are hardly authorized to wonder at its success when we examine the book, containing, as it does, everything that can make it interesting to a lady. Its superb steel engravings, its magnificent fashion plates, its work department, its receipts, its music, its thousand attractions, all aid in rendering it indispensable to every housekeeper, and to every lady desirous of becoming *au fait* in the duties and pleasures of the toilet."

ADVERSITY is the trial of principle; without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

A BEAUTIFUL superstition prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over the grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over one grave.

GRECIAN PAINTING AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—J. E. Tilton, of Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all the materials and directions. Our numerous inquirers will please make application to him. His price is \$3 for all the materials for Grecian painting. Mr. Tilton has prepared a very fine and large engraving, which, when painted according to direction, will make a splendid ornament for a parlor in every respect as fine and as handsome as an oil painting. It will be a great satisfaction for a lady to have such an embellishment prepared by her own hand.

NEGLECT IN EDUCATION.—It is a singular fact that in Philadelphia there are many ladies who can't count twelve; at least we judge so from the fact that they will stop an omnibus when it has that number in, and insist upon entering, although they know it will displace some one, whom they always neglect to thank when they have taken their seat.

"AUNT MERCY," by Mrs. Hentz, now going the rounds of the papers as a new story, was published by us some twenty years since.

SPECIMEN OF A NEW CHEAP PERIODICAL.

RAPIDITY of travelling, and reduction of prices all over the world, have called into existence a new class of literature. The wonderful quantity to be procured for a penny has spoiled people for giving fifty cents; and the quick transit from one place to another has rendered articles of the old school comparatively worthless, as, according to the latest estimates, a traveller must go six times between Philadelphia and New York to get through an ordinary three-volume novel.

To meet the times—as the cant phrase now goes for reducing any price that the public will not pay—it is proposed to start “The Decimal Miscellany,” the price being the tenth part of a penny, and the literature that of magazines generally, continuous stories, sketches, and poetry. A little confusion will arise in the brains of the readers from the number of serials, but not much more than is usually the case at present; and the grand feature will be the conciseness of the papers, adapted to the rapidity of locomotion. The following is a specimen number:—

I. TEDDY O'ROURKE, A TALE OF THE REBELLION.

CHAPTER I. “Faix, an' if Katty Hooligan wasn't the purtiest lass between Wicklow Mountains and the Hill of Howth may I never have a button-hole to my galligaskins.”

“Wishasthrue!” said Corney Dwyer. “Is it there you are now, Katty? Och! by all the powers, but ye're going after the masther instead of the man.”

And so Katty was, for the squire was as bowld a gossion as ever top'd a stone wall in a steeple-chase; but Corney swore, by the bed of St. Kevin, he'd be even with him. (To be continued.)

II. A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

THE BARON VON BLONDERBUTZ kept open house at the Katzbangfalz.

“I love your daughter,” said Sir Hildebrand.

“You be hanged!” said the baron.

That night, the fair Lenora fled with her lover; and the stormy Rhine engulfed its victims. The fisherman still hears their shrieks at eventime; and the traveller gazes with interest at the ruined keep on the Heights of Grabsburgh.

III. TO INEZ. STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Spring-shower, passion-flower; heart, apart; bless, caress; mine, thine; only, lonely; sever, ever; devotion, emotion; ever be, but to thee.

IV. THE OLDE BOURNE, A ROMANCE OF LONDON IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

CHAPTER I. *How Master Winwood Letherby encountered Frank the 'prentice in Chepe.*

“Gadso, now, by my halidame, forsooth, thou shalt rue this saucy speech, Sir Knave!” cried Master Letherby, drawing his long rapier.

“Gramercy! thou coystrel; out upon thee!” replied the 'prentice. “I have faced too many swash-bucklers in Finsbury to fear thee, thou sorry wag-halter.”

The cressets of the watch were seen approaching as the brawlers crossed their weapons, when the arrival of a third party broke up the contest.

V. THE DEAR OLD STOOL—VERSES.

I love it, though many may call me a fool;
But my heart-strings are tied round that dear old stool,
The seat of my boyhood in days of my school—
I cling to that three-legged and rickety stool;
And never the ardent affection shall cool
That winds round each leg of that dear old stool.

VI. AN EXCURSION TO BUNDLEAJUG. BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE JUGGERNAUTH AND THE JUNGLE.”

We left Biddygobang in a musnud hired for the occasion, and, passing swarms of alligators, got to Choccedaw at night, when we lighted our raggermajams, and a supper of hot rumshoodra was soon smoking on the buddles; the next day we returned to Zibbedehoy Jullock's hospitable crowley.

HAIR DYE IN FOUR DIFFERENT COLORS.—The most perfect article of this kind, manufactured by the celebrated Berger of Paris, is now for sale in this city by Fouladoux, in Chestnut Street above Fourth. It will color the hair black, brown, light brown, or of a very light almost flaxen color. There is no deception in this, for we have seen the article tried, and pronounce it, without any exception, the very best Hair Dye we have ever seen. Those who order will please specify what kind they want—as one case only contains one particular dye. In addition to the above, Mr. Fouladoux manufactures Wigs and Fronts, and furnishes every article in the hair line.

THE “Monthly Rainbow,” edited by our old friend Manuel M. Cooke, is a monthly paper, published in this city at fifty cents a year. Very cheap, and a very good paper.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND NON-RECEIPT OF NUMBERS.—We have received several letters, lately, upon these subjects; and the names have not been found on our books. It would be well for persons to remember to whom they send their subscriptions. If a subscriber to the “Cosmopolitan,” address C. L. Derby, Sandusky, Ohio.

VERY SENSIBLE ADVICE FROM THE “INDIANA REGISTER.”—“Godey has done more to please the ladies than any other publisher in the country, and every one of them should show how much she appreciates his labor by sending him three dollars for his ‘Lady's Book’ a year, and *not depend upon reading her neighbor's magazine.*”

STRONG PRAISE.—The “Washington Commonwealth” says, and we feel the compliment: “This is the only periodical of the kind we have ever felt inclined to exchange with, and we believe that it is the best of the whole list of magazines.”

“PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.”—As we predicted, Mr. McMakin's amiable daughter, “Bessie Beechwood,” is making her department of that favorite paper eagerly sought after.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

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

Breast-pins, from \$4 to \$12.

Ear-rings, from \$1 50 to \$10

Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.

Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.

Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.

Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.

POETRY ON A NOSE.—

How very odd that poets should suppose
 There is no poetry about the nose,
 When, plain as is man's nose upon his face,
 A noseless face would lack poetic grace!
 Noses have sympathy, a lover knows.
 Noses are always *touch'd* when lips are kissing—
 And who would care to kiss if nose was missing?
 Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose—
 And where would be the mortal means of telling
 Whether a vile or wholesome odor flows
 Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?
 I know a nose—a nose no other knows—
 'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows—
 Beauty in its form, and music in its blows.

OUR Fashion editor often receives letters like the following:—

THE FASHION EDITRESS—DEAR MADAM: Accept our thanks for the promptness with which you executed the order. The articles have given entire satisfaction. Our only regrets are not having sent for a complete wardrobe. Having been a subscriber of the "Lady's Book" for several years, our attention was attracted by the numerous notices regarding your department contained therein. We tried the experiment, and being so well pleased shall not fail in recommending our friends.

Is it only ill-tempered men who can be *passionately* in love?

POLITENESS BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.—By endeavoring to acquire the habit of politeness, it will soon become familiar, and sit on you with ease, if not with elegance. Let it never be forgotten that genuine politeness is a great fosterer of family love. It allays accidental irritation by preventing harsh retorts and rude contradictions; it softens the boisterous, stimulates the indolent, suppresses selfishness, and, by forming a habit of consideration for others, harmonizes the whole. Politeness begets politeness; and brothers may easily be won by it to leave off the rude ways they bring home from school or college. Sisters ought never to receive any little attention without thanking them for it; never to ask a favor of them but in courteous terms; never to reply to their questions in monosyllables, and they will soon be ashamed to do such things themselves. Both precept and example ought to be laid under contribution, to convince them that no one can have really good manners abroad who is not habitually polite at home.

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK" is received, and we can only say that it is the best magazine of the kind in the country, and should be patronized by everybody." So says the "Prattville Citizen," and the opinion seems to be unanimous.

SUBSCRIBERS do not seem to understand that, when we receive money for any other publication, we pay the money over to that publication. If they miss a number of Harper, Arthur, or Graham, they must address the publisher of the publication they miss. We have nothing to do with it.

WE shall be pleased to receive any useful receipts of any kind that our correspondents have tried, and know to be good.

SELF-SEALING ENVELOPES INSECURE.—The examination into the charges of poisoning against Palmer, in England, elicited evidence of a circumstance that has called public attention to the insecurity of the letter envelopes known as self-sealing or adhesive. At the instance of the accused party, a postmaster had opened a letter thus sealed, shown him the contents, and resealed it without detection. This can be readily done, and detection is impossible. A London paper says: "The inference is inauspicious; and we fear we must return to the age of sealing-wax, or demand a really adhesive envelope." We apprehend that it will be difficult to supply such a demand, as whatever means are requisite to seal it will be sufficient to unseal it.

COURAGE, MOTHERS!—Newton sinned away his early advantages, and became an abandoned profligate; but the texts and hymns his mother had fixed in his mind in his infancy and childhood were never effaced, and finally fastened him to the cross. Cecil tells us that, in the days of his vanity, though he withstood so many pious endeavors, he never could resist his mother's tears. Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, in his narrative of intercourse with Bellington, the assassin, says he could make him feel nothing till he mentioned his mother, and then he broke into a flood of tears. "In the morning, sow thy seed; and, in the evening, withhold not thy hand."

In addition to the above, we may mention that the statistics of the House of Refuge show that none of its inmates ever attended Sunday schools.

THE HUSBAND'S REVENGE.—

A Warning to Wives who will keep bad Cooks.

Provisions raw
 Long time he bore;
 Remonstrance was in vain;
 To escape the scrub
 He join'd a club;
 Nor dined at home again.

PATTERNS.—Our fashion editor continues to furnish patterns of any of the dress articles in the "Book." Terms made known on application. We cannot publish the prices, as the postage varies according to the size of the articles ordered, and that we have to pay in advance. The demand for patterns for infant's clothes is immense, and they are of the most beautiful and newest styles. Mrs. Hale is not the fashion editress.

THE "QUAKER CITY."—We have received the first number of a weekly paper published in this city under the above title. It bids fair for a share of popular favor.

RAPP'S PENS.—We are constantly receiving direct from the manufacturer choice lots, made expressly for us, of those celebrated pens. We annex the prices without holders.

Goose-quill size	\$2.
Swan " "	\$2 50
Condor " "	\$5.
With holders this pen is—		
Goose-quill size	\$3.
Swan " "	\$4.
Condor " "	\$7.
Best fourteen carat gold, and pens warranted.		

NEVER HOPE YOU DON'T INTRUDE.—Reader, a word—serious, sober, heartfelt word. This is it: never think you don't intrude. You do. You pop into a parlor, perhaps. There you see, in the twilight, and lounging on the sofa, a loving couple. Of course, you hope you don't intrude. But you do, though. You drop into an editorial room. Business is driving. Every man is busy to his uppermost hair. You hope you don't intrude. You do, and most confoundedly. You happen to go into a neighbor's just as the sit down to tea takes place. A favorite company (to themselves) is gathered, and for special sociality. You do intrude. Put it down for a certainty that you do. Call upon a lady whilst household duties claim her attention, and every moment is a golden one. Just hope you don't intrude, but don't think you don't, for you do; any part or parcel of yourself is an intrusion, and a most unwelcome one. So on and so forth. You, your friend, your companions, everybody intrudes, when they interfere with the time, business, pleasures, places, &c., of others. Bear it in mind.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.—Peterson's duodecimo edition of this celebrated author should be in every library. Besides this, Peterson has published ten octavo editions, at prices varying from one to four dollars a volume. Every taste and all classes of buyers can be accommodated.

A DOMESTIC PACIFICATOR.—The "Cynthia News" says: "No other magazine can be found under the sun. We consider it the best *domestic pacificator* extant, and no one, in our opinion, can enjoy life without this valuable magazine."

GODEY'S EMBROIDERY BOOK, No. 1, and GODEY'S BIJOU NEEDLE-CASE.—See advertisement on cover.

A L A M E N T.

I LOOK in vain; he does not come—
Dear, dear, what shall I do?
I cannot listen as I ought
Unless he listens, too.
He might have come as well as not;
What plagues these fellows are!
I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
Or smoking a cigar!

HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLAND.—The club of last year at this place has been renewed with some additions.

LARDNER'S ONE THOUSAND RECEIPTS UPON EVERY SUBJECT.—We will furnish copies of this celebrated work on receipt of twenty-five cents.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

"Mrs. Jennie H."—Wrote you at Shreveport, La.

"E. Q. H."—Sent hair ring 18th.

"H. E. M."—Sent hair ring 18th.

"Mrs. A. H. O."—Sent infant's wardrobe 18th.

"S. M. S."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 19th.

"Mrs. J. J. B."—Sent pearl card-case 19th.

"Miss J. S."—Sent pearl card-case 19th.

"Mrs. E. M. B."—Sent colored cottons 19th.

"Mrs. L. M. McC."—Sent patterns 19th.

"Mrs. M. A."—Sent patterns 19th.

"Miss R."—Wedding cards. The lady's maiden name should be on one of the cards. We received cards a few days since, and did not know for some time whom they were from, as the lady was our acquaintance, and her name was not on any card.

"J. C. O."—Sent gold breastpin 20th.

"A. M. R. W."—Sent patterns 20th.

"P. E. R."—Sent hair fob-chain 20th.

"Mrs. B. R."—Glad you are pleased. A carved pearl card-case will be \$4.

"J. N. B."—Sent hair pin 21st.

"T. J. D."—Sent hair ornaments 21st.

"Mrs. E. K."—Sent set of jewelry 21st.

"Mrs. E. T. F."—Sent hair ring 21st.

"Mrs. L. S. W."—Sent stamped collars, &c. 21st.

"Mrs. A. M. C."—Sent bonnet, boys' hats, and mantilla by Adams' express 21st.

"Mrs. M. J. R."—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams' express 21st.

"A Subscriber in New York."—Cannot examine the Lady's Book very carefully, or he would find all the information necessary for putting up fruits in Arthur's cans.

"Miss M. A. C."—Sent bonnet by Adams' express 23d.

"Mrs. D. H. O."—Sent colored cottons 23d.

"Miss A. L. P."—Sent Rapp's gold pen and hair breastpin 23d.

We are much obliged to those who send us patterns, but we cannot use them, as they are not correctly drawn, and will not transfer.

"Mrs. J. R. D."—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams' express 24th.

"Mrs. O. S. H."—Sent patterns and card-case 24th.

"Miss L. A. B."—Sent pearl card-case 24th.

"Mrs. M. M. G."—Sent patterns for infant's wardrobe 24th.

"J. B. B."—Sent patterns 25th.

"Miss J. M. C."—Sent pearl card-case 25th.

"F. C."—Sent gold pen 27th.

"Miss L. D."—The right hand.

"Mrs. Du B."—Sent hats by Howard's express 27th.

"Miss H. V. M."—Sent patterns, &c. 27th.

"Mrs. H. H. W."—Sent patterns 27th.

"Mrs. R. R. D."—Sent belt, &c. 27th.

"Mrs. S. E. O."—Sent bonnet frame and flowers by Adams' express 28th.

"Miss A. L. P."—Sent pearl card-case 28th.

"Miss R. D. H."—Sent bridal wreath 28th.

"J. C. B."—Sent hair ear-rings 28th.

"Miss A. M. B."—Such a communication ought to be made.

"L. T."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 28th.

"Mrs. M. M. C."—Sent \$4 card-case 1st.

"Mrs. S. G. S."—Sent chenille 1st.

"Mrs. H. R. D."—Sent jewelry 1st.

"Mrs. E. A. B."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 1st.

"J."—Sent pearl card-case 1st.

"A. B."—Thank you. And shall be pleased to receive any that you can find time and strength to write.

"Miss R. L. M."—Such conduct on the part of one calling himself a man would warrant a parent handing him over to the hands of the law.

"Miss S. V. H. B."—Sent mantilla by mail 2d.

"M. A. F."—Sent hair ring 2d.

"Miss O. A. S."—Sent mantilla pattern 2d.

"Miss R. H. H."—Sent bonnet by Kinsley's express 2d.

"Miss L. D. M."—Sent bonnet by Adams' express 2d.

"Mrs. H. H. S."—Sent infant's wardrobe 2d.

"Miss A. A."—Sent pearl card-case 2d.

"P. L. S."—Sent two pearl card-cases by Adams' express 3d.

"Mrs. J. W. T."—Sent pearl card-case 3d.

"Mrs. W."—Sent pearl card-case 3d.

"J. W. D. S."—Sent pearl card-case 3d.

"W. P. R."—Sent pearl card-case 3d.

Needles. We have sent over 200,000 needles since we first advertised them.

"Marie R. C."—We have written you two letters, but have received no answer.

"Mrs. A. O. P."—We recommend Arthur's Self-Sealing Cans. We have tried them and speak advisedly—we know them to be good.

"Mrs. D. J."—Sent pearl card-case 5th.

"J. D. W."—Sent patterns 5th.

"Mrs. H. F. J."—Sent patterns 5th.

"Mrs. H. G. F."—Sent articles by Adams' express 5th.

"Miss A. V. H."—The lady's maiden name should always be on the wedding card.

"Mrs. M. R. P."—Sent ribbons, 7th.

"Mrs. O. A. O."—Sent pearl card-case 7th.

"Miss V. A. R."—Sent patterns and colored cottons 7th.

"J. W. C."—Sent parasol, bonnet, and mantilla, by Kinsley's express 8th.

"L." Hamburg, Texas.—Never heard of that kind of ink. Can get you the book you want for \$1 25. Address Petridge & Co., New York, they will get the letter.

"Mrs. J. D. W."—Sent Rapp's pen and holder 8th.

"F. R."—Sent accordeon keys and Rapp's gold pen 8th.

"S. G. Jr."—Sent Rapp's condor and holder 8th.

"Miss M. R. O."—Your request is so prettily worded that we comply with it.

Miss G. A.—Blue is the most becoming.

Miss L. E. W.—Sent patterns 9th.

"Miss A. W."—Sent belt, 9th.

"Miss S. A."—Sent pearl card-case 9th.

"Miss E. H. R."—Sent pearl card-case 9th.

"J."—Sent pearl card-case 11th.

"L. V. H."—Sent articles by American Express Co. 11th.

"Mrs. R. T."—Sent shell comb, &c. 11th

"Miss H. R."—We do not know the lady's age—she has none. M'lle Mars, the celebrated French actress, when she died, at sixty-five, had on her coffin-plate thirty-three.

"R. K."—Sent pinking iron 11th.

"Mrs. E. J. R."—Sent braid 11th.

"A. D."—Sent patterns, &c. 11th.

"B. J."—Sent patterns 11th.

"H. A. K."—Sent fringe by Adams' express 11th.

"Mrs. A. C. S."—Sent patterns, &c. 11th.

"Mrs. M. J. B."—Sent two hair chains 12th.

"Mrs. J. A. McD."—Sent socks, &c. 12th.

"G. G. O."—Sent slipper pattern and zephyrs 12th.

"Miss E. E. A."—There is nothing positively improper in what you ask, but it is not in good taste.

"Mrs. S. H."—Sent patterns, &c. 12th.

"A. H."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 12th.

"E."—Sent infant's wardrobe patterns 15th.

"Mrs. J. D."—Sent pearl card-case 15th.

"Mrs. O. A. A."—Sent infant's clothing by Kinsley's express 15th.

Centre-Table Gossip.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN AND HOUSE PLANTS.

"FLOW-ERS"—said an opposite neighbor in a Georgia railroad car, "*flow-ers*"—and he brought his knotty, toil-worn hand down on the arm of the seat with contemptuous emphasis—"don't talk to me about *them* things! I wouldn't give one acre of cotton for all the *flow-ers* you could grow between here and the Gulf."

"But," said a planter of less utilitarian views, "haven't you found, sir, in the course of a long life, that it's necessary to do some things to please the women in the family? Now, suppose you came in, hot and tired some afternoon, and Mrs. Smith says, says she, 'Come here, my dear; I've got such a sweet thing to show you,' and she carries you off to the garden, and there's her roses, and things just coming out; and a little later in the season, you say: 'Now, Mrs. Smith, here's an elegant peach from the tree you persuaded me to set out.'"

"Stuff!" broke out the old man impatiently, "I haven't got money enough, nor hands enough, to waste time in that kind of style. Cotton is cotton, and corn is corn; 'no,' says I, 'give me the flower that's got a husk, and when that comes off there's the kernel! that's worth all your *shrubbery!*' my women-folks haint got no time for such trumpery."

Happy the Mrs. Smith then, and the Misses Smith, who are allowed the cultivation of this inherent taste in all womanly hearts; and happy the husband and father, whether he be a Southern planter, or Northern farmer—for both are alike tempted to the cultivation of flowers "with a husk and kernel," to the exclusion of the idler lilies of the field—whose wives and daughters lavish time and pocket-money only in so simple and healthful a pursuit. It may be made almost an inexpensive pleasure, with time and pains, and, according to our promise, we have collected hints on the subject from many sources, furnishing a series of articles to be extended through the year, commencing with our next issue, October, the time for transplanting and arranging preliminaries for Spring operations; to be carried on to house plants, bulbous roots, etc. etc., until the spring-time brings us to more active out-of-door exertion.

LADY NURSES.

It is proposed in England, now that Miss Nightingale has made nursing fashionable, to establish hospitals, professing no particular religious character, but governed alone "by the Christian grace acknowledged in common by all sects, though often lost sight of by sectarians—charity."

The appeal for such an institution goes on to speak of the immense disparity, in numbers, between married and single women. Of the latter class, says this sensible writer:—

"Many can make themselves useful to their friends and relations; many can chalk out for themselves other spheres of usefulness; some are endowed with talents for the arts and sciences, fitting them to shine in society, or to instruct the world. But how many have no such career of utility or amusement before them! Are they destined to fritter away their lives in wearisome and profitless occupation? to yawn away the day over a novel? to weave Penelope webs of Berlin wool, representing unnatural flowers and monstrous animals? to draw unartistic landscapes and repulsive portraits? to write feeble verses devoid of poetry? to strum long hours on the piano in hopes of acquiring an ear for music? to practice for months together in the expectation of getting a voice? Are they to be forever debarred from employing their native talents in the most suitable manner, forever condemned to labor in vain for the acquisition of accomplishments they never can excel in, and which can never be of the slightest use to themselves or their neighbors? How many of them possess all those qualities which go to make the best of nurses? How many have the cheerful patience, the exquisite sensibility and tenderness, the undefinable womanly tact that soothes more than opiates the feverish irritability of patients, and helps to banish the tedium of the sick-bed? And are all these best medical powers to be lost to the sick because society thinks it improper for ladies to perform the Christian duty of visiting the sick in the way most advantageous for these sick? When the bloom of youth is past, when the prospect of "making a match" is hopeless, are our maidens to sink into a condition of useless spinsterhood? We deplore, with all our heart, the life to which many of these excellent creatures are doomed by the present want of occupation for them. A byword and a mockery to their younger sisters, sneered at by many who have had the good or bad luck to get married, their tempers are often soured by the treatment they receive, and they sometimes take their revenge on society by becoming scandal-mongers and gossips. What a blessing to many of them would be the opportunity of a career of usefulness or benevolence; such as that of ministering to the wants of the sick, and alleviating the pains of the suffering. By many childless widows, too, such a field of practical usefulness would be hailed with delight. Nor would it, we conceive, be unbecoming in younger ladies to devote a portion of their lives to such offices of charity. One of our most popular novelists, in alluding to the common education of young ladies, says, with truth, that a man does not want a singing wife, or a playing wife, or a dancing wife, or a painting wife; but a *talking* wife. By most men it would be considered an advantage to have a *nursing* wife—a wife who understood how to attend him in sickness, how to administer effectually to the little patients of the nursery; one who understood and could relieve the minor ailments of her children, and who could, in more dangerous illnesses, carry out intelligently the directions of the doctor. Every medical man knows how often his most skilful prescriptions, his plainest instructions are thwarted and nullified by the ignorance and inexperience of wives and mothers, who, in place of being an assistance to him in his treatment, are constantly, though unintentionally, frustrating his best designs for the cure of his patients. Every sensible Cœlebs in search of a wife would consider it one of the greatest recommendations of a young woman, that she had received a proper training in the duties of sick-nursing."

THE CENTRE-TABLE COMMONPLACE BOOK.

MALINES LACE.—Malines has long been famous for a lace coarser and stronger than that of Brussels. Mechlin lace, properly so called, has been surpassed by that of Nottingham. Jealous Malines says that much of that which is sold as Brussels lace is made there.

The first place we enter is a grocer's shop; there, in a back room, are some very little maidens at work; each has a cushion on her knees, with a battalion of pins stuck into it. Each winsome body has two small, knobby sticks in her hand; to the sticks are attached strong, white threads, and with these she manœuvres among the pins, with a rapidity so surprising that one is fain to bless her little heart in astonishment.

Thread by thread the delicate fabric prospers on to its completion, and lace-making is obviously so elegant an employment, that the British Miss may one day take a fancy to it, instead of crochet. We went to several houses afterwards, and saw at least two hundred girls, all occupied in the same way at their own homes, for there is no manufactory. Their wages average fifteen sous a day, for eight or nine hours' labor. The best workwomen, however, make as much as two francs and a half daily. They are said to be generally very well conducted. Prices have fallen one-half within a few years; the finest lace, which is about a foot broad and of an intricate pattern, is sold at forty-five francs a yard. The value depends on the width and design.

Household Words.

RHYMED PROVERBS.—TURKISH AND PERSIAN.

SPEAKS one of good, which falls not to thy lot?
He also speaks of ill, which thou hast not.

Oh, square thyself for use! A stone that may
Fit in the wall, is not left in the way.

The sandal-tree, most sacred tree of all,
Perfumes the very axe that bids it fall.

Each man has more of four things than he knows;
What four are these?—sins, debts, and years, and foes.

Rejoice not when thine enemy doth die—
Thou hast not won immortal life thereby.

Oh, seize the instant time! You never will,
With water once passed by, impel the mill.

Boldly thy bread upon the waters throw,
And if the fishes do not, God will know.

What doth not time and toil?—By these a worm
Will into silk a mulberry-leaf transform.

TRENCH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mrs. L. B."—There is an English lace called Chantilly, which is probably what she has reference to; though the two articles are widely different, especially in price. The French point would be at least a hundred dollars—the British lace thirty-five at the most; it is a strong, durable article; most of the demi-veils of what are called "hailstone" and "sun-drop" patterns ranging from \$3 to \$5 in price, are manufactured of it.

"A RAPID READER" must remember that it takes vastly more time to write a book than to read one, a trifling circumstance which she seems to overlook. We have it from excellent authority that there will be no new novel by the authoress of "Alone" the present sea-

son; she must have been misinformed. We return the order, which will be useful as a memorandum, and send the other volumes marked.

"Miss S. T. S."—It is optional with the bride herself whether cake accompany the cards. It is by no means essential.

"AN UNPRACTISED HOUSEKEEPER."—All the Bath brick in the world will not avail as much as a small sheet of fine sand-paper. The circular steel bar, and hearth of modern grates, may be polished in this manner; twice or thrice in the course of a season.

For the spots on ground glass shades, employ the same paste as in cleaning silver—whiting and alcohol.

"MRS. R. OF CINCINNATI."—We recommend Arthur's Cans, especially for vegetables; it is a wonderful economy in the matter of winter desserts.

"CELESTE."—With or without heels. Bows are still worn on slippers, with a small steel buckle in the centre. Colored slippers are only suitable for the morning.

"A BRIDESMAID."—Either of the following articles comes within the limits described, and is perfectly suitable as a gift for the occasion. A Crumb-Knife, Cake-Knife, Berry-Shovel, Oyster-Ladle, pair of Jelly-Spoons, Pie-Knife, Fish-Slice, Salt-Stands, pair of Salt-Spoons, and Butter-Knives.

"Miss B. L. P."—The best advice we can give, is to take care of the shawl in the first place. No cleaning will restore the original purity and softness. There is always an unpleasant odor, a stiffness, and a slight change of colors in the border perceptible.

"Mrs. S."—Next month will be the best time for transplanting and dividing the roots mentioned. There is always more or less garden work in October, such as drying and putting away bulbs, potting geraniums, and other border plants for winter preservation, and many other things she will find laid down in most manuals of flower-gardening.

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, Rapp's gold pens, 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.

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 Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's 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 SEPTEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Evening-dress of white tarleton, the lower skirt covered by six full, and rather narrow flounces, edged by a *ruché*. The two upper skirts, edged in the same way, are caught up on each side by a garland of Autumn leaves; the same graceful and seasonable trimming heads the heart-shaped berthé of the corsage; full cluster of the same, on each side of the plain bandeaux. The whole costume is simple, tasteful, and appropriate to the month.

Fig. 2.—Dinner or evening-dress, of pink *reps* silk, the lower part of the skirt set on like a deep flounce, and headed by a narrow ribbon *ruché*, on which narrow velvet bows are placed at intervals. Corsage low and open to the waist. A full spencer of Valenciennes, on a net foundation, fills this space, and terminates in *ruché* at the throat. Full puffed sleeves of net and Valenciennes to correspond. Sleeves and chemisette trimmed with velvet bows, wristlets to correspond.

Fig. 3.—Walking-dress for Autumn. Black moire, the skirt in three extremely full flounces. Basque closed at the throat and trimmed with graduated bands of velvet ribbon, fastened by large oval buttons of the same. Sleeves in the full puffs headed by a bell-shaped jockey. Bonnet of brown silk, blonde and thulle, full inside cap of blonde, with crimson roses without foliage, or butterfly-ribbon bows. Small square India shawl for the street or carriage.

Fig. 4.—Child's dress for cold weather. A full pelisse of dark-green velvet or cloth, with a round cape falling to the waist. Drawn bonnet of white silk or satin. Collar and pantalettes of English embroidery; green boots.

MORNING DRESS.

(See Cut in Front.)

THIS is suited for our Southern subscribers, the present month, and especially as part of a bridal wardrobe. Those who delight in embroidery can also take it as a model for the next spring, and prepare the bands during the coming winter months. The skirt is full and plain, with the exception of the front breadth, which is *en tablier* or apron fashion, quite down to the hem. This is composed of two broad insertions of English embroidery, alternating with a frill of an entirely different pattern; the frill also encircles the whole breadth. The basque corresponds, the chemisette being of the insertion pattern, the bretelles, and flounce of the bands. The flounce of the sleeve is headed by two rows of insertion and slightly caught up on the forearm by bows of plain satin ribbon. Lappet of English embroidery forms the cape.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

SOME few of the rich silks intended for fall and winter are beginning to make their appearance in the shop windows side by side with the lighter fabrics of summer which are really worn as yet. Among these costly robes are some superb moires of plain green, blue, or brown, with large black spots all over the ground, which has a new and striking effect. The flounced robes have woven fringe or plush bands on the edge of

the flounces; others are in solid colors, save these bands, which are of a rich Pompadour pattern, sometimes covering the entire flounce. Heavy silks striped or barred with velvet are among the richest materials thus far opened.

Basques falling very deep and closed at the throat are almost universal for everything but evening-dress. Because a basque is long, it is by no means a reason that it should be of the same square, ungraceful depth all around. A slope over the hip will often obviate this. The skirt of a corsage or basque-proper should be as carefully fitted to the figure as the waist itself, or the effect will be extremely inelegant.

Passenterie, under which title is included the host of new ornamental gimps, ribbons of mixed moire, satin and velvet, fringes, and ornamental buttons, are imported and manufactured largely for winter dresses. One of the most elaborately trimmed dresses we have seen is of deep violet silk with a velvet ribbon disposed in lozenge fashion along the edge of the flounces, basque, and sleeves. In the centre of each lozenge is a rich tassel of passenterie, also black. The whole is edged with a fringe of alternate violet and black. Another very pretty trimming for a black silk has the narrow velvet lozenges or diamonds edged by a straight row of velvet touching the points on each side, which is edged in turn by narrow black lace.

Dresses with double skirts, though most suited to full evening costume, are not now confined entirely to it. When made of plain, dark colors, they may be adopted in negligé and even in walking costume. An out-door dress, consisting of violet-color silk chequered with black, has just been made with two skirts. The upper skirt descends a little below the knees; and the under one is trimmed to the height of the knees by a bias piece of the silk composing the dress. By this arrangement, the squares formed by the chequers are, on the under skirt, disposed diagonally, whilst on the upper skirt they run horizontally. The effect thus produced is at once novel and pretty. The corsage of the dress is high, and has a deep basque trimmed with frills cut the bias way of the silk. The corsage is fastened up the front by passenterie buttons, in black and violet. The sleeves, in two puffs, reaching to the elbow, are finished at the lower end by a pagoda, cut bias. The undersleeves consist of puffs of worked muslin. The collar is also of worked muslin. A magnificent cashmere shawl, having the ground of a beautiful malachite green, is very suitable to be worn with this dress in the street or carriage.

Next month we shall commence our plates and descriptions of mantles. The shawl pattern bids fair to be a favorite style, as it best allows being closed at the throat. This is really necessary in a full mantle. Elegant light shawls are much seen between the two seasons, summer and decidedly cold autumn weather, that is to say, during September and October.

Black lace bonnets trimmed with fruit in bouquets and garlands will reappear during the same time; also mixed fancy straws, brown or black and white, alternating with ribbon or lace in rows, and trimmed with bright shades of ribbon when plain. So far there has been no fall opening of bonnets, though several are announced to take place early in the month.

Embroidered and lace collars are large and square: cambric for the morning and home dress. Sleeves for morning wear have only a plain wristband. Valenciennes is mixed with nearly all the French embroi-

deries. One of the prettiest styles for collars has an edge of this lace and a bow formed of a double row of fine cambric insertion also surrounded by it, making the ends in the style of lapels. Chemisettes will have comparatively very little wear in the reign of high, close bodies.

Ear-rings of the drop form, which have been so long out of fashion, are now beginning to reappear. We mean the *long* drops, called by the French *pendants d'oreille*, and not those of the short, round form, which have lately enjoyed partial favor, and which are not inaptly called *boutons d'oreille*. An exquisite pair of drop ear-rings has recently been made. The tops are formed of circles of diamonds, having in the centre a large pearl. The drops consist of long ears of wheat, thickly studded with small brilliants. Another pair of drop ear-rings, equally elegant, though of a less showy description, consists of pink, coral, and pear pearls. The tops of most of these new drop ear-rings consist of one large precious stone—as an emerald, a ruby, or a sapphire—set round with five pearls or brilliants.

A curious specimen of hair-work has just been produced at Paris. It consists of a fan composed of a transparent, gauze-like texture formed of hair. It is ornamented with gold spangles. Parasol handles of a superior kind have hair-work intermingled with other ornaments.

Elegant buttons set with precious stones, or of mosaic, stone, cameo, coral, or plain wrought gold are a very handsome gift, and add much to a lady's toilet. Of course, the same set, held in their place by rings, will do for several dresses. Sleeve buttons connected by links have almost entirely replaced cuff pins, those well-known destroyers of insertion and lace.

Among the materials still employed for mourning dresses may be mentioned black crape for evening, and barège and silk for out-door costume. Some of the crape dresses have been richly ornamented with trimmings of jet bugles, though, to our own taste, bugles and jet trimmings are not in the strictest sense mourning. We quote, however, what *is* worn rather than what *should* be.

A dress of black silk, just completed, has three flounces, each edged with a triple row of crape and bugle trimming. The corsage of this dress is low and the sleeves short, and with it will be worn a canezou of black crape trimmed like the flounces, with rows of crape headed by bugle trimming. This canezou is fastened up the front by seven small ties formed of jet, one being placed at the point in the centre of the waist. The sides of the basque, which meet at the waist, are gradually sloped off so as to widen apart at the lower end, and the corners are rounded. The sleeves of the canezou are of the pagoda form, and are gathered up in front of the arm by a jet tie. In out-door costume a mantilla of black crape will be worn with the dress; it is trimmed with three deep frills edged with fringe of floss silk, and the frills are surmounted by one row of crape with a bugle heading, corresponding with the trimming on the flounces of the dress. The upper edge of the mantilla is finished by a deep row of fringe of the same kind as that on the edge of the frills. The bonnet is of black straw guipure, and is trimmed on each side with a bouquet of pinks in different shades of violet streaked with black. The same flowers, with white and black blonde intermingled, are employed for the inside trimming. Gloves of black lace trimmed with a quilting of lace.

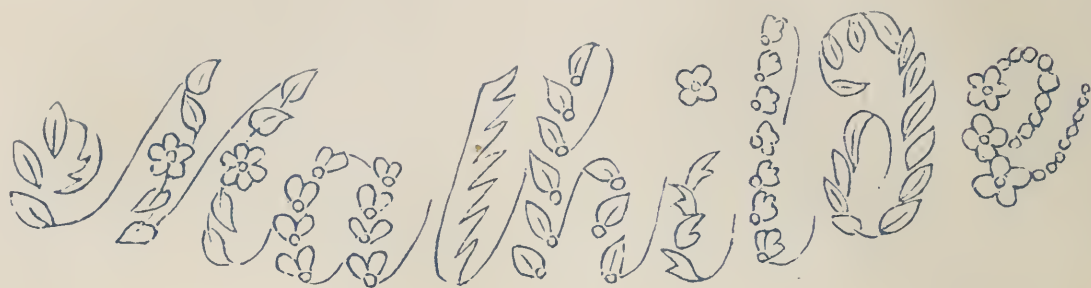
FASHION.



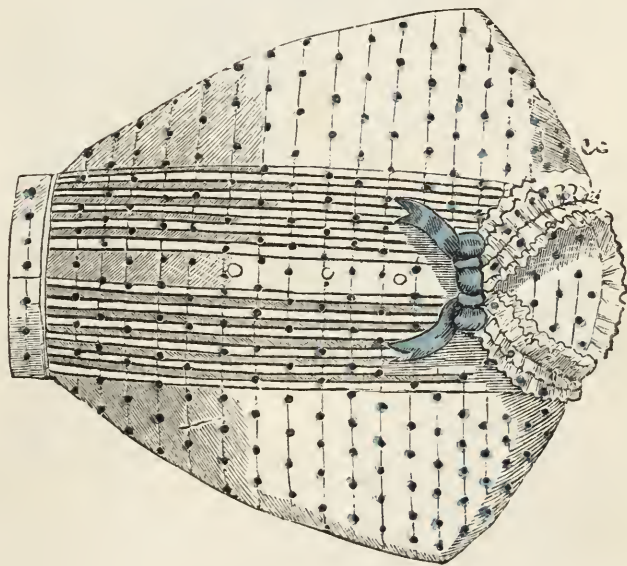
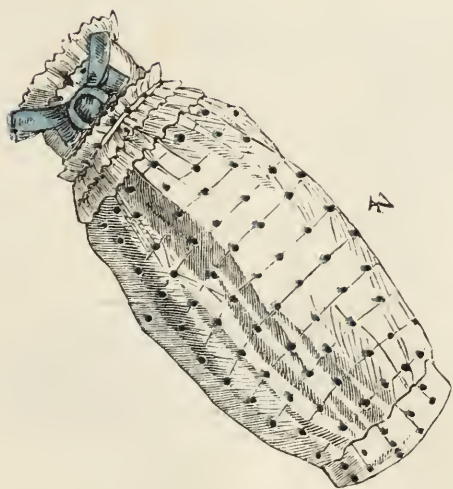
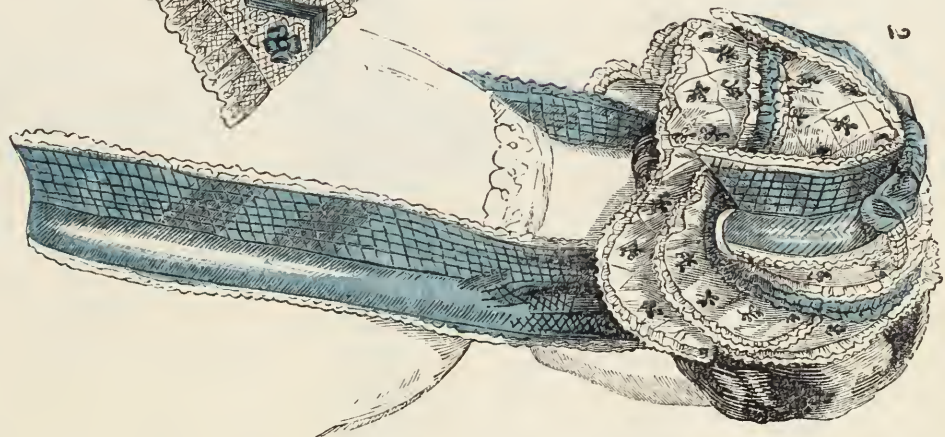
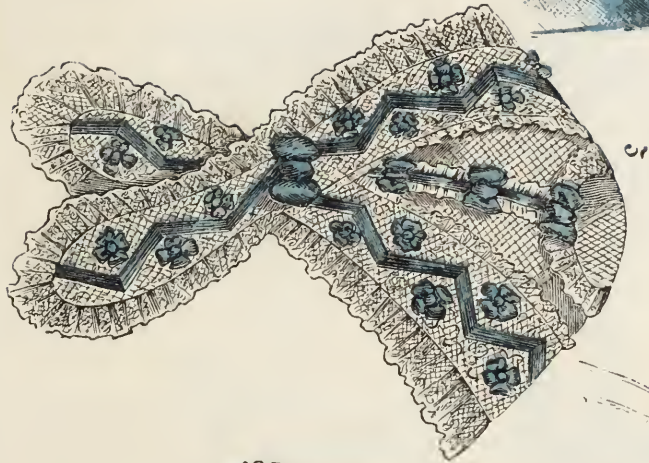
THE STAR OF DAWN.



NEW YORK: LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.



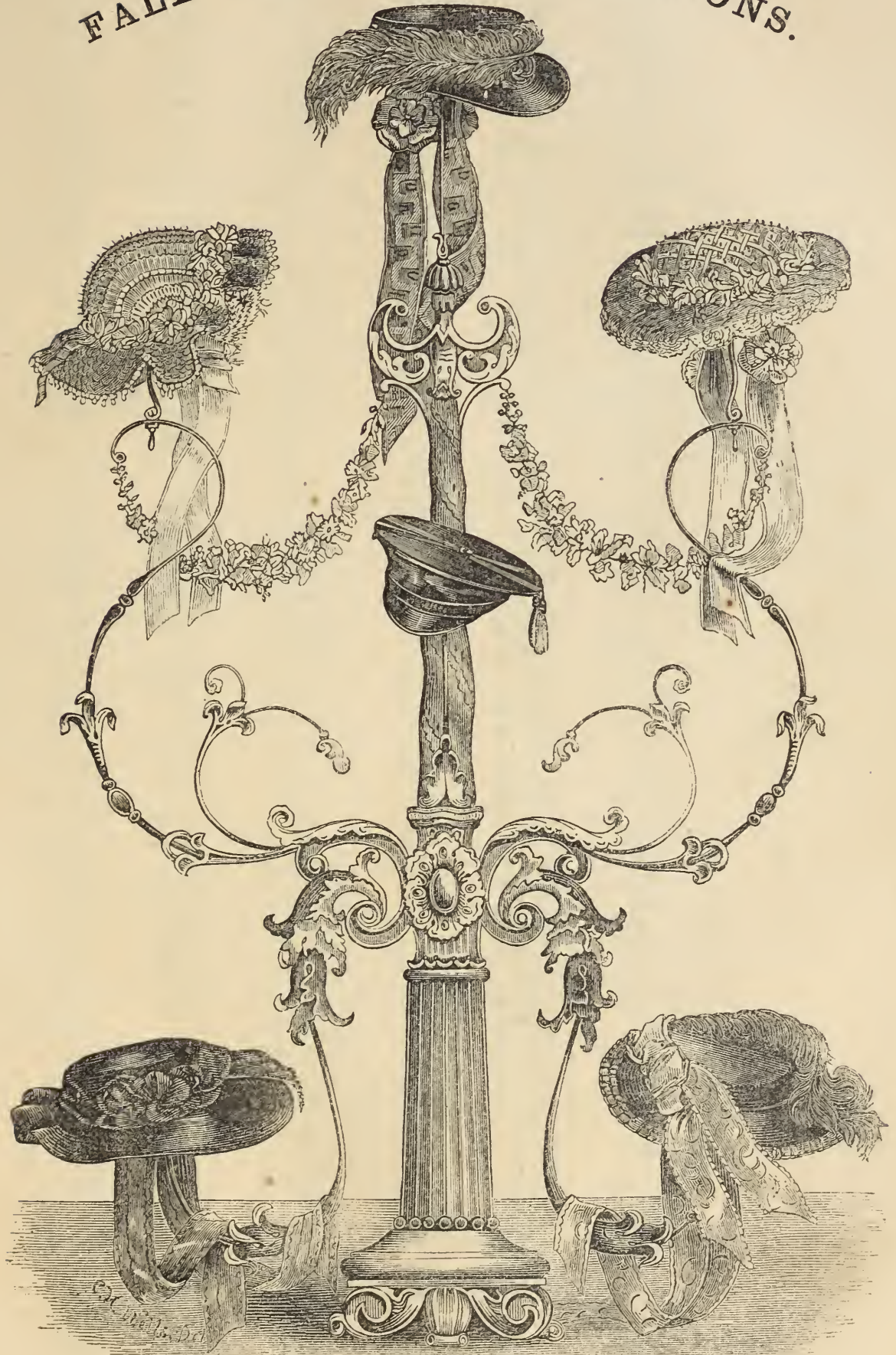
BRAIDED CUSHION FOR A CHAIR.



THOMAS WHITE & CO.'S

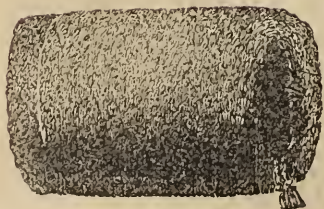
(NO. 41 SOUTH SECOND STREET,)

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.



LADY'S FANCY FURS.

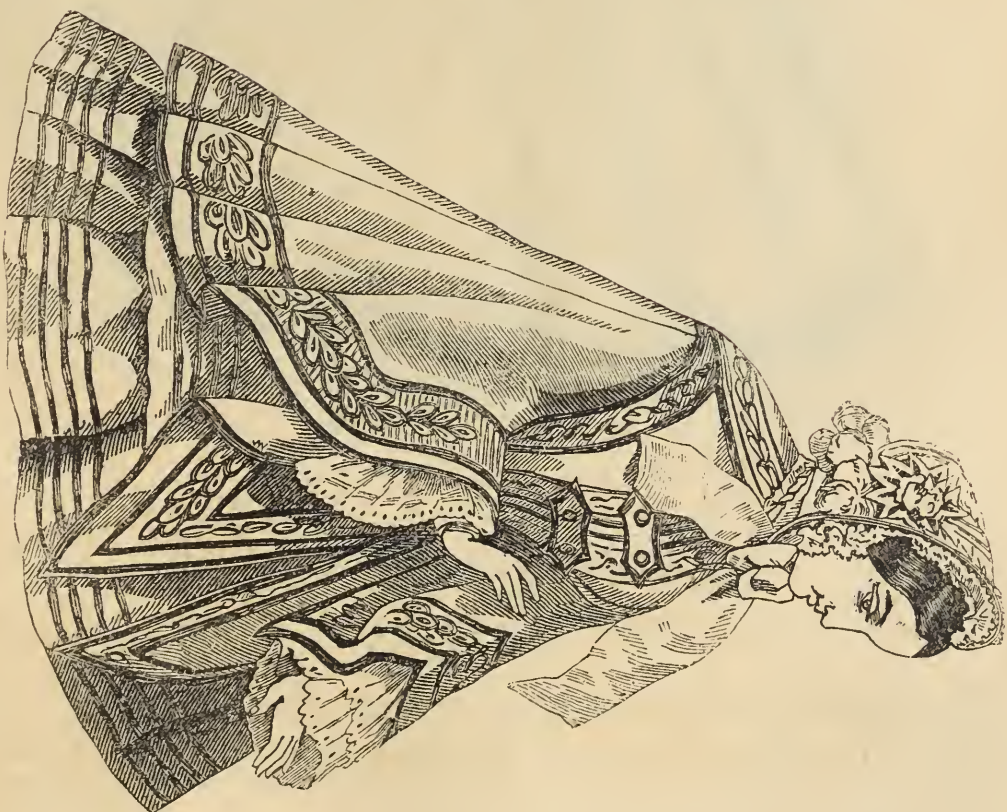
FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF
THOMAS WHITE & CO., NO. 41 SOUTH SECOND STREET.





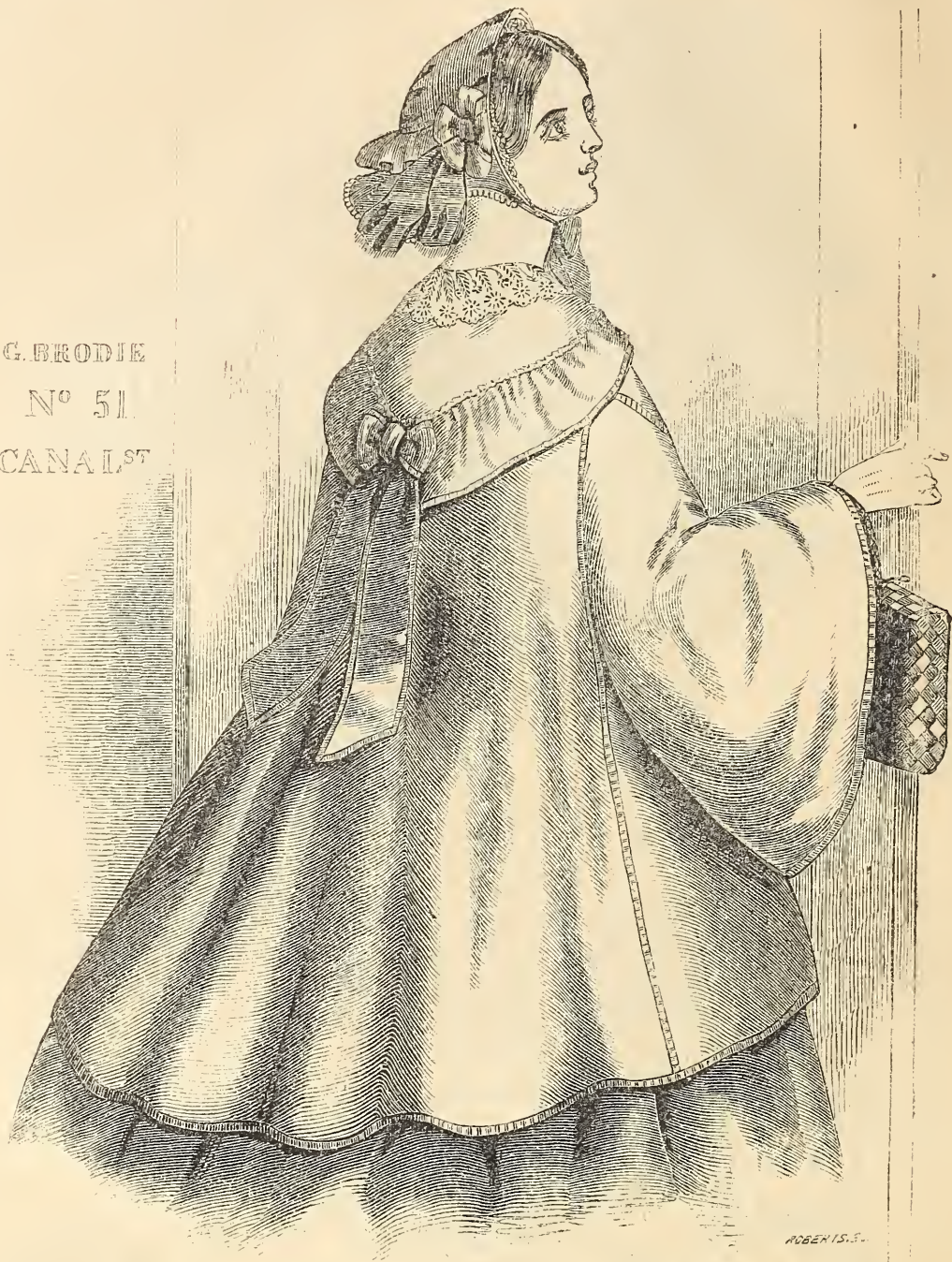
THE MARION.

(See description.)



THE NIGHTINGALE.

G. BRODIE
N° 51
CANALST



TRAVELLING CLOAK.

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

Our lady friends who may require the use of such an article will find the above admirably adapted to their wants.

It is made of a very serviceable shade of gray lady's cloth. With the exception of the narrow binding, it is without ornament. It has a drawn hood, the back of which is graced with a bow with streamers. The sleeves fall with a peculiar graceful sweep, and reach almost to the bottom of the cloak. It is quite deep, and is confined in front by buttons. Altogether, its flowing outline, its simplicity, and, most of all, its convenience, render this the most pleasing style of cloak we have as yet seen.



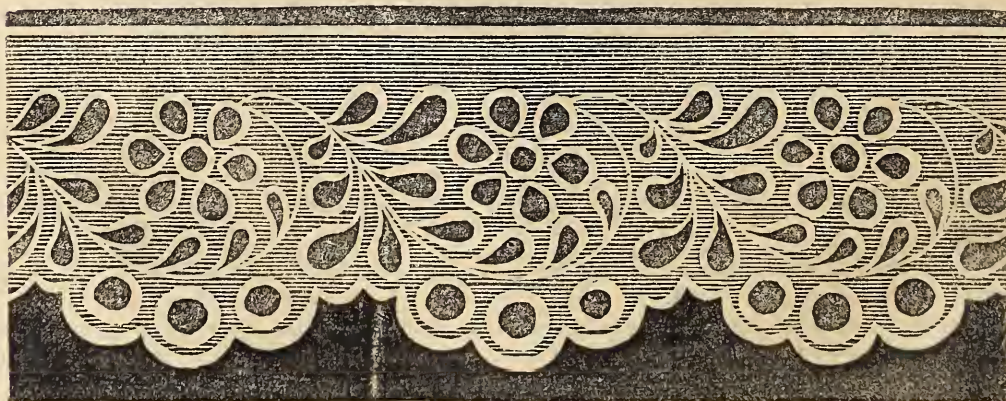
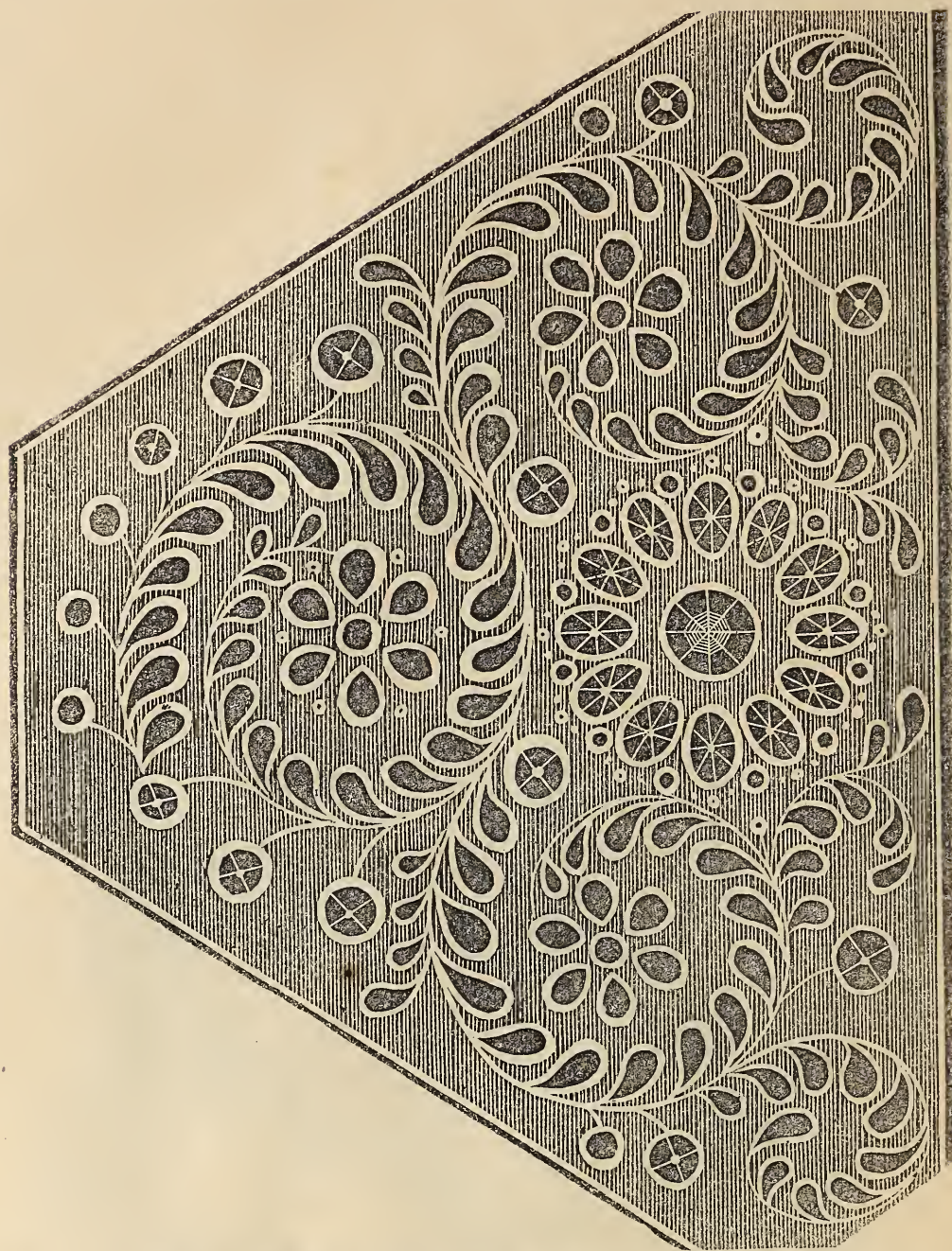
THE HISPANIA.

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

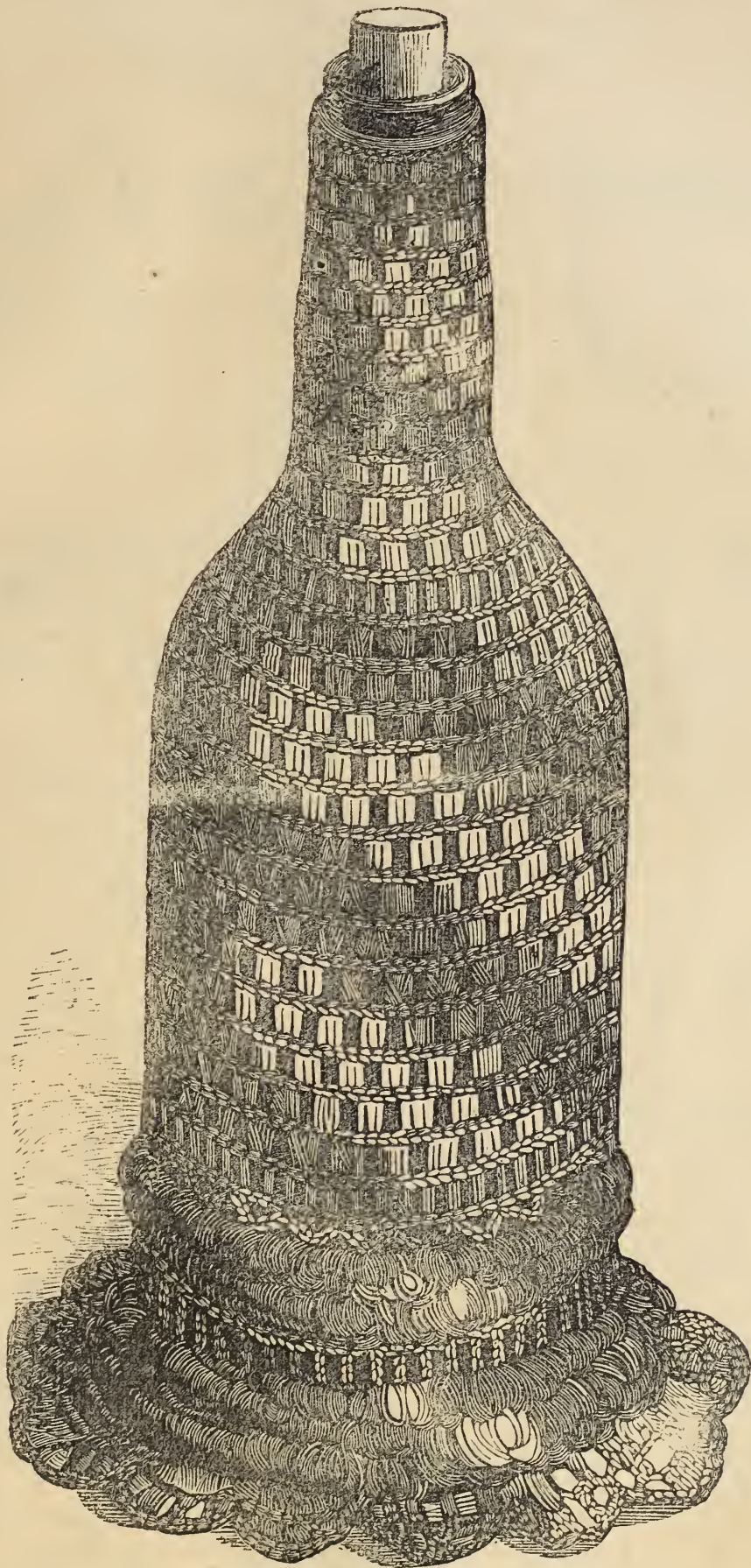
This truly neat and elegant talma has been got up expressly for the present season. Its gracefulness will commend it to our readers at a glance.

It may be obtained made in any required shade of cloth. The illustration so perfectly explains its construction that no remarks are needed. When it is laid out flat, it forms just a half circle; the yoke is not exactly, however, a semicircle, but somewhat approaches the pointed form. The trimming varies on these garments; that of the above is a tufted flush, and fringe. The shoulders are adorned with a cord quadrilled, and ending in neat tassels.

CHILD'S DRESS BODY, IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.



WE give the stomacher for an infant's dress, the proper size for working, with the appropriate trimming to go round it, likewise round the sleeves and along the skirt. This pattern is intended to be sewn over, with the exception of the opening filled in with spots, and the English rosette, which must be overcast before working. The edge of the trimming must be worked in button-hole stitch, gradually widening round the small scallops.



CARDIGAN, OR SCENT BOTTLE-COVER.

(See description.)

ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING A LADY'S WARDROBE.



GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1856.

SHELLS FOR THE LADIES, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

SHELLS are frequently regarded as attractive objects, but they are worthy of far more attention than they usually receive. In form they exhibit an almost infinite variety. While some consist merely of a simple tube, or hollow cup, others present the most graceful convolutions, and appear in the form of cones, spires, and turbans. The useful, too, is suggested, no less than the beautiful; for there are shells shaped like a box, with every variety of hinge, from that of simple connection by a ligament, to the most complicated articulation. So various and elegant, indeed, are the forms of shells, that Lamarck strongly recommended them to the study of the architect. "There is scarcely any possible form," he says, "of which nature does not here supply examples;" and he specifies certain shells which would supply a choice of models for the ornaments of columns, and which "are highly worthy to be so employed." At the present time, however, no such recommendation is necessary, as many of our beautiful stucco ornaments, particularly for chimney-pieces, are copied from shells, and are greatly admired.

The colors of shells are often so intensely vivid, so finely disposed, and so fancifully variegated, that, as objects of beauty, they rival many choice productions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and in some respects exceed them. How feeble an impression do we receive from a *hortus siccus*, compared with that which is produced by the living plants and flowers, attired in beauty, and breathing forth fragrance; and there is a vast difference, notwithstanding all the skilful efforts of art to diminish it, between the animal, living and dead. The shell, however, retains not merely the form, but all the brilliant hues it had in its own native waters; and then, whatever care may be taken to preserve a quadruped, a bird, a fish, or an in-

sect, as a specimen for the cabinet, such objects suffer by changes of atmosphere, while various minute creatures attack and destroy them. With shells it is not so. Composed of particles already in natural combination, they contain no seeds of dissolution, and the collection made by the parent may be handed down to the child, and by him transmitted in all its pristine beauty and durability to the remotest generation. We shall, therefore, give two or three articles descriptive of shells, and also of their inhabitants, accompanied by numerous and beautiful illustrations.

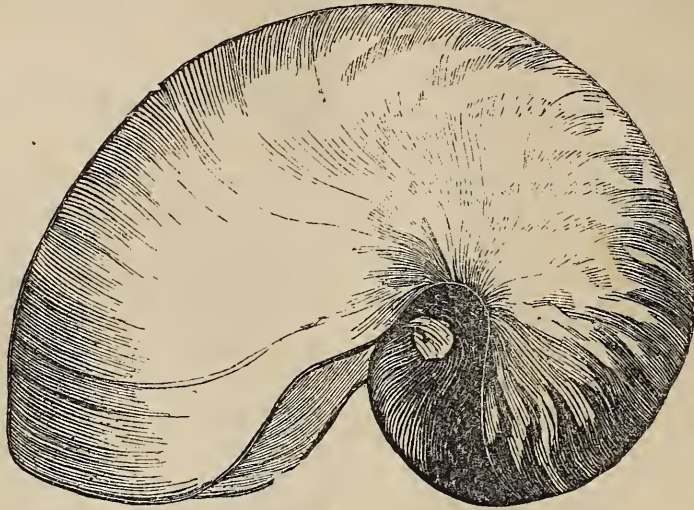
The materials of a shell are supplied by an organized fleshy substance often termed the "skin," but now known as the "collar," in shells consisting of one piece, and by the margins of "cloak" or "mantle" of the animal, in those of two pieces. They consist of particles of carbonate of lime, and of an animal substance resembling, in its chemical properties, either albumen or gelatine. An easy experiment will illustrate their structure; for, if diluted nitric acid be poured on a shell, or a piece of one placed in a glass vessel, there will soon be thrown off a soft, floating substance, which is, in fact, the animal part of the shell, retaining its precise figure, and consisting of net-like membranes. As thin, earthy particles are secreted for the purpose, and perspired through the vessels of the animal, they gradually incrust these meshes, and the shell is formed.

Some shells, more uniform and compact in their texture than others, are called *porcellaneous*, from their resemblance to porcelain. In such instances the animal matter is more equally blended with the earthy particles, and, like a cement, binds them strongly together. The carbonate of lime, too, assumes more or less of a crystalline arrangement. Sometimes the par-

ticles have the shape of *rhombs*, and are composed of three distinct layers, each of which is formed of very thin plates, marked by oblique lines, which show the direction of the crystalline fibres, so arranged as to give strength to the shell, and that on a principle which latterly has been applied to the building of ships. In other cases, the crystals are *prismatic*, generally hexagonal, and the fibres are short. So perfect was the crystalline appearance in a shell brought from Sumatra, that some fragments of it were

actually mistaken for a mineral production. Certain animals which fix themselves to rocks, and whose shell has too little solidity to resist the shocks to which they are frequently exposed, obviate this weakness by doubling the outer surface of the shell from a bed of stones, or from fragments of other shells and similar substances.

The shell of the Nautilus is not simply hollow: if a section be made of it, it will prove to be divided into numerous regular chambers, the



SHELL OF PEARLY NAUTILUS.

last or largest of which only, incloses the body of the animal. A tube, partly shelly and partly membranous, traverses these various apartments, and is continued into a cavity on the body of the animal, which, freely communicating with the branchial cavities, and receiving water from them, can, by its contraction, transmit that element through the tube into the chambers of the shell.

These chambers are said to contain air generated by the Nautilus, and being thus filled with a fluid more buoyant than water, they enable the animal to float, notwithstanding the density of the shell; but when the animal wishes to sink, it forces water through the tube, thereby compressing the air, and immediately becomes heavier than the surrounding medium. What an admirable arrangement is this! It enables

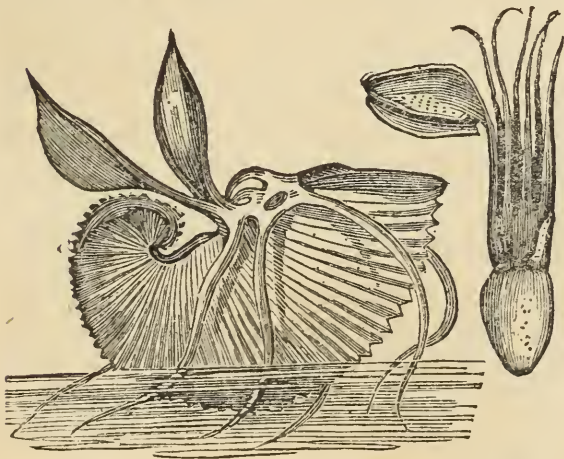


SHELL OF ARGONAUT.

the pearly Nautilus to float at pleasure on the surface of the deep, enjoying the light and warmth of the sun; and should danger threaten, instantly sink to the bottom of the sea, there to rest perfectly secure.

A very interesting species of the Octopod group is the *Argonauta Argo*, commonly called the *Paper Nautilus* from the whiteness and delicacy of its shell. As the animal has little in common with the true Nautilus, it would be much better if the latter designation were entirely abandoned, and the term *Argonaut* substituted for it. The shell is not chambered, but possesses one spiral cavity, into which the animal can withdraw itself entirely. This, however, has no muscular attachment to it, whence it has been supposed by many naturalists that it was only a parasitic inhabitant, which had taken up its abode within it, and that the shell, from its resemblance to that of *Carinaria*, was formed by a Gasteropod mollusk allied to that genus. It has been lately proved, however, by the interesting experiments of Madame Power, that the shell increases regularly with the growth of the animal, which possesses the power of repairing it when injured; so that no doubt can exist that the Argonaut is the original constructor of it.

Of the eight arms of the Argonaut, six taper gradually towards the extremities; but two are expanded into wide membranous flaps. From very early times this animal has been reputed to swim on the surface of the water, using its arms



SHELL OF THE ARGONAUT,

With the animal in its reputed position. The figure on the right side is the animal detached from the shell.

as oars, and spreading these expanded membranes as sails to the wind. But it is now known, by accurate observation of the living animal, that this is altogether a fiction (though an interesting one), and that the expanded arms are spread over the sides of the shell, meeting along its keel or edge and almost completely inclosing it.

It is by these, indeed, rather than by the surface of the body itself, that the calcareous secretion is poured out for the enlargement or separation of the shell. By the action of the arms the Argonaut swims backwards in the same manner as other Octopi; and it can also creep along the bottom of the sea.

A great number of shells present *striae*, streaks, or fine, thread-like lines, which indicate the successive additions made to the shell. The edge of the opening of shells is more or less completely formed, and exhibits in some species, during their early state, a thin and fragile lip, which thickens with age, and forms often a sort of border.

The various and often splendid hues of shells are to be traced to glands situated on the margin of the collar or mantle, for the purpose of depositing coloring matter. In many instances, an accordance has been marked between the patterns, or tracings on the shell, and the colors as arranged in the organ that secretes them. In the Banded Snail, for example, there are just as many colored spots on the edge of this organ as there are zones on the shell; and if a part of the margin of the shell be removed, the piece reproduced is brown opposite to the dark portion of the organ, and yellow in other parts.

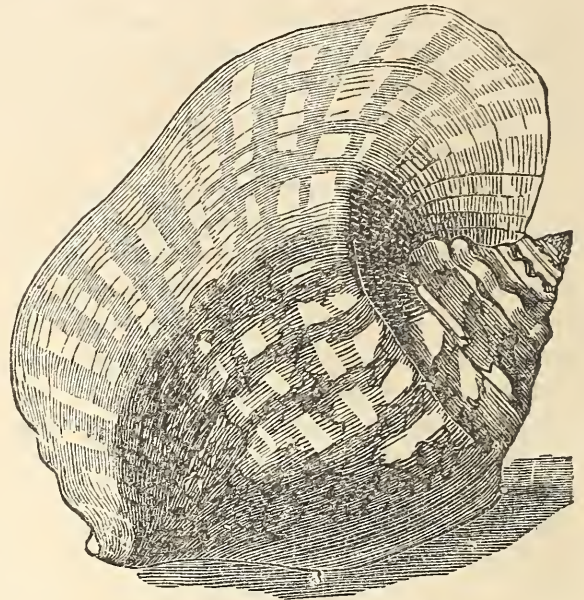
The glistening or silvery appearance which some shells exhibit on several parts of their inner surface is caused by the peculiar thinness, transparency, and regular arrangement of the outer layers of the membrane, which, with particles of lime, enter into their formation. To this combination has been given the name of "mother-of-pearl," from the idea that it was the material of which such gems are formed. But, though it is true that pearls are actually composed of the same substance, yet these bright colors are proved to be the effect of the light falling on the parallel grooves that arise from the regular arrangement in the successive deposits of the shell. This is placed beyond all doubt by the fact that, if an accurate impression of the surface of mother-of-pearl be taken in shell-lac, sealing wax, fusible metal, or gum-arabic, each of these substances will acquire the same iridescent property.

A beautiful provision for the security and comfort of the animal remains to be noticed. When the inhabitant of a spiral shell retires within it, the part of the body situated at the mouth of the dwelling would be exposed to injury but for this peculiar and admirable defence. The animal is, therefore, prepared to construct a separate plate of shell, just adapted to fit the aperture, and called an *operculum*, or

lid. In some instances, this plate is attached to the shell by an elastic spring, so that the plate may either close or open the entrance, as occasion requires.

A temporary partition, which is sometimes formed, answers its purpose equally well. Thus, when winter approaches, the garden snail prepares itself for passing that season in a torpid state, and for this purpose it chooses a safe retreat, retires completely within its shell, and then forms a plate for its defence. It afterwards constructs a second partition, placed more within, and a little distance from the first. When, for the sake of experiment, while the snail is in full vigor at any other season, it has been surrounded by a freezing mixture, the snail sets about its defence, and in an hour or two accomplishes its task. When the genial warmth of spring penetrates its abode, the snail secretes a mucous fluid, which loosens the adhesion, and the plate is thrown off by the pressure of the foot.

One of the most common shells for decorating mantel-pieces is the *Strombus*. As an example of this genus we select that remarkable species, the *Broad-winged Strombus*. Its form is similar



BROAD-WINGED STROMBUS.

to that of the Turbo, except the large spreading lip or leaf. Its general color is orange-brown variegated with white. The aperture is smooth and white, with a roseate tinge. It is a native of the Indian seas, and grows to a large size, often measuring from eight to twelve inches in length.

SMILES OF NATURE.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

FLOWERS are the smiles of nature scattered o'er the face of earth, and Flora is the excelsior queen who tends their germination. O sweet, delightful flowers! they are certainly the most beautiful production of nature—her *smiles* and her *tears*.

Who does not love the sweet-scented flowers of spring and summer? There is a language as well as a beauty in their richly painted petals; and the man who looks upon them with an intelligent eye—not the “brute, unconscious gaze” of the ignorant—cannot fail to read their teachings, and, through the influence of their silent eloquence, learn to “do good, and to avoid evil,” for they are the emblems of godliness.

“Behold the lilies of the field,” said the great Teacher of men, as his heart wept out its sorrows over the ruins of humanity, and his pure and spotless imagination drank with delight the spirit of beauty in the flowers of the field, for “Solomon in *all his glory* was not arrayed like one of these!”

Flowers are everywhere. They are the poor man's jewels as well as the rich man's gems. They are the odorous gifts of nature bequeathed to *all* without distinction. O sweet, delightful

flowers! The spirit of beauty dwells in the flower, and it is one of the materials which constitute the web of poesy. It finds its parasite in the poet and in the painter. The one has sung of its loveliness from time immemorial, and the other has endeavored to portray the symmetrical disposition of its parts, and to paint the loveliest traits of its beauty; but who can give to canvas the inimitable hues of the rose? The pencil may describe the “human face divine,” and the chisel, in the plastic hand of genius, would almost seem to give life to the inanimate block of marble; but neither can develop the brilliancy, nor paint the fragrance of the rose!

To all the works of *art* how far superior are those of *nature*; and the sweetest of all are flowers. Their language too, how silently eloquent! The Myrtle is love, the Cypress mourning, and the Amaranth immortality. Pity, the offspring of Love and Sorrow, wore on her head a garland composed of her father's Myrtle and her mother's Cypress. And the child of bliss will wear upon its spotless brow the Amaranthine wreath.

THE ALARM.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

THERE was distress in Woodlands, a beautiful place on the west bank of the Hudson. Mrs. Charles Romaine and her daughter Emily, hardly yet recovered from the first shock of the death of the one who was their sole earthly protector, had just received intelligence through their lawyer that Mr. Ward Romaine, half-brother of Charles, had brought forward his claim, as the legal heir, to all the property they had so long looked upon as their own.

The estate on Hudson River, together with three houses in the city of New York, had been given by Mr. Ward, a wealthy bachelor of New York, to Charles Romaine on his marriage; for, although there was no real relationship between them, yet he always regarded Charles, the son of his brother-in-law by a former marriage, as his nephew, and was often heard to assert that he was dearer to him than his own nephew and namesake, Ward Romaine.

A short time after this event, Mr. Ward died, leaving his sister's son sole heir to his immense estate. Since that period, more than twenty years had passed away. Mr. Charles Romaine's property in New York had increased in value beyond all expectation, so that, with no exertion on his own part, he found himself a rich man; while Mr. Ward Romaine, whose strongest feeling was a desire for wealth, had wasted his life and a great part of his fortune in unprofitable speculations. He had been obliged to retrench his extravagant style of living, and was already foreseeing the day when ruin could no longer be averted.

At this juncture occurred the death of his half-brother. He immediately put forward his claim to his estate, asserting that his uncle had given his brother only a life-interest in it; at his death it was to revert to him as the legal heir. Mr. Ward's will was produced, in which it was clearly stated that all his property without reserve was left to his nephew, Ward Romaine; and Mr. Romaine argued, besides, that it was absurd to suppose that so valuable a part of the estate should be left to one in whose veins flowed no drop of kindred blood.

If the deed by which Mr. Ward made Mr. Charles Romaine the possessor of this disputed property could have been found, the widowed

Mrs. Romaine need have feared nothing; but she searched for it in vain through all her husband's papers.

She had seen it not many days before his death; she remembered having opened the desk which contained it with all his other valuable documents, and placed it on a table by the side of his bed, just before leaving him to talk over some business affairs with his brother. Their intercourse had always been most fraternal and confidential, and this conversation lasted several hours, longer than the weakened state of Mr. Charles Romaine rendered prudent. When Mrs. Romaine entered the room at last, she found her husband about to lock the desk; he handed her the key, remarking that he had done now forever with all worldly matters. He died before three days had passed; and, before Mrs. Romaine had had time to recover from her first overwhelming grief, she received the intimation that she was about to be forced to leave her pleasant home, and give up her condition of affluence and ease for one of penury and toil.

A widowed sister of Mrs. Romaine, Mrs. Mildred Compton, lived with her. She was a keen, shrewd woman, endowed with great natural penetration into character, and a degree of sagacity and practical knowledge that made her the very person to act in such an emergency. She had also that most comfortable of all qualities—a perfect self-reliance. According to her own opinion, if everybody would but follow her advice, they might be sure of success.

"I told you, Grace," said she to Mrs. Romaine, "not to trust Ward Romaine. I never had the least opinion of him; he is a regular mammon-worshipper, and would sell his soul for a few dollars. He knows where the deed is, you may depend on it."

"But, Aunt Mildred," said Emily, "Uncle Ward says there never has been such a deed; at least, that he never saw or heard of it."

"You simple child! He has seen it a hundred times. I'll warrant he knows every word of it by heart."

"But where do you suppose it is?" asked Emily.

"He took it, my dear, the day he had that long talk with your father. It lay in the desk

just under his eyes, and the devil tempted him, as he has done many a better man. It must be so, for your mother and I both saw it there half an hour before, and now it is gone."

"He says," continued Emily, "that he does not wish mother and I to leave Woodlands, at any rate while she lives; he only wants to prevent the estate from going out of the family."

"Yes, he pretends to be very generous and kind, but just let him get possession of this house and grounds, and if he did not send you out to make room for his graceless children, some other owner would come forward to do it; for there is a blight on everything that Ward Romaine attempts. See how his own property has slipped away from him."

"I cannot believe that brother Ward would do so base an act," said Mrs. Romaine. "My husband had the greatest confidence in him."

"Yes, your husband was very unsuspecting, and trusted everybody," said Mrs. Compton, who, in her heart, although she loved Mr. Romaine, had a poor opinion of his worldly wisdom. "I tell you, my dear sister, it stands to reason that Ward Romaine knows all about that deed. No one but a simpleton could doubt it. Any one that has got a particle of penetration can see, with half an eye, that he would do anything for money. And if you are going to let him have his own way in this, and give up the estate to him without going to law about it, trusting to his promise never to see you or Emily want anything that you have been accustomed to, you will deserve, by your folly, all you will certainly have to suffer."

"I always had the greatest dread of a law-suit, especially with a relation, and Ward Romaine has seemed to be a kind brother to me."

"Words cost nothing, and those are the only things he gives freely," returned Mrs. Compton; "and, as for the law-suit, there is no avoiding it, as I see. If it only turns out as it ought, and as I have a conviction it will, you will not repent having engaged in it. I feel sure that Mr. Ward Romaine will find that his wickedness will fall on his own head."

Mrs. Romaine at last consented to defend her own and her daughter's claims against her husband's half-brother. On both sides able lawyers were employed, and there was at Woodlands a time of great suspense and fear, and, now and then, a gleam of hope. But, as the suit went on, the hope faded, and the fear increased daily. If it had not been for Mrs. Compton, Mrs. Romaine would have compromised the suit, or given it up entirely several times. But she was

too resolute and confident to allow any half measures.

"It cannot be," she said, "that the only time that Ward Romaine prospers should be when he is attempting the robbery of the widow and orphan. You have right and justice on your side, and I believe it will come out right at last."

But matters grew darker daily. The last week of the trial came on, and it was thought expedient that Mrs. Romaine should be in the city to aid her own cause with all the means in her power. Mrs. Compton and Emily accompanied her, with a confidential servant, whom the state of Mrs. Romaine's health obliged her to bring with her. They went to one of the larger hotels in New York, where, after having settled themselves comfortably in their rooms, they learned, the day after their arrival, that on the same floor where Emily was lodged with her aunt was a suite of rooms occupied by Mr. Romaine.

They heard that he had been obliged to sell his house in town, and, leaving his family in their country house, he had taken apartments for himself in the hotel.

"It is an ordering, my dear," said Aunt Mildred to Emily when she learned it. "Depend upon it, it means something. Such a remarkable event as our being brought together here, when we would have desired above all things to avoid it, must have some special object."

"It is a concatenation, certainly, and not a pleasant one to either party," said Emily. "But it is very strange that we did not hear of his having sold his house. I cannot understand it."

"Your uncle always keeps his business affairs as much in the dark as possible. I suppose he thinks with Napoleon that 'Secrecy is the soul of all great designs.' I find that very few of his acquaintances here know anything about his circumstances further than they can learn by vague rumor."

The meeting of the relatives under such difficult circumstances was polite, but formal and constrained. There appeared to be a tacit understanding that to avoid each other as much as possible would be the most agreeable thing to all parties. This, Emily found, could easily be effected in a large hotel; and they saw almost as little of each other as they did when they were living a hundred miles distant.

Meanwhile, the days went on. Everything seemed to promise Mr. Ward Romaine a prosperous issue to his suit. The evening before the question was to be finally decided, Mrs.

Romaine bade her daughter and sister good-night with a heavy heart. She felt that in all probability, when the sun again set upon the earth, they would be homeless and destitute wanderers; for their undertaking this suit had so irritated Mr. Romaine that he had withdrawn his former promise of protection and support. Emily's cheek was pale with sympathy, and her eyes heavy with weeping; but Aunt Mildred was strong and hopeful as ever; at least she bore herself so outwardly, and, however her heart may have failed her, she allowed no symptoms of it to appear. Charging Mrs. Romaine's attendant to prepare some soothing draught for her mistress, she left the room with a cheerful smile.

"The Ides of March have come, but not gone," said she to Emily, as they ascended the flight of stairs, and walked through the long passage to their room. It was not long before they were all tranquilly slumbering. Gradually the various sounds in the house died away; the lights in the passages were extinguished; a profound silence and darkness settled over all.

It was two hours after midnight—a time when the senses are wrapped in the deepest forgetfulness—when a strange and frightful sound broke the stillness. Every moment it rose louder, deeper, and more penetrating. Emily sprang up, in a moment wide awake, but alarmed beyond all power of reason or calm observation. She did not stop to think, but came at once to the conclusion that the hotel was on fire. As she heard no sound of voices or hurrying feet, she concluded that all had escaped but her aunt and herself, and that some daring fireman, aware of their danger, had ventured thus far to arouse them. She thought of her mother who, under the influence of an opiate, might be still sleeping soundly; and, rousing her aunt with frantic haste, she threw a shawl around her and rushed from the room. As she passed her uncle's door, he opened it and asked the cause of the alarm.

"Fire, uncle! The house is on fire! We shall never be able to get out! It is all in a blaze!" exclaimed she, in an agony of terror, deceived by the broad glare of gas-light that streamed through her uncle's open door; and she flew rather than ran down the stairs.

But Mr. Ward Romaine reached the foot before her. He had once narrowly escaped with his life from a burning house, and the recollection of that had left on his mind a constant dread and even horror of fire. He found himself in the street before he could collect his thoughts enough to look calmly around him;

then finding on a cool survey that everything seemed as usual, he re-entered the hotel.

"It was a gong, sir," said the man who acted as the watchman of the house, but showed unmistakable symptoms of having just been roused from a stolen nap.

"A gong! at this time of the night!" exclaimed Mr. Romaine, angry at having been so causelessly alarmed.

"Yes, sir. I was in another part of the house, sir, and some of the young gentlemen came in. I don't suppose they knew very well what they were about, and they happened to see the gong, and have been sounding it all the way up to the very top of the house."

In great indignation Mr. Romaine made his way back to his room, which he found open, as he left it, and apparently undisturbed, although a general movement and a flitting to and fro of figures clad in long loose robes, some of them wearing caps edged with lace, and others articles of the same kind, terminating in a long point and a tassel, showed that Mr. Romaine and Emily were not the only persons disturbed by the untimely noise.

Meantime, Emily had succeeded in rousing her mother, and, throwing a few wrappings around her, was hurrying her from the room. She supported her with one hand, while with the other she half led, half dragged the maid, who, nearly overcome with terror, sank down at every step.

As Emily opened the door of her mother's room to go out, an old gentleman, who occupied the opposite apartment, opened his. To his look of inquiry Emily instantly responded by the terrible word "Fire!"

"I think, madam, you are mistaken," said he, with all the politeness and formality of the old school, bowing as he spoke, while the tassel that adorned his head nodded in harmony. "I should rather suppose that the alarm is the work of some intoxicated persons. Allow me to go and see before you venture out. I will return immediately."

The coolness and deliberation with which he spoke, even his measured and formal tones, calmed Emily and her mother more than any assurances of "no danger" could have done. They waited patiently until he returned, bringing the intelligence of the true cause of their fright.

"What a wicked thing it was for those young men to alarm us so, mamma! They might have caused your death if you had gone, dressed as you are, in the cold night air. I shall never forgive them," said Emily.

"My dear," said her mother, looking pale and anxious, "I am troubled about your aunt. It is very strange that she has not been down here. I am afraid she has fainted."

"Aunt Mildred fainted! That would be an impossible event; but I will go and see. Good-night again. I hope this fright will not make you ill;" and Emily turned to go up stairs.

"Allow me to attend you to your room, ma'am: all the people in the house seem to have been roused; and it might not be very agreeable for a lady to go alone through passages where she is liable to meet so many persons;" and the gallant old gentleman, wrapping his dressing-gown tightly around him, escorted Miss Romaine through the long hall, and up the staircase to her apartment, fortunately too much occupied in keeping his refractory robe in order to pay any attention to the shortcomings in his companion's toilet. He bowed with profound respect as he bade her good-night, and returned to his own quarters.

"Well, Aunt Mildred," asked Emily, "were you frightened by my cry of fire?"

"Frightened, child? not a bit!" replied Mrs. Compton, standing tall and erect in the middle of the room, and gazing at her niece with a countenance full of a mysterious triumph and wonder. "I knew from the very first that there was no fire. Some drunken people, was it not?" Emily assented. "I knew it in a minute, and tried to call you back; but you were off like a crazy thing."

"But, aunt, if you were not frightened, what are you looking at me in that way for?"

"The Ides of March, dearie, the Ides of March;" and Mrs. Compton waved a paper around her head.

"Why, Aunt Mildred, what do you mean?" asked Emily in surprise.

"The deed, child, the deed. I told you it was an ordering, our coming here; and now you see it."

"Have you found the deed, aunt?" asked Emily.

"Of course, child; I knew I should. I didn't see the way clear exactly, but I knew we should be led in it, and so we were."

"But, Aunt Mildred, I don't understand how it all happened."

"Well, dear, I will tell you; only be calm and composed;" and Aunt Mildred, more excited by this joy than she had been by all the sorrow through which she had passed, could hardly repress her own emotions. "After you ran so quickly from the room, I threw my wrapper around me, and looked into the passage

to discover the cause of your terror. I could see or hear nothing. I walked on a few steps, intending to follow you to your mother's room, and prevent you from hurrying her out into the street, before we had discovered the necessity of such a proceeding, when I saw your uncle's door open. I looked in to ask him what the matter was, when I found his room was vacant. My dear, I went directly to his table, led there by some unaccountable impulse. There, among a bundle of papers that seemed just to have been untied, I saw the missing deed: it was the first and only object my eyes rested on. I took it, and forgot all about the alarm or the fire, but went immediately to my room, where I have been waiting for you."

"Let us take it directly to mother."

"No, no. Good news will keep. Let her sleep to-night, if she can, without any more excitement. You may carry it to her in the morning."

When Mr. Ward Romaine found that document, so all-important to him, missing, he was, for the first time in his life, overcome with despair. He could conjecture without difficulty into whose possession it had fallen, for no one but an interested person would think of singling that out from all the other papers. He was not hardened enough in wickedness to carry out his base purpose without strong compunction. He had faltered and wavered several times in his course, and had been more than once on the point of restoring, in some mysterious manner, the paper he had taken. But selfish motives at last prevailed. He saw that he had gone too far to make retreat with honor practicable, and he had just unfolded the packet that contained the deed, in order to destroy it, when his sudden terror interrupted him in his design.

Now, dreading disgrace more than death, he was meditating self-destruction as his only refuge from ruin and dishonor, when there came a knock at his door. He opened it, and Mrs. Compton stood before him. They had been children together, born and brought up in the same neighborhood, and the intimacy and kindly feeling which such an intercourse produces had worked in Aunt Mildred's heart a strong compassion for the erring man.

"Ward," said she, a name she had been used to call him many years ago, but had long since changed for a more distant appellation, "I have the deed. You know where I found it. I came to say that no one else except us four need know anything about it, except that it has been discovered at last. You need not fear us. Emily wished me to tell you this, and we can promise

for her mother. She has never ceased to regard you as her husband's brother. For his sake, as well as yours, she will keep this matter secret. Good-night."

Poor Ward Romaine! He had been accustomed to sneer at women's powers of secrecy; he had jealously kept from his wife's knowledge all his business affairs, repressing with scorn any curiosity she might show about his pecuniary position, or any desire to sympathize with him in his losses. And now a secret, that might at any moment consign him to infamy, was in the possession of three women, and he had no choice but to trust to their promise.

They remained true to their word. Many years passed away happily to them. Emily married, but Woodlands was still her home. At last, Mrs. Compton, after a slow decline, was laid upon the bed, from which it was evident she could never rise again. Ward Romaine heard of it, and came from the city to see her.

"Mildred," said he, "I thought I would like to see you once more, to thank you, which I have never yet done, and to tell you that I am a prosperous man now. After that affair which you know all about, I was long unable to do anything. At last, I resolved to work hard that I might forget about it, or at least keep from thinking of it constantly. I undertook some

business that required my undivided care, though it promised me but small returns. My old friends wondered at my new mode of life, but I persevered, and, to my great surprise, my business thrived, until I am now richer than I had ever hoped to be, even in those days when my whole soul was devoted to gain. But this wealth has come only when I cared no longer for it. I hold it very lightly now, and would give it all for the unstained conscience I had, Mildred, when you and I were children together."

"Your wife and children can enjoy it," said Mrs. Compton.

"My wife is dead; my children are married and settled away from me; but it will be a source of enjoyment to them—I hope so, at least, and of profit, too—for I have tried to train them more carefully than I was trained, and I think they know the true value of money better than I did."

Mrs. Compton endeavored to cheer the saddened man, who listened to her hopeful words with a pleased smile, as though they recalled long-forgotten memories. They parted soon, and met no more on this side of the grave.

As to the gong-sounders, it is needless to say that Emily not only forgave them, but regarded them somewhat in the light of benefactors.

HOW TO MAKE A BONNET AND CAP.

It is a common expression of many persons, "I have no taste!" "She has no taste!" "It is useless for us to learn millinery." This is a great mistake; it is quite possible to teach a person taste that is willing to learn; nine out of ten have never had an opportunity of acquiring pretty ideas. Nor have they had pointed out to them the difference between vulgar and genteel. I can never admit we cannot do things, or not acquire that difficult affair called taste. One essential thing to learn is color, or colors; to blend them well together, and learn as nearly as you can what suits complexion. It is very general for people to wear what suits their fancy, not what would suit their person; this is not done willingly on their part, but for want of knowing right from wrong, and this is in a great measure to be attributed to indifference, or rather idleness; for it requires certainly industry of intellect to notice what is going on around us. Look round a garden, and see which looks best, a tree all flowers and no leaves, or a tree beauti-

fully green with buds just shooting: the latter is subdued and quiet, the former beautiful but gaudy.

Fancy Bonnets.—A yard and a quarter, or a yard and a half of silk eighteen inches wide, will make any kind of bonnet, drawn or plain; they both take exactly the same quantity. If you wish to make a bonnet with half satin, and half silk or velvet, you require an inch or two more, as it does not cut so economically, having it in two pieces; half a yard of silk or velvet, and three quarters of satin, would be plenty for any bonnet. As a general rule, have the least quantity of the heavy material; if you can buy your material on the cross-way cut, for fancy bonnets, it is rather better; but you will find it no inconvenience having it all cut on the straight. For drawn bonnets you must have it on the straight; cross-way of the material is no use for drawn bonnets. Fancy bonnets made on the wire frames; the material, if in silk, &c., is generally on cross-way; very little fulness is required, not more than four inches longer

round than the edge of the front, and only three inches towards the crown; the heavier and richer the material, the less is required: it hides the beauty of the material, and takes away all the lightness of your bonnet, by having too much fulness. Lace or blond still only requires to be put on lightly; goffered blond, lace or crape, put on in rows down the bonnet, are pretty; with a ruching of narrow pretty ribbon in between each row, you may have your rows of lace from two to four inches wide. The curtain should be made to match the rest of the bonnet; let the bottom of your curtain measure twenty inches long, top part seventeen inches, four inches deep at the ends, a trifle narrower in the middle; this is to be the size of the curtain when finished; so, in cutting, allow for turnings. A little of the material left at the top of the curtain for a heading is a neat finish. Fancy straw of every description is very much used, and very pretty it is, mixed with glacé colored silk. It was much in favor some twenty years ago, and, more or less, has continued so ever since; it is to be bought by the yard, at almost any shop where they sell straw bonnets only; you will pay much dearer for it by going to a milliner's. Look at the different bonnets you may see, and then make up your mind a little which you would prefer. Any respectable shop will keep the last new pattern worn. You should purchase the Lady's Book for the month you are in; it can be bought for twenty-five cents. I dare say to those, not used to copy from engravings, the task appears rather difficult; you may learn from the written descriptions a good deal. In a work-room, it would take time to teach you the little ins and outs of things to be learned; so have patience and practice, and all will go well. Fancy bonnets, or bonnets made with silk, net, &c., are generally made on wire frames; the frames are to be bought very cheap, but ladies living in the country are not always able to procure them. If you have any kind of bonnet by you that you like, procure some very firm, and some very soft wire; sew with large stitches the stiff wire round the edge of the bonnet you wish to make one like. A common willow shape is best, but a straw would do as well. Having sewn the wire round the edge, with large stitches, continue to tack wire up the shape, two inches apart, until you get to the crown; you will then have five wires up your bonnet. Now cut five short pieces for the supports; begin to sew them at the front, strong wire first; now go on tacking them to each row of wire till you get to the crown; having sewn all these wires to-

gether, still leave them on the shape. Have ready a common piece of net, black or white, whichever color you wish your bonnet to be; now place your net on the wire, draw it tight, and put some pins in different places, to hold your net; the net must be sewn to the wire while it is still on the willow shape; you can loosen a few stitches to enable you to sew your net on better. When all your net is sewn on, the wire frame may come entirely off, and you will find that, having sewn your net on the frame firmly, you will now have a nice light and perfect frame made. I have no doubt you will find it come more easy to you to do, provided you could see one ready made; should this not be in your power, try once or twice on something that is of no value, and you will succeed. These wire frames are very comfortable for winter bonnets; they set closer to the head, and are softer and lighter than the hard willow frames.

EXPOSURE OF CHILDREN.

WE have often written upon the danger of mothers exposing the legs of children in cold weather. The following article from an English magazine is confirmatory of what we have written on this subject:—

“Not many months ago, the mother of a very nice little boy was expostulated with for letting him go about in a sort of half-clothed state. She said that ‘he had not been well lately, and that he had been liable to colds.’ ‘Then, why do you not put warmer clothing on him?’ was the reply. ‘His clothes are too short, and his legs should be covered up with warm stockings or trousers.’ ‘Trousers at his age!’ she replied, with a start of horror, as if the perpetration of some serious crime had been proposed to her. ‘I think,’ she continued, ‘that it is a good plan to harden children—do not you?’ ‘Indeed,’ answered her friend, ‘I do not think it at all a good plan to try to harden them by undue exposure of some parts of the body to the atmosphere. Neither would anybody else think so if it did not suit the fashion.’

“Well, the clothing of this little boy remained unchanged; the mother was engaged one way and another, and could not afford to keep sufficient attendants for her children. He amused himself indoors or in the garden, as pleased him; and a few weeks ago he was laid up with rheumatic fever; he suffered exceedingly, but with medical assistance got somewhat better. He was again dressed in his cotton drawers and short petticoats, was taken ill again, and now lies without hope of recovery.”

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(Concluded from page 243.)

"The daughters of the year,
One after one, through that still garden passed.
Each, garlanded with her peculiar flower,
Danced into light, and died into the shade;
And each, in passing, touched with some new grace,
Or seemed to touch her, so that, day by day,
Like one that never wholly can be known,
Her beauty grew."

FIVE years of seed-time and harvest passed. The day talked of by Mr. Wiley had arrived. A railroad, upheld by broad, gray arches of masonry, spanned the sluggish stream, and in part the empty common, trailing its clouds of dust and vapor high above them, and yet leaving the leafy greenery of the gardener's home scarcely sullied by the intrusion.

The land and its products had fulfilled the prophecy and doubled in value, thanks to its noisy neighbor. Still the old life went quietly on; the same frugal industry turned the rich brown soil in spring, and watered the tender plants in the droughts of summer. Outward changes there were: greenhouses filled with rare exotics, and graperies, where clusters almost like those of Eshcol hung basking in the sunshine, stretched through the upper garden; and hither, as the city crept nearer and nearer to them, came many a gay party to lounge, and admire and carry away their brilliant spoils.

It was here that the gardener himself was chiefly to be found. His skill and unwearied superintendence guided every helping hand; but the passion of his life was gratified in this more delicate fostering of bud and blossom. Many a visitor stopped to talk with him of other pursuits than those to which his life had been devoted, and all respected the honest simplicity and uprightness of character which he still preserved, the heritage of his Scottish forefathers. Sometimes, but rarely, strangers caught a glimpse of a young girl simply dressed, with no other ornament than the flowers which she always wore in the heavy braids of fair hair, wound about her head in an old but graceful fashion.

The house and flower-garden were her especial domain. The house had grown gradually to show the all-pervading taste of a refined and tasteful mistress. Well filled book-shelves were the only additions to the furniture of the sit-

ting-room; but the round table had its place near the window, and never wanted its vase of the choicest blossoms, arranged with the same innate love of adornment that had dictated the prodigal bouquets of roses, and blue-flags, and peonies, in which the child had delighted. In the window-seat were to be found a work-basket and a volume or two most prized at the moment; for this was Christine's favorite nook, where she worked, and read, and dreamed away those hours rescued from busier household tasks.

She had never seen her friend since the day of his sudden departure, still kept fresh in her memory by the bitterness of a loss she had forgotten must come. She had not even heard from him after the one package of books he had promised her and the precious note of remembrance which accompanied them. But the impulse which that friendship had given to her inner life had never passed away. In all things she desired to approach that atmosphere of knowledge and perception in which he lived; and her father, happy to find that she did not pine for companions and the novelty which all young people crave, was well content to furnish such aids as he could to her vigorous self-culture. Nor were they the less dear companions and friends. She neglected no housewifely arts, because they ministered to his comfort; and, for her sake, he roused himself to new interest in pursuits that he had loved in his own youth.

June with its prodigal floral treasures had come once more. Waving foliage, clustering vines, whole beds of spicy pinks, and fragrant mignonette and heliotrope, clumps of old-fashioned garden flowers, and, over all, the pendent blossoms of the acacias, transformed the gardener's cottage to a bower of beauty. Christine's tasteful hands were busy weaving bouquets for the city visitants that thronged the walks; and splendid equipages were drawn up beneath the grateful shade of the willows that bordered the water-course. It was no rare thing to see ladies, as gayly attired as those she held so unapproachable in that grand holiday of her childhood, strolling through the walks, peering curiously at the narrow windows of the cot-

tage, and lavishing epithets of pleasure and admiration on the occupant of this new Eden; while Christine watched them from her sheltered nook, detecting what was false in tone and manner, and unconsciously assuming the more gentle and womanly charm of real elegance and good breeding.

"They toil not, neither do they spin," she often thought, contrasting her lowlier lot, void of envy or jealousy, with their butterfly existence, but wondering, nevertheless, if her life would always pass devoid of the change and excitement in which they seemed to live.

"Quick as you can, Christy," said her father's voice, rousing her from such a day-dream. The throng had not set in as yet; and, standing at her window, she had watched, idly, the dismounting of a tall, dashing equestrian, who had strolled away towards the greenhouses with her attendant cavalier. "Old Jacob brought in the order from that gentleman on horseback, and they have but a little time. You are to use plenty of white rosebuds and heliotrope loves, of course." And away went the busy gardener, leaving the basket of freshly culled buds and flowers for her to arrange.

It did not seem fitting, from the glance she caught of the haughty girl who had so lately passed her window, this selection of pure and delicate blossoms.

"I should have chosen pomegranate bells, and crimson fuchsias, scentless japonicas. She is not gentle or loving;" and she thought so the more as, going to seek her father when her task was ended, she came suddenly upon the pair as they stood before a glowing pyramid of tropical bloom and verdure. They did not see her for the leafy screen at the angle of the narrow passway; and, startled into sudden shyness, she stood hesitating whether to retreat or advance; a picture herself in her waiting attitude, her simple dress of white according well with the fair throat and unstudied, graceful poise of her well-shaped head with its banded hair. "No; she is proud; she will not return his affection: she cannot understand it." And all this was plainly read in the flashing, half scornful smile of the beautiful woman who pulled so carelessly leaf after leaf of the crimson rose she held, and scattered them on the floor through the white fingers gleaming with jewels. Her cheek, just shaded by the floating plume of her riding-hat, had a color almost as deep and glowing; and she stood with her eyes looking full into the face of her companion, who had just ceased to speak as their unwilling confidant came upon the scene.

"Once for all, Henry," she said, speaking slowly and distinctly, "let us understand each other. I have always loved you as much as I am capable of loving, perhaps. Being your wife is out of the question. We are both too poor, and I for one have far too expensive tastes: greenhouses, for instance," she added, laughing lightly. "Come, let us go."

As she turned, Christine could not have escaped without what must have been an awkward encounter to all. She shrank closer behind the orange-trees that sheltered her, but she could not avoid seeing the faces of both as they passed. One strangely familiar; the broad, white forehead contracted now as if with pain, the lips compressed on the ivory handle of the riding-whip he carried. Yes, it was her old friend, too much absorbed in stifling the present pang of wounded pride, and perhaps affection, to heed the past, following the careless steps that had trodden down so relentlessly all bloom and verdure from the future.

To be so near, to know his secret, to see his pain, and yet be passed in forgetful unconsciousness, when her life had been one long grateful ovation to him! It was hard, very hard, this abrupt awakening to the reality of their position, and what she must needs have been to him—a passing figure on a busy scene, her very remembrance blotted out. The lady is free again. Yes, she understood it now. The haughty school-girl had grown to the heartless woman of fashion, coldly rejecting love for ambition.

She felt stunned and guilty as she stole away and gained the house again. The sun was obscured by the heavy cloud of a rising shower; the room had suddenly grown low and gloomy; the breath of the heliotrope, from the flowers she still carried, sickened her; and, with a gesture of impatience, she flung them far out into the lawn to wither and die there.

"I have dreamed of this meeting so often," she said to herself, passionately, "of thanking him for all he has done for me, of triumphing in what I have achieved alone, because he told me that I had but to will, and to be what I know *I am*. And he has never thought of me! Why should he? why have I expected it? why should he, indeed?" she groaned inwardly.

Not that she had dreamed of love, either given or returned. Boundless gratitude and the simplest admiration were what she had treasured up for him; but seeing him so spurned had awakened a new emotion. It was as if some one had trampled a flower in the dust, and she had stooped to gather it, and wiped the petals carefully, and placed it in her bosom, knowing

all the while that it would wither and die there.

The bright freshness of June did not return again. The shower came slowly down in great black drops, and heavy distant mutterings of thunder then passed on without refreshing the heated soil, leaving a sultry atmosphere and low trailing clouds behind. It was the commencement of one of those feverish heats that sometimes come thus early in the season with the intensity of August. It might have been the heavy air, so unrefreshing even in the early morning, that took away all zest in her favorite pursuits. As it was, the simple pleasures of her life had suddenly palled upon her. A restless discontent, that made all duty irksome, took the place of the cheerful activity her father so loved to see. This selfish bitterness of spirit, this struggle against her solitary lot in life for a time blinded her to the change in him. The drought, of necessity, called for more active exertion on his part, and he had by no means the strength of early manhood to meet it; and Christine's sad awakening came with the burning fever and ravings of delirium that summoned her to her father's sick bed.

Self-reproach could not restore to her the great blessing of her life, which she had so unthankfully overlooked—her father's love and companionship. The bitter remorse of her long and solitary watch was unavailing. Only in death came loving recognition to those heavy eyes and a blessing which she took for pardon also. Now she was indeed alone. No friend, no relative that she could claim, no one to turn to for comfort or counsel; the narrow grave held all, and she lay in the darkened room, shutting out light and sound, almost incapable of realizing the extent of the calamity which had overtaken her.

But daily life will not be cheated of the servitude it exacts from all by grief.

"If I might be so bowld, Miss," said old Jacob, appearing on the threshold, his torn straw hat held respectfully in his hand. He had long been employed upon the place, a contemporary of Betsy, who still reigned in the domestic department as he did among the laborers that were now necessary where the gardener and himself had once accomplished all.

Christine had for the first time forced herself to enter the common sitting-room, where she knew her loneliness would be more keenly felt. It had been tenantless from the first of her father's illness, save for the gloomy occupation of the last two days: the straight and motion-

less form that had been carried from thence to the grave. Everything still held the formal aspect of the funeral: the chairs ranged against the wall; the books and work laid out of sight; the bird, removed from its accustomed place—the shade of the vines above the window—sang elsewhere. Christine leaned back in her mother's chair, and elevated her eyes with a sudden feeling of suffocation. What a blank and desolate future stretched away before her!

"If I might be so bowld," said the old servant again, rousing her from this miserable trance.

"Jacob, is that you? Yes; come in." And, thus bidden, he ventured to unfold his errand.

"If Miss could tell me whether the men was to go on with the ditchin', and if thim new beds was to be laid out the day?"

Hitherto, he had managed as well as he could without direction, but he could not go on so always, and he wished to show her his zeal in her service.

"Indeed, Jacob, I do not know; I have not thought. Cannot you manage for yourself what ought to be done?"

"Mayhap the masther left some directions; and it's not always a poor man like me can be usin' his own wits."

"But to-day, Jacob; do as you like to-day. I will try to think."

She only grew the more bewildered, until the old man's words suddenly came back to her mind: "Mayhap the masther left some directions." The few keys of the house were in her own possession; and, for the first time in her life, she opened the desk which had been the mysterious admiration of her childhood. The little drawers, inlaid with some dark, foreign wood, it seemed almost wrong to open them; and everywhere were traces of the methodical neatness which had kept the garden in its exact and beautiful order. Bills and receipts, recently filed, filled the desk itself. A few letters from distant kindred across the water were in one compartment; in the next, a little packet, tied with a white ribbon, and lying upon withered rose leaves—the few letters of her mother's courtship, the last flowers that she had gathered—preserved sacredly. And then she came upon a lawyer-like packet sealed and bound with red tape, but directed in her father's hand, not to herself—the well-known name stood out clear and unmistakable: "For Henry Wiley, with the charge of all I may leave behind." The date was long ago—the summer of his visit to them; and Christine understood how one of those long talks, which had interested her so little, had resulted in this inclosure,

doubtless the "last will and testament," which alone could guide her since he was gone.

The address was given in full, so that there was no obstacle to forwarding the packet at once, or sending to apprise him of its existence. The quick bound of glad anticipation at seeing the only one she had ever called friend in this her hour of need was followed by pain, and doubt, and indecision. But the choice was not hers, and she accepted her father's guidance for her, resolving that the old bond should never be alluded to, or even be suffered in remembrance.

"He does not know. It will only be for a little time of grave formality, our intercourse," she said to herself, after a long and miserable conflict. So the packet was sent to its destination; and, once more roused to life and its interests, she awaited the result with feverish impatience.

The twilight of the day in which her messenger had been dispatched, long before she could reasonably have expected a reply, the garden gate swung to, its sharp click sounding through the stillness, and a firm, quick tread came up the gravelled walk. Christine knew instantly that he had come. As a child, that step had summoned her to meet him; but now she sat quite still, pressing her hands together, while her heart almost stopped beating. *Then*, if the day had brought any little grief or trouble, she had stolen her hand into his, and, leaning against his shoulder, told it all, to be soothed and comforted. Now, when all her desolate loneliness came suddenly back upon her, she must meet him with the formality of a stranger summoned only by business, not sympathy.

He came hastily into the room, for the doors were thrown open to the summer night, but paused as she rose with an outward calmness that mocked the tumult within. She had seen for herself the little change time had wrought in him; but he had thought to find the child he had left weeping silently by the great clump of hawthorn.

"I beg your pardon, madam." It was the courtesy of the stranger, not the greeting of a friend. "I thought only of finding Christy, my little friend." Then, as she approached still nearer, and offered her hand silently, the truth seemed to flash upon him, and he stopped suddenly.

"It cannot be Christine, surely. I had forgotten how years go on. Why did you not write to me before, before it was too late?"

He had indeed thought only of the child, and had come out with the feeling of interest newly awakened to take her away to his mother's

house. Now, seeing this grave and gentle woman so strangely confided to his care, he scarcely knew how to act, or what suggestion to offer.

"I sent for you, Mr. Wiley, because I did not know of another living person to whom I could go for advice, and my father had directed me to you. He never had forgotten you, I think."

"Did he know I had been away all this time pushing a young man's fortune in the West? I came here once, just after my return, but I was ill, miserable, and I hurried away without asking for any one."

If she had not been a silent witness to the truth of this, she might not have comprehended how, being so near them, he had turned back from the threshold.

"I must go back to-night." He felt instinctively that his first plan had failed—carrying her with him; "but I will come again to-morrow and bring my mother, if she is able. You are all alone. It will not do for you to remain so in this solitary place."

"What *am* I to do? I do not know. You must tell me if he left any wishes for me to fulfil. It is all so sudden, I do not comprehend it yet."

"You must talk to my mother, Christine, and think of me as your brother now and always. I was your brother, you know, when we said good-by. Let us begin there again."

"If we could but do so!" she thought, wistfully, grateful for his kindness, but with a heavier heart each moment that they sat there, so separated by time and circumstance.

"But, Henry, my dear," said the more practical Mrs. Wiley, "indeed this is a great deal to take upon yourself—the care of a young, uneducated girl, probably romantic and wilful."

"She is not what you think, mother, if you were only strong enough to drive out there. I do not know where she has been educated; but I always told you they were not common people, and her manner is excellent, only so grave and quiet, too much so after such a loss as she has had."

"She was very shy, if I remember her—a plain, nervous little thing. I should have thought her grief would have been more boisterous."

"And I thought to find the same, and then imagine my surprise when this tall, graceful girl came forward! Indeed, she must not be left alone: it is not right or proper."

Mrs. Wiley thoughtfully rinsed the delicate china cup she held, and refilled it for her son. It was a comfort to have him with her again

after his long absence, and she could not bear to deny him anything. Still, she knew his enthusiastic temperament and headlong impulses often carried him too far. So she put off her decision, and promised to accompany him.

She went unwillingly, for, in the first place, she had come to be a confirmed invalid, and the exertion was a great deal for her; then, again, it was a most embarrassing position. If she offered this "young person," as she called her, mentally, a home, how was she to be placed in the household? Not as a dependent, for Henry had assured her she was secure from want; nor yet as a companion, bred as she had been, and tainted in all probability with the associations of her childhood. "Still, we must do something. They were certainly very kind to Henry years ago, and her father must have placed a great deal of confidence in him," was her last thought as the carriage stopped at the gate.

In her isolated and unconventional life, Christine had not yet assumed the outward garb of mourning. She stood at the house door in her usual simple dress of white, marked only by a black ribbon, fastening it at the throat; pale and grave as Mr. Wiley had described her, but more lovely than even he had thought, seeing her only in the dusk of evening. All latent thoughts of patronage faded away from his mother's mind as she came forward to meet them; and she urged her son's plan, as if her own, with a warmth that surprised as much as it gratified him. And Christine, lovely, grateful, yearning for a woman's sympathy, ceased to reason with herself, and for the time at least consented to become her guest. The more willingly, that, now the excitement was over, the utter loneliness and isolation of her position had forced itself upon her in the long sleepless night which had followed Mr. Wiley's interview. And thus her new life began, transplanted to the sphere for which she had so often yearned, and surrounded by the solicitude and care of a home. She was very grateful to them both, and happy in being able to serve in any way the gentle invalid lady, condemned to many weary hours of pain and seclusion. As for Mr. Wiley—she deceived herself, as many a wiser woman has done, with the thought of self-conquest—was he not her brother?

At her own home, old Jacob and Betsy nodded out their wise opinions over the kitchen fire, while Mr. Wiley came and went with the authority with which the will had invested him, caring for the orphan's interests as if they had been his own; but these ancient gossips knew nothing of the scornful yet bewildering

beauty that haunted his daily life, with a mocking jest at his wondrous philanthropy, and a luring glance belying her proud words.

But this could not always be. The shelter was grateful, but the orphan could only rest, not remain there. She had no real claim upon them. She knew not but that she must labor for her daily bread. Sometimes she coveted such a necessity; her spirits were sinking beneath this forced inaction and the uncertainty of the future. This was what she believed, but in truth she had overtaken herself; living beneath the same roof; seeing daily that her old faith was not a deception of childhood, but that he was in reality noble, and generous, thoughtful and earnest in heart. The old dream became a living reality, and *she loved him*.

"Do not go. Can you give me half an hour—for business?" explained Mr. Wiley, as he saw his ward's startled look. She had risen to follow his mother from the breakfast-room, for, of late, she had steadily avoided being alone with him.

"I am sorry to trouble you, but I have arranged everything as far as I could without your approval; and I think—I scarcely know how to tell you; but I think there had better be a sale."

She understood his hesitation, she thought. It was a hard thing to tell her that she had no claim on any home; but she had prepared herself for it. She knew how much her father had expended on his late improvements without having lived to realize the expected increase from them; and she was glad the crisis had come, and she was to know exactly her position and her future dependence. Yet it was hard to think of that home—she had been born, and *they* had died there—passing into the hands of strangers. It must have been so in any event, for she herself could not have assumed the responsibility and care connected with it. That was the only comfort.

"I must see it once more." That was all she could say for a sudden quivering of voice and lip as she turned to the window to gather composure as she could. In the close city square, on which it opened, the leaves were already falling, and the grass was dry and withered. The first melancholy gusts of autumn whirled the dust from the street in a blinding cloud. She had been with them so many months, yet it scarcely seemed a day; and this was the very room into which she had first been ushered, when, as a child, all was strange and dream-like in the great city. It was not less so now as she leaned, unconscious of the pressure, against the hard frame-work of the window.

How came she, an inmate of this house, the daily companion, almost friend, of the lady she had then looked up to with all a child's awe and reverence? And soon this also would seem unreal, when she should go forth to win her bread among strangers; but she said to herself many times that she was glad the time had come.

When she turned, the room was empty. *He* was ever thus thoughtful and considerate for his mother, who poured forth continual praises of his almost womanly thoughtfulness and care—and invariably for her; though she had been so cold and thankless, he must have thought her so. Alas, if he only knew how much it cost her to preserve this barrier between them! Even if there had been no other love to engross his heart, what could she have hoped for, poor, friendless, uneducated, inferior in every way to the woman he should marry?

Many delays had arisen, and October's first frosts had withered the foliage and blackened the borders before her wish was accomplished, and she stood once more, and for the last time, in the home of her childhood. She shivered as she gathered her shawl more closely about her, and wandered through the silent, sheltered alleys alone. Even in this little time there were traces of neglect. Dead leaves encumbered the lawn, or had gathered at the cross-walks, as they had never been suffered to remain in her father's lifetime. The first climbing rose that her mother's own hands had planted was broken from its fastenings, and hung down trailing and drooping to the ground. The few dahlias and chrysanthemums that yet remained in blossom only mocked the general decay. There was nothing to keep her there, and yet she walked up and down, beneath the leafless acacias sighing in the wind, with a swift though unsteady step, a whole lifetime crowded into one wintry twilight. The gray sky, the cold, piercing wind, the withered foliage, the fallen leaves suited her bitter mood. "Homeless, friendless—save for charity—withered and unclasped like the rose-tree" was the burden of her thought. Then she stood quite still by the hawthorn, and lived over again the evening that had first brought change and anticipation to a hitherto untroubled life, looking around with a troubled, yearning gaze on these familiar haunts, that memory might do her work as faithfully, and hold them all in keeping for future years.

She did not know of the pitiful, watchful gaze that had followed her all that weary time, or the work that recollection was doing in another heart.

When she turned at last, and came slowly towards the house which she so longed yet dreaded to enter, the faint gleam of the western sky was lost, and night had gathered over all things. She groped her way blindly, for tears as well as darkness, to the room sanctified by all she had ever known of household love; and the long-suppressed sorrow gave way to sobs and bitter moaning that shook her whole frame as she leaned her head on the mantle above that desolate hearth.

"Christy!"

She knew it was madness, but the passionate impulse of the moment could not be resisted. She felt those kindly arms open to receive her; she craved their shelter but for one brief, delirious moment; and so she lay, drawn, as in years gone by, close to a heart beating as strongly as her own, while the circling arm pressed her closely, more closely still.

"If you would but love me, Christy, and let me be your home."

It was part of the dream; and she shivered as she had done in the blast without, when she said "*love you!*" knowing all that divided them, forgetting nothing of that even in her momentary madness.

"When I think of the little child that nursed and tended me so patiently, years ago," he went on to say, "who had even then such a solitary loving heart; when I see all that she has wrought out unaided; when I know what a daughter she has been, and will be to a mother who needs a daughter's care, the false enchantment of boyhood fades away from a heartless, soulless woman; and I know who holds a nobler sway, if she will but reign, if she will but wait, and prove me."

Still she did not answer.

"Only one thing has kept me silent since I first began to picture you *always* in our home, loving, and gentle, and womanly, as now, yet these, of right, as my wife"—and he stooped lower for an instant, until his cheek almost touched the white passive face lying on his breast—"when I came to know that you would be almost an heiress, and that other claimants for what I coveted would not be lacking, or that the world might say I had urged my suit unworthily. But you will not think it, Christy. You knew me long ago; and I had meant to try the test, and stand aside for a time, but I could not. How could I help gathering you here—here—and seeking a right to comfort you?"

It was not all said at once, but brokenly, as if he had guessed the current of her thoughts, and followed it.

"My father loved and trusted you," she answered, in the stillness of the room, that seemed yet shadowed by his presence; "and I—" She could not tell him in words what he

had always been to her; but hid her face once more upon his breast, and let the gesture speak.

She had found the only home that could replace that which she was leaving forever.

MATERNAL COUNSELS TO A DAUGHTER.

THE SICK-ROOM. (*Continued.*)

THE progress of science has taught us that air and cleanliness are quite as necessary to abate illness as to maintain health. Frequent changes of linen and thorough ablution will mitigate the severity of any feverish attack, and contribute greatly to recovery. Vinegar in tepid water, or a little eau-de-cologne thrown into it, is most refreshing, besides lessening the danger of cold. The same linen should never be worn during a consecutive day and night, unless in cases of extreme illness, when it is dangerous to move the patient. Everything in the way of linen should be thoroughly aired and well warmed, so that no chill may be felt on coming in contact with it.

Medicine should be given with the greatest exactness; and as the capacities of spoons are as various as those of people, those to be used in measuring physic should be shown to the medical man, that he may decide on the suitability.

Never give medicine without looking at the label, to see if it is right. I knew a fond mother who nearly sacrificed her favorite child by giving him the wrong medicine in the dark. It was only the utmost promptitude in obtaining medical assistance which saved his life.

Beware of disturbing a patient from sleep, even to take medicine, unless especially desired to do so. For any other reason it is most improper. Do not urge food or drink when nature does not seem to require it, and beware of irritating by an appearance of over-officiousness. How many nurses, with the kindest intentions, cause so much irritation to a patient that they become almost odious! They stand at the foot of the bed, and perhaps lean on it while talking, and shake at once the bed and the nerves of the sufferer. They drop the tongs or poker, or throw the coals on the fire with an energy which is excruciating; they bring up a little tea or gruel, and it is slopped over the cloth, and the sickly appetite is too much disgusted to remain. They enter into some long story without noting the weary eye, the contracted brow, the languor which denotes fatigue, and then they wonder at

the impatience with which they are told not to talk.

In all that appertains to a sick-room, good sense is one of the most essential qualities of a nurse.

The excessive weariness of the limbs, arising from long confinement to bed, may be greatly alleviated by a few simple remedial measures, seldom taken in this country even among the affluent. *Friction*, judiciously employed, is one of the most valuable, as it reduces swelling, lessens cramp, and produces a delightful feeling of refreshment. The palms of the hands should be employed for this purpose, or the hands may be tied in warm coarse flannel gloves. The friction should always be upwards, not *up and down*, as is generally practised; it should consist of a steady, even, and powerful, but not violent pressure, in which the fingers have no business at all, and may judiciously be accompanied by a sort of *kneading* of the fleshy parts of the limbs, which greatly tends to restore the circulation.

Friction so employed has the effect of almost magically soothing a patient, and will often be succeeded by a delightful sleep when all other means to obtain it have failed. The way in which our beds are made might often be altered beneficially; the blankets, &c., weigh too heavily on the chest and impede the breathing, while on the feet there is not a sufficient quantity. A small round bolster, such as is used on a couch, placed occasionally under the knees, will be found a great relief.

The air of a sick-room must be kept as fresh as possible, and the temperature very even. All disagreeable odors should be avoided; eau-de-cologne should be freely used, and chloride of lime in water, placed in a shallow vessel on the floor, and daily changed, will be useful in infectious diseases.

One of the pleasantest and most powerful deodorizers is coffee, freshly roasted and ground. It is so refreshing that hardly any one would object to its use.

Among the most obvious duties of a nurse is

to take care of *herself*. No experienced person will fail to do this; but it is not for the experienced I am writing. To the loving daughter, watching the couch of her parent, there appears to be something almost magnanimous in self-neglect, and if she have less good sense than good feeling, she will very probably abstain from those precautions which will insure her own continued health. But this is neither wise nor good; the more we think our services of value to others, the more careful we should be to preserve the power of rendering those services, and this cannot be done if we debilitate ourselves. In night-watching especially, we should be careful to take a sufficiency of good plain food, and to wrap ourselves up so as not to be injured by the increased cold. We should also avail ourselves of all the opportunity we have to rest, by lying down undressed, *not*, if avoidable, with clothes and corsets on. Bathing is as necessary to a nurse as sleep.

In approaching the bed of a person suffering from infectious disorders, we should be careful not to stand so that we inhale the breath of the sick person, nor should we begin our morning duties on an empty stomach. Exercise in the open air should always be taken, if possible; and all the conditions under which health is maintained in ordinary circumstances should be doubly attended to when occupied as a nurse.

But it falls to the lot of woman to be the sufferer as well as the soother of the sufferings of others, and perhaps the most valuable lessons of her life are learned during such seasons of trial. Whatever experience she may have as a nurse may be turned to excellent profit when she is herself dependent on the care of others. Has her patience been tried by the obstinacy of a patient who refused to submit to needful remedies, she will certainly summon resolution enough to avoid subjecting others to the same trial; has she felt how thoughtlessly her rest has been disturbed at the moment when she has been disposing herself for a brief repose, by a request for something which might just as well have been furnished before, she will be careful to have her wants supplied before her nurse prepares for rest. She will try to suppress impatience, and to give as little trouble as possible, and she will endeavor to exercise such self-control that it will render the very tedious task of her attendants almost a pleasure.

Very many trifling indispositions are converted into serious illness by the nervous, irritable nature of the sufferers. A pleasant book, light and sparing diet, and repose, will often avert illness, by acting on the mind and nerves. At

any rate, they can do no harm; whilst excitement, unusually dainty food, and gloomy thoughts, are in themselves almost enough to create disease.

Whilst all possible care, then, is taken of the health, let us bend to the will of the Almighty when sickness and suffering are apportioned to us; we may learn much from such seasons of retirement from the world. Not only will the fair face of nature look more lovely than ever when we are again permitted to behold it; not only shall we learn to prize more highly the love and kindness of which we have been the objects; but we shall have learnt more of our own hearts; we shall know better the errors of our past life, and be able more completely to correct those errors in future; we shall feel more deeply the value of that life which God has bestowed upon us, and have, it is to be hoped, a more earnest desire that it should be devoted to the happiness of our fellow-creatures.

In concluding the subject of the sick-room, we will give a few useful receipts for the preparation of various necessaries for an invalid, and also some observations regarding medicine.

The common way of taking any nauseous preparation is to swallow it first, and then eat something to take away the taste. It will be found a better plan to chew a small bit of lemon or orange peel previous to taking the medicine, and then to wash out the mouth with a little water.

Castor oil is one of the safest medicines that can be given; and it would doubtless be used more extensively but for the repugnance most people have to it. I have, however, known those who could not swallow it in any other way take it without difficulty if prepared as follows:—

Put into an ordinary medicine bottle (not a phial) the dose of oil that is to be taken. Set half a teacupful of milk, with a bit of sugar, on the fire in a saucepan, and boil it. When boiling, pour it carefully into the bottle, cork it up instantly, shake it well for two or three minutes, and pour it out at once. If taken immediately, very little taste will be observed. A drop or two of essence of cinnamon may be added.

Nothing more effectually disguises the nauseous taste of castor-oil than the froth of porter.

Medicines that are to be given in drops must be measured most carefully. To enable you to do this, wet a small portion of the edge of the phial with the cork, and hold it so that the drops may fall over the damp part. If you have the least doubt about your own accuracy, repeat the process, as a single drop, more or less, of

certain medicines may be injurious. To give precisely the proper dose, at precisely the proper period, is a part of the conscientiousness which you are bound to practise.

If you are yourself ill, do not increase your own suffering, and the difficulties of those in attendance on you, by hesitating to submit to whatever treatment is deemed necessary. If you take medicine promptly, instead of looking at it and inhaling its odor, it will be far less nauseous as well as more beneficial.

The food taken by invalids should be as delicately served as possible. A clean cloth, delicate china, and bright spoons, will make the plainest fare palatable. Generally speaking, sweets nauseate a sick person, and tea and coffee, from being so frequently taken, become absolutely odious. I have known a very simple drink greatly relished under such circumstances by the patient, and also approved by the doctor. It is simply good-milk, mixed with a larger or smaller proportion of hot water, and a pinch of salt.

TOAST AND WATER should be made with a small square lump of bread, held at first at a considerable distance from the fire, and afterwards more closely, until it is thoroughly dried through and browned to a dark brown (but without a shade of black) on the outside. Put it into a jug, pour over it a quart of boiling water, and cover it closely until cold; then strain it into another jug.

DRY TOAST, being more wholesome than bread, is generally given to an invalid. It should be made very carefully, thus: Cut the bread evenly, and without crust, half an inch thick. Hold it at some little distance from the fire until it is warmed through, not keeping it

still, but turning it slowly round, so that every part shall be equally toasted. When done, put it in a toast-rack. Never lay toast flat on a plate, as it becomes leathery.

BROTH, when intended to be very strengthening, should be made with as small a quantity of water as possible, and with more than one kind of meat. One pound of beef and one pound of veal, slowly stewed together, will make soup of a more nourishing nature than the same quantity of one kind of flesh only would produce. Spices and condiments of an exciting kind are not considered good for invalids. When a great amount of nourishment has to be given in very small compass, jug-broth may be made. Put a pound of lean beef or mutton, cut in small pieces, or a chicken cut up, into a close earthen jar, with a single cupful of water. Tie a thick paper over the top, and set it into a saucepan of water to stew. The water should be cold when the jar is put in, and allowed to boil very gradually at the fireside. The broth thus made may be salted to taste, and a single spoonful will contain considerable nutriment.

BARLEY CREAM is one of the nicest luncheons possible for an invalid. Take two pounds of lean veal, and a quarter of a pound of the best pearl barley; boil these together very slowly in a quart of water, until they become of the consistence of cream; strain through a fine sieve, and add a little salt. Beef may be used instead of veal.

Barley water, lemonade, and many other nice drinks, are suitable for invalids. Fruit essences, mixed with plain or aerated waters, are very delicious to patients who suffer from thirst and fever.

BE HOPEFUL AND FAITHFUL.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

THE sun shone down on the earth with a soft, hazy light, and the river flowed with a dull, monotonous sound as if half asleep, for a drowsy, universal quiet seemed to have spread over nature, and sunk each element to rest. But neither the subdued light nor the drowsy river was noticed by Mrs. Seymour, as she sat busily sewing by the cradle of her sleeping infant. There was a look of care on her fair brow, and an anxious, sad expression in her eyes, as if the light of her life had been dimmed in sorrow, ere age had marked her forehead, or stolen the raven lustre from her hair. She had

been the pet and idol of a fond father and mother, and no sorrow ever crossed her path in her childhood's home; and no one, not even those who always view the future through a dark cloud, prophesied evil for her as she stood by the side of Clarence Seymour on her bridal morning. Very fair and beautiful was she, with a look of clinging tenderness in her eyes, as if she had always had and expected a strong arm to uphold her, and lead her through the flowery paths of life; and competent seemed her chosen one for that task, with his broad, intellectual brow, and piercing eye, softened, as he gazed on

his bride, to a look of almost woman's tenderness.

A handsome mansion, a short distance from her father's, became their home, and for a few years she passed through one unclouded scene of joy and happiness; but a dark cloud hovered in the horizon, and soon spread over her bright hopes like a gloomy pall, making her days of darkness seem still more cheerless for the gladness that had preceded them. Her gifted and intellectual husband had been welcomed everywhere, and at every gathering the winecup had awaited him; and, almost before he was aware, strong coils were around him that he had no strength or resolution to unloose. Riches, honor, society, respectability, passed away from them, and a miserable cottage, with no tall, noble trees, or clustering vines, or sweet associations, was all that now they could call their own.

Mrs. Seymour was thinking of these past scenes as she sat sewing; of the mossy graves of her father and mother; of the soft, subdued light that stole in through the honeysuckle and rose that festooned the windows in her old home; of the bright love-glance from her husband's eye that quivered her heartstrings; and also of that hour when the truth crept into her heart that her chosen one loved the winecup—alas, too well!—of her useless remonstrances, of bitter words, and cold, averted eye, and even of one heavy blow that had sent her reeling to the floor; but even that seemed nothing to the thought that her sweet, innocent boy, "her darling Frank," would be taunted as a drunkard's child, that no father's hand would lead him to a better world. But the bitterest dreg in her bitter cup was the words, "No drunkard could enter the kingdom of heaven." All the night previous, and part of that day, that sentence had rung in her ears until her mind seemed on the verge of madness. What could she do? She had wept, prayed, and beseeched, and he was a drunkard still. But faith whispered "God is powerful; seek his aid once more;" and anxiously she sought her bedroom, and raised her thoughts in prayer. First, low moans and sobs arose, but, as her heart gathered strength, she pleaded aloud for help from Him who is mighty to save. She asked not for less care or suffering for herself; only lead *him* from the error of his ways, and win him for an humble follower of Jesus.

Little dreamed she that her husband had stolen soberly, silently in, and was a listener to her imploring words. His heart became pierced and broken; and tearfully he knelt by her side, and

raised his voice with hers for mercy, for strength to break through the bonds that had been a withering curse to him as for her.

* * * * *

Far away in one of the Western States, where the flower-gemmed prairie slopes down to the water's edge, stands a cozy cottage, half hid beneath the overhanging branches that form a canopy above it. It is a beautiful, quiet spot where nature has been very bountiful, and was chosen for a home by one who was capable of joining taste and art with natural beauty, and thereby made it the Eden that it is. It was the hour for tea, and the mother busily worked away setting the table, watching the hot cakes, and singing a low, sweet song (one of those that only flow from the heart at ease), while often she paused by the open door to kiss her chubby Allie, who proudly sat in her father's arms.

"I wonder why Frank don't come? It is past four, and I am sure school must be out;" and she listened to hear his merry whistle down the road; but disappointed, she took up the paper, and was busy reading a story, when Frank's light step struck on her ear, and she started up to enjoy the quiet closing meal of the day. After the first bustle was over, she noticed how sad her boy looked, and that there were tears in his eyes, and wonderingly she asked what troubled him.

"Oh, I feel so sorry for Willy Carter! The boys plagued him at school, and would not play with him, because he was a drunkard's son. I am so glad my father don't drink." Ah, little did he dream, as his mother's cheek paled, and his father's face reddened while he left the table to hide his emotion, why it was, or how it was, that he escaped being a drunkard's son!

LITTLE THORNS.

THE sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face, familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn, in their journey through life, and make their travelling irksome and unpleasant.

SIX SCENES FROM A LIFE-DRAMA.

BY DESMARAIS.

I.

"WHEN I get married, I mean to tease my husband almost to death: I do like to tease those I love." Thus, with a gay laugh and a toss of her head, spake the pretty and *piquante* Kate Edgely, at the age of seventeen, as she sat, one evening, under the shade of Spanish oaks, on her uncle's lawn, at Edgely Grove.

She said this to a young man of some three or four-and-twenty, with whom she had been gayly chatting for half an hour or more in all the *abandon* of long friendship; for Carrol Avory had been her companion from childhood; their fathers were connected in ties of kindred sympathy through long years—long before their children lived. Carrol Avory was also somewhat of a philosopher, or believed that he was—which is pretty much the same thing, especially if he was able to make others believe it. He belonged partly to the stoics and partly to the cynics—or thought he did; and many said Carrol had been crossed in love: perhaps he had. Nothing begets younger philosophy, or sterner, than disappointed affection—except crushed ambition.

When Kate had spoken thus, and laughed, he smiled—*cynically*—and replied: "Giving you credit for all talent in the teasing line, there are at least two classes of men whom you could not succeed with."

"Do tell me which they are."

"Certainly. First, there is a class whose love is too enduring to depend on their patience, and whose faith is too strong to doubt their ability to bear and their certainty of being rewarded; their only passions are love and grief. Then there is another class—far more numerous—whose will is so firm, whose moral force is so great, whose character is so steeled by self-control, that they conquer the will of a weaker by an iron word, or a look of command, or, if this fail, by a system of tyranny far more terrible. With the first class you would cease, from shame; with the latter, from fear."

"Gracious! what a long speech!" exclaimed the laughing girl. "You didn't think I was in earnest, surely?"

"I *hoped* you were not," replied the *stoic* youth, gravely.

And rising, they entered the house.

II.

THREE years! And what are three years? An atom, an infinitesimal portion of the great desert of time, whose countless sands are dropping, one by one, into the fathomless ocean of Eternity. And yet each one bears the burden of a life and the mystery of a death. And how much, how very much are three years to humanity! how much of joy and sorrow! how much of happiness and misery! how much of crime and retribution! how much of hunger and thirst, and blood, and tears, of cloud and sunshine, of sleep and watching, of night and day! how much of being! how much of dust and ashes! Oh, how great, and constant, and terrible, are the changes of three years!

Three years since Kate Edgely and Carrol Avory talked together in the soft starlight under the whispering foliage of the old Spanish oaks at Edgely Grove.

Three years; and Carrol is a wanderer in distant lands, across stormy seas—seeking two mysteries, which, like the banquet of Tantalus, ever seem within the grasp, yet ever elude the extended arm: two phantoms, which, like the mirage of the desert, spread their airy glories upon the weary traveller's vision, but melt into space at his eager approach: two will-o'-the-wisps—health and forgetfulness. Alas, it was a fiend who fabled Lethe, for there is no Lethe but the grave!

Three years; and Kate is a widow!

Edmund Staunton was the only son of a clergyman near Edgely Grove. His father was wealthy, but he labored not the less with a pure heart and firm faith in leading "in the strait and narrow path" those committed to his charge.

Edmund was twenty-five when he first saw Kate Edgely. His life had been passed, of late, in the studies of a distant university, preparing himself to follow in the footsteps of his father; and it was upon his final return to the Roof-tree at Wilton parsonage that he met the sparkling

niece of old Squire Edgely. Although of a meek, timid nature, Edmund was poetical and romantic; and the wit, the beauty, and the animation of the gay Kate fascinated him. The unreserved intercourse of the country, the walks, the rides, the fishing, the sailing, the picnic parties, brought them constantly together; and three months sufficed to kindle a mutual affection—or at least its semblance. Outwardly, Staunton was handsome, though somewhat pale; gentlemanly, and dignified; inwardly, a harvest, a fearful harvest, was slowly but surely falling before the pitiless reaper, Death. But of that, none but him knew—perchance, not even he. They were married in the spring-time, with the love songs of wooing birds for their epithalamium. The honey-moon was passed in travel, and they returned to settle down to domestic happiness in a charming spot upon his father's parish, where he hoped to aid him in the "good work." For awhile, all was sunshine; but, alas, Kate's fatal resolve began ere long to work, perhaps unconsciously to herself, for, by habit, it had become a second nature to her to tease, and she had as yet paid no penalty for its indulgence. Many times indeed during his wooing she had exercised these powers upon Edward; but they were scarce ripples in the broad, steady current of his love, and it flashed over them and rolled on.

But now it was different; she was ever there, and the ripples became larger, more constant, deeper, till they merged into one strong, hissing eddy that bubbled, and foamed, and seethed up in his love stream, and troubled and made turbid all its waters.

Yet he never spoke of the inward wrestlings; he was kind, and gentle, and caressing; and she felt that the barrenness of her triumph was a defeat. So rolled a year and a half; and all this time of alternating shower and sunshine, smiles and tears, the reaper was levelling fibre by fibre—the life-stalks of Edmund Staunton's existence. She saw not the day of in-gathering approaching; she would not see it; he felt it, but he would not tell her. Yet it came, unhas-tened by earth-pangs. Oh, hope and believe it was not thus hastened! Kate Staunton, for your soul's peace, hope and believe it!

It came, slowly, silently, with nothing of strife, nothing of fear, nothing of longing. It came peacefully, solemnly; and the softened chimes of distant bells quavered through the still air of the Sabbath morn, faint and broken, as if with sobs, yet fragrant and with a holy harmony, until they gently, and as with a timid awe, yet lovingly, trembled through the half

closed lattice, and mingled their last strain with the faint sigh of Edmund Staunton's freed spirit.

III.

AND Kate Staunton was a widow!

In the sad, solitary, storm-racked night that cast its first cloud and poured its first quickening rain upon the fresh sod of her husband's grave; in that night of moaning wind, and cursing thunder, and shrieking forest, and the measured tapping of the rain-drops on the casements, with a sound as of funereal hammers; in that night of vigil and woe, as she lay crouching upon the bed so lately, and alas so lightly, pressed by her husband's wasted form, did there not creep across her heart the cold, ghastly shadow of a self-reproach, like the clammy trail of a serpent over the warm breast of a sleeping savage, causing her to shrink and shudder, and leaving in its track the poisonous slime of remorse!

But morning came, and the sun burst impetuously through the gloomy cloud-host, and the birds hymned their song of gratitude, and the breeze whispered its tuneful love-tale to the trembling leaflets; nature awoke, and drank in renewed life, and health, and joy from the glorious day fount. Morning came, and peeped in, laughing, at the window, where still lay the crouched form and the aching heart; and, with rosy smile, and glad bird voices, and gentle breeze murmurs, the heart was cheered, and sung and lulled into a soft dream of hope.

IV.

WHAT a glorious expression of elemental power is the ocean in its wild war with the storm-king! With what a gusty malice the wind blades strike their keen edges through the spray shields, and bury their points in the very bosom of ocean. With what a stubborn strength the mighty waters rush up to close the chasm, and hurl their shouting foe afar off upon the foaming crests of their wrath-billows!

And amid all this wrestling and roaring, right on through the battle din, speeds a gallant vessel, shaking the furious spray from her gleaming bows, bending with a careless grace before the artillery of the blast, yet fearless and unscathed, "she rides the plunging chargers of the deep," bearing her freight of soul life to its destined haven.

On that vessel's deck, his eye flashing back the spirit of the storm, his whole frame buoyant with the fiercest sympathy for the awful scene

before him, stands Carrol Avory, after six years of wandering in almost every clime of earth, now straining his spray-clouded vision to catch a shadowy glimpse of his native shores, stretching dim and dark, like the hither side of fabled Hades, far along the horizon.

Has he found the twin mysteries of his search? Perhaps not; but he has found two stars instead, whose constant lustre will lighten his pathway, even through the "valley of shadows"—Faith and Hope.

Three years since Edmund Staunton died, and time, the soother, has mellowed the remembrance of sorrow in the breast of the widowed Kate.

On this balmy evening of spring, she sits, as of old, beneath the Spanish oaks on her uncle's lawn; and, as the shadows grow longer and the stars come out, one by one, flickering like fire-flies through the waving foliage, she thinks of such evenings a few short years ago, when beneath this olden shade, with a light heart and a happy presage, she listened to an impassioned voice whispering bright hopes and love-illuminated plans of future happiness. The silent tears drop all unseen upon the darkening turf at her feet; but they are no longer tears wrung from an agony of fresh sorrow, hot and bitter with the gall of a sharp remorse. They are cooling, grateful, pearly tears, that spring from the gentle fount of a chastened spirit, a mellowed grief, and they fall as soothingly as falls the freshness of the evening dew upon the thirsty leaflet.

With these tears yet lingering on her cheek, her thoughts are borne a little further back upon time's current to a more shadowy past, and she hears light laughter and sparkling converse ringing under these old arches; she hears the gay jest and the happy repartee, the unthinking, foolish resolve of coquetish seventeen, and the grave—*then absurdly grave*—reproof of *philosophic, serious twenty four*. She is again Kate Edgely, and Carrol Avory sits beside her. "Poor Carrol! where is he now? Oh, that he were here! oh, that he had never departed! and so suddenly, too! It has always seemed most strange. Why has he never written her? He knew she loved him so. Loved him? Why, was he not her best friend, the friend of her childhood, her maidenhood? Did he not love her, too? But hold! He was so changed after Edmund came! He never liked poor Edmund. Yet why? And why go away unkindly—almost sullenly—just when she was to—ah! could it be that he felt towards her other than as a brother, a dear friend? He never spoke other; he

never seemed to. Oh, she could not be so cursed! And yet—and yet did she not love him with another love than sisterly? She had never asked herself the question; but now—now—what was that? a footstep? Some one comes swiftly down the shaded pathway. It is a man. Heavens, it is—"Kate!" "Oh, Carrol!" And they are clasped in a long, fervent embrace.

V.

"AND you say she is really married again?"

"She really is, and to her first love, too; for I feel sure she loved Carrol before, long before, she ever saw poor Staunton."

"Oh, do tell me all about it!" exclaimed the first speaker, Miss Emily Reed, a bright cousin of Kate's. "You know I've just got off the horrid steamer, and am not at all posted up in our family affairs."

"It is soon told," replied her elder sister. "About three years after Edmund's death, Carrol came home, suddenly and unexpected. It was just about the time of your arrival in Vienna"—

"Yes," interrupted Emily; "I saw him in Paris. He told me he was going home; but, poor fellow, he looked as if he would never reach there alive."

"Well, nevertheless, he *did* arrive, and much improved in health. None of us knew of his coming, *exactly*, so he took us all by surprise—Kate most of all. How they met I don't know. I believe it was at the 'Grove;' but, at any rate, he was there almost all the time, and Kate seemed very happy, as well as he; and so, about a month ago, I suddenly received a letter from Kate (I was in Boston) asking me to be her bridesmaid, and I agreed, of course, though I never was more surprised; and Captain Brinton, Carrol's cousin, stood up with me, and they were married; and Carrol has taken Oakley Cottage for the summer; and they seem as happy as two turtles; and—that's the whole story, Em; so let's go and dress for our visit to the 'happy pair.'"

VI.

AND Carrol had found his goal—though not where he sought it; but he was happy, so happy that his heart seemed to have put forth fresh fibres of life, his form expanded, his cheek bloomed, his eye kindled, and the promise of many years was renewed in him.

And Kate—was she not true to her repent-

ance? Did she not "love, honor, and obey" with all her soul? and, if she ever felt a shadow of the old weakness stealing across her spirit, did she not seek a quiet corner of the old church-yard, and there, over a broken pillar, inscribed with a simple name (fit emblem of a

life rudely shattered in its hasty snatching), and wreathed with dark green ivy that clung around it as if it would lovingly hide the rugged wounds of the cold iron—there, upon the flowering sod, did she not register a fresh and sacred vow, and seal it with her tears?

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XXVI.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (*Continued.*)

EVERY landscape may be divided with greater or less precision into three parts, the distance, the middle-picture, and the foreground. As the effect of distance is to subdue both lights and shadows, the first of these seldom plays a conspicuous part in the general arrangement of the chiaroscuro; although the deep blue of a distant mountain in full shadow is sometimes effectively introduced. The largest breadth of shade is generally spread over the middle-picture, while the deepest shadows, as well as the strongest lights, naturally, from its proximity, occupy the foreground. Sometimes, however, the foreground is in full shadow throughout, and the principal light falls on the middle-picture. In this case, a few strong and scattered touches of light falling on objects in the foreground contrast very effectively with its dark tints. In daylight scenes, in nature, the principal light is generally in the sky; but in a showery or stormy sky, when the sun is supposed to be shining, but not from within the limits of the picture, the entire sky may often be in half-shadow, and the principal light on the foreground or middle-picture.

Should a mass of shade be required for the sake of repose in a position where there is nothing naturally to produce it, a tree, a house, or other object may occasionally be introduced for that purpose. This is, however, an artistic liberty which should be used sparingly, and with the utmost caution; and the painter will better display his judgment by selecting a station from which the objects and their shadows naturally produce a pleasing view, and may be represented to the best perspective and pictorial advantage, than by introducing others for the sake of effect. If no position can be found answering this condition, the object or scene may generally be abandoned as not admitting of picturesque representation, and some other chosen; although the ever-varying effects of light and shade caused by passing clouds, which may be introduced at

pleasure, will often, under judicious management, produce a breadth and repose which will confer an interest on scenes otherwise wanting in pictorial effect.

One decided advantage possessed by geometrical drawings is, that measurements from one scale will serve for all the views of an object, whether these be in plan, elevation, or section. While, however, presenting this desideratum, they are deficient in another respect; that is, the relative position of vertical to horizontal lines, or *vice versâ*, cannot be delineated on the same paper or plane. Thus, if one view is in plan, it is confined to plan alone, no lines delineating elevation being able to be drawn; hence the great variety of drawings required to give the measurements and positions of an object or design having many points of view. The rules of perspective, which we have just considered, are applicable to the delineation of objects by which two or more sides can be seen. Thus, in the case of a box which is longer than it is broad, but having the bottom of the same dimensions as the top, to give drawings geometrically constructed, from which a workman might take measurements, three separate views would be essential, namely, one of the side, one of the end, these being in elevation, and one of the top, this being in plan; the bottom being of the same dimensions as the top, no plan of this would be requisite. Now, by the rules of perspective, the box might be drawn in such a way that the side, end, and top would all be visible. But, as the reader will know, if he has studied the matter given in our section on perspective, that as the lines converge or recede from one another, in order that the idea of distance may be given, and as the lines to produce this effect are—even in comparatively simple subjects—numerous, the intricacy of the drawings renders it a matter of extreme difficulty to take measurements from the various parts with that ease and facility which ought to be an essential feature in mechanical operations. A method of drawing objects, then, by which two or more parts could

be shown in one drawing, and yet all measured from the same scale, is of considerable importance. By isometrical perspective or projection, this desideratum is attained with great facility. The term projection, in its widest sense, means a plan or delineation of any object; but is also used by some writers and practitioners to distinguish the method of drawing in which the principle is evolved of delineating the objects as if viewed at an infinite distance; this resulting in all the parts being drawn without the converging or diminution visible in common perspective, from all the parts being viewed from the same distance. The methods by which objects are projected are very numerous; but it is foreign to the scope of our work to enter into even a *cursory* detail of them; we shall confine ourselves to the elucidation of the simple rules of isometrical projection, which is the only mode by which the various parts of an object so delineated can be measured from the same scale. Professor Farish, of Cambridge, was the first publicly to elucidate the principles of this method of drawing; and he gave the name isometrical, as indicative of its chief feature, from two Greek words signifying EQUAL MEASUREMENTS. Isometrical projection gives the representation of the three sides of the cube, all of which are equal; and the boundary lines of which are also equal. In the examples which we present to the reader will be found sufficient illustration of the ease with which objects can be represented by this mode of drawing, and the applicability of its principles to many of the details of architectural, engineering, or geometrical subjects. After the first principles are mastered, the method of adapting them is so obvious, that in many cases a mere inspection of the diagrams will be sufficient; but whenever opportunity offers, we should further elucidate them by explanatory and suggestive remarks. We have deemed it better to give numerous illustrations, rather than enter into long theoretical investigations, preferring to run the risk of being thought over-minute in illustrative details, to incurring the charge of obscurity, which, if they were less numerous, might otherwise result.

The quickest method of forming a cube is by describing a circle, fig. 44, *i, d, g, h, e,* and *f,* of any diameter, and dividing its circumference into six equal parts, first drawing the diameter, *d e,* at right angles to the bottom edge of the paper or board on which the circle is drawn; thereafter from either part, as *d,* measuring three times to *e;* and this on both sides; join these points by lines *f g* and *i h.* Now, to make the cube, join the lines as in fig. 45, as *a b, b', b' c,*

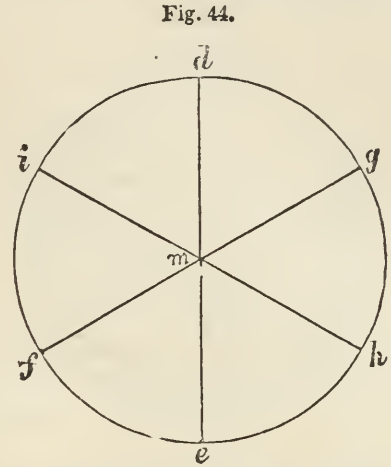


Fig. 44.

c d, d e, e a, and *f d;* the cube is complete. The square *a b b' f* is the top, the square *f b' c d* the

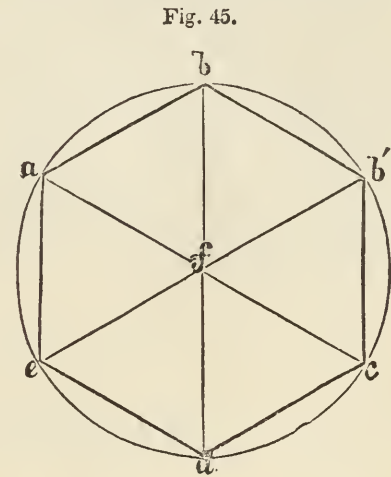


Fig. 45.

right-hand, and the square *d f a e* the left-hand side of the cube. In isometrical drawings, all lines which are horizontal in the geometrical drawing are parallel to any of the lines *d e, d c, f b' f a,* while those which are vertical are at right angles to these or parallel to *a e, f d,* and *b' c.* Thus, to give the representation of a block

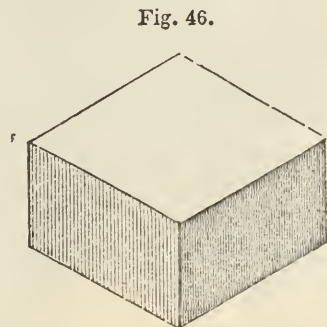
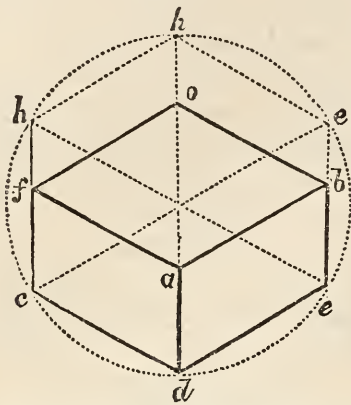


Fig. 46.

of stone, as in fig. 46, a circle, as in fig. 47, may first be drawn, and a cube formed by the rules given in fig. 45; then to draw the representation of the right-hand face, measure off from *d* to *a,* and parallel to *d e* draw the lines *a b, d e,* and from *a* measure the length to *b,* and from *a* and *b* draw lines parallel to *h e;* *a b e d* is the right-hand side of the block; next from *a* mea-

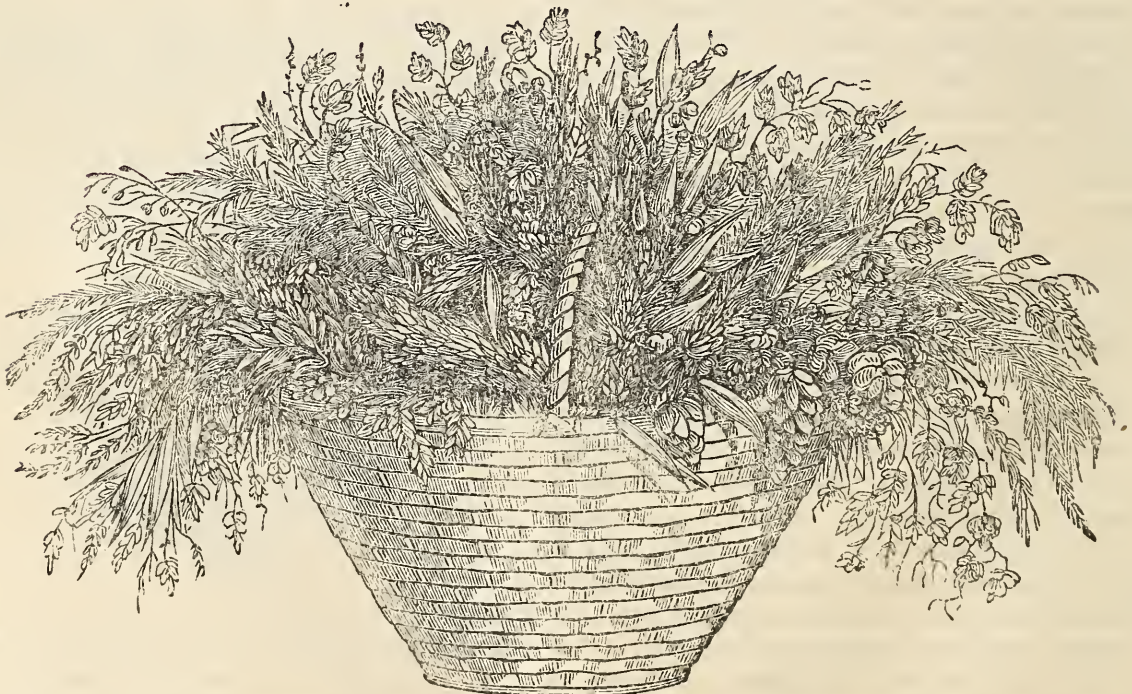
Fig. 47.



sure to *f*, and put in the left-hand side *a f c d* as before; then from *a f* and *b* draw lines *f o*, *b e* parallel to *h h*, *h e*, meeting in *d o*; *a f o b* is the upper side of the block. Thus it will be seen that all the lines which are horizontal, in the drawings are parallel to the top and bottom lines of the right and left-hand sides of the cube; while those that are vertical are at right angles to these. In the formation of a cube in a circle, a hexagon is first made by joining the extremities of the diameters, as in fig. 45; *a b b' c d e* is a true

hexagon; the cube being ultimately formed by the lines as in the diagram. But simple as this method of forming a cube is, it would be a tedious waste of time to draw each cube required in this way. Make a triangle; the base of which will be from two and a half to three inches long, the hypotenuse being at an angle of 30° to the base, the third side being at an angle of 90° to the base. Suppose it is desired to make a cube in the circle in fig. 45: draw *d b*, place the T square so that its edge be at right angles to *d b*, and coinciding with the point *d*; lay the base of the triangle on the edge of the square, and along its hypotenuse draw the line *d e*, touching the circle at *e*; parallel to *a b* draw *e b'*, touching the circle at *b'*; move the square up towards *b'*; lay the triangle so that its point shall be towards *b'*, and draw along its hypotenuse the line *b' b*, meeting *d b* in *b*; reverse the triangle, so that its point is towards *a*; draw *a b*, and so on, the last line drawn being *e d*. By this means a circle and its diameter, as *b d*, being given, a cube can be speedily drawn by means of the triangle.

BASKET OF GRASSES.



A BEAUTIFUL ornament for the parlor is formed by collecting the various grasses of the season. They can be kept green by allowing them to dry in a dark room. Wheat, oats, rye,

and the cheat that grows amongst wheat, as well as the various tall grasses to be found in every place in the country, when tastefully arranged in a vase or pretty basket, are very ornamental.

THE EXCLUSIVES.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY LOUISA OLIVIA HUNTER.

“WELL, sister Adelaide, have you learned the name of your new neighbors yet?” asked Mrs. Vincent, as she entered Mrs. Mayland’s parlor, and threw herself carelessly upon the sofa.

“No,” replied her sister, emerging from her station near the window, the drapery of which had partially concealed her from sight. “No, Mary; but I have been watching the state of affairs opposite for the greater part of the morning, and my interest in the occupants of that little house has considerably increased. The husband is very handsome, and really a noble-looking man. I saw him to-day for the first time as he was busy giving orders for the deposition of the furniture. His wife stood at the door for a few minutes while she held a short conversation with him; but I could not see her face, though I would have given worlds to, for she was closely veiled. But her form was perfect; and, though she was clad in nothing but a simple gingham morning-dress, her appearance was far more striking than that of many a Broadway belle. You cannot imagine how much I admire that lady! She is so graceful; and there is a slight mingling of dignity, too, in her bearing that carries with it its own charm. Altogether she seems constituted rather to be an inmate of a palace than of that humble dwelling. And then her child—you have seen it, Mary—is it not a darling? A perfect little fairy of a girl, with lips as red as ripe strawberries, a complexion like a snowflake, and eyes full, dark, and eloquent. If that child is such a little beauty while yet so young, what will she be a few years hence? and what must her mother be now? Oh, I would give almost anything to catch one glimpse of the lady’s face!”

“It’s a great pity she hadn’t drawn aside her veil to-day,” said Mrs. Vincent, dryly; “it would have saved you the trouble of becoming so enthusiastic about all that concerns her. Ah, Addy,” she continued, in a tone of importance, “you little imagined that by a single sentence I could have overthrown all your eloquence upon the subject.”

“What do you mean, Mary?” asked Mrs.

Mayland, in a voice of astonishment. “Do you know anything about these people?” And then, noticing a sarcastic smile upon her sister’s face, she added: “Are they not respectable characters?”

“Respectable characters!” laughed Mrs. Vincent. “Why, my dear, your new neighbors have hitherto belonged to the *bon ton* of this fashionable city. Respectable characters! ha! ha! What would she say to that, I wonder?”

“Then you know who they are,” exclaimed Mrs. Mayland, eagerly. “Pray tell me, quick. How can you delight to keep me so long in suspense, Mary?”

“Well, Adelaide, the lady who has been the object of so much curiosity on your part is one with whom we have both daily associated—our old acquaintance and schoolmate, Ida Latimer.”

A change instantly came over Mrs. Mayland’s countenance, the expression of interest that had lingered upon it hastily fled, and in its place appeared mingled surprise and scorn. “Ida Latimer!” was her exclamation. “The proud and queenly Ida the mistress of that mean little house! I can scarcely credit it; and yet the figure and appearance of that lady greatly resemble hers. But where did you learn this, Mary, and how did it all come about?”

“Why, you know I called at Mrs. Clearman’s this morning, and a lady who was there told us the whole history. As you will remember, the last we heard of Ida Latimer she was married to a Mr. Clinton, a very wealthy merchant, and lived in princely style in ——— Square. Well, her husband has lately failed, and they have been obliged to sell their mansion and its splendid fixtures, and turn strict economists. They say Mr. Clinton has some way or other—I didn’t exactly understand what—of eventually retrieving his fallen fortunes, and that, by living in a humble way for a few years, he hopes to have everything come out bright in the end. Mrs. Greyson, Ida’s sister, was very anxious that she should reside with them instead of seeking a more lowly abode; but Ida, it seems, positively declined, no doubt preferring a house of her own where she could reign absolute mistress. And that sounds so like Ida

Latimer: she was always such an independent piece."

"And so it's a decided *come down*, eh?" said Mrs. Mayland, while something very like pleasure beamed from her eyes. "Ida Latimer the mistress of that mean-looking dwelling!" she repeated, walking to the window, and gazing towards a diminutive two-story house upon the opposite side of the street. "How she must groan in spirit and deplore her misfortunes! She was always so stiff and stately, just as though nobody else was her equal. Well, well, some time or other pride must and will have a fall."

"Adelaide," said Mrs. Vincent, arousing from a reverie, a few minutes after, "Adelaide, I wonder what could have been the cause of Ida Latimer's estrangement from her friend, Eleanor Delancy, or Mrs. Stanwood that is now. It always seemed to me very strange that two who were apparently such congenial spirits should have broken friendship so suddenly."

A ray of animation now overspread Mrs. Mayland's countenance. She threw herself upon the sofa beside her sister, and remained for some moments in earnest conversation with her. Mrs. Vincent listened attentively; and, when she had concluded, clapping her hands, she said: "It was a capital idea, Addy, capital; and it served them perfectly right, too. What business had they to hold their heads so high above many of the girls, and deign only to associate with such and such ones? Well did they deserve the title of the 'Exclusives.' It was a famous idea, Addy: you were always particularly averse to the *exclusive* family, and therefore rightly thought, with the old proverb, that it was impossible for a house divided against itself to stand. I could not help noticing that, after the intimacy between Ida Latimer and Eleanor Delancy had been broken off, Eleanor mingled rather more with her companions, and even went so far as to condescend to converse with you and me occasionally."

"Yes—but hush!" said Mrs. Mayland, in a tone of alarm, pointing to a nursery-maid who all this time had been seated in the back parlor with an infant in her arms.

"Oh, Mary, what if *she* has been listening to our conversation!"

"Don't be so easily frightened, Addy," rejoined Mrs. Vincent, soothingly. "Jane has not once looked this way, and I'm certain hasn't heeded a word of what we have been saying. Besides, you know she is remarkable for the little attention she pays to what is going on around her."

"Jane," said Mrs. Mayland, turning towards the girl, "Jane, you may take the babe back again to the nursery."

The girl looked up an instant; then, enveloping her slumbering charge in a woollen covering, she quickly left the room.

"All's safe enough," said Mrs. Vincent, significantly. "And now, Adelaide," she resumed, after a pause, "I have been thinking over a plan to which you must give your consent. As a neighbor, it will be your duty to visit Ida Latimer, or Mrs. Clinton, as I suppose I must call her, as soon as she is settled in her new abode. And you will do so, will you not, Addy? and allow me to accompany you also?"

"Yes, of course I will; and the condescension will be all on *our* part this time, Mary." And, as she spoke, Mrs. Mayland glanced triumphantly around her own luxuriously furnished rooms, and then directed her eyes meaningly towards the little dwelling opposite.

"And Mrs. Clinton—for the first time in her life she will be obliged to meet us without her usual assumption of dignity," returned Mrs. Vincent. "But I must be going home now," she added, rising from her seat. "I have already stayed too long, for it is nearly dinner-time, and Charles does not like to dine alone. So good-by, Addy. We shall meet again tomorrow, I suppose."

"Oh, yes! I will step in and see you a few minutes, and then we can arrange everything about this visit to my *aristocratic neighbor*. Good-by, Mary.

And the two *kind-hearted* sisters parted for the day.

A fortnight afterwards found Mrs. Mayland and her sister seated in Mrs. Clinton's little parlor awaiting the appearance of the latter. At length the door was unclosed, and the lady entered, leading by the hand a lovely little girl of three years. Mrs. Clinton was certainly a very beautiful woman. She seemed to be quite young, apparently not more than twenty-two. In form and feature she was perfect—graceful as the bending willow; with a voice both clear and musical; and eyes at once soft, brilliant, and speaking. Perhaps there was something of stateliness in her movements, but it became her well.

She received her visitors politely and without appearing in the least crestfallen, as they had expected. There was nothing of cordiality in her demeanor; yet she conversed with them in an easy manner upon common topics.

"Come hither, pretty one, and give me a

kiss," said Mrs. Mayland, holding out her hand to Mrs. Clinton's little girl. The child raised her dark eyes to the lady's face, but remained motionless where she stood.

"Go, love," said the mother, in a soft tone, "go to Mrs. Mayland."

The little girl advanced, held her cheek towards the visitor, and allowed Mrs. Mayland to *kiss her*. The lady was inwardly mortified that her salute was not returned, and she said to herself: "Young as she is, that child is her mother over again;" but, concealing her feelings, she said to the little girl whose hand she still held: "And what is your name, my darling?"

"Ella Delancy," was the lisping reply.

"Ella Delancy!" repeated Mrs. Vincent. "Ah, Mrs. Clinton! I suppose that is after your old friend Mrs. Stanwood?"

The reply was in the affirmative.

"You used to be very loving friends; does the intimacy still continue?" asked Mrs. Vincent, in the most innocent tone imaginable.

Before any answer was vouchsafed, Mrs. Mayland chimed in: "Is it possible, Mary, you do not know that that intimacy like most others formed in girlhood, was made only to be broken? Early friendships are seldom durable, and I dare say," she continued, turning smilingly to Mrs. Clinton, "that your dislike to one another is now as cordial as your affection was once professedly mutual. I have not merely surmised this. Mrs. Stanwood called upon me this morning, and, when I entreated her to accompany us here, she declined so determinedly, and at the same time looked so forbidding, that I at once understood the state of the case, and forbore to urge her further."

Mrs. Clinton's face became slightly flushed for an instant, and then the color faded away, leaving her strangely pale.

Her visitors soon after arose to go.

"Well, Mary," said Mrs. Mayland to her sister, as they again entered her own mansion, "she's not a bit changed, is she? As proud as a duchess still, notwithstanding the alteration in her affairs. If she feels at all chagrined at her husband's losses, she won't let us know it, that's evident; and she certainly *must* be greatly mortified on account of her misfortunes. Ida Latimer can never unrepiningly view herself as the mistress of those bandboxes of parlors with their brass grates and soapstone mantlepieces."

Leaving the two ladies together, let us again take a peep into Mrs. Clinton's little domicile. Immediately after the departure of her guests, a

change had stolen over the stately lady. Her lovely countenance had assumed an expression of despondency; and, seating herself upon the sofa, she remained for a few minutes, her face covered with her hands. At length, a deep-drawn sigh escaped her, her bosom heaved convulsively, her head sank languidly upon the cushions, and she wept aloud.

"Mamma, what ails you?" exclaimed little Ella, jumping hastily towards her, and putting her soft white arms around her mother's neck. "Those naughty ladies have made you cry, mamma. They shall never come here again. I don't love them, and they never shall come. Mamma, mamma, don't cry so." But Mrs. Clinton still continued to weep. Suddenly, an arm encircled her waist, and looking up she beheld her husband, who had entered unheeded and stationed himself beside her.

"What is the matter, Ida?" he asked, drawing her tenderly towards him. "Tell me, dearest, what has happened to distress you thus?" But the young wife only leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder, and sobbed more bitterly than before.

"You are not happy here. This is no meet home for you, my Ida," said Clinton, while a slight cloud appeared upon his brow. "You have hitherto borne up bravely through your trials; yet I do not at all wonder that they should sometimes press heavily upon your heart. When shall I ever cease to reproach myself for causing you all this sorrow? Ah, Ida—you who might have been the wife of the proudest and wealthiest in the land!—why were you doomed to unite your destiny to mine, and thus wed yourself to wretchedness?"

"Oh, Arthur, do not talk in this manner!" said Ida, raising her head, and gazing tearfully into his face. "Indeed, indeed you deeply wrong me, for never for an instant have I repined at my lot. The poorest cottage would be a happy home with you near, dearest Arthur. I do not mourn the loss of riches—oh, no! it is not that, not that." And again she burst into tears. But at length she became sufficiently composed to relate to him the particulars of Mrs. Mayland and her sister's visit.

"They told me that Eleanor disliked me," she said, at the conclusion of her narration. "And do you think it can be, Arthur? Do you think that the friend of my girlhood, she who once loved me and whom I still love so dearly, can indeed hate me?"

"Hate you? No, Ida, no; do not for a moment imagine it; and forgive me, dearest, for injuring you as I have done in thought. How

could I ever even for an instant doubt the courage of my own true-hearted wife? But who is this friend whose loss you so bitterly deplore? I knew that you once possessed one after whom we have named our little one; but I always thought that she had died a long while ago."

"Oh no, Arthur!" replied Ida, in a tone of emotion; "but for five long years we have been as strangers to each other. I know not the reason of her becoming suddenly so cold to me, but it was from no fault of mine. I was too proud to ask the cause of her altered demeanor; and, though I loved Eleanor Delancy very dearly, I resented the change, and returned it with feigned indifference. But I have never forgotten her, though so many years have since elapsed."

One morning, about a month after the above conversation, Mrs. Clinton was seated in the little apartment she called her nursery, and of which she was now obliged to take the sole charge, when a servant entered, and informed her that a lady wished to see her. The visitor had refused to send up her card; and, wondering who it could be, she descended to the parlor.

The lady was seated upon the sofa. As her hostess advanced, she rose to meet her; and, though years had passed since she last looked upon that face, Mrs. Clinton immediately recognized her early friend Eleanor Delancy. Ida's step grew even statelier than before, her cheek became slightly pale, but there was no sign of emotion upon her countenance.

"Mrs. Stanwood!" was her exclamation, when at length she found words to speak. "A visit from you was indeed unexpected." There was a slight touch of haughtiness in her tone, and she stood calmly and coldly beside her guest. For a moment the lady raised her eyes proudly to Mrs. Clinton's face; but, as they met those of her girlhood's friend, her lip quivered, and she turned away her head.

Nor had Ida Clinton met that gaze unmoved. A thousand soft recollections came pressing upon her. Her thoughts went back to other days, and she recalled the pleasant hours when the affection of the one before her had been to her as a pearl of great price. One by one, as she threw off the layers that had grown over the records of the past, those memories rose up fresh and unimpaired in her heart; and, when Mrs. Stanwood again turned towards her, there was a passionate burst of tears on the part of each. A few low, murmured words, and then Ida Clinton sprang hastily forward, and in

another instant lay sobbing upon the bosom of her long-estranged friend.

"I scarcely expected your forgiveness, or that you would ever again receive me as your friend," said Mrs. Stanwood, when they had both become composed. "And now, dearest, let me explain the cause of my sudden estrangement from one whom I have never ceased to love. Read this, Ida," and she drew a small billet from her reticule, and handed it to her companion, "and all that has hitherto seemed mysterious will be made plain to you." Mrs. Clinton hurriedly perused it. Once or twice as she read, an expression of sorrowful astonishment burst from her lips, and when she had finished she said: "I do not wonder that this should have caused your coldness towards me. But, Eleanor, though this note is signed 'Ida Latimer,' and written in my own handwriting, I solemnly assure you that I never penned a single sentence here, nor have I even looked upon it till to-day."

"I believe you, dearest. My only sorrow is that I have ever wronged you in thought. But from what source could this billet have proceeded?"

"I do not know. It is certainly very strange; but I cannot account for the writing being so like my own."

"Have you no suspicions of any one, Ida?" asked Mrs. Stanwood. "Reflect an instant, dearest. Was there no one at school whose handwriting might have resembled yours?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Clinton, after a few seconds of earnest thought. "Yes, there *was* one whose writing was precisely similar to mine—Adelaide Belton. But surely she could never have been guilty of such meanness, such cruelty, for oh, Eleanor, it was a *very* cruel act!"

"It was, indeed, my Ida," said Mrs. Stanwood, drawing her friend closer to her, and pressing a kiss upon her brow. "Yet unkind, ungenerous as was the plan, Mrs. Mayland was most certainly the author of it. Listen for a few moments, and I will tell you how I made the discovery. This morning I was seated in my dressing-room when my nursery-maid, Jane, came in, and seemed as though she wanted to say something to me. I inquired if she had anything to communicate; and she asked me if a lady named Mrs. Clinton had once been a friend of mine. Though much surprised at the question, I replied in the affirmative. This girl has been a member of my household for about two weeks; and she now proceeded to inform me that, previous to her engagement with me, she had lived with a Mrs. Mayland in —

Street. She asserted that, a few days before she left this lady, she had heard a conversation between Mrs. Mayland and her sister Mrs. Vincent, from which she learned that the former had been the cause of creating coldness between two friends; and she named you and myself. And the way in which her object was accomplished had been by means of a certain note, the substance of which Jane repeated to me. Imagine my amazement and sorrow when I recognized it as the same that I had always regarded as coming from you!"

"Can it be possible that Mrs. Mayland could have acted thus!" exclaimed Mrs. Clinton. "It was only a few weeks ago that she called upon me, and expressed a wish that our acquaintance should be renewed; and then she seemed to be very friendly."

"And she also visited me some time since, accompanied by Mrs. Vincent. More from politeness than anything else I returned the call; and there our sociability, I suspect, will end. You will remember, Ida, that during our schooldays you and I had somehow imbibed a dislike to the society of both Adelaide and Mary Belton; and, from the circumstance of our refusing to be on terms of familiarity with them, we received, as I have since learned, the title of 'Exclusives.' And Mrs. Stanwood smiled archly as she spoke.

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Clinton's little girl, who sprang to her mother's side.

"This is your little namesake, Ella Delancy," said Mrs. Clinton, as her friend stooped down to kiss the child.

"Why not *Eleanor*?" asked Mrs. Stanwood; "that is my name, you know, Ida."

"For a very good reason," replied Mrs. Clinton. "I could not bear to call her *Eleanor*; yet I wished to give her your name. So, determined to come as near the mark as possible, I called her *Ella*."

"I thank you, dear Ida," said Mrs. Stanwood, gratified with this new proof of her friend's affection. "She is a lovely little creature," she added, as, a moment after, the child bounded lightly out of the room.

When Arthur Clinton returned that evening to his home, the beaming countenance of his fair wife, as she met him at the door, told him at once that something unusual had occurred. A few minutes sufficed for Ida to inform him who had been her guest; and his congratulations were warm and earnest upon the unlooked-for discovery of her long lost-treasure.

"Adelaide," said Mrs. Vincent, as, a few days after the events last related, she entered her sister's sitting-room, having just returned from a walk, "I have been this morning to call upon Mrs. Stanwood; and—would you believe it?—she sent down word that she was engaged! What can be the meaning of this?"

"Why, that she intends to cut our acquaintance, to be sure," was the reply, while the crimson mounted to the speaker's face.

"I don't understand you, sister; pray explain yourself."

"The reason is simply this," rejoined Mrs. Mayland, becoming red and pale by turns; "that all has been discovered. Mrs. Stanwood and Mrs. Clinton have renewed their intimacy. It was only this morning that they rode out together in Mrs. Stanwood's carriage. And all this comes of our talking as we did before that good-for-nothing Jane. She went away from here a day or two afterwards in a huff about some trifling matter, and immediately engaged a situation at Mrs. Stanwood's."

Mrs. Vincent was evidently deeply mortified, and she vented her feelings upon her companion.

"It is all your fault, Adelaide," she said, sulkily. "If you had never written that note, it would have been far better for us. And now I suppose we must give up all hopes of obtaining, through Mrs. Stanwood, an introduction to the circles she frequents. On your account I also must suffer. It is a great pity you hadn't more sense than to act as you did."

"You didn't think so six weeks ago," replied Mrs. Mayland, in a sarcastic tone; and the answer was an effectual preventive to all further remarks on the part of her sister.

Passing over a period of ten years, let us again visit the dwelling of Mrs. Clinton. Since we last met this lady, prosperity has dawned upon her, and she is now a resident of an elegant mansion, the same which she had formerly occupied in — Square.

It was Christmas evening. Mrs. Clinton's rooms were brilliantly lighted, and two gentlemen, with one of whom the reader is already acquainted, the other we must now introduce to notice—Arthur Clinton and Mr. Stanwood—were seated upon a lounge in earnest conversation. Several small children were grouped together in one corner of the room, displaying to each other the gifts of which at that season of the year Santa Claus is ever profuse; while a boy of thirteen was seated beside the centre-table reading a story in a tone just loud enough to reach the ears of his two companions, a girl

of his own age and one about two years younger. The three seemed very much interested in their occupation; but suddenly the elder girl started up, and placed her hand upon the book. "Hush, Willie," she said, softly, "let us listen moment. I thought I heard the bell ring just now. And there—is not that mamma's step in the hall?" And, springing quickly from her seat, she bounded towards the door, followed by Willie Stanwood and his sister. A moment more, and they re-entered the parlor, accompanied by two ladies, Mrs. Clinton and her friend.

"The runaways returned at last!" exclaimed Arthur Clinton, as his wife and Mrs. Stanwood approached. "And pray, ladies, what excuse have you to offer for your prolonged stay from home on such a day as this?"

"An excellent one, you may be sure," replied Mrs. Clinton, with a sad smile. "Eleanor and I have made a mournful discovery to-day, Arthur: the poor woman Betsy, recommended to our care, is no other than Mrs. Mayland, who, through many unfortunate circumstances, has been reduced to poverty, and is now lying upon a bed of sickness, bereft of friends and even of the common necessaries of life."

Yes, it was indeed true that Mrs. Mayland was thus reduced. Deprived of wealth, the fashionable friends who had courted her society now despised and shunned her. Her temper

soured by her unexpected losses, she had vented all her discontent upon her husband, who, already goaded by his misfortunes, found refuge from the troubles that surrounded him in a state of hopeless mania. Mrs. Vincent was travelling in Europe. She might possibly be absent for years, and an appeal to her for aid was impossible, for her sister had not received tidings of her for some months, and knew not therefore where to address her. So a miserable dwelling now became the abode of Mrs. Mayland; and here a fever brought on by distress of mind seized her frame, and threatened to sever the thread of her existence. In this situation she was found by Mrs. Clinton and her friend, who, through the medium of a servant, had been dispatched to her assistance. Through a long and tedious illness Mrs. Clinton and Mrs. Stanwood were her constant attendants; they supported and soothed her when deserted by all others; and beneath their influence Mrs. Mayland became a changed being. Gradually she was restored to her former health; yet even then the efforts of the two friends for her comfort did not cease. They procured her employment sufficient for the maintenance of her helpless family; and she derived her chief subsistence in the hour of trial from the kindness of those who in the days of her prosperity she had deeply injured.

I O D I N E.

IODINE derives its name from *iodos*, a Greek word, signifying violet-colored; but the transcendent beauty of the color of its vapor requires further elucidation than simply saying that it has a violet hue. If a little iodine be placed on a hot tile, it rises into a magnificent dense vapor, fit for the last scene of a theatrical representation. This remarkable substance was discovered by accident about forty years ago. At that period, chemical philosophy was in great repute, owing principally to the brilliant discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy. So singular a substance as iodine was to Davy a source of infinite pleasure. He studied its nature and properties with the fondness and zeal of a child at a puzzle-map. His great aim was to prove its compound nature; but he failed; and to this day it is believed to be one of the primitive elements of the world we live in. Iodine is found in almost every natural substance with which we are acquainted, although in very minute portions. The sea fur-

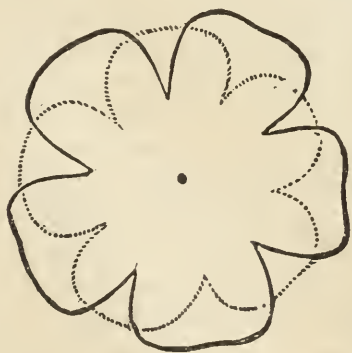
nishes an inexhaustible supply of iodine; all the fish, the shells, the sponges, and weeds of the ocean yield it in passing through the chemical sieve. Whatever be the food of sea-weeds, it is certain that iodine forms a portion of their daily banquet; and to these beautiful plants we turn when iodine is to be manufactured for commercial purposes. The weeds cast up by the boiling surf upon the desolate shores of the sea-islands would at first sight appear among the most useless things in the world; but they are not; their mission is fulfilled; they have drawn the iodine from the briny wave, and are ready to yield it up for the benefit and happiness of man. The inhabitants of the Tyrol are subject to a very painful disease, called goitre or cretinism; for this malady iodine is a perfect cure. Go, and have your portrait painted as you are. Photography tells the whole truth without flattery; and the colors used in the process are only silver and iodine.

ORNAMENTAL LEATHER WORK.

To make Flowers.—Flowers are made in leather, in as few pieces as possible; for instance, the calyx of a passion-flower contains five leaves, and the corolla also consists of five petals; in the natural flowers, each leaf of both calyx and corolla grows separately; but in forming a leather model, two pieces only should be cut out (placing them one upon the other, as in the example of the rose), containing five petals each, so arranged that the appearance should be exactly as in the natural flower, while at the same time we give more strength to the work, and do it more neatly and with greater facility.

The above observation applies to all kinds of flowers. The geranium flower is made of one piece of leather; the wire for the stalk is drawn through as in the acorn; but care must be taken to insert the stamina in the centre of the geranium. To form the stamina, fine strips of leather must be cut and wetted; then bring the ends of each strip together, and insert them under the wire which forms the stalk; then cut and set them as they appear in nature. Mould your geranium flower and slightly vein the centre of the petals. The number of stamina in all flowers should be carefully observed, as on this the artistic beauty and character of the work greatly depend. Examine particularly the minutæ of the subject intended to be copied; too much patience and perseverance cannot be exercised.

To make Roses.—Wet a piece of leather as directed in making the leaves; then cut out two pieces like the example. Cut the stamina, and

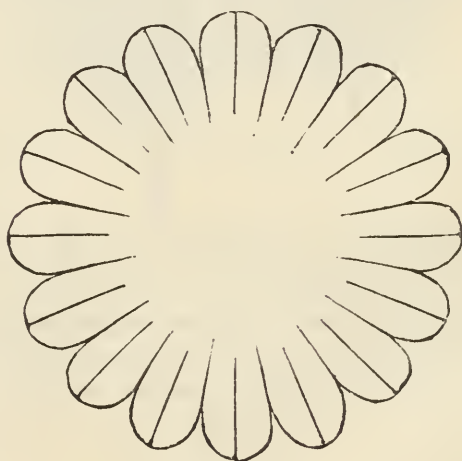


put it under the wire as directed in making the geranium, and lay the leaves exactly as in the engraving, putting the wire through two holes made with a fine bradawl. Do not string the two pieces at once; but put only one piece at a

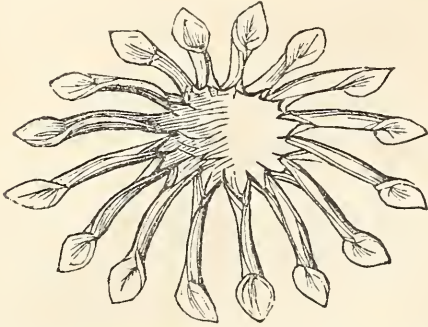
time on the wire, pinching the wire very closely up to the back; then mould the top piece of leather containing five petals *upwards*, curving them all as naturally as possible; mould the bottom piece also, containing five petals, *downwards*, curving and pinching them into form; thus, with two pieces of leather, a simple rose of ten petals is produced. Cut out a smaller piece than shown in the engraving, but of the same form; also the two as in the engraving, and a larger piece of the same form, making four pieces; then proceed as before mentioned and a fuller rose is produced. Thus, the character of the flower and the number of the petals can be regulated with comparative ease.

The process of making the stalk of the acorn is applicable to all kinds of flowers, &c., and the wooden part can be covered with skiver leather if preferred.

To make Dahlias and Chrysanthemums.—These flowers require great care and practice in their formation. The circle in the drawing represents a working pattern: a succession of these, ten in



number, complete the operation, viz: 2 three inches diameter, 2 two and a half inches diameter, and gradually decreasing in size, finishing the centre neatly with a very small circle, which is glued round the stem that is brought through the circles, after being properly moulded, as hereafter described, namely: damp the circles, and with the veiner draw a line from the centre to the point of each branch, pinch them with the fingers in the same manner as you would a leaf, until you produce the form given in the accompanying sketch:—

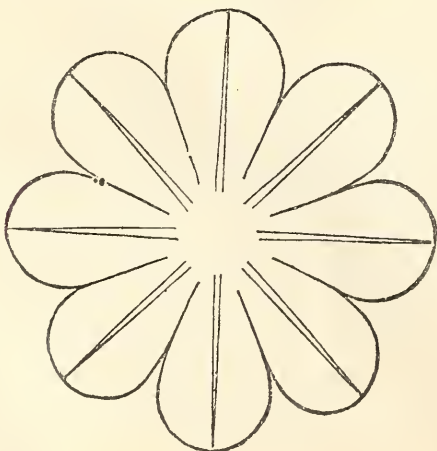


After having completed the circles in this way, put them together to form the flower; and when perfectly dry, the petals should be firmly glued, commencing with the small ones, finishing the back with two extra circles, as represented in the drawing; bore a hole through the work, and



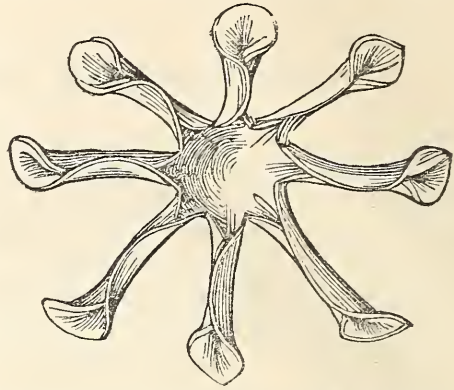
insert the stem and leaves which have been previously moulded.

Nearly the same operation is pursued as regards the Dahlia, the circles being rather larger, and of somewhat different pattern, thus:—



But the petals are modelled in every respect

like the Chrysanthemum; the centre of the flower is composed of a half grape—the mode of



making which has been already described—the stem is inserted in the manner pointed out in finishing the Chrysanthemum. A drawing of the Dahlia thus completed is here represented



Directions for Hardening, Tinting, and Varnishing.—We believe that the greatest impediment to the production of good, solid, and well-finished work is in the process of hardening and tinting it, and we have frequently been told by ladies that, after having mounted their frames, &c., with carefully made flowers, the whole has been spoilt in the act of coloring; hence the preference in many for leaving the work light, using only a solution of size. If proper compositions are procured, and the directions (which we will endeavor to render as plain as possible) are strictly observed, there is no reason why any one should be disappointed, or their work spoilt in the finishing process; the effect produced, we are certain, will be perfectly satisfactory. Presuming, then, that such compositions only are used which have been tested by practical experience, viz., the hardening, tinting, and lustre, the process is very simple.

TURN THE MEDAL.

"Look upon this picture, and on this!"—HAMLET.

"Just suppose, for a moment—" said Mr. Wilding to his newly married niece, Arabella

"But I can't suppose it," said the young wife, interrupting him.

"Can't suppose what?" asked the old gentleman, smiling—"for I had not finished my sentence."

"I can't suppose anything," was the wilful reply; "I have no imagination."

"I never flatter," said her uncle; "but truth compels me to declare that you have a very vivid one."

"Well, but, dear Mr. Wilding, do you not always advise us to avoid shadows? and are not suppositions shadows?"

"To be sure, my love; and it is ever wise to avoid the shadow when the substance is within reach; but, when *that* is beyond us, it is worth while to cast a glance even upon its reflex; and thus we may often fill up a tolerably truthful picture from the study of an outline."

"Well, I suppose I must give in, Uncle Wilding. Now, what am I to suppose next?"

"Why, just suppose for a moment that you were a wayward, snarling wife."

"Oh, no! I couldn't for the world. You *must* ask me to suppose a possibility."

"Well, then, suppose you were young, handsome, and amiable. What! No interruption?" added Mr. Wilding, good-humoredly. "Have I hit upon a possibility?"

Arabella glanced at the chimney-glass and colored, as she replied: "Your favorite, William, has tried to persuade me of it a score of times."

"And of course you believe *everything* he says?"

"*In reason*," returned Arabella, archly—but coloring more deeply than before.

"Let us go back to the beginning of our conversation. You tell me that when William comes home this evening you will meet him with a frown, and all because he is a few seconds after the appointed time."

"Ten minutes!" corrected Arabella.

"A heavy punishment for so small an offence," said Mr. Wilding, affecting gravity.

"What!—one little frown, with perhaps a smile behind it?"

"Frowns are the thorns of life, my darling; smiles, its roses. We may value the rose, 'tis true, despite the thorn we have encountered in plucking it; but the sting often remains after the flower itself has faded."

Arabella drew her chair nearer to her uncle, took his hand in both of hers, pressed it affectionately, and looked up into his face as cloudlessly as if she were a veritable child of the sun.

"I understand your meaning," she said; "that first impressions are deepest, and so we should avoid whatever might suggest a painful one. But then it is hard to repress ill-humor until we know there is no cause for indulging it!"

"Rather say that it is wrong to *indulge* ill-humor until the occasion for it is obvious."

"True; but what a pity it is," said Arabella, with a half sigh, "that it is so difficult to do what is right!"

"Not so difficult, my love, if you would only remember that every incident of life, like a medal, has two sides to it, and can only be appreciated when both are examined."

"I see, uncle: a bright side and a dark. But suppose the dark one presents itself first?"

"*Turn the medal*. Never run the risk of shade obscuring light by its mist, so long as you can procure the aid of light to penetrate its darkness."

"But, uncle, may not our wilful nature sometimes prevent us for the moment from distinguishing the tint of the two sides?"

"Impossible, for we color them ourselves; while fear imparts a sombre hue to *one* side, hope sheds its silvery light upon the other. Our hopes are our wishes: the surest way to attain what we wish is to seek it; the surest way to escape from what we fear, to avoid it."

"But, dear uncle," said Arabella, entering seriously into the subject, "do not our hopes sometimes deceive us? Are not our fears sometimes realized?"

"Both; and too often. Could we know *when*, it would surely be wise to soften the shock by preparation; but, as it is not given us to penetrate into the future, it is certainly better to wait for pain until it is forced upon us than to accept no pleasure without first passing through the imaginary fire of its opponent. Take your own case as an illustration. Because your husband has not arrived with his

accustomed punctuality, you fidget yourself with misgivings of his love or safety."

"And both, dear uncle, are possibilities," said Arabella, with a sigh.

"But neither, at the present moment, probable. Assume, however, the worst. Would your fears have lightened the ultimate sorrow? Certainly not. On the other hand, when you find that happily your fear has deceived you, the pleasurable result will not be wholly unalloyed by the pain which has preceded it."

"But, at least, uncle, it will be short-lived."

"In a single instance, granted; but our greatest friend or enemy is habit. Accustom yourself to look on the bright side, and you need seldom fear a *reverse*."

"Well, certainly, uncle, it is unwise to distress ourselves about a *possible* result which we can by *no* possibility influence."

"I was much struck by that fact when a boy," said Mr. Wilding, "upon hearing the exclamation of a good dame in our village. One day her son arrived home dripping, having slipped into a brook from a little wooden bridge that he had to cross in going to and from his labor. 'I knew it would happen *some* day!' cried the distressed dame. 'I never saw him leave the house to cross that slippery bridge, since here I've been, without trembling all over with the certainty that I shouldn't see him come home alive.'"

"Now, I was at that time a bit of a calculator," continued Mr. Wilding; "so, having ascertained that the old dame's residence in the village had extended over fifty-five years, and that, boy and man, her son had made at least four journeys over the terrible bridge daily, I ran to my slate, and, by the aid of a little pencil and patience, learned that the elderly croaker's fears had been called into action sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and sixty times—in other words, that she had nourished sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and sixty bereavements with no other fruit to her tree of misery than a wet jacket!"

"But could the poor soul *help* thinking?" asked Arabella.

"By *thinking*, she could," replied the uncle. "If she had only thought, after a month of terrors, that she had suffered so many uncalled-for alarms, and drawn the simplest inference from the hint, she must have felt assured of the groundlessness of her fear. She would have learned the triumph of fact over fancy, and so gradually have got rid of the troublesome fancy altogether. If we would only take as much trouble to *try* to be happy as we do to endeavor

to make ourselves wretched, the world would, ten times to one, show more a garden than a desert. But, instead of plucking flowers that spring all around us, to charm with their tints and sweeten imagination with their incense, we step out of our way to gather dust, for no other seeming purpose than to cast into our own eyes, and blind us to those beauties that make life other than a pleasureless existence."

"Still," said Arabella, scarcely convinced, or unwilling to own it, "one only suffers one's self, and if one *likes* to suffer—"

"I deny your proposition at starting," said Mr. Wilding. "Light and shadow—moral as well as actual—can never be purely local: they, directly or indirectly, spread an influence over surrounding objects. Let us, then, darken our own light, and a shade comes over those the nearest—the dearest; or, even if not dear to us, at least let us remember that it falls upon those to whom *we* are dear. Thus love or gratitude binds us to study those with whom Heaven has cast our lot. These two sentiments are closer than we are accustomed to acknowledge; at all events, where *one* is awakened, be sure the other slumbers near. Mankind is said to be selfish; but pure selfishness, if the words may be united, is the rarest of spectacles. To give an obvious illustration: do we not, even in our costume, study the taste of those about us rather than our own? Do we not dress rather to please others than ourselves? What else is it that we call 'good taste?' So also may there be good taste in the play of features; not that we would praise an habitual smile, for even that sun-ray of the soul lacks warmth when meaningless; but let the smile wait, listening, ready in the antechamber, and the frown absent itself till bidden to the presence."

"Another five minutes!" said Arabella—this time more anxiously than angrily, as her ear caught the striking of a quarter. "Something *must* have happened!"

"Life is certainly not without its crosses," remarked Mr. Wilding. "I witnessed a painful scene, a few mornings since, that reminds me of your present anxiety."

"Had it a sad ending?" asked Arabella, eagerly.

"After the confirmation of a letter, her grief was agonizing; but I will tell you the incident as I had it from her own lips. You have heard me speak of Harriet Weston?"

"Oh, yes! a very beautiful girl, with blue eyes and fair hair."

"A *very* beautiful girl; it is she who is the sufferer."

"I wonder, dear uncle, you did not name it to me before."

"I thought, Arabella, it would be better to comfort you; but, as I have failed, there can be no harm in enlisting your sympathies for one in whom I take a really deep interest."

"She was to be married this summer, was she not?"

"She was; and, in fact, the ceremony would have taken place before now, but for her passion for lovers' quarrels. Wilmington, on the contrary, detested them. The truth is, she presumed on her beauty, which in her case was but a reed; for Wilmington often was compelled to tell her that he wooed a mind and not a face, and once or twice hinted that, if disappointed in her character, he should withdraw from the suit; nevertheless, he was deeply in love, and anybody could see it. Unfortunately, poor Harriet was too fond of senseless teasing; and, being inclined to coquetry, was (a not unfrequent accompaniment to that dangerous *disqualification*) jealous to a painful degree. An undue exhibition of this feeling, or *failing*, made the tormented Wilmington, at the beginning of the war, threaten to purchase a commission. However, there was real love enough on both sides to allow matters to progress to the interesting point of engagement; all that now remained was to fix the day. In the mean time, about a fortnight ago, Harriet expressed a wish to be present at a concert at Exeter Hall, which was to take place the same evening. Ever ready to please her, Wilmington promised to make the necessary arrangements, and to call for her at seven o'clock.

"Harriet was quite prepared by the appointed time, and looked forward to the enjoyment of a charming evening. Wilmington, however, was not punctual. The first quarter of an hour she bore impatiently enough; the second roused her indignation; but, when eight o'clock approached without his arrival, anger gave place to fear. She could not do so great a violence to her self-love as to suppose him capable of neglecting his promise. Nothing, therefore, suggested itself to her imagination but a frightful accident; and she speedily became inconsolable from the reflection that it was in seeking to gratify her wish that he had suffered.

"At about half-past eight, when her grief was at its height, evidencing a love of the depth of which she had herself been unconscious, Wilmington drove up to the door. He entered, radiant with smiles, holding up triumphantly the tickets of admission.

"The revulsion of feeling was instantaneous.

So certainly had she presaged an accident, that to see him brought in pale and suffering she could have borne with greater fortitude than to witness his countenance beaming with health and animation. She had suffered, and for him; and, what was more, *causelessly!* Indignation was again in the ascendant. He had broken faith with her; he had played with her feelings; he had laughed at her terrors (so distorting passion told her); he had proved himself unworthy of her hand, and from that moment she would withdraw it.

"Wilmington, surprised and disconcerted, began to explain, then to remonstrate, and finally to recriminate. The result was an angry separation.

"Harriet, when left alone, could not but feel herself to blame, although, as was perhaps natural, she found much in extenuation which nobody else would have discovered. She readily perceived that, from the fact of his returning at all, there must have been a cause for delay; and knew, therefore, that a reconciliation would be sought, which, without compromising her dignity, she might accept. She did not pass a very tranquil night; few do who are conscious of an injustice, either suffered or inflicted; and, on the following morning, was debating with herself as to how long she should withhold pardon, when a note in Wilmington's handwriting was placed in her hands; she was at the same time informed that the messenger waited for an answer.

"She had expected that he would come to sue in person, and feared that the note might not be as humble as she desired. There was no time for consideration; so she determined to maintain her position by the haughty step of returning his letter unopened.

"It was of no avail that, as the street-door closed, her heart accused her of harshness; her woman's curiosity, too, upbraided her strongly; but she felt assured that the evening would afford her an opportunity of acting in any way she thought most consistent with her dignity—or pride. There had been a pre-existing engagement for six o'clock, and she felt that he dare as soon leap into a furnace as break it.

"I may here mention the cause of Wilmington's delay, which was only learned when too late. The concert having been a very popular one, the whole of the tickets had been sold before he had time to reach the offices, at all of which he applied in vain. He even procured the addresses of some of the purchasers, and bore no small amount of contumely in endeavoring to induce the holders to sell them at a

premium. As a last resource, he stationed himself at the doors, and pertinaciously addressed every gentleman visitor until he succeeded in procuring, at a heavy price, the coveted tickets. I have told you his reward; but, notwithstanding Harriet's ungrateful conduct—considering, too, that he had himself been somewhat hasty—he, early on the following morning, wrote the above explanation, forwarding it by his servant, and had it returned unopened.

“Harriet had rehearsed the intended scene many times before six o'clock arrived, concluding it on every occasion more and more to her satisfaction—that is to say, accumulating more biting phrases for herself, and suggesting more humble replies for her lover. Six o'clock arrived; she had kept her eyes anxiously upon the clock, but no visitor. From that moment her indignation re-warmed. She felt sure that he *would* come, and only feared that she should not be able to express herself with sufficient warmth. An hour of angry solicitude passed. At seven, the postman brought a letter. It would be folly to return *this*; in fact, impossible; for she had forgotten the address, and *must* open the letter to discover it. She *did* so, and read to the following effect:—

‘DEAR HARRIET: Since you returned my letter this morning, I have decided not to see you again until assured that my visit will be acceptable. When—*or if ever*—rests with yourself. I shall be wretched if I do not see you this evening; but, if I do not hear from you before eight o'clock, it will be impossible, as at that hour I have, to drown care, engaged to accompany Colonel Lorimer and Major Dacres to the siege of Sebastopol. A word from you in the mean time will bring me to your feet.

Yours, with affectionate regret,

ALFRED WILMINGTON.’

This letter was a thunderbolt. Harriet knew that the regiment to which his two friends belonged had been ordered for instant service in the East; she remembered also Alfred's threat, and had heard him say that, if he determined to proceed and could not gain a commission, he would embark for the Crimea as a volunteer. Her worst fears were being realized, but there was still the *chance* of saving him. Her parents had been called from town on business the previous day, and there were only female servants left in the house. Her terror of the service was so great—the fervency of her love so pure—that, with true womanly feelings, she resolved to set risk of mistake at defiance by

answering his note in person. Accompanied by her maid, with as little delay as possible, she hired a vehicle, and proceeded towards Mr. Wilmington's lodgings. On arriving at the vicinity, the driver asked for the precise address, which he had forgotten. Harriet and her maid looked at each other in blank dismay. Neither could remember either number or street, and the letter had been left on the table!

“There was no alternative but to return home, and then retrace their route. They did so at the top of the horse's speed, and reached the house ten minutes after eight. To the anxious inquiry, if Mr. Wilmington was at home, she received a reply that he had quitted the house but five minutes previously with two officers in the army. The servant added that they had gone in company to Sebastopol; but that Mr. Wilmington looked so ill and wretched that he seemed much fitter for a sick bed than to be a visitor to such exciting scenes.

“Harriet heard no more, and reached home almost in a fainting state. To her own eyes, her conduct now stood out in all its littleness of vanity. What a fearful amount of punishment did her haughty weakness now bring down upon her! To be forever separated from the chosen one of her heart was in itself a bitter pang; but to acknowledge that separation as the result of her own folly—to feel that she awakened him from a dream of future happiness to confront him with death—perhaps to doom him, worse still, to years of hope-withering imprisonment—was to create a poignant sorrow more bitter than the sharpest wound.

“She had not the sustaining power that animates a soldier's wife—the hope of fame, the love of glory—the very sentiments which have, by their identity, drawn the two hearts together. On the contrary, she was ever susceptible of tender emotions to a painful degree, and would have wept at the sight of a wounded animal. You will well believe that she never pressed her pillow that night, but passed the silent hours in drawing pictures of the saddest hue. At one time she would portray him in a hospital—one among those miles of stricken heroes for whose wounds hearts have—three thousand miles asunder—bled drop for drop. She would sit in imagination by his side, smooth his pillow, wipe the fever drop from his forehead, moisten his parched lips, and jealously forbid a second hand to help her ministrations. Then the scene would change to where thousands of white tents dotted hill and slope like flowers. On *one* her eye would rest with feverish emotion. The folds of canvas would fade before

her burning gaze, and show within the manly figure of her lover arrayed for the coming struggle. Health was on his cheek, and firmness in his glance; but a sadness shadowed his features like a veil, and showed the current of his thoughts as he hastily penned a letter, too likely to prove his last; the direction was blistered by a tear, yet undried when the trumpet sounded the fatal summons. In a few moments she saw him leading a charge, and heard the shouts of his followers as they dashed through the columns of the enemy, emerging from the hostile mass unhurt. Next she would single him out at the head of a storming party, trace his form as he wound along the trenches, hurried over the open ground, climbed the steep acclivity, and leaped upon the parapet with a shout of triumph, taken up and echoed by a cloud of followers. Then came the roll of musketry and the clashing of steel, the hand-to-hand encounter, the sharp cry of agony, the counter-shot, and the death-like silence of defeat! Amid the heart-sickening scene, upon one object only did her eye rest, singled out in a moment from a multitude of slain and wounded. The lip, parted in agony, bore yet the proud curl of the hero; the eye, glazing, was still terrible in its severity, the concentration of its gaze only relaxing in its intensity as a thought of the home thousands of miles distant humanized the heart, for the moment brutalized by the stern requirements of the terrible encounter. The hand that lately struck relentlessly as dear a life from amid the foe now tremblingly drew from his bosom the last letter to *her* who had owned and cast aside his love, reddened by his own heart's blood, as life slowly but surely ebbed from his mutilated breast. Her miniature, too, was drawn from the same spot, shattered by a rifle-ball that had driven its fragments to the very throne of life, destroyed by the image of her without whom that life was valueless. With his last gasp—*her* name, coupled with a blessing upon his lips—she also became senseless, and thus closed that terrible night of imaginary horror."

Overcome by emotion, Arabella turned towards the window to recover herself.

"Thank Heaven, my husband's safe!" she exclaimed, sinking upon her knees, as she espied her husband in the distance crossing the fields from the railway station. "Pray excuse my silly emotion," she added, rising in some confusion, "but really you have made me quite nervous. I long to see the poor girl; *do* tell me how far she has recovered. Dear William will

be here in five minutes, and I mustn't let him see that I have been crying."

"A dozen words will satisfy you. Early the following morning I happened to call; found the poor girl just recovering from a swoon, heard her story, read the letter that had caused this night of misery, and, after a few words of cautious preparation, drew from the very bane its antidote."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and while her tears and smiles were struggling for mastery—and I believe she was in the very act of bestowing on me a grateful kiss—Alfred Wilmington himself entered the room!"

"Why, uncle," said Arabella, in pleased amazement, "hadn't he, then, accompanied his military friends to the siege of Sebastopol?"

"Yes—at the Surrey Zoological Gardens."

"Then he had deceived her in his letter!" said Arabella, in a tone of condemnation.

"Not so," replied Mr. Wilding; "she had deceived herself. In any other frame of mind, she would have gathered its true meaning from the simple words before her; but passion, like a whirlpool, draws everything within its centre till their hue is confounded in the vortex. It only shows, darling, how, to a jaundiced eye, everything looks yellow."

"Dear William," she cried, running up to her husband to kiss him as he entered the room, "I am so glad you have come!"

"Rather late, I fear, love," he replied, extending a hand to his uncle.

"Oh, don't say a word about that, dear!" she exclaimed, with a smile as bright as the Koh-i-noor, and a trifle brighter.

"I'll tell you what kept me, Arabella. You said at breakfast this morning that you dreamed I brought you home an azalia—your favorite flower; so I determined to purchase one; but, being disappointed at the florist's, had to go to Covent Garden Market for it; reached the terminus in time to see the second train start; had to wait for a third; and so here I am at last; and now your dream's made out."

Would Arabella have exchanged that flower for a diadem? No! And so you would have said had you seen her kiss it.

As she turned from her husband to show her favorite azalia to dear Mr. Wilding, the good man asked, in a whisper, if she really thought the dew-drop on the leaf had come out of a greenhouse.

"I half expected a frown for my lack of punctuality," said William, gayly.

"Why so, dear?"

"Because, love," he returned, with a good-humored shake of the head, "I have now and then got a smile from the wrong side of the eye on similar occasions—till I stood upon my defence, dear—only till I stood upon my defence."

"But I've learned a new lesson, William, since the morning!"

"Indeed! what is it?"

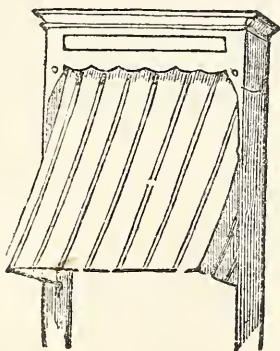
"To TURN THE MEDAL."

ARRANGEMENTS FOR WINDOWS.

OF late years outside blinds of stout striped canvas have come greatly into use, and are much liked on account of their convenient arrangement and pleasing appearance. Where there is a balcony or a rail fixed two or three feet in front of the window, they can be fitted as outside roller blinds at but little cost or trouble. The blind being drawn down, the lower end is tied to the rail, so that it presents the appearance of a long sloping veranda, which excludes heat and light without hiding the view from those in the room. This is the way of fixing very frequently seen on the continent, where this form of outside blind was first introduced.

The windows, however, which have a balcony or rail in front are comparatively few; for the others a different mode of fitting the blinds has been applied. This is shown in fig. 1. The deep cornice at the top forms a case into which

Fig. 1.



the blind is drawn when raised, and thereby protected from rain and other casualties of the weather. The mode of construction of this kind of blind is shown by the next two figures. In figure 3, the straight line *a* represents an iron rod fitted inside the wooden frame or case of the blind, which of course is made to fit the window. Three feet six inches, as a general rule, will be a sufficient length for this rod, and it must be fixed about half an inch from the wood to allow the swivel to work freely up and down upon it. This swivel is attached to the rod *b*, which forms, so to speak, the mouth of the blind, as shown in figure 1; it is to be twenty-eight inches long

Fig. 2.

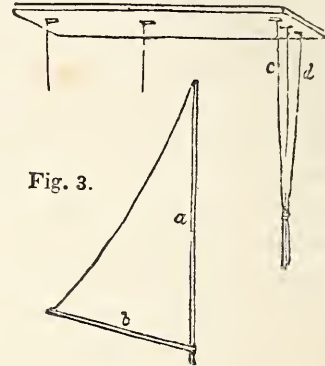


Fig. 3.

from back to front. Figure 2 shows the lath, and the arrangement of pulleys for raising or lowering the blind. The line *c* is carried to the pulley on the extreme left; *d* goes to the centre pulley, while the line *e* descends over its own pulley on the right. These three lines, being tied together a short distance below the lath, form a single rope. The lines led through the pulleys extend to the lower edge of the blind, being carried down the inside by small rings; and when they are pulled, the rod *b* rises to a perpendicular, and is lifted up with its canvas hood into the case at the top of the window. Hooks are usually fixed at the side of the window to secure the lines upon, so that the blind may be easily managed by any one standing in the room.

The slope given to the bottom of the blind by the rod *b* may be less or more according to circumstances. The more the rod is raised, the greater will, of course, be the outlook from within, but the greater will also be the admission of light. The form of the hood may also be varied at pleasure; it is sometimes made circular or elliptic as well as square. Instead of an iron rod for the guide of the blind, a groove with a sliding block may be in the wood-work of the side-frame, and the rod of the hood being fixed to this, it will rise or fall as required. Outside blinds, indeed, afford ample scope for many ingenious contrivances in their fittings and management.

THE ART OF MAKING WAX FRUIT AND FLOWERS.



THE TULIP, HYACINTH, AND NARCISSUS.

The Tulip is not an easy flower to make, although so apparently simple. This simplicity indeed constitutes half the difficulty, as the flower, when formed, is so large as to show all defects, and is not relieved by leaves, tendrils, or any other adjunct which can hide a misshapen petal, &c. In fact, a tulip, to be a beautiful object in wax, must be made with perfect exactness. Tulips vary very much in their color, shape, and mode of streaking: some have yellow bodies, and others white; some black anthers, others yellow; and so accordant with each other must be the anthers, streaks, color, size, and form, that only a real tulip must be taken as a pattern. Upon the examination of this, it will be found that the young seed-vessel is found of a club-shape in the centre, next are six stamens at equal distances, next six petals, the whole supported on a strong stem. The petals should be made of white wax for white flowers, and a middle shade of yellow for the other varieties. The color for the streaks is a mixture of carmine with a little blue or black, using Prussian blue to produce a purple, and Indian ink with the carmine or lake to form a deep crimson. Great care must be taken in laying on the streaks, as these must be on both sides of the petal, and before this is attached to the stalk; also, each petal is to be rolled with the knob of the largest curling-pin until it is somewhat of a boat-shape, or much hollowed in the part that is to come next the stalk. Three of the petals are to be put on

first, and the other three afterwards in such a manner that their edges will somewhat overlap the edges of the others. The whole flower, if fully blown, will form a cup-shape; but it is far more elegant to contract the top much more than this, so as to show fully the outside of the petals.

The Van Trol, or sweet-scented early spring tulip, is very easy to make. Its petals are about an inch and a half long, and three-quarters or less in width, round below and pointed above. They are to be made of deep yellow wax, and colored all over with carmine, except around the edges, which are to be left yellow. When put together, the petals are seldom regular, but somewhat distorted, so as to appear twisted towards the top, an effect easily imitated; also the flower should always be represented as nearly closed.

In wax these small tulips are usually represented as growing in a garden pot. There are to be two leaves to each. If thus made, never put more than three in a pot.

The Hyacinth.—This beautiful production of the garden is of every possible color, except bright green, scarlet, brown, and black; its varieties, both single and double, running through every shade of blue, pink, yellow, white, &c. It is rarely or never streaked; but very often the centre of a double flower is of a much darker color than the outer petals. The form of the hyacinth is different from any former flower we have described, inasmuch as it consists of num-

berless florets united together to form a close bunch. This adds somewhat to the labor, but not the difficulty of manipulation. First cut from twelve to twenty pieces of thin wire eight inches long, then cut out the petals according to form A. If you are imitating a single flower, take a piece of white wax a quarter of an inch broad and half an inch long; cut this in narrow strips; roll a piece similar to this round the top of each wire, one end of each strip being attached to the wire, the other end beyond it; these are for stamens. If you wish a double flower, let there be either six or twelve of these, or rather of narrow petals, as a substitute for the stamens. Those for the inner row are to be of form B, and for the second row of form C, being a gradation in size from the outer or true petals, which are also six in number. The various petals, when cut out, will require after coloring, or not, according to the variety copied. The stamens being attached, next fix the six petals at equal distances around; smooth very carefully the joints of them near to the stalk, so that they shall appear united for nearly half their length. Let the petals remain quite close together at the top for the buds, a little more open for the next lowest flowers, and the petals of the full-blown ones quite curved back in a round and regular form, for this character is very essential to the hyacinth. If a double flower is to be imitated, first, instead of the stamens, fix the six inner petals; then, in the intervals of these, the next row; and in the intervals between these last, or exactly opposite the inner row, the largest petals. The base of all the under ones is covered with the upper row, and the whole base is nicely rounded off. The petals are then put into form by carefully bending back first the outer row, then the next, and lastly the inner ones. One or even both rows of inner petals may be dispensed with for the buds, particularly the smaller ones. The joining of the florets together is the same for single and double flowers. The following brief instruction may suffice for many other flowers besides the hyacinth: Provide a needleful of green silk, and cover each stalk for about an inch with green wax; arrange the buds and flower in the order of their degree of expansion; fasten two of the smallest together, half an inch from the floret, by a curl of the silk, a quarter of an inch lower down; fasten on a third floret or bud by another turn of the silk, and so on for about three or four inches down the stem, increasing the distance of a quarter of an inch for each as you proceed downwards, and also rather increasing the half inch distance from

the floret to the place of the ligature; after placing two or three, it will be necessary to bend the stem of the floret sideways. It will be observed in a natural flower the buds are upright, the fresh-blown florets horizontal to the stem, and the lower one rather hanging down. As you go on attaching these florets, the stem will need covering with a strip of green wax similar to that used at first. Doing this with care, nicely blending the edges of these pieces, and duly arranging the florets so as to touch each other all round, a very natural appearance will be given to the whole; and, should a hyacinth be even the very first flower to be imitated, the learner will generally have cause to congratulate himself upon his successful modelling. For a fine hyacinth, you will require not more than four sheets of wax, as it cuts to great advantage.

The Narcissus.—The name narciss or narcissus is rather that of a family than a particular flower, as the species are extremely numerous and general among us. Space only allows one to be fully described, but the instructions given for that apply to them all, especially if the following remarks relative to the peculiarities of each are borne in mind.

Jonquil (Narcissus Jonquillus).—This is wholly, cup and all, of a bright yellow; the stems are thin and long; there are two sheaths. The flower is about two inches across, and there are two or three to each stem. The leaves are short and narrow.

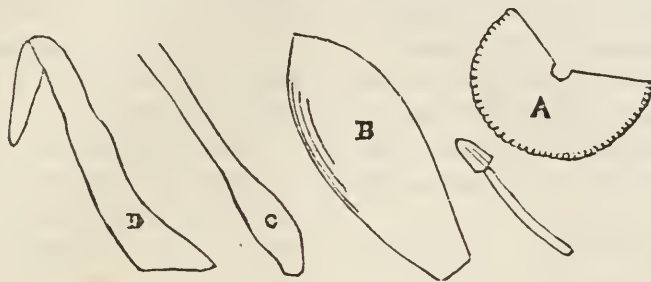
Poet's Narciss (Narcissus Poeticus).—There is but a single flower to each stem, and this is very often double, of a pure white color; when single, the cup is white tipped with scarlet. The seed-vessel is very small, the stem rather slender.

Polyanthus Narciss (Narcissus Tageta).—Eight or ten flowers to a stalk, of a fine dark-yellow color, both as to petals and cup; the latter, however, is much the darker, and may be made of orange wax, while the petals are of the darkest shade of yellow. The flowers need not be more than an inch and a half over, or even less than this.

Two-flowered Narciss (Narcissus Biflorus).—This two-flowered species is one of the prettiest, and as easy as any other to imitate; we will therefore describe it more in detail than the rest. The petals are, as in every case of the others, six in number, the stamens six, the nectary or centre part in the form of a cup. This is of a yellow color, jagged around the edge. The petals are white, the sheath of a light brown, and the stem and leaves bright green. First take two moderately thick wires for the stem,

and cover two or three inches of the top of each with green wax. Model six stamens of the form given in the illustrative cut; dip the points of these in turpentine, and then, while wet, in dry orange chrome; lay them aside for the turpentine to evaporate, and for them to become

hard again. While the stamens are drying, cut out a piece of deep yellow wax of the form shown at A, and make it jagged around the edge. Hold this piece in the hand, and roll the ball of the curling-pin over it backwards and forwards till it curls up, and till the edges may



be brought together. You may then unite the edges, and still roll it with the pin till it forms a perfect regular cup. The petals will not require rolling; but if you have a natural flower to copy from, you will find that the natural ones are somewhat in ridges; this effect is produced by the pin being pressed against them lengthwise. Unite the six stamens to the wire stem, so that they shall just have their anthers projecting beyond it. Next pierce the centre of the cup by the bottom end of the stalk, and pass it up to its proper place, that is, so that the bottom of it comes up close to the anthers of the stamens which have just been put on; pinch this tightly on; place the petals at regular intervals under the cup, bending them across at about a quarter of an inch near the bottom, and putting them on by this quarter of an inch, which will be quite sufficient; wrap a piece of white wax for about an inch along the wire for the tube of the flower, and make the whole quite smooth and even; lastly, finish the flower with a little oblong ball of green wax of the

same color as the stem to form the seed-vessel, as shown at C. The other flower is to be made the same way, or a bud may be formed in like manner. The petals are to be bent so as to give the flower a flat appearance, or rather, a flower opening is to be somewhat hollow; in a full-blown flower the petals are to be flat, and, in one which has been open for two or three days, they are to be bent back. The two flowers are now to be tied together at about an inch and a half from the seed-vessel of the one, and an inch from the seed-vessel of the other. Tie them not only here, but downwards along the stem to the bottom of it with thin soft cotton or silk. Cut out of brown wax a sheath, shaped as D; join it to the stem so as to conceal the upper ligature; and cover the stem below the sheath with green wax. The flowers only remain to be bent into proper form, so as to arrange themselves gracefully. They are naturally bent immediately adjoining the seed-vessel, or bulb, at the bottom of the tube of the flower.

THE WIFE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY ADA NEIL.

"WELL, my dear," said William Stanley to his wife, "I think if you will get out my portmanteau and fill it, I will run off to New York for a few days."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Stanley, arching her eyebrows. "On business?"

"No, not particularly. I like to go occasionally; and I supposed that this week would be quite as convenient a time, all things considered, as I could choose."

So, with the belief that William had some-

thing to call him from home that he did not care to trouble her about, like the confiding, trusting wife that she was, she packed the portmanteau, dropping into it one item that had not been called for—a tear, shed at the thought of her coming loneliness.

"Silly child that I am," she said, hastily wiping her eyes. "Two whole years a wife, and still so childish! I'll dry my tears, and be no longer foolish. And yet, would he have gone away so coolly a year ago for no particular

reason, except that he 'liked to occasionally?' Is he tiring of me—me—who meant to be to him the best of wives, and make his home like no other place on earth, that he must leave me for so paltry a reason?" And pretty Mrs. Stanley looked quite dejected as she went about her work, and sought to drown unpleasant thoughts in the performance of daily duties.

William Stanley took the night train for New York, telling his wife with a good-humored, yet meaning smile, that he should "be back again quite as soon as she would be glad to see him."

"Gone!" she ejaculated; "and for how long a time I know not. How dreary the house seems! And how shall I spend all these weary days? My housework is but little, and, now there is only myself to care for, will take but a few hours of the day. Let me see. I'll take up some of my girlish occupations. There is that ottoman cover, that never was finished; that pencil drawing of the old homestead that I was to complete and get framed; that handkerchief half hemstitched for mother; and then those songs that William bought for me the other day. Ah, I will finish these odd jobs! Then they will be off of my mind, and I shall be so busy that I shall not have time to be miserable. What a happy thought! Now, if I were a real heroine, I should lie on the lounge all day, *en deshabille*, with not a thought for anything but myself, thinking, all the time, that 'I would not, if I could, be gay.' No, no; nothing of that kind will do for me. 'Away with melancholy!'" sang the little lady, as she took the duster and proceeded to dust the parlor.

Her morning work finished, she went upstairs, into the little attic room, where things long forgotten were stored. Opening an old trunk, she seated herself on a small chest, and commenced a review of its contents. A neat pasteboard box held the cloth and the gay worsteds with which the ottoman cover was to have been worked. The sight of these renewed many youthful days, and she searched the trunk to the bottom to see what else it might hold that had been forgotten since she left her childhood's home. Here was a bundle of letters from her schoolmates—full of demonstrations of lasting friendship—friendship that had not outlived the poor little note-paper that had testified to its existence. Opening them, she became absorbed in their contents; and hour after hour rolled by, and the village bell rang the hour of noon before Mrs. Stanley was sufficiently recalled to the present time to know that she was mistress of a house of her own, instead of an occupant

of a little old desk in yonder schoolhouse on the hill, where all these girlish letters had been received and answered.

"Well, well, I have had two pleasant hours, and have lived over some happy days. After dinner, I will certainly commence the work I have planned."

All the afternoon her fingers flew merrily over the canvas, and at evening the task was nearly completed.

"One hour more of work, and there will be one bit more of furniture to surprise William with when he returns. When he returns! Let me see: that will probably be in about three or four days. Oh, dear, what a long time! I know I shall have the blues before he gets home. Well, I will try and keep them off with employment. There is that tulip bed to be weeded. I'll do it now."

Weeding is hard work if faithfully done. Mrs. Stanley worked until, for weariness, she knew she could work no longer; so, going into the house, she seated herself in the western bow window; and, taking her knitting-work, prepared for an hour of twilight rest and meditation. A city belle would have smiled at the homely occupation that busied her fingers; but our little heroine was country-bred, and had many old-fashioned notions that made her a happier woman than she might otherwise have been. The soft clicking of a set of knitting-needles has something in its sound peculiarly quieting and soothing. Busy people sometimes have the feeling that they cannot sit and fold their hands, even when they wish to think. Let me assure my lady friends that, with a half knit stocking in their fingers, all such feelings will vanish. They will have the happy consciousness that they are "doing something;" and that goes a great way in making up the happiness of some lives. Instead, therefore, of leaning her head upon her hand, and thus gazing out into the night, as heroines of romance are wont to do at the twilight hour, our heroine took her knitting-work, and, sitting in an easy-chair, looked quietly at the fading sunset, the slowly descending new moon, and the bright stars that came out one by one. Very beautiful she thought the scene; and then she wondered where William was and what he might be doing. "Perhaps he will go to the theatre," she thought; and then corrected herself as she remembered that it was an opera night, and that he had always expressed a wish to see Vesta Vali.

The evening breeze at last drove her from the window; and, lighting the lamp, she sought the "Amusement" column of the "Post," and

found that Vesta Vali would appear in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

"Ah, I am glad of that! William will enjoy it highly." Self-forgotten, she did not lament that she could not be there too; but she pictured the gay scene at the Academy, and was happy in William's supposed happiness.

A few scenes in Kingsley's "Saints' Tragedy"—so sad that she could read but a few scenes; and lastly, in accordance with another old-fashioned notion, a chapter in the Bible, and thus Mrs. Stanley ended her first day alone.

Few of us can remember ever having passed two days in succession exactly alike. The usual order is a quiet day, and then an active day, then another quiet one. So, as Mrs. Stanley had passed one still, quiet day, the one that followed might naturally be expected to be of a different character. One would have supposed that she had appointed a reception day, so numerous were the calls she received. Very little time she had for the odd jobs she had planned. But the worsted work was finished, and the pencil drawing commenced.

On the third day, the parlor was strewn with drawing materials, working cotton, &c.; and slight showers kept Mrs. Stanley in-doors and busy.

"Oh, this hemstitching is getting tiresome! I would not make mamma a present that has cost me any unpleasant hours. I'll lay it aside for a time. I'll draw a little while. No; I'll look at those songs. Yes; at this one." And, seating herself at the piano, she opened Mendelssohn's beautiful little song "Far Away."

"O far away I'll fly in dreaming,
Where thou art now;
Where everlasting snows are gleaming,
And foaming brooks go lakeward streaming,
Where thou art now.
* * * * *
And still my soul pursues its dreaming
Till thou return.
Time shall not move me to complaining,
Our hearts unaltered aye remaining,
Till thou return."

Charmed by the influence of the words and the music, Mrs. Stanley leaned her elbow upon the music-desk and fell to thinking. She was aroused by a touch upon her shoulder and a kiss upon her forehead.

"Oh, William! is that you? How you frightened me! I did not expect you so soon."

"Ah! then it was not me whose return you were waiting? Hey, my dear?"

Mrs. Stanley blushed, but her happy face told the truth—"whose return should she be waiting for?"

"Yes, yes; but I have not been among 'everlasting snows' and 'foaming brooks.'

"Well, well, have it as you please; only I am so glad that you are here. But how did you get in without my knowing it?"

"Oh, 'out of sight, out of mind,' you know."

"Cruel man, you know nothing about it. Look around the room and see how hard I have tried to keep busy and not to grow lonesome."

"Drawing, embroidery, sewing, reading, music! Do you know that I fancied that your occupations had been vastly different?"

"No; what can you mean?"

"Have you forgotten a year ago at this time?"

"Yes, yes; I believe so. But what of it?"

"Well, it so happens that I had not forgotten it. Scrubbing and cleaning week, was it not?"

"Perhaps so. What made you remember it?"

"Why, I set it down in my memory as the unhappiest week I had known since our marriage. So, this year, I resolved to be out of the way while the 'three days' revolution' was taking place; so I forced myself off to New York."

"Oh, William, had you told me this before, you need not have gone, and I should have been spared some sad thoughts and some sad tears—*some*; not *many*, mind you!"

"Ah! how is that?"

"I have attended to no house-cleaning since you left."

"Indeed! Then the evil day is put off."

"Not so. I have no evil day. This year I resolved to have no more house-cleaning periods, but to put the house in order in the most quiet way possible. Doing a little of the all-important house-cleaning every day until all was completed, in order to save all this disagreeable bustle and confusion. An hour or two, each morning, I have given to it; and it seems as if it had gone off with the help of magic. I like it so well that I think I ought to take a patent for my new homœopathic treatment of the annual disease—house-cleaning."

"Do so, best of wives, and it shall cure me of my roving habits, of which I should be glad to be free; for, if ever man had cause to say, 'There's no place like home,' it is your happy William."

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

THE HAIR.

THE art of arranging and adorning the hair has been an important object of attention from the remotest periods. In this art, perhaps, the Greeks and Romans chiefly excelled. We read, in their earliest poets, of flowing curls, lustrous tresses, rich coils of plaits, combined with ornaments of gold and silver, feathers, jewels, and delicately colored tissues of many kinds. The innumerable modes of dressing to which the hair has been subjected are curious to observe; and when our limits permit, we shall describe a few of them, as well as some of the various styles of coiffures and head-coverings which have found favor among different nations at different periods. For the last twenty years the coiffure of the ladies has only experienced slight modification, and these have generally been in correct taste, neither grotesque nor extravagant. The hair has been left in its natural purity, without powder or stiffening pomatums; it has been allowed to fall in ringlets in graceful simplicity, or bound back in classic form, in braids, or thick, glossy folds, according to the fancy of the wearer. A fine, luxuriant head of hair is so essential to beauty, and a scanty supply of rough, ill-tended hair so repulsive, that those women who wisely deem it a serious social duty to render themselves pleasing and agreeable, should study the best means for preserving and beautifying this useful and attractive ornament of the person. Cleanliness is of course indispensable, and this is best attained by frequently washing the head in soft, warm water; it is an error to suppose that water injures the hair—it is the natural, and therefore the best method of cleaning it, and as it keeps the skin free from impurities, it ensures the healthy condition of the hair. It is, however, highly necessary that it should be well dried and rubbed with hot cloths; this restores the elasticity and glossiness to the hair, and prevents catarrh or headaches. The constant use of the brush we need not allude to, except to advise that the head itself should not be treated roughly with it, as is sometimes the case; the *hair* should be well brushed, but not the *head*, as the partings of the head are rendered thin and unsightly by the rough manner in which the brush is often handled in America. The yolk of eggs beat up

with lemon-juice is excellent for the purpose of cleansing the hair. Night-caps are injurious, unless composed of thin transparent materials. The hair should be cut about every two months; oils and greases should be used very sparingly, for, although in moderation they improve the appearance of the hair, an excess soon produces a very contrary result. There are so many excellent pomades now in use, that it is scarcely requisite to give a receipt for any, unless for the purpose of economy, like the following: Take half a pint of oil of almonds, and dissolve with it purified beef marrow about three ounces; when melted, stir into it any essence or perfume that may be preferred. Rosemary tea is much recommended as a wash for the hair. And cocoa-nut oil, when it can be procured genuine, is, perhaps, the most effectual beautifier of the hair that can be obtained. As a cheap bandoline to make the hair close and smooth, the following will be found useful: Take a cupful of linseed, pour over it sufficient boiling water to cover, let it stand till the water becomes like a jelly, then add a little rose water, and strain it for use. The usual way of preparing bandoline is with quince-seeds, or with gelatine; the latter dries on the hair, and has a dirty appearance.

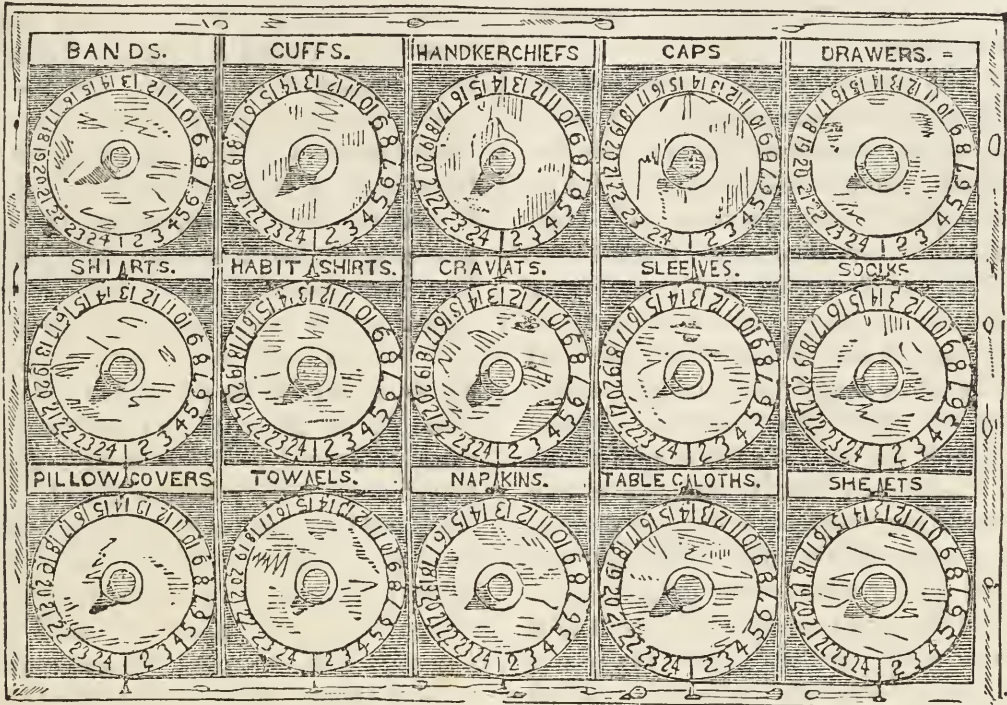
The hair, in its manner of growing, resembles a bulbous plant. The lower end of the bulb is connected with small fibres, like roots, which convey the necessary nutritive secretions. Each hair is a hollow tube, and is composed of several substances. An animal substance analogous to albumen, a thick, whitish oil to which is owing the soft glossiness of the hair, minute quantities of oxide of manganese and carbonate of lime, iron in proportions varying according to the color, a considerable quantity of silicic acid, and sulphur. There is, besides, an oil, which is the coloring principle of the hair. In black hair this oil is of a brownish-green color; in light hair, dark or pale yellow, according to the shade; in red hair, this oil is brownish red, and in flaxen, almost colorless. These colors, and their various shades, depend upon the predominance of certain substances forming this oil; that which gives a black color has in its composition a large proportion of iron and manganese; that which renders the hair blonde contains a

small quantity of iron and a larger proportion of sulphur; that of red hair contains very little sulphur and a considerable quantity of red oxide of iron. The *complete absence of iron, with in-*

*creased quantity of silicic acid, is the cause of the hair becoming white.**

* Mr. Hill, No. 1 Barclay St., N. Y., possesses an admirable unguent for the hair.

ANCIENT METHOD OF KEEPING A WASHING ACCOUNT.



SHAKERLEY MARMION in his "Antiquary," says:—

"I must reverence and prefer the precedent Times before these, which consum'd their wits in Experiments; and 'twas a virtuous Emulation amongst them, that nothing Which should profit posterity should perish."

Without a full adherence to this dictum, we would nevertheless admit that we are indebted to the past for the germ of many of our most important discoveries. Every day some relic-hunter exposes to view long-hidden treasures, which, after an inhumation of centuries, appear before us with a freshness unusual to age. The ancient washing-tablet, of which an account is annexed, although of humble pretensions to notice, is yet a proof of the simple and effective means frequently adopted in olden times for the economy of time and materials.

It is a saying, *that in old things there are new.* To prove this, therefore, we give an engraving of an object which was exhibited a few years since.

The readers of the Lady's Book, with a little contrivance, may easily make a similar tablet, which will be found useful.

A reference to the engraving obviates a lengthened explanation. It will, however, be seen, by a comparison with the engraved "*washing-board,*" that if the mistress of a family has fifteen *pillow-covers, or so many collars, or so many bands,* to be mentioned in the washing account, she can turn the circular dial, by means of the button or handle, to the number corresponding with the rough mark at the bottom of the dial, above which are written *sheets, table-cloths, &c.*

It is needless to mention the saving of labor and time that would arise from the use of this simple and ingenious contrivance, which also obviates the necessity of keeping a book.

The original object from which the engraving was taken was of a larger size, and showed the numbers very distinctly. The dials may be made either of ivory or metal.

TRIALS OF AN ENGLISH HOUSEKEEPER.

NO. VIII.—SUSAN'S STRATAGEM.

"Away, away; you're all the same—
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng."

It was while Mrs. Yapp was with us that my dear little Kate was born, who was pronounced by my nurse, Mrs. Toosypegs, the loveliest baby she ever saw.

I wish any one could only have seen my dear, dear mother—I can assure them it really was a treat worth living for—sitting by the fire-side, with my little unconscious angel lying in her lap, and pulling down its sweet little nose, so as to seduce it into symmetry. She told me the first duty a mother owed to her infant was to pay proper attention to its nose, as really, at that tender age, it was as plastic as putty, and could be drawn out just like so much India-rubber; indeed, Nature, she might say, seemed to have kindly placed the child's nose in its mother's hands, and left it for her to say whether the cherub should be blessed with an aquiline, or cursed with a snub. I had to thank herself, she said, for the shape of mine; for, when I was born, she really had fears that it would take after my father, and his was a bottle; so that it was only by never neglecting my nasal organ for an instant, and devoting every spare minute she had to its growth and formation, that she had been able to rescue it from the strong likeness it had, at first, to my father's. And she begged of me to carry this maxim with me to my grave—"That noses might be grown to any shape, like cucumbers; and that it was only for the mother to decide whether the infant nasal gherkin should be allowed to run wild, and twist itself into a 'turn up,' or should, by the process of cultivation, be forced to grow straight, and elongate itself into a Grecian."

My poor Edward was nearly out of his wits with joy at having such a beautiful child; and the stupid niddy would go giving Mrs. Toosypegs half a sovereign when she declared that it was the very image of its papa—and so the little angel was. But my husband must go cutting his jokes again, and saying that, as he missed a silver spoon down-stairs, he should like to know whether the child had been born with one in its mouth.

Mrs. Yapp, I regret to say, made herself very

disagreeable throughout the whole business, and would have it that mother was conspiring against my daughter and myself to kill us. The fact was, they were both at daggers drawn about the way in which my baby and myself were to be treated; for one was for bathing the little darling in cold water, and the other in warm; and the one for bandaging it up like a little mummy, and the other letting its beautiful little limbs be perfectly free. One would have it that the soothing syrup was really what it professed to be—a blessing to mothers, while the other declared that it was nothing more than a poison to children. As for myself, one said I could never get round if I didn't have plenty of air; and the other vowed that I should never get up again if the room wasn't kept as close as possible. Dear mother assured me that I could only gain strength by taking as much solid food as I could manage; while Mrs. Yapp persisted in telling me that in my state I ought to take nothing but slops—at least, if I wanted to get well; and they used to pester the poor doctor so, whenever he came, that at last he took offence, and said that, as he saw that I was in very good hands, he thought his services were no longer required. Somehow or other, Mrs. Toosypegs seemed to agree with everybody; so that I could not tell what on earth to do. Every day at dinner there was a regular fight at my bedside; for mother would insist upon my just taking a mouthful of the lean of a mutton-chop that she had cooked for me, while Mrs. Yapp declared that it would be the death of me, and would stand begging and praying of me to try a spoonful or two of her nice gruel; so, between the two, I couldn't get either any rest or food, for they neither would allow me to touch what the other recommended. And I do verily believe, if it hadn't been for Mrs. Toosypeg's giving me, on the sly, whatever I took a fancy to, I must, positively and truly, have been starved to death.

To my great horror, just before Mrs. Toosypegs went, she brought me word that the small-pox had broken out among the soldiers in the barracks near us; and, as I knew that they would keep coming after our pretty Susan, I determined to go directly to the establishment in

Bloomsbury Square, and get the sweet cherub vaccinated.

Accordingly, we jumped into a cab, and went down to the place; and I may safely say that I never saw such a beautiful sight in my life as met my eyes there. If there was one dear little baby, there must have been at least a hundred; and I felt as though I could have taken them all in my arms; though I must say, with the cries of some fifty of them, and the prattling of the mothers to the rest, the noise was almost too much for me. When my turn came to go in with my child, I told Mrs. Toosyeps she must go in my place, for I felt I should never be able to go through with it. While nurse was in the doctor's room, I tried to drive the thoughts out of my mind by playing with the child next me. While I was amusing myself in this way, a poor woman, seeing my arms empty, asked me if I would be kind enough to hold her child for a few minutes, while she stepped out for a glass of water, for the heat of the place was too much for her. Of course, I was very glad to oblige her; and, taking her baby, I said: "Certainly, with a great deal of pleasure."

When nurse came back with my poor little dear, we were both in a hurry to get home with it; but not a sign of the poor woman who had given me the child could we see. We waited for four hours, at the very least, until everybody had gone and we were left alone, and at last the man came to lock the door. I wanted to leave the baby there, telling him that probably the mother would soon come for it; but this he would not consent to; so, at last, I had to go away, leaving my address with him, and telling him to send the mother to me when she came after it.

When we reached home, there was a fine piece of work with the pair of them. And Edward was so surly at the noise the two children made, that I really thought, between him and the babies, I should have gone out of my senses; for he said: "I didn't seem to think it sufficient to have two mothers-in-law in the house at once, but I must go adding to them two babies."

I sat up till nearly eleven, expecting every moment to hear the mother, all in a flutter, asking for her child. But I waited in vain; and, on undressing the poor, half-starved little thing, I found tacked to its little petticoat a strip of paper, on which was written: "Plese to treet him wel. His name is Alfred." So it was now plain that the unfeeling mother, observing, I dare say, my love for children, and that I was very well dressed, was induced to

single me out as her dupe, and throw her infant upon my tender feelings.

As it was impossible to send the child round to the workhouse at that late hour, I was obliged to take it up-stairs with me; and a charming night Edward and I had of it; for, as soon as that little brute of an Alfred began to cry, of course he would set off my dear little Kate; and, while I was getting one to sleep, Edward had to rock the other, which he did, all the while grumbling at me in a most shameful manner; wondering how I could ever have been such a simpleton as to take charge of a strange child in such a place.

Early in the morning, I sent Susan to the workhouse with the young urchin, instructing her to tell the authorities how shamefully I had been imposed on, and to say that I felt it to be my duty, under the circumstances, to hand it over to them. But, in a little while, back came Susan with the child, saying that the porter at the gate had told her that I must come around myself the next Board day, and represent the case to the guardians; and, if the facts would bear investigation, perhaps they might make out an order to have it admitted.

Here was a pretty state to be in; for Susan said the next Board day was not for five days to come, and it was impossible for me to think of keeping the child all that time; and I really felt as if I could have put it in our old fish-basket and tied it to the first knocker I came to. Indeed, as it was, mother and I did try for more than an hour to persuade Mrs. Yapp to adopt the little foundling. We both kept pointing out to her what a comfort, we had no doubt, it would grow up to be in her old age, and what a noble act she would be doing in rescuing the poor little innocent dear from the workhouse, and perhaps a prison; saying that it was impossible, under the circumstances, to tell what would become of it; but it was all of no use.

Consequently, I made up my mind to send it down to Edward by Susan, telling him what the workhouse people had said, and begging him to go up to them with it, and make them take it in directly, as I told him he must very well know they were in law bound to do.

In about two hours, Susan came back, like a good girl, to my infinite delight, without the baby. When I asked her what on earth she had done with it, I thought I should have died with laughter; for she told me that, on her way down to Chancery Lane, she had met with Mary Hooper—who had been a fellow-servant of hers, and who is now living as nursery-maid at Mr. Catlin's, the solicitor, in John Street,

Bedford Row—and, as she was going to take the two little Misses Catlin for a walk in Gray's Inn Gardens, of course my Miss Susan must go in with her.

While she was there, she said, there were some impudent young barristers, whose chambers were on the ground floor, leaning out of one of the windows at the back, and smoking their cigars, and playing the fool with the nursery-maids, instead of minding their business. And, as she was walking up and down, they must needs go getting into conversation with her; and, pretending to admire the baby she had got in her arms, first asking her how old it was, and then declaring that they never before, in the whole course of their lives, saw such a fine boy for his age; and then inquiring whether it was her own, and a whole pack of other stuff besides. At last, one of the gentlemen, who she said had red hair and sandy whiskers, begged to be allowed to give the dear little baby a kiss, as he was passionately fond of children. So she handed the child up to him; and no sooner had the sharp fellow got hold of it than he refused to let her have it back again unless she came round to their chambers and fetched it herself; whereupon Susan told him that, as he wouldn't give the child up without it, she supposed she must. But no sooner had she got outside the gardens than it very properly struck her that, as the gentleman was so fond of children, she might just as well leave it with him altogether, instead of letting it go to the workhouse, poor little pet!

I really thought I should have killed myself with laughing, for I remembered I had that very morning, before sending the infant round to the workhouse, sewed on again the identical strip of paper which I had found stitched on to its little petticoat body, just to show it to the workhouse authorities, and which requested the party into whose hands the poor babe fell to treat it kindly, and that its name was Alfred.

I told Susan I was *very* much pleased with what she had done, and I gave her five shillings, and said she might go out for a holiday as soon as she liked, adding that she had in a very clever manner given the impudent fellows a good deal more than they sent, and in a way that not only showed she was one too many for them, but would teach them never again to go making love to the child for the sake of the maid.

When Edward came home, he was as pleased as Punch. He declared it just served the lawyers right, and was a bit of sharp practice that

did Susan much credit. And then he made a very good pun upon it, for he said that he had a very great mind to go down and stick a board up in the gardens opposite the window of the young fellow to whom Susan had handed the innocent creature, with "Lambs taken in to *Gray's Inn* here," painted in large letters upon it.

PICTURES AND SIMILES.

BY MRS. JANE MARIA MEAD.

Two flow'rs in one fair garden grew,
Love's Eden was their home;
Together stood they side by side,
And budded into bloom.

Sunlight and dew were on them shed
With every passing day,
But, ah! stern Fate came storming in,
And tore those flow'rs away.

Two doves have met in high mid-heaven;
It is the time of spring;
Their hearts are mated, and they soar
With wild, exulting wing.
But lo! Fate's archer on the pair
Has fixed his frowning eye,
And one by one, ah me! those doves,
They flutter, fall, and die.

Two barks upon a sunny sea,
To soft and balmy gales,
With eager joy, all lovingly,
Unfurl their hopeful sails.
And now the haven looms to view,
And now they near the shore;
Vain hope! a tempest beats them back,
And parts them evermore.

Two beings meet, they meet to love,
In blissful, budding youth;
They sever, each with cold, cold frowns,
Concealing love's fond truth.
And thus they live, and thus they die,
Their life-paths wide apart;
Each with a spirit firm and high,
Each with a martyr's heart.

SONNET.

BY C. ERNST FAHNESTOCK.

BEAM ON L y lonely hours, star of my soul;
More welcome for thy love-inspiring eyes
Than to the summer flower the dewy skies;
My spirit pines without their sweet control.
They first incited to ambition's goal,
And in the strange and unforgotten past,
A wreath of golden visions o'er me cast,
That still around in silent splendor roll.
Oh, let thy constant and approving smile
Each gloomy shadow into brightness turn!
And may my soul, like some volcanic isle
Begirt with lurid flames, unceasing burn
To win by lofty flight a shining name,
That long shall skimmer on the roll of Fame.'

THIS IS LIFE.

BY JULIEN.

I STROLL'D along a lucid mountain stream,
When hope was beautiful as love's young dream,
Gazing with rapture on the winding rill,
And on the rosy bowers remembered still.

There lone I mused from morn till evening gray,
Where nature wore the garb of endless day;
Where songster's notes melodiously fell
Upon the hills, and echoed in the dell.

Light shadows 'gan to float across the lea,
Like fleecy clouds upon the deep blue sea,
When I resumed my homeward track again,
Resolved to leave that silent solemn train.

When lo! a vision did my thoughts arrest,
And quickly to my heart my hand was prest:
Beneath an aged oak a maiden fair
Was lifting up her soul in fervent prayer.

O'er her majestic brow waved rich brown curls,
And lips, which half disclosed a row of pearls,
Breathed notes so sweet, so musical, so mild,
That Heaven bow'd in rev'rence to her child.

Though in a moment, like a parting beam,
She, trembling, vanished, mirrored in the stream;
Her neck, like marble, beautifully drawn,
A blush suffused, which else had paled the lawn.

The day-god, ling'ring to behold the scene,
Grew faint and vanish'd with a silvery sheen;
Up rose the moon, bright stars illumed the west,
As the veiled sun sank silently to rest.

Heaven seemed to smile alone on that dear spot,
Where sin and death had never made a blot;
The birds' sweet carol early morn awoke,
Their warblings ever evening's silence broke.

* * * * *

Another clime had been my home for years,
When I returned to view the scene through tears
Since, time's rude hand had wantonly defaced
The vale which this pure streamlet's beauty graced.

With bleeding heart I caught the moon's last beam,
Which shone upon the bosom of the stream,
And traced, amid the round of din and strife,
These words, in silv'ry letters, "This is life."

THE GRAY-MOSS WREATH.

*Impromptu, on sending one from the South to a young lady
of the North.*

BY PEYRE VIDAL.

NOT of the moss, fair maid, should be
The wreath that I would weave for thee:
But chaplets of the rose and vine
About thy sunny brow should twine.

Yet take the Druid moss I've wove,
Which tells of deeper thoughts than love:
Of hallowing rite and sacred tomb,
And memories of a perished bloom!

It tells of autumn's mournful sway—
Of summer's blossoms pass'd away:
And teaches of a hope that springs
From homage to enduring things.

Itself a parasite, it knows
No feeble tie, where once it grows:
But, spite of change, its streamer's wave
To honor, where they may not save!

TO AN EVERGREEN.

BY J. Y. S.

ONCE beautiful, and stately in thy growth,
Thou peerless evergreen: uprooted now,
And faded—crushed to earth—no love nor care,
No dew nor gentle rain, can give thee back
The life forever gone.
Yet hast thou had thy uses here—and well
Hast thou disclosed thy embassy to all;
Thy little term of years was marked by good,
And free as Heaven bestowed its gifts on thee,
So freely hast thou yielded sweet return.
Thy budding beauty charmed the eager eye;
Thy spreading boughs were sought by weary feet;
And 'neath the shelter of thy branches low,
Young flowers took root and blossomed in the shade.
Birds warbled as they hopped from spray to spray;
At early morn, ere yet the sun had robbed
Thee of the diamonds on thy emerald leaves,
The robin came to carol forth its song—
A burst of melody outgushing free.
Perchance it would have chosen here a nook
In which to build a nest, and rear its young,
Had fate not scattered with a ruthless hand
Its hopes, and sent the wand'rer forth to roam.
Emblem of sorrow! type of blighted hopes!
Torn from thy native soil, to please the eye
And sate the pride of one who little cared
To watch thee well with loving heed, and shield
Thee till inured to this thy new-found home.

And she whom thy sad doom has imaged forth
Made glad the hearts of many in her youth—
With gentle grace and beauty, winning all
Who came within her sphere of purity.
There was a look of sweetness in her face;
A touch of beauty in her rounded form;
A world of love in those deep, tender eyes,
That cast a magic spell on all around.
Free as the robin's carol was her song—
Unsullied then by contact with the world—
Fresh were her hopes as innocent her heart,
And life seemed one long dream of joys to come.
While all admired, one sought her for his own:
Kindly she listened to his words of love,
And gave him back such answer as he claimed.
Here rested all his hopes of future bliss,
Till fate with seeming hatred drove him forth
Alone to battle with the storms of life.
She was the victim: low the earthly form
Lies mouldering and mingling with the earth—
Her mission (may be) only half revealed,
But fraught with good to balance every ill.
A life not wasted utterly—Ah who
Shall dare to say she lived and loved in vain?
The patient heart can bear and still live on,
With faith and trust in Him who cares for all;
Till with a vision, as of face to face,
Not darkly through a glass, he looks beyond
The gaze of mortal eyes, and sees for each
And every shade a gleam of living light—
And over all a father's watchful love.

THE KATYDID.

BY JOHN M'KINSTRY.

WHEN summer wanes, and autumn's chill
Has hushed the voice of Whip-poor-will,
Then, when at eve all else is still,
We hear the noisy Katydid.

In mute repose all day it sleeps,
Or on a twig its vigils keeps;
But at dim twilight out it leaps,
With the salute of "Katy did."

Upon a leaf 'tis sometimes seen,
Grasshopper-like and very green,
Looking quite too small and mean
To sound the note of "Katy did."

'Tis said the insect does not sing,
But, with a membrane of its wing,
A little harp, or guitar string,
Vibrates the tune of "Katy did."

But why this music? dost thou call
Thy mates, to hold in festive hall
A banquet or a carnival?
What dost thou mean by "Katy did?"

Perhaps there is some worthy Kate,
Whose deed thou wouldst commemorate;
Then tell us what achievement great
That heroine, Miss Katy, did?

The mystery we shall ne'er explore,
For still we hear the same thing o'er
Just "Katy did," and nothing more;
No tell-tale is our Katydid.

We will not urge thy answering,
So keep thy secret, verdant thing,
And make the ambient welkin ring
With monotone of "Katy did."

Thy note is harsh, and yet despite
Its harshness, thrills us with delight,
And cheers the lonely hours of night;
We like thee well, Miss Katydid.

It is a happy life you lead;
Nature's hand supplies your need;
You neither toil nor spin, yet feed
On food prepared for Katydid.

Life's fleeting day to us is lent;
Would that its hours might all be spent
As cheerful and as innocent
As those of humble Katydid!

LADY, SCHOOL THY HEART.

BY M. A. RICE.

LADY of the sparkling eye,
With the soft luxuriant hair,
Beauty beams in every glance,
Thou art passing fair;
And thy thoughts are free and gay;
As the summer winds at play;
Beauty is a glorious dower,
Dost thou trust its magic power?
Gentle are the words of love,
All is bright below, above;
This enchantment may depart,
Therefore, lady, school thy heart.

Lady, there are many eyes
That on thee will kindly beam,
Winsome as the sun's last ray
On the rippling stream;
But there may be one deep glance,
Caught amid the flying dance,
That will haunt thee like a dream,
Making all else worthless seem;
And to mock thy misery,
It was never meant for thee;
Rouse thee ere the seal is set,
Teach thy fond heart to forget.

Lady, there will come to thee
Visions beautiful and bright,
Bathing thy immortal part
In resplendent light;
Spirit music thou shalt hear,
Never borne to mortal ear;
Glorious things too bright to last,
Oft renewed, as often past;
Glimpses of a purer world,
When spirit-wings shall be unfurled;
Struggle 'gainst a heart of care,
Lady, breathe the purer air.

Lady, passing years may throw
Shadows o'er a brow so fair,
Steal away thy cheek's warm glow,
Silver thy dark hair;
Now thy life is in its spring,
But autumn yellow leaves will fling
Above the withered flowers that lie
On the cold earth so silently.
Live, a woman firm and true,
Swayless by the passing breath;
Nerve thy soul by noble deeds,
To cope at last with death.

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

A LITTLE child, with chestnut hair,
And gentle eyes of blue,
And rosy cheeks and crimson lips,
Love's own appropriate hue,
Knelt in the morning's golden blush,
And raised her small hands fair,
And whispered in her lisping tones
"Dear Father, hear my prayer!"

The smiling sunbeams danced and played
Around the kneeling child,
And lighted up with holy light
Her features calm and mild;
The amber gleams seemed loath to leave
Her clouds of waving hair,
And listened while those sweet lips said,
"Dear Father, hear my prayer!"

Oh, blessed child, keep ever pure
From sin's enticing wile,
And let thy happy, youthful brow
Rest ever in God's smile;
And by and by thy feet shall press
The heavenly meadows fair,
And thou shalt chant in nobler strains,
"Dear Father, hear my prayer!"

MUSINGS.

BY CORA.

THE moonlight is falling upon the broad earth,
It gleams on the water with wavering light,
Far over the woodlands and over the plain
'Tis lingering still on the brow of the night.

And now is descending a silvery shower,
The drops are slow mingling with fairy-like gleams,
And as they are resting in radiant glow,
They seem like the treasures of earlier dreams.

They seem like the gems from the fathomless depths,
That sparkle so brightly within their dark tomb;
They rest on the leaves, and the timid young buds
They urge with their presence, to vigorous bloom

The swell of rich music from fairy-like bowers,
From shells of the ocean commenceth to rise,
Now swelling the harmony over the earth,
And then in low murmurs the melody dies.

The song of the sea-shell is changeful, though sweet,
Like the song of the shells 'mid the sands of our life;
'Tis pleasure and happiness when they begin,
But oft when they finish 'tis sorrow and strife.

The song of the birdlings, the flow of the stream,
The drippings of light 'mid the soft evening shower,
All these, and still more on our path to the grave,
Are but the mementos of each passing hour.

Not so with the echo that lives in our souls,
The birth of a passion that mortals call love;
'Twill grow and still strengthen through life's weary
years,
Nor think of repose till we anchor above.

LELA.

BY HENRY T. HARRIS

THE bells that toll the parting hour of day,
The winds that sigh amid the leaves at even,
Whispered a requiem while the angels came
And bore her spirit to its home in Heaven.

She was a fair-haired girl of seventeen,
Whose heart was gladsome as a summer bird,
When far amid the forest's solitude
It carols forth its low, sweet notes unheard.

I've seen her strolling where the violets hang
Their blue-eyed bells beside the forest stream,
And then her spirit was as glad and bright
As some creation of a poet's dream.

Ah, none had thought that death's insatiate shaft
Was pointed now at beauteous Lela's heart;
For none had dreamed this fair and gentle flower
Would fall so soon beneath his poisonous dart.

I felt the fever gathering on the cheek,
I saw the fading of her violet eye;
And when I marked the quick and fluttering pulse,
I knew, I knew the faded flower must die.

We saw the death-damp gather on her brow,
And heard the low, sweet accents of a prayer
That flowed from out her pale and clefted lips,
As death's dread angel with his shaft drew there.

One look she gave toward the realms of bliss,
Then closed her beauteous eyes to ope no more
Till she had crossed Death's dark and stormy wave,
And found a mansion on yon starry shore.

They twined sweet garlands from the daisy bowers,
And laid them softly on her forehead fair;
They were the emblem of that gentle soul
That entered heaven upon the wings of prayer.

Her sunny curls, like shattered sunbeams, lay
Upon her brow as suntints on a cloud,
And softly blended with the loosened folds
Of her last winding sheet—the ghostly shroud.

The rose had faded from her velvet cheek,
But still the lily slept in beauty there,
As if 'twere nurtured by the mellow light
That fell in showers from her soft, sunny hair.

Her hands upon her pulseless bosom lay
Like petted doves within a downy nest,
And seemed to guard the dusty portal whence
Her soul had fluttered to its Eden rest.

They bore her to the pale, sad realms of shade,
That gentle one, the loved and early dead;
They paid the last sad tribute of a tear
In broken sighs above her lowly bed.

No sculptured tablet marks her place of sleep,
But willows wave in pendent beauty there;
And giant oaks stand sentinels to guard
The low, sweet slumbers of a form so fair.

Sleep, Lela, sleep: no sound disturbs thee now,
No disappointments chill thy throbbless breast;
For high above yon star-paved dome, thy soul
Has found beneath the "tree of life" a rest.

Thou art a shining angel, long-loved one,
Who flittest where the silver fountains play,
Upon whose wings the starry beams of heaven
Shine in bright splendor through eternal day.

THE IDEAL REALIZED.

I HAD a dream in boyhood; 'twas of one
Whose loveliness seemed fairest child of heaven,
And even then in spring of life begun
'Twas far more bright than mortal e'er was given;
It was a joy and beauty, and my heart
Was given to that idol, and I never
Dreamed any fate could bid it e'er depart,
But knew 'twould dwell within my soul forever.

Years fled away, and I, the dreaming boy,
Entered life's grand arena; *she* came not
Of whom I dreamed with fondly eager joy,
She, worshipped, never seen, but ne'er forgot;
In dreams she sweetly smiled on me alone,
And smiled in beauty every passing day,
And always fancy gave her voice a tone
That thrilled me as she fled in dreams away.

And now 'tis real, this enrapturing dream,
And manhood triumphs for the dreaming boy
Triumphs to find the lovely vision *seem*
His bright awaking to a real joy.
Beloved Cornelia, fondly, dearly met!
Thou art my dream, my hope, my joy, my love;
Though every other star for me should set,
All will be bright if thine beam on above.

WEAR A SMILE.

BY C. H. GARBER.

"Oh, what shall I wear?" and she stood by her toilet
A beauty so rare, every touch seemed to spoil it:
"Yes, they all will be there, and *he* will be there;"
And she smiled in the mirror, "Oh, what shall I wear?"

The pet of the village sweet Helen had been
From the days of her childhood till now seventeen;
I loved—who could help it?—all loved the dear child,
For her eyes were so bright, and her lips always smiled.

Every color she tried, roses, ribbons, how many,
But her fair cheek shamed all, for 'twas fairer than any.
"Oh, what shall I wear?" and she sighed, seeming
lonely:

Said a voice, "Wear a smile, pretty one, thy smile only."

The voice she well knew; soon he stood by her side.
"Thou needst not these gewgaws, my own chosen bride,
For I own, as I felt when I first looked upon thee,
'Twas thy 'sweet looks,' thy *smiles*, Nelly dearest, that
won me."

COME, MINSTREL, PLAY A PLAINTIVE
AIR.

BY ST. JOHN J. PETRISK.

COME, minstrel, play a plaintive air,
And let the notes be sad and low;
My heart's so full of wild despair,
I fear 'twill sink beneath the blow.

My eyes they burn like balls of fire,
Their crystal fountains cease to flow;
There 's naught on earth I can desire,
So play a requiem o'er my woe.

Was it a sin to love her so?
And I for loving now must weep;
O God, why plant it here below
To plunge mankind in sorrow deep?

There, minstrel, play that strain again,
It seems to soothe my bitter woe;
Thou hast not swept the strings in vain—
I feel the tears begin to flow.

Oh, hallowed mystic power divine,
'Tis now I feel thy potent spell
Soothing this bitter pang of mine;
Play, minstrel, play till all is well.

SONNET.—THE JORDAN.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

WHAT sacred reminiscences we have
Of thee, O Jordan, river so divine!
Upon that dewy emerald bank of thine,
Which erst, clear, crystal waters used to lave,
The Hebrew prophets sang, the Tishbite stood,
The loving Saviour sorrowing also trod;
But o'er thy melancholy brink, now nod
The weeping willows, while thy languid flood,
Turbid and slow, in sadness steals along.
Where are the lilies, Jesus' favorite flower,
That, erewhile, decked King Herod's bower,
And on thy margin grew? In poet's song
Thou art remembered. Thy mementos prized
Shall be, though Judah's ark disloyal is chastised.

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES AND ENIGMAS
IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

35. Ava-rice. 36. Rap-a-city. 37. Counter-*pane*.
38. A leech. 39. A jolly-boat.

CHARADES.

40.

My *first* in most houses a tenant is found,
Though it more with the poor than the rich may abound
As a favored dependent; my *second* you 'll find
In the head of a bird, and a lady, enshrined.
My nouns with their articles then will explain
(In the singular what should the plural obtain)
An asylum few folks are impatient to gain.

41.

In our number we 're three,
And confederates must be
In the service we render mankind;
We such duties fulfil,
That no three rivals will
E'er adapt themselves so to your mind.

On a word we attend,
And our attributes blend,
Which no three could administer better;
For, without any doubt,
We can e'er carry out
Your sentiments e'en to a letter.

ENIGMAS.

42.

I'M often mentioned, dreaded, felt,
And bear a simple common name.
In English by four letters spelt,
Yet no existence can I claim.

I'm really nought, although you deem
A sensible acquaintance mine;
I'm nothing, whatsoever I seem,
I'm neither human nor divine.

If uncreated, thus am I
An obvious nonentity,
The paradox exemplify
Of my inane identity.

43.

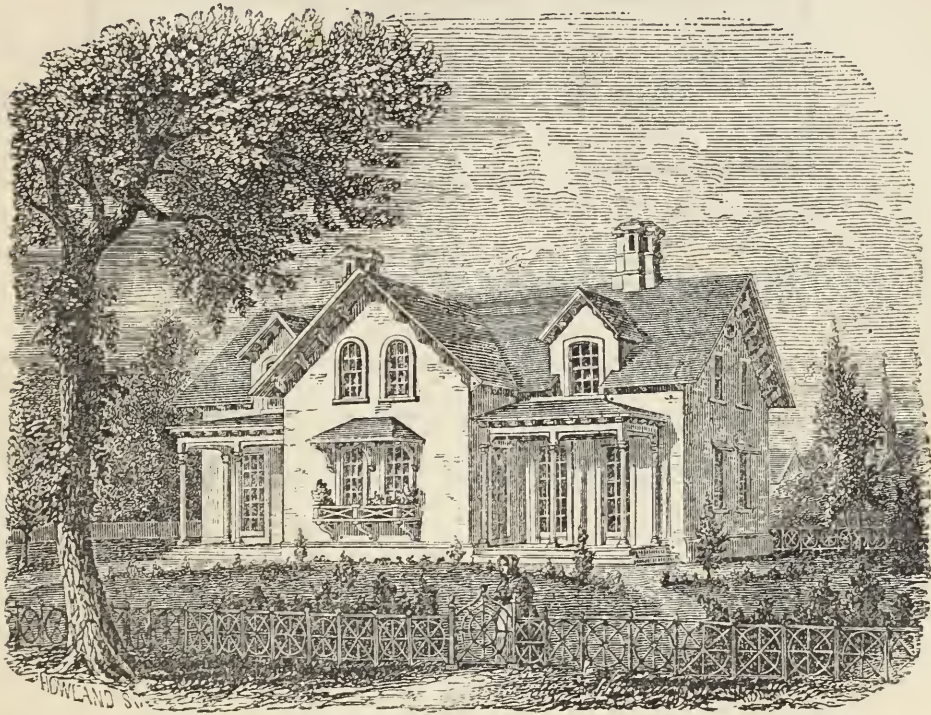
FOR power and purity never existed
A spirit surpassing me yet;
I'm a demon by rational people resisted,
I'm certainly bound to admit.

I'm insidious and subtle, and basely design
My associates e'er to allure,
By charms meretricious, corrupt, and malign,
My triumph o'er them to assure;

By the moralist branded I've been as a thief,
As a murderer too been reviled;
But sometimes to the sick I contribute relief,
Then to me are my foes reconciled.

Contradictory thus is my character shown;
Vice and virtue in me are infused:
For my virtue alone by the virtuous known,
But for vice, by the vicious abused.

DESIGN FOR A DOUBLE COTTAGE.

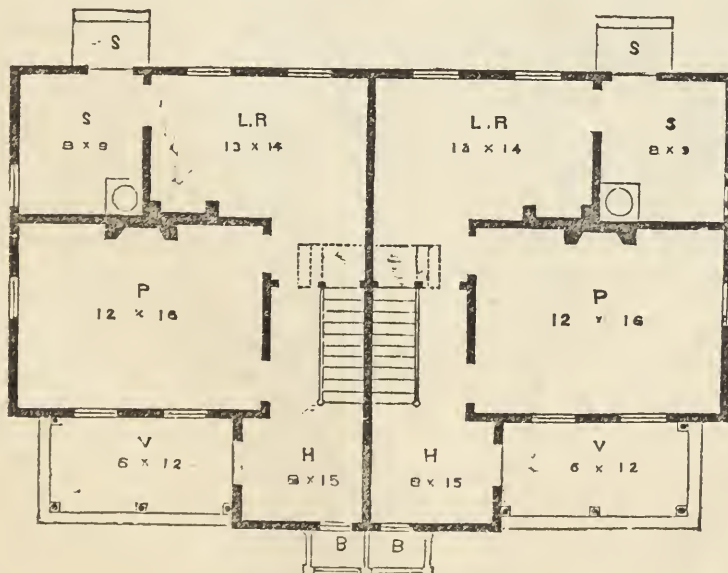


WE present our readers this month with another specimen of the "Village and Farm Cottages" of Messrs. Cleaveland & Backus, taken from their beautiful volume, already noticed, published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

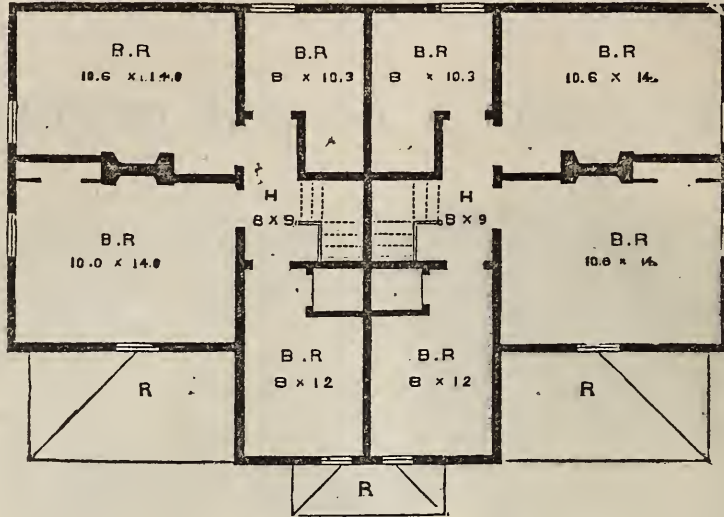
"Nothing in the plan of the first floor needs explanation. The back steps, S, are covered by an open perch.

"Each house has four chambers. The small one in the rear is lighted by a dormer window similar to that in front, though plainer. The closet in the front chamber is raised to give head-room for the stairs. The windows of the front gable are arched, from the necessities of their position, but the variety is not unpleasing.

"Height of first story, 8 feet 6 inches. Second story, 4 feet to 8 feet 6 inches. Cost, \$1,950."

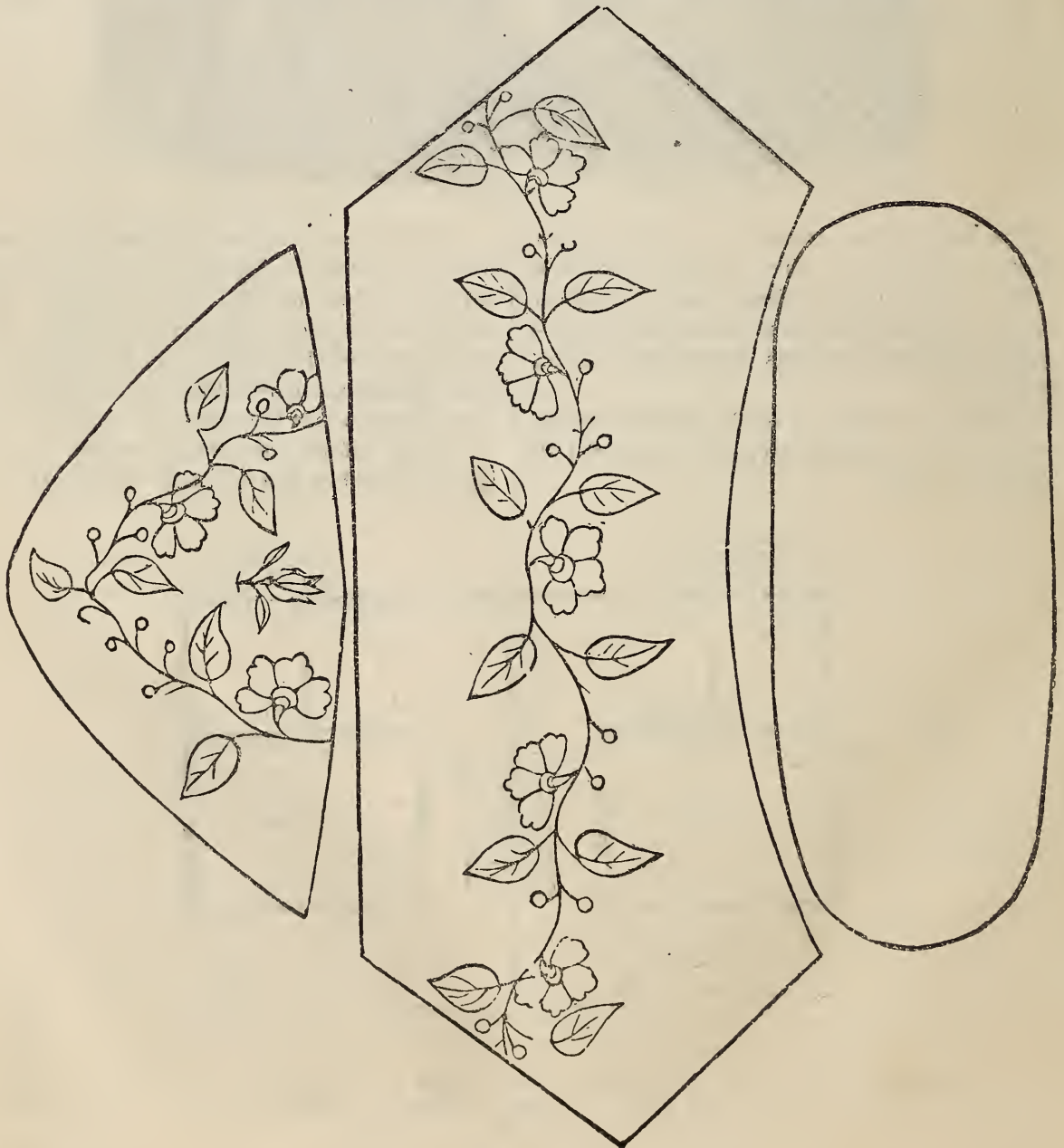


FIRST STORY PLAN.

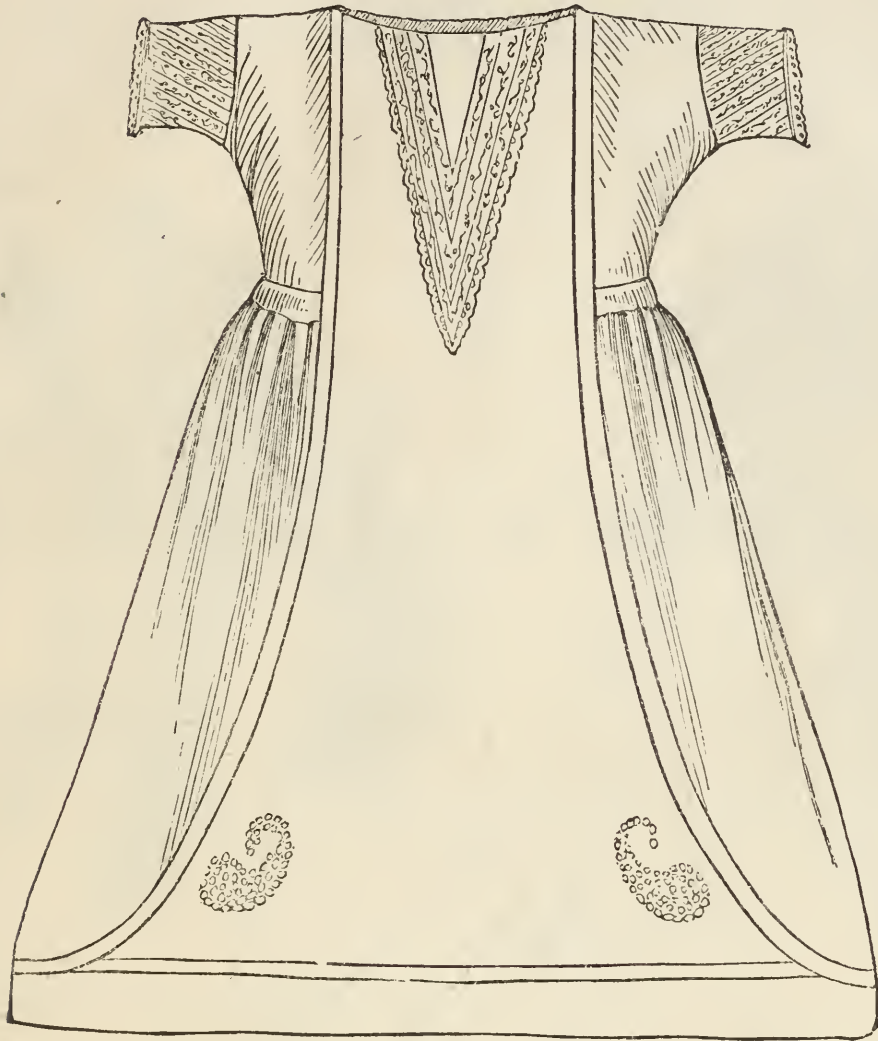


SECOND STORY PLAN.

PATTERN FOR AN INFANT'S SHOE.



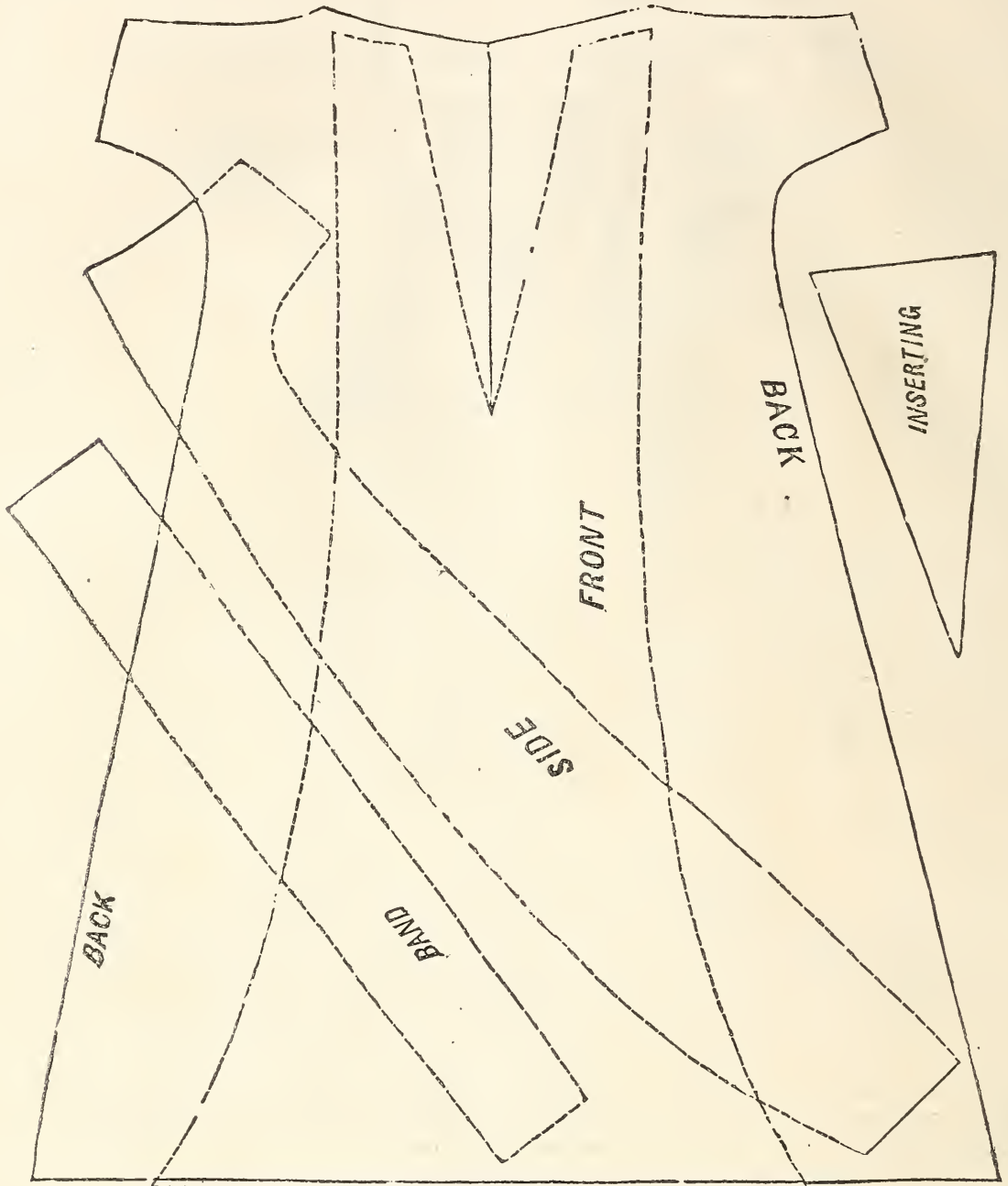
OUR PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.



THIS is a pattern and description of a very handsome robe sent to us from England, and intended for an infant boy. The point, sleeves, and sprig were worked in very small eyelet holes, very close together.

Take two lengths of jaconet muslin; run the breadths together; take off the depth of the hem from both breadths; take the front breadth and mark with pencil or basted stitches the slope, exactly like the pattern. Baste the inserting through the middle from the neck, exactly where the slope is, and carry it down round the back breadth, and up the other side; a straight piece goes from side to side, exactly at the bottom of the slope; cord both edges of the inserting with very fine cord covered with bias pieces of the muslin, and stitch firmly to the inserting, taking care not to full it, or stretch it, as that will make the slope uneven; baste it down to the muslin carefully, and then stitch down between the cord and inserting; cut away the muslin

underneath. This is some trouble, but much neater than if put in in any other way. Sew the piece cut off for the hem to the inserting on one edge, and then turn it up and hem it down. If you make the point of inserting, sew the strips carefully together and then shape it, edging it with a fine cambric edge; stitch it to the frock and cut away the muslin underneath. If you work it on the frock, edge the embroidery with a cambric edge, sewed on with a fine cord. Measure the depth you wish the waist behind and tear it across to under the arm; cut off more than half the length, or it will be too full; hem it wide enough for a string; gather the skirt behind and sew it to the waist; sew in the sleeves, having made them to correspond with the point; slope the neck a little in front, gather the waist behind and bind the whole with a narrow binding, and edge with a fine cambric edging like that on the point; put in a string to draw it to the neck. In each corner of the slope

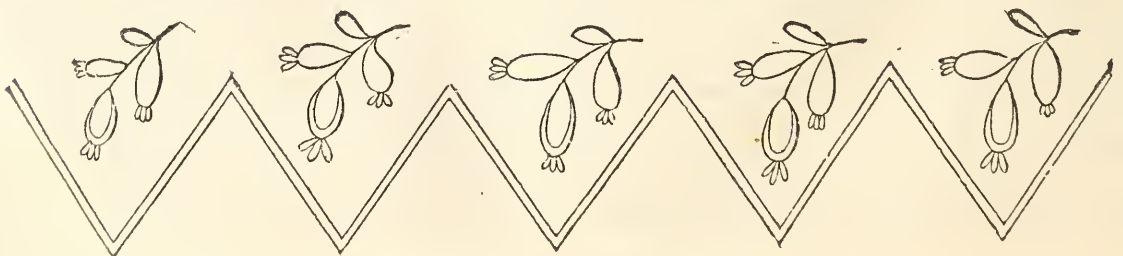


WORKING PATTERN.

embroider a sprig to correspond with the inserting. This robe is not intended to fit so closely as a dress with a waist all round, but it is very pretty and becoming. The inserting can be any

width desired, but it is better to get a pattern that is not a running vine, as it will come differently on the side, unless it is made to meet behind. A pattern of a regular shape is better.

EMBROIDERY FOR AN INFANT'S SKIRT.



NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 1.—A bonnet of the simplest but most artistic design; the material a light silk, tufted with velvet dots—a forerunner of the coming season. The only outward decoration is a band of broad black velvet ribbon, crossing the front, and carelessly knotted beneath the upper curtain.

Fig. 2.—Bonnet of entirely different form—for those who prefer a close fitting shape. It is a good style for a winter velvet, when the curtain and lappets may be edged with lace. Full blonde cap, with ribbons and flowers.

Fig. 3.—Muslin basquine, in the form of bretelles, making broad lapels at the waist; trimmed with extremely narrow velvet ribbon.

Fig. 4.—New undersleeve. Muslin puff, with a fall of Valenciennes and embroidery in vandyke points.

Fig. 5.—Undersleeve, suited for mourning, of white Swiss, or tarleton, in two large puffs, looped by black velvet ribbon.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Headdress suited to a school-girl, for an exhibition or concert toilet.

Fig. 3.

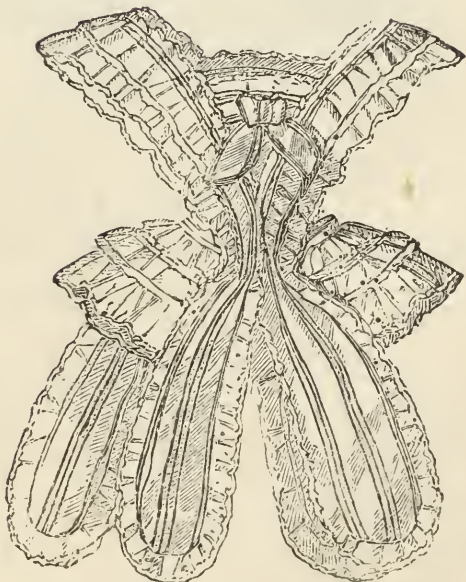


Fig. 4.

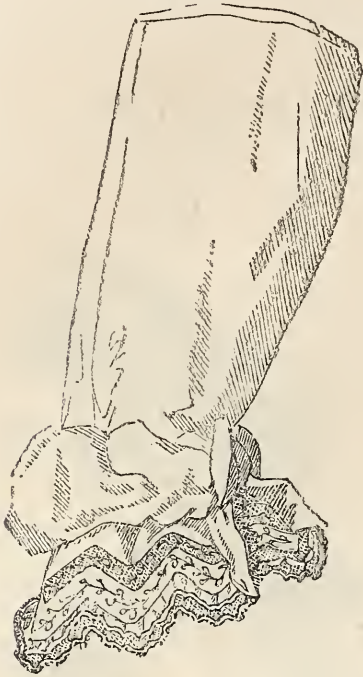


Fig. 5.

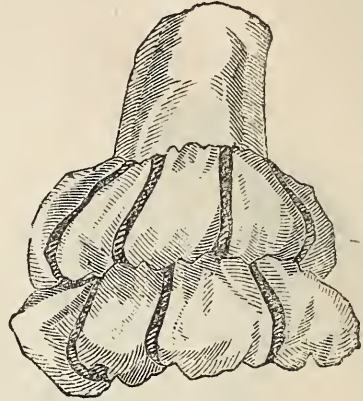
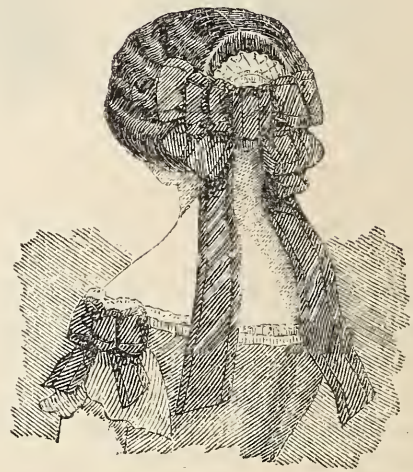


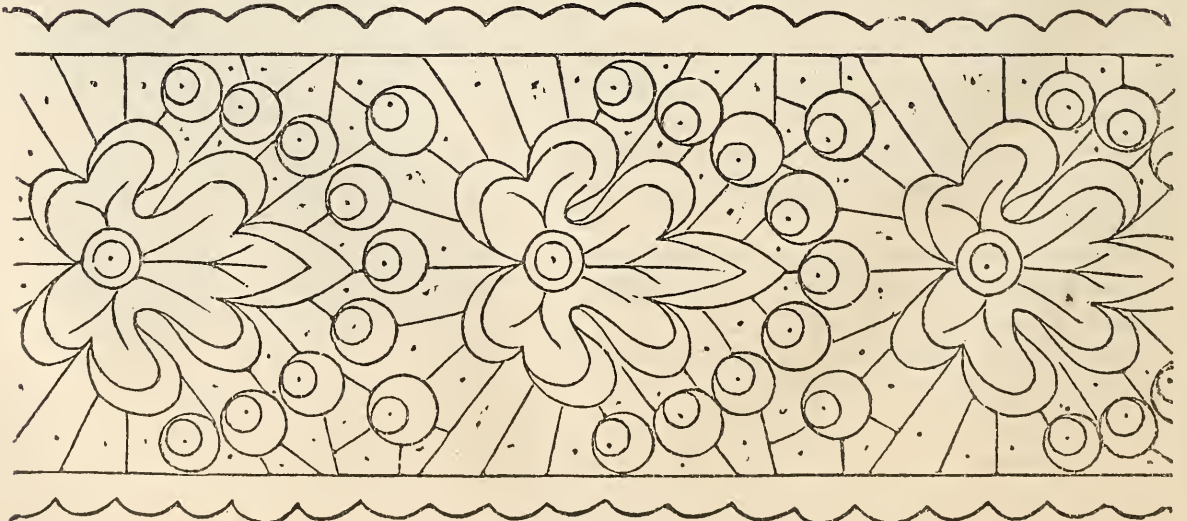
Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



GUIPURE INSERTING.



CARDIGAN, OR SCENT-BOTTLE COVER.

CROCHET.

(See Cut in Front.)

Materials.—Half an ounce of scarlet single wool, and one ounce of shaded violet double wool; crochet needles, Nos. 1 and 2.

MAKE a chain the width required to go easily round the bottom of a bottle, allowing for drawing up in working, unite the last stitch to the first, and work 1 round in double crochet. Second round, 1 long, 3 chain, miss 3. Work 12 rounds 3 long, 3 chain—the long in the chain—then 1 round, 3 long, 2 chain, miss three; 1 round, 2 long, 1 chain, miss two; 1 round, 1 long, 1 chain. 10 rounds, 2 long, 2 chain, and 1 round double crochet. Detach the wool. Commence with violet in foundation row, and work 2 stitches in each stitch as follows: Bring the wool over the two front fingers of the left hand, insert the noose in the stitch, catch the wool and make a stitch, make about half a dozen stitches, before drawing out the fingers; repeat all round. Work 1 round, 1 long, 2 chain, miss 2, with scarlet; repeat these two rows twice more, then 1 in double crochet with scarlet, 1 round, 1 long, 5 chain, miss 2; next round (violet), 5 d crochet, 5 chain, 3 long in the section of five chains, 5 chain; repeat. Next, and last round, 1 d crochet in centre d crochet, 3 chain, 1 d crochet in centre chain, 5 chain, 2 long in centre long, 5 chain, 1 d crochet in centre chain, 3 chain; repeat all round.

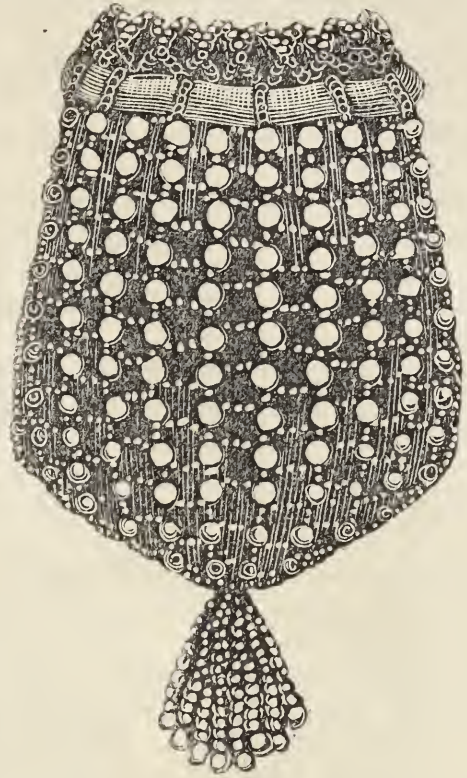
BRAIDED CUSHION FOR A CHAIR.

(See blue Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—Claret cloth, with amber braid, of two approximating shades.

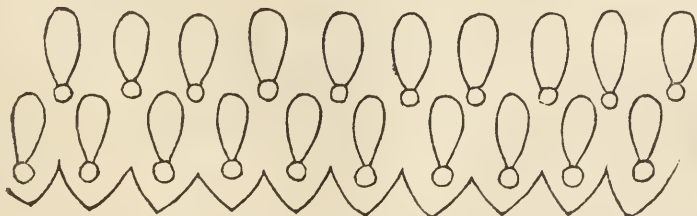
THE design to be worked in the two shades of braid sewed on quite close to each other. The same shades do well on green or black cloth. A very beautiful crimson is also made; nice green, blue, and brown can also be obtained. It is to be sewed on white China silk.

TURKISH PURSE.



THIS purse is made of beads of two sizes, according to the size of purse wanted, and is made by commencing in the middle of the bottom by the tassel, and stringing on any number of threads first one small bead and then one large one until you have got the depth required. After which, string three small beads, pass the needle through a large bead from the under side, string three more, pass the needle through the next bead from the upper side, and so on alternately all round, and repeat the same for each row. After the fourth row from the bottom, the purse should be widened by working two more rows on each side, which are fastened to the others by tying close to a large bead. The fringe round the top and tassel is worked in loops in the ordinary way. This purse may either be lined with silk or left open, and compressed at the top with an elastic band.

EMBROIDERY FOR INFANT'S SKIRT.



POINT LACE CROCHET COLLAR PATTERNS.

No. 2.—MARIE ANTOINETTE PATTERN.

Materials.—No. 20 cotton ; steel crochet hook.

1st row.—Make a chain of one hundred and sixty-eight stitches.

2d.—Work two long stitches into one loop of the foundation, make one chain, miss one loop of the foundation, work two long stitches into another loop, make one chain, miss one loop, and repeat.

3d.—Make a chain of five, working the fifth stitch into every fourth stitch of the last row, and repeat.

4th.—Make a chain of five, working the fifth stitch into every centre stitch of the five in the last row.

The fifth and sixth rows are the same as the last. This forms the band. Crochet the ends neatly in plain double crochet.

7th.—Make a plain chain, every fourth stitch of which must be worked into every third stitch of the last row, commencing at the foundation chain at one end and working round the band to the foundation chain at the other end.

8th.—A row of single open crochet, working round the corners into every stitch instead of alternate stitches.

9th.—One long stitch, three chain stitches, one long stitch into every third stitch of the last row, three chain stitches, and repeat. In the corners work the long stitches into every second stitch instead of third.

10th.—One long, five chain, one long, working it into every fourth stitch of the last row, five chain, and repeat. At the corners the long stitch must be worked into every third stitch.

11th.—Work two long stitches through the five chain in the last row, one chain, and repeat. At the corners make two chain and three long stitches.

12th.—Work three long stitches into successive loops, chain of four, work one stitch double crochet, taking up every fourth stitch of last row, chain of four, and repeat. At the corners take up every third stitch instead of fourth.

13th.—Four long stitches, four chain, * one stitch double crochet over the stitch in the last row, four chain, five long, beginning on the fourth stitch of the chain in last row, four chain, and repeat from *. In this and the following rows it will be necessary to add one stitch to the chains at the corners.

14th.—Five long, four chain, * one stitch double crochet over the one in last row, four chain, seven long, beginning on the fourth stitch of the last chain, four chain, and repeat from *.

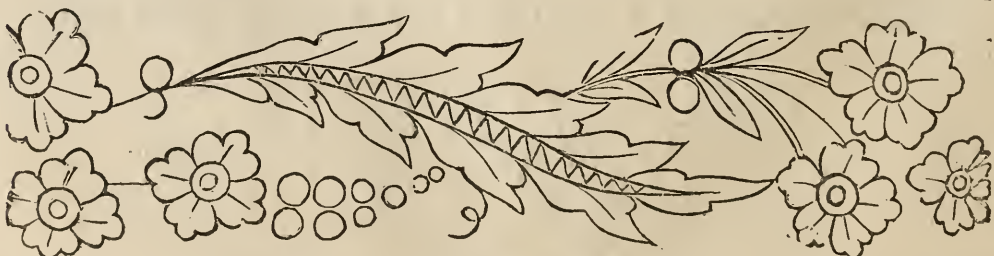
15th.—Six long, fourth chain, * one stitch double crochet over the one in the last row, four chain, nine long, beginning on the fourth stitch of the last chain, four chain, and repeat from *.

16th.—Seven long, four chain, * one stitch double crochet over the one in the last row, four chain, eleven long, beginning on the fourth stitch of the last chain, four chain, and repeat from *.

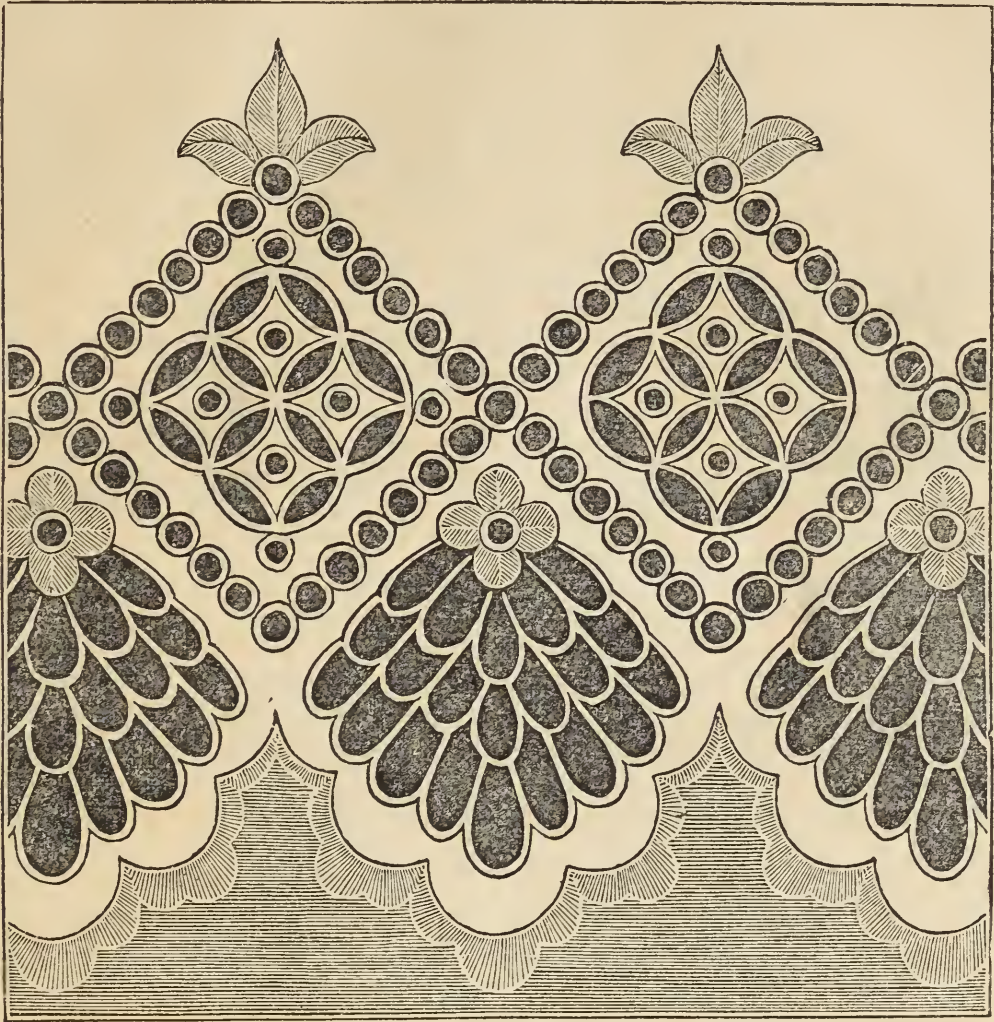
17th.—Make one long stitch on the first of the seven long stitches in the last row, chain of three, one long stitch on the fourth of the seven, chain of three, one long worked on the seventh, * chain of four, one long stitch worked on the first of the eleven in last row, chain of three, one long stitch worked on the third of the eleven, chain of four, one long stitch worked on the eighth, chain of three, one long worked on the eleventh, repeat from *.

Crochet the neck of the collar in plain double crochet.

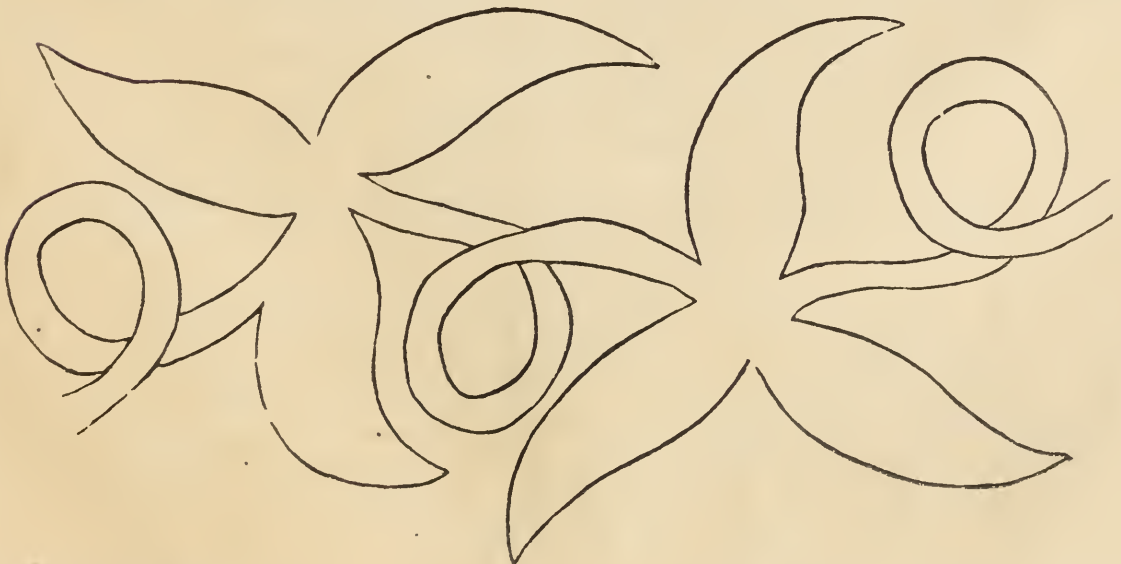
INSERTING FOR SLEEVES.



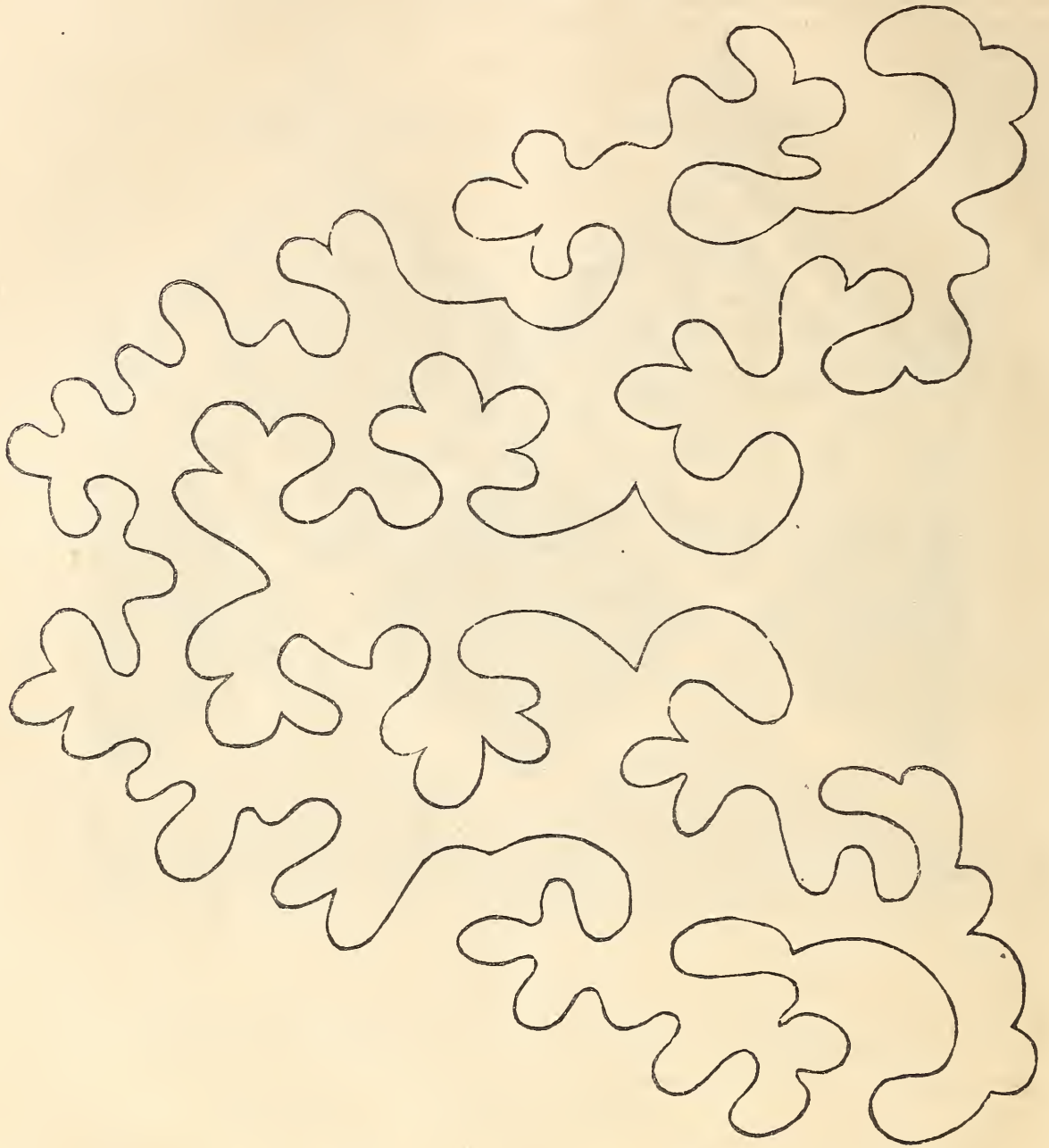
MUSLIN EMBROIDERY FOR GAUNTLET OR BISHOP SLEEVES.



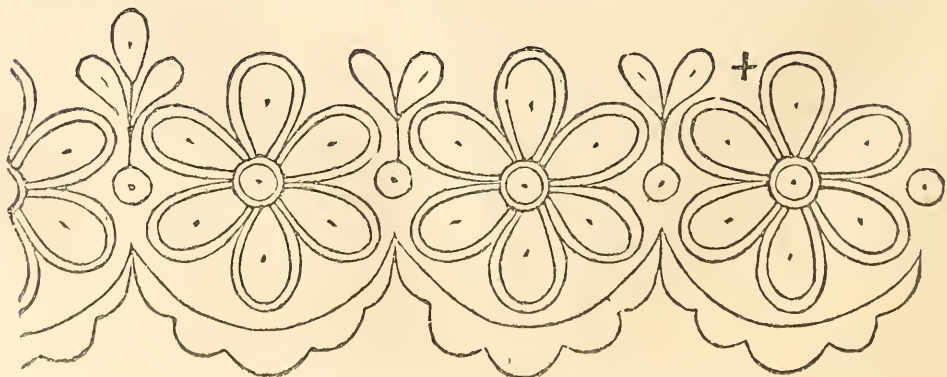
BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A CHILD'S DRESS.



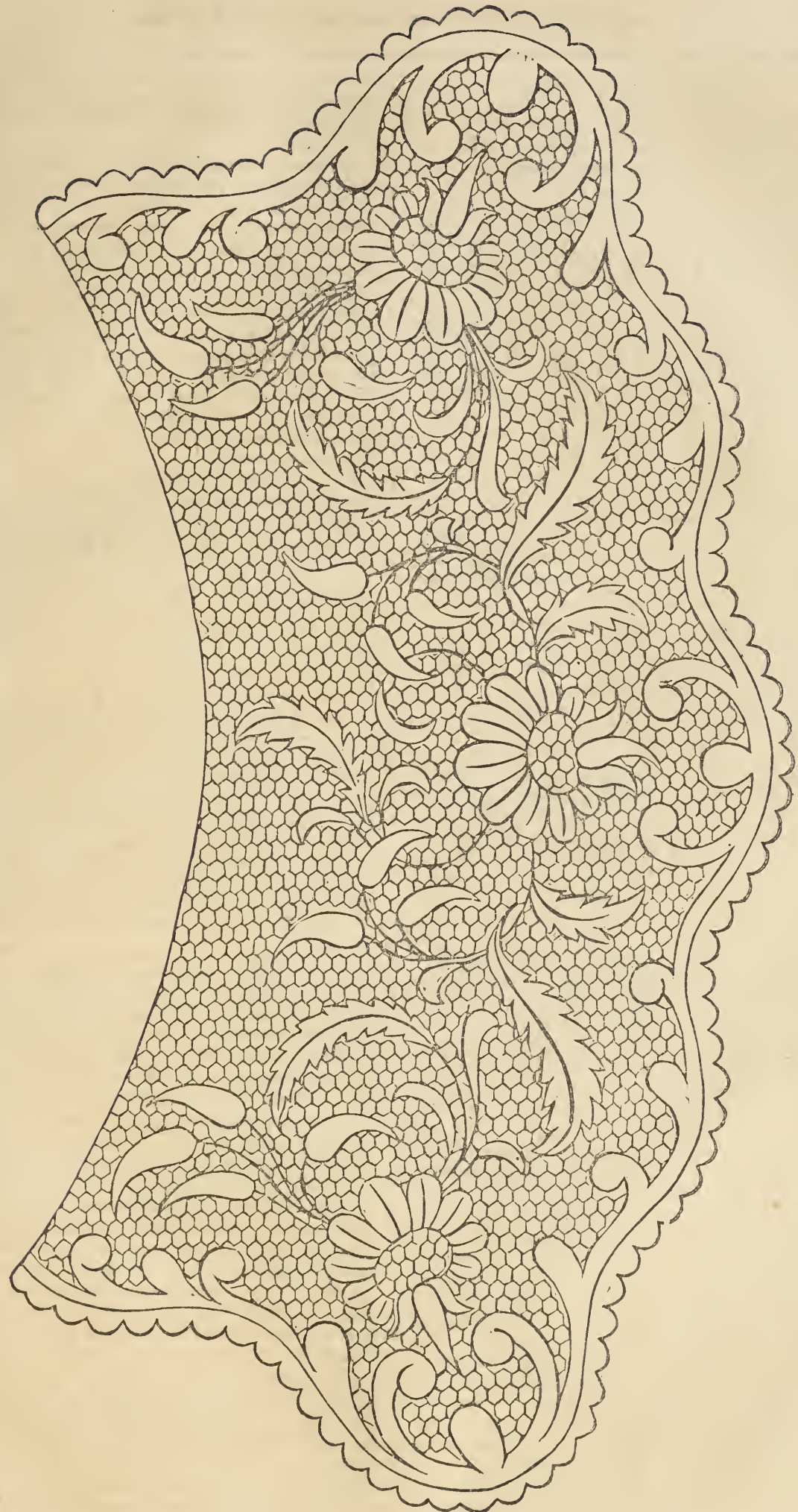
BRAIDED SLIPPER FOR A GENTLEMAN—THE SIDES TO BE
OF MOROCCO.



RUFFLE FOR A TOILET CUSHION.



TULLE-WORK, MUCH IN VOGUE AT PRESENT ON THE CONTINENT.



Receipts, &c.

DOMESTIC MANIPULATION.

CLEANING AND DISINFECTING.

(Concluded.)

THE best means of preventing infection are ventilation and cleanliness in every particular. The best means of destroying it are those powerful chemical agents which have the power of uniting with the hydrogen which is supposed to form part of the infectious substances. Nitric acid gas, formed by pouring oil of vitriol on nitre or saltpetre, has been used; but though efficacious, it possesses several disadvantages, being irritating to the lungs, corrosive to metal-work, and also, when largely employed, very expensive.

The most powerful, easily controlled, and in every sense the best disinfectant, is chlorine gas. This agent at once destroys every trace of infection in all substances submitted to its action. Its formation is perfectly under control, and goes on in a gentle manner for days together, without requiring care or attendance. We consider that the slow liberation of chlorine is far superior to the employment of chloride of lime, which gives forth the gas in a modified form.

In our own experience, we have employed it to destroy various infections, and always with complete success. In one case of a school where scarlet fever had returned after several attempts at purification, and in the last instance with a fatal effect, we used chlorine, and effected the complete removal of every trace of the disease. Various modes of liberating chlorine are known to chemists; but, for such purposes as the present, where a slow, uniform, and constant action is required, there are none equal to the following plan: One pound of common table salt is to be intimately mixed by stirring with an equal weight of a substance called manganese, which may be readily obtained from any good chemist. Small portions of this mixture should be placed in shallow pans (the saucers of common flower-pots answer the purpose exceedingly well); and upon them should be poured a mixture of oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) and water, the quantity required for the above weights, viz: for one pound of each ingredient, being two pounds of oil of vitriol and one of water, both by weight. These should have been previously mixed in a wooden vessel, being stirred by a wooden lath, and allowed to become cool before being poured on the salt and manganese, as the mixing of the acid and water generates great heat. Too much care cannot be taken with the acid, as it is excessively corrosive in its nature, and destroys most substances with which it comes in contact. When these materials are all mixed, chlorine is slowly evolved for a period of three or four days, and in so gentle a manner, that not the slightest irritating or unpleasant effect is produced. If it is wished to cause the more rapid production of gas, the saucer may be placed over a basin of boiling water, or upon a hot brick; but the slow generation for a considerable length of time is what should be more especially aimed at. It is needless to say that all substances supposed to have been contaminated should be spread out so as to receive the influence of the gas; the bed-linen, and all woollen garments, being exposed by being spread out on chairs, lines, &c.; the drawers and cupboards opened; and whilst the disinfecting is in actual operation, the windows and doors should be kept shut, to prevent the dissipation of the chlorine. It

is found that two ounces of manganese, with a proportionate quantity of the other materials, is sufficient for a room twenty feet wide, forty feet long, and twelve feet high, which contains $20 \times 40 \times 12 = 9600$ cubic feet.

It may be mentioned, that breathing chlorine in this highly diluted state, is decidedly the reverse of injurious to the general health; although, in a concentrated form, or even unless very much diluted with air, it is irritating in the highest degree; but so very innoxious is it in the very dilute state, that it is occasionally prescribed for the inhalation of consumptive patients.

For the satisfaction of those who rely on the authority of a great name, it may be stated, that chlorine, used in the manner here recommended, was employed by one of the most illustrious of English chemists, in the case of the Penitentiary, when a violent and fatal disease broke out there, and with complete success. The operator in this case was FARADAY, than whom there can be no higher authority.

It may occasionally be found more convenient to use another mixture for the liberation of chlorine gas, in which case the following may be employed: One part of manganese is to be drenched with four parts, by weight, of muriatic acid (the spirits of salts of the shops), mixed with one part of water. The gas is evolved slowly in the cold, and rapidly if assisted by a gentle heat. This process is rather more expensive, and possesses no advantage over the one previously described.

HOW TO COOK MUTTON.

IRISH STEW.—Cut a neck of mutton as for the haricot; blanch the chops in water, take and put them into another stewpan with four onions cut in slices, put to it a little of your second stock, let it boil a quarter of an hour; have ready some potatoes pared, put them into the stewpan with the mutton, with salt and pepper; as some like the potatoes whole and some mashed as to thicken the stew, you must boil them accordingly, dish the meat round and the vegetables in the middle.

CHINA CHILO.—Mince a pint basin of undressed neck of mutton or leg, and some of the fat; put two onions, a lettuce, a pint of green peas, a teaspoonful of pepper, four spoonfuls of water, and two or three ounces of clarified butter into a stewpan closely covered; simmer two hours, and serve in the middle of a dish of boiled rice; if cayenne is approved, add a little.

CHINA CHILO.—ANOTHER WAY.—Chop very fine two small young lettuces, two onions, a pint of green peas, and a couple of young cucumbers, or the fourth of a pint of mushrooms, season with a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper; mince the meat of a neck of mutton uncooked, and mix it with the vegetables in a stewpan, add four tablespoonfuls of water and two ounces of butter, clarified will be proved the best; let them well amalgamate over a slow fire, keep them stirred for fifteen minutes, then cover down close and simmer *very* slowly for two hours, serve it in the centre of boiled rice.

MUTTON KEBOBED.—Procure as lean a loin of mutton as you can, remove the fat and skin, joint it well, chop some parsley with some sweet herbs very fine, and beat it up with the yolk of an egg, add bread-crumbs, cut the loin into chops, and spread the bread-crumbs and sweet herbs, &c. well over each chop, put each chop in its former place, and tie with tape so that

the joint appears whole again, roast it before a quick fire, baste it with fresh butter and its own gravy; when it is done pour into the dish in which it is to be served some rich brown gravy very hot, lay in the mutton, pour gravy over it and send it to table as hot as possible. Slices of beef may be cooked in the same manner.

RISsoles are from the most tender part of dressed mutton, free from skin and gristle, chopped very fine.

MUTTON LIKE VENISON.—A haunch or leg will be the most applicable. The joint should be hung as long as it can be with safety, and dressed exactly like a haunch of venison, and served with the same sauces, but to make the taste more perfectly resemble that of venison it should, after having been hung to the turn, be skinned, and laid in a pan with vinegar and water; two parts of the former to one of the latter, not enough to cover it; put in a fagot of herbs, a clove of garlic, one or two bay leaves, a spoonful of whole pepper, and a couple of onions cut in slices; let it soak three days, dry it well, hang it for a day, and roast as venison. It may also be put into a stewpan with half a pint of gravy, and simmered four hours, serve with venison sauce.

TO MAKE A SCOTCH HAGGIS.—Take the stomach of a sheep. The washing and cleaning is of more consequence than all, as it will be a bad color and a bad taste if not well cleansed; when clean, turn it inside out, then let it lie for a day or two in salt and water. Blanch the liver, lights, and heart of the sheep, lay them in cold water, chop all very fine, the liver you had better grate, chop a pound of the suet very fine, dry in the oven a pound of oatmeal; mix all this well together, season with pepper and salt, a little chopped parsley, and a little chopped onion; then sew up the bag; before you finish sewing it, add a few spoonfuls of good white stock; put it in a stewpan with a drainer; boil it in water, keeping it well covered all the time, prick it all over with a small larding pin to keep it from bursting; it will take several hours to boil; be careful in taking it up, and let your dish be large enough.

ROGNON DE MOUTON A LA FRANCAISE.—The French have a faculty of making a dish *recherché* out of mere trifles; their receipt for serving up this little dish is no mean evidence of their peculiar skill. Take half a dozen fine mutton kidneys, clear them of fat and skin, and cut them into thin slices; powder them immediately with sweet herbs in fine powder, parsley which has been chopped, dried, and powdered, cayenne, and salt; put into a stewpan two ounces of clarified butter or fresh if the former is not in reach, put in the slices of kidney, fry them, they will brown very quickly, they must be done on both sides, dredge flour over them, moisten with lemon-juice, in five minutes the kidneys will be done; lift them out into a very hot dish around which are laid sippets fried; pour into the gravy two glasses of champagne, give it a boil, pour it over the kidneys, and serer.

It may here be stated that the French cooks vary constantly the herbs which they employ according to any known preference for the palate of those for whom they cook. Various kinds of wines and sauces may be used for flavoring, and this is constantly done as much for variety and the ability of giving a new name to a dish, which is varied only in some such small feature.

ROGNON DE MOUTON A LA BOURGEOISIE.—Clear the kidneys from fat and skin, cut them into thin slices, dredge them with flour and fry crisp, pepper and salt

them; flavor some gravy with a little eschalot or garlic and serve.

LOIN OF MUTTON LIKE VENISON—FRENCH RECEIPT.—Remove the skin from the joint and bone it, and do it neatly; lay it in a stewpan with about a pint of weak broth, an onion stuck with cloves, two glasses of red wine, and a teaspoonful of pyroligneous acid; let it boil, put in a bundle of sweet herbs; stew, turning frequently; add as it progresses a little gravy, some very good may be made from the bones; it will take from two hours and a half to three hours.

TO DRESS MUTTON HAMS.—Soak the ham for five or six hours in cold spring water unless it has only recently been cured, then one hour will suffice; put it into cold water, boil gently; it will be done in two hours and a half. It is eaten cold.

MUTTON KIDNEYS BROILED.—Skin and split without parting asunder, skewer them through the outer edge and keep them flat, lay the opened sides first to the fire, which should be clear and brisk, in four minutes turn them, sprinkle with salt and cayenne, and when done, which will be in three minutes afterwards, take them from the fire, put a piece of butter inside them, squeeze some lemon-juice over them, and serve as hot as possible.

SHEEPS' TONGUES STEWED.—Put them into cold water and let them boil; when they are sufficiently tender to remove the skin easily, take them out, split them, and lay them in a stewpan with enough good gravy to cover them. Chop parsley, and mushroom, with a little eschalot, finely, work a lump of butter with it, add pepper and salt to flavor; stew them in the gravy until the tongues are tender, lay them in a dish, strain the gravy and pour it hot over the tongues, serve.

IRISH STEW.—Take two or three pounds of the neck of mutton, cut it into chops, pare three pounds of potatoes, cut them into thick slices, put them into a stewpan with a quart of water; two or three carrots, turnips or onions may be added, the last are seldom omitted; salt and pepper the mutton when added to the gravy, let it boil or simmer gently two hours, and serve very hot; its excellence much depends on the last instructions being fulfilled.

SICK-ROOM AND NURSERY.

DOMESTIC SURGERY.

(Continued from September Number.)

WHEN a woman has an inflamed breast that requires support or dressings to be kept to it, tie two ends of the handkerchief round her neck, and bring the body of it over the breast, and pass it upwards and backwards under the arm of that side, and tie the ends of those around the neck.

An excellent sling is formed by placing one handkerchief around the neck, and knotting the two ends over the breast-bone, then placing the other in triangle under the arm, to be supported with the base near to the hand, tie the ends over the handkerchief, and pin the top to the other part after passing it around the elbow.

APPARATUS.—When a person receives a severe contusion of the leg or foot, or breaks his leg, or has painful ulcers over the leg, or is unable from some cause to bear the pressure of the bedclothes, it is advisable to know how to keep them from hurting the leg. This may be

done by bending up a fire-guard, or placing a chair, resting upon the edge of its back and front of the seat over the leg, or putting a box on each side of it, and placing a plank over them; but the best way is to make a *cradle*, as it is called. This is done by getting three pieces of wood and three pieces of iron wire, and passing the wire or hoop through the wood. This can be placed to any height, and is very useful in all cases where pressure cannot be borne. Wooden hoops cut in halves answer better than the wire.

When a person breaks his leg, and *splints* cannot be had directly, get a bunch of straw or twigs, and roll it up in a handkerchief, and place one on each side of the leg or arm, and bind another handkerchief firmly around them; or, make a long bag about three inches in diameter, or even more, of coarse linen duck, or carpet, and stuff this full of bran, sawdust, or sand; sew up the end, and use this the same as the twigs. It forms an excellent extemporaneous splint. Another good plan is to get a hat-box made of chip, and cut it into suitable lengths, or, for want of all these, some bones out of a pair of stays, and run them through a stout piece of rug, protecting the leg with a fold of rug, linen, &c.

When dry warmth is required to be applied to any part of the body, fry a flour pancake and lay it over the part; or, warm some sand and place in the patient's socks, and lay it to the part. Salt does as well, and may be put into a paper bag; or, warm water put into ginger-beer bottles or stone jars and rolled up in flannel.

MINOR OPERATIONS.—*Bleeding* is sometimes necessary at once in certain accidents, such as concussion, and therefore it is well to know how to do this. First of all, bind up the arm above the elbow with a piece of bandage or a handkerchief pretty firmly; then place your finger over the veins at the bend of the arm, and feel if there is any pulsation; if there is, try another vein; and, if it does not pulsate or beat, choose that one. Now rub the arm from the wrist towards the elbow, place the left thumb upon the vein, and hold the lancet as you would a pen, and nearly at right angles to the vein, taking care to prevent its going in too far, by keeping the thumb near to the point and resting the hand upon the little finger. Now place the point of the lancet on the vein, push it suddenly inwards, depress the elbow, and raise the hand upwards and outwards so as to *cut obliquely across* the vein. When sufficient blood is drawn off—which is known by feeling the pulse at the wrist and near the thumb—bandage the arm. If the pulse feel like a piece of cord, more blood should be taken away; but, if it is soft and can be easily pressed, the bleeding should be stopped. When you bandage the arm, place a piece of lint over the opening made by the lancet, and pass a bandage lightly, but firmly, around the arm, so as to cross it over the bend of the elbow.

Dry Cupping is performed by throwing a piece of paper dipped into spirit of wine, and ignited into a wineglass, and placing it over the part, such as the neck, temples, &c. It thus draws the flesh into the glass, and causes a determination of blood to the part, which is useful in headache or many other complaints. This is an excellent method of extracting the poison from wounds made by adders, mad dogs, fish, &c.

THE TOILET.

ANISE.—The odorous principle is procured by distilling the seeds of the plant *Pimpinella anisum*; the product is the oil of aniseed of commerce. As it congeals

at a temperature of about 50° Fahrenheit, it is frequently adulterated with a little spermaceti to give a certain solidity to it, whereby other cheaper essential oils can be added to it with less chance of detection. As the oil of aniseed is quite soluble in spirit, and the spermaceti insoluble, the fraud is easily detected.

This perfume is exceedingly strong, and is, therefore, well adapted for mixing with soap and for scenting pomatums, but does not do nicely in compounds for handkerchief use.

BALM, oil of balm, called also oil of Melissa, is obtained by distilling the leaves of the *Melissa officinalis* with water. It comes from the still tap with the condensed steam or water, from which it is separated with the tap funnel. But it is very little used in perfumery, if we except its combination in *aqua di argento*.

BALSAM.—Under this title there are two or three substances used in perfumery, such as balsam of Peru, balsam of Tolu, and balsam of storax (also called liquid amber). The first-named is procured from the *Myroxylon peruvianum*. It exudes from the tree when wounded, and is also obtained by boiling down the bark and branches in water. The latter is the most common method for procuring it. It has a strong odor like benzoin.

Balsam of Tolu flows from the *Toluifera balsamum*. It resembles common resin (rosin); with the least warmth, however, it runs to a liquid, like brown treacle. The smell of it is particularly agreeable, and, being soluble in alcohol, makes a good basis for a bouquet, giving in this respect a permanence of odor to a perfume which the simple solution of an oil would not possess. For this purpose all these balsams are very useful, though not so much used as they might be.

"Ulex has found that balsam of Tolu is frequently adulterated with common resin. To detect this adulteration he pours sulphuric acid on the balsam, and heats the mixture when the balsam dissolves to a cherry-red fluid, without evolving sulphurous acid, but with the escape of benzoic or cinnamic acid, if no common resin is present. On the contrary, the balsam foams, blackens, and much sulphurous acid is set free, if it is adulterated with common resin."—*Archives der Pharmacie*.

Balsam of storax, commonly called gum styrax, is obtained in the same manner, and possessing similar properties, with a slight variation of odor, is applicable in the same manner as the above.

They are all imported from South America, Chili, and Mexico, where the trees that produce them are indigenous.

BAY, oil of sweet bay, also termed essential oil of laurel-berries, is a very fragrant substance, procured by distillation from the berries of the bay laurel. Though very pleasant, it is not much used.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MEDICAL USE OF SALT.—In many cases of disordered stomach a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed colic, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water; drink it and go to bed. It is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a heavy fall, &c. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the sense returns, when salt will completely restore the

patient from the lethargy. In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood. In case of a bite from a mad dog, wash the part with a strong brine for an hour, and then bind on some salt with a rag. In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and removed two or three times, will relieve it in most cases. If the gums be affected, wash the mouth with brine. If the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water. In swelled neck, wash the part with brine, and drink it, also, twice a day, until cured.

Salt will expel worms, if used in food in a moderate degree, and aids digestion, but salt meat is injurious if used much.

THE following is a receipt for making French mustard: "Mix one ounce of mustard and a little salt with a large wineglassful of boiling water; let it stand twenty-four hours; then pound in a mortar one clove of garlic, a small handful of tarragon, another of garden cress; add these to the mustard, putting vinegar according to taste.

A CHEMIST has proved that eggs may be preserved for several months (it may be for years) perfectly good and sweet. In September, 1855, he covered with two coats of mucilage of gum arabic (made with equal parts of gum and water) several fresh eggs; and, in March, 1856, six months afterwards, the eggs were boiled and found to be sweet and as good as when newly laid. By this plan economical housewives may preserve in summer for use in winter. It will also enable captains of vessels to enjoy the luxury of eggs while at sea. It is required that one coat of the gum should be quite dry before the other is applied. A small brush is the best for the purpose of applying it.

TO PREVENT MOTHS ATTACKING CLOTHES.—1. Shavings of cedar wood should be inclosed in muslin bags, which should be distributed freely among the clothes. 2. Procure shavings of camphor wood, and inclose in bags. 3. Sprinkle allspice among the clothes. 4. Sprinkle the clothes with the seed of the musk-plant. 5. To destroy the eggs when deposited in woollen cloth, etc., use a solution of acetate of potash in spirits of rosemary, fifteen grains to the pint.

TO PREVENT IRON AND STEEL FROM RUSTING.—Mix five parts of linseed oil varnish with three parts of rectified oil of turpentine, and smear the article over with it by means of a sponge; then dry in a place free from dust.

TO TAKE STAINS OF ANY KIND OUT OF LINEN.—*Stains caused by Acids.*—Wet the part, and lay on it some salt of wormwood; then rub it without diluting it with more water.

Another Way.—Let the cloth imbibe a little water without dipping, and hold the part over a lighted match at a due distance. The spots will be removed by the sulphurous gas.

Another Way.—Tie up in the stained part some pearl-ash; then scrape some soap into cold soft water to make a lather, and boil the linen till the stain disappears.

TO CLEAN HAIR BRUSHES.—As hot water and soft soap very soon soften the hairs, and rubbing completes

their destruction, use *soda*, dissolved in cold water, instead. Soda having an affinity for grease, it cleans the brush with little friction. Do not set them near the fire, nor in the sun to dry; but, after shaking them well, set them on the point of the handle in a shady place.

FURNITURE POLISH.—Dissolve in one pint of water a quarter of an ounce of fine white soap, over the fire; then add the same quantity of blanched white wax and three ounces of common wax; as soon as the whole is incorporated, it is fit for use. When you use it, clean the furniture well, then dip a piece of flannel in the varnish, and rub on; polish off, after standing in a few minutes, with a duster, and it will give a fine polish.

Some good authorities prefer the following method: One ounce of gall, two gills of cold-drawn linseed oil, one gill of turpentine, one gill of spirits of wine, twelve drops of aquafortis; to be mixed together and shaken before using. To be used with coarse cotton wadding, which is superior to flannel or linen.

THE following is a receipt for the manufacture of sealing-wax: Take three-quarters of a pound of rosin, one-quarter of a pound of beeswax, and six ounces of shellac; melt and stir together.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES FOR FAMILY USE.—As all families are not provided with scales and weights, referring to the ingredients generally used in cakes and pastry, we insert a list of weights and measures: Wheat flour, one pound is a quart; butter, when soft, one pound one ounce is a quart; loaf-sugar, broken, one pound is a quart; white sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce is a quart; eggs, ten go to a pound; best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is a quart. As to *liquid measure*, sixteen large tablespoonfuls are half a pint; a common-sized tumbler holds half a pint; a common-sized wineglass holds half a gill. Allowing for accidental differences in the quality, freshness, dryness, or moisture of the articles, we believe this comparison between weight and measure to be as nearly correct as possible.

TO CLEAN GERMAN SILVER.—After using, it should be placed immediately in hot water, washed well, and wiped dry with a soft cloth. Once a week let it be washed in soapsuds, and then cleansed with fine whiting or prepared chalk mixed with whiskey or spirits of wine, so as to make a paste, which should afterwards be brushed off. Should this metal become discolored or spotted by vinegar or other acids, wash it first, and then clean it with sweet oil and pounded rotten-stone.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

RECEIPTS from subscribers are coming in so fast that we are determined to make a separate department in our Book for them. We hope our friends will continue to favor us with well-known receipts. They are always valuable, the more so from the fact that they have been tested by those who send them.

BUTTERMILK BREAD—The Sponge.—Take three pints of buttermilk (it does not matter how sour it is), and put it in a saucepan to boil; then take one pint of flour, and put in a bowl or jar with half a teaspoonful of salt. When the buttermilk is boiling, pour over the flour; keep stirring all the time quickly that the flour may all be scalded; let it stand until lukewarm, when, add half a pint of yeast, either homemade or brewer's. This must be made over night. Early in the morning, take flour sufficient to make three large loaves to put in

your dough-tray. Have ready one pint of water, nearly boiling hot; pour in the flour, mixing well; then add the sponge; work and knead the dough well; mould into loaves, and put into buttered pans; set them in a warm place to rise, and in two hours you may bake them.

CURE FOR FELON.—Take equal parts of gum camphor, gum opium, castile soap, and brown sugar; wet to consistence of paste with spirits of turpentine. A certain cure.

REMEDY TO GET RID OF RED ANTS.—Mix a tablespoonful of lard and a teacupful of flour, and rub together as for pie-crust; sprinkle a little of this on plates, and set on their trail, or where they are thick, and they will gather on it in great quantities; then brush them into the fire, and put more on the plates. It is better to take them before they can return to their nest with supplies. In this way they can all be gathered and destroyed in a few days, which is better than driving them from one place to trouble you in another.

RECIPT FOR GOOD BREAD.—Take half a teacupful of sour cream and three eggs, beat separate; a little soda and enough water or milk to make one quart of Indian-meal into batter; bake in a quick oven in muffin hoops or pan. To be eaten warm.

HOW TO KEEP MOTHS OUT OF WORSTED GOODS.—At the approach of spring or summer, fold up your worsted clothes or goods, and pack them in drawers or boxes with small limbs or switches lately broken from the common cedar-tree all among your garments; and the moth will not make its appearance there. Thus you may save time and trouble airing and sunning your clothes.

The above has been tried for years and never known to fail.

TOMATO SAUCE FOR USING WITH FRESH MEATS.—Take seven pounds of ripe tomatoes with the outside skins taken off; put them in a preserving-kettle with four pounds of sugar, and boil until the sugar penetrates the tomatoes; then add one pint of vinegar, one ounce of cloves, and one ounce of ground cinnamon bark; boil thirty minutes; then put them up in stone jars and seal up close. They will keep any length of time.

ARROWROOT PUDDING.—Take nine eggs, one quart of rich milk, and three tablespoonfuls of arrowroot flour; beat the eggs well and mix. Make a bag of thick muslin or cotton drills; dip it in boiling water, ring, and rub a little wheat flour on the inside; pour in the mixture; tie the bag, leaving space for it to swell; drop it immediately into a vessel of boiling water, and keep turning it in the water for a few minutes; boil twenty minutes; flavor to taste; eat with butter and sugar. Excellent.

RECIPT FOR A HUCKLEBERRY-PUDDING.—One quart of huckleberries, one pint of red currants, one pound of brown sugar; stew these together until the fruit bursts; cut into *very thin* slices one loaf of bread; butter the slices, and put one layer in a broad, shallow dish; then make a thick layer of the stewed fruit *hot*, another layer of bread, another of fruit, until the dish is filled, making the top layer of fruit; let it stand in a cool place for four or five hours; serve with sugar and cream. It is a great improvement to this pudding to let it stand on the ice for a few minutes before it is brought to the table.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON III.

A Mixture of Sand, and Salt, and Starch being given; to separate the three.

APPARATUS AND MATERIALS REQUIRED.

SOME tincture of iodine (say half an ounce) in a stoppered bottle.

A tin plate or iron saucepan of about one quart capacity.

A tea saucer.

32. Having made a mixture as before, and incorporated it with a little powdered starch, proceed thus:—

33. Add cold distilled water to the mixture, and agitate it well; remove the solution by decantation or filtration,* until all the salt, as indicated by the nitrate of silver test, has been removed.

34. There will now remain a mixture of sand and starch.

35. Pour boiling distilled water on this mixture, and agitate well. The starch forming a jelly will dissolve, and may be decanted, although not conveniently filtered away. We may know that it is all removed as follows:—

36. *Test for Starch.*—Having taken a drop of water on a flat glass slip, touch it with a drop of tincture of iodine. No change will ensue. Now add a little solution of starch *hot*; again no change will ensue; but, so soon as the whole drop has cooled, its color will change to blue, and this color will disappear by heating. Hence, tincture of iodine is a test for starch, with which it strikes a blue color; but the starch must not be hot.

It follows, then, that you may ascertain the entire removal of starch in this experiment by having recourse to the test of tincture of iodine, just as you ascertained the entire removal of common salt in the preceding analyses, by having recourse to nitrate of silver.

37. But particular care should be taken not to draw any conclusions as to the presence or absence of starch from the evidence of the iodine test until the starch has become cold. Hence, in this particular instance, it will be more convenient to ascertain the complete removal of starch by a *general*, rather than a *special* mode of testing.

38. Proceed, therefore, as before described; drop a small portion of the liquid to be examined, from time to time, on a slip of window glass, and, holding the latter at a distance of six or seven inches over the flame of a candle, cause evaporation of the water to take place. If *all* the water is dissipated, leaving no traces behind, it will be evident that all the starch has been removed.

The sand will have been left behind as before, and need not concern us further, otherwise than to dry it.

But we shall have two separate solutions to deal with: one of salt and water, the other of starch and water.

The solution of salt and water is now to be treated as heretofore described.

39. The solution of starch and water might be treated in exactly the same manner as the preceding; but a housewife, even, would not fail to see that starch and water, if put in a hot oven, or on a hot grate-hob, might be liable to burn; whereas salt and water is liable to no such contingency.

* In this instance, decantation is preferable, inasmuch as, by following it, the subsequent operation of washing the mixture of salt and sand off the filter is avoided.

EDITORS' TABLE.

They say that he has genius. I but see
That he gets wisdom as the flower gets hue,
While others hive it like the toiling bee;
That with him all things beautiful are new.

WILLIS.

THIS pretty description of genius is far more applicable to the feminine gender than it is to the masculine, as the flower is the proper type of woman, and the "toiling bee" always female. So we thank Mr. Willis for this appropriate motto to our elucidation of the genius of Agnes, the eldest of the trio with "The Three Gifts."

We must, however, make the parents of these gifted children a little better known to our readers of the last month's "Table." The father of the family, Mr. Atheling, as we have already said, was a clerk in a merchant's office, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year. He was about fifty, with very moderate abilities, but of excellent character, doing all his duties without pretension; considering commerce the most important business in the world, and London the most marvellous of cities.

Yet this good man was not entirely circumscribed by his "office." He had been born and bred in the country, and had never forgotten it. He had always kept in his recollection the rustle of the growing grass and the sweet fragrance of the harvest fields; so, though he lived in Bellevue Place, No. 10, Islington, he never was a cockney. His wife, too, was country born and bred; and they had instilled the love of the country into the hearts of their young children, so that the trees and fields seemed their own by inheritance. The roses on "grandmother's cottage wall" were familiar to the fancy of Agnes. Marian and Charlie knew the wood where papa went a nutting; even little Belle and Beau had a vision of the primroses on the bank where their mother played when a child. It was strange how this link of connection with the far-off rural life refined the fancy of the young Athelings. It gave them a region of romance into which they could escape at all times: happy effect to all imaginative people of some ideal and unknown land.

The history of the family was a very brief one. Two-and-twenty years ago, William Atheling and Mary Ellis had ventured to marry, having only a very small income, limited prospects, and the hopes and chances of youth. Then had come the children, joy, toil, and lamentation; then the way of life had opened up upon them, step by step, and they had fainted and found it weary, yet, helpless and patient, had toiled on. They had never had a chance, these good people, of running away from their fate. They had stood at their post, had lived through the day of sorrows. God had removed the cloud from their heads and the terror from their hearts. Their own youth was over, but the youth of their children, full of hopes and of possibilities still brighter than their own had been, rejoiced these patient hearts, and the warm little hands of the twin babies led them onward in a bright path of love and duty.

There was but one circumstance of romance in this

simple chronicle. Long ago—the children did not exactly know when, or how, or in what manner—Mr. Atheling did somebody an extraordinary and mysterious benefit. Papa was sometimes moved to tell them of it in a general way, sheltering himself under vague and wide descriptions. The story was of a young man, handsome, gay, and extravagant; of rank far superior to Mr. Atheling's—of how he fell into dissipation, and was tempted to crime; and how, at the very crisis, "I happened to be in the way, and got hold of him, and showed him the real state of the case; how I heard what he was going to do, and of course would betray him; and how, even if he could do it, it would be certain ruin, disgrace, and misery. That was the whole matter," said Mr. Atheling; and his affectionate audience listened with awe and a mysterious interest, very eager to know something more definite of the whole matter than this concise account of it, yet knowing that all interrogation was vain. It was popularly suspected that mamma knew the full particulars of this bit of romance, but mamma was as impervious to questions as the other head of the house. There was also a second fytte to this story, telling how Mr. Atheling himself undertook the venture of revealing his hapless hero's misfortunes to the said hero's elder brother, a very grand and exalted personage; how the great man, shocked, and in terror for the family honor, immediately delivered the culprit, and sent him abroad. "Then he offered me money," said Mr. Atheling, quietly. This was the climax of the tale, at which everybody was expected to be indignant; and very indignant, accordingly, everybody was.

Yet there was a wonderful excitement in the thought that this hero of papa's adventure was now, as papa intimated, a man of note in the world; that they themselves unwittingly read his name in the papers sometimes, and that other people spoke of him to Mr. Atheling as a public character, little dreaming of the early connection between them. How strange it was!—but no entreaty and no persecution could prevail upon papa to disclose his name. "Suppose we should meet him some time!" exclaimed Agnes, whose imagination sometimes fired with the thought of reaching that delightful world of society where people always spoke of books, and genius was the highest nobility—a world often met with in novels. "If you did," said Mr. Atheling, "it will be all the better for you to know nothing about this;" and so the controversy always ended; for in this matter, at least, firm as the most scrupulous old knight of romance, papa stood on his honor.

As for the good and tender mother of this house, she had no story to tell. The girls, it is true, knew about her girlish companions very nearly as well as if these, now most sober and middle-aged personages, had been playmates of their own; they knew the names of the pigeons in the old dovecote, the history of the old dog, the number of the apples on the great apple-tree; also, they had a kindly recollection of one old lover of mamma's, concerning whom they were shy to ask further than she was pleased to reveal. But all Mrs. Atheling's history was since her marriage; she had been an

young girl with an untouched heart before that grand event, which introduced her, in her own person, to the unquiet ways of life; and her recollections chiefly turned upon the times "when we lived in ——— Street"—"when we took that new house in the terrace"—"when we came to Bellevue." This Bellevue residence was a great point in the eyes of Mrs. Atheling. She herself had always kept her original weakness for gentility, and to live in a street where there was no straight line of common-place houses, but only villas, detached and semi-detached, and where every house had a name to itself, which was essential to gentility.

This was the manner of life at Bellevue, No. 10. In the summer sunshine or in the winter dawning, at precisely eight o'clock, Mr. Atheling took his seat at the table, said grace, and breakfasted; from thence at nine to a moment, well brushed and buttoned, the good man went upon his daily warfare to the city. At home, all day long, the pretty twins played; the mother exercised her careful housewifery, the sweet face of Marian shone like a sunbeam, and the fancies of Agnes wove themselves into separate and real life. And when the day was done, and richer people were thinking of dinner, once more, punctual to a moment, came the well-known step on the gravel, and the well-known summons at the door; for at six o'clock Mr. Atheling came home to his cheerful tea-table as contented and respectable a householder, as happy a father as was in England. And after tea came the newspaper and Mr. Foggo; and after Mr. Foggo came the readings of Agnes; and so the family said good-night, and slept and rested, to rise again on the next morning to just such another day. Nothing interrupted this happy uniformity; nothing broke in upon the calm and kindly usage of these familiar hours. Mrs. Atheling had a mighty deal of thinking to do, by reason of her small income; now and then the girls were obliged to consent to be disappointed of some favorite project of their own; and sometimes even papa, in a wilful fit of self-denial, refused himself for a few nights his favorite newspaper; but these were but passing shadows upon the general content. Through all these long winter evenings, the one lighted window of this family room brightened the gloomy gentility of Bellevue, and imparted something of heart and kindness to the dull and mossy suburban street. They "kept no company," as the neighbors said. That was not so much the fault of the Athelings, as the simple fact that there was little company to keep; but they warmed the old heart of old Mr. Foggo, and kept that singular personage on speaking terms with humanity; and day by day, and night by night, lived their frank life before their little world, a family life of love, activity, and cheerfulness, as bright to look at as their happy open parlor window among the closed-up retirements of this genteel little street.

The First Work.—"Now," said Agnes, throwing down her pen, with a cry of triumph, "now look here, everybody—it is done at last." And, indeed, there it was upon the fair and legible page, in Agnes's best and clearest handwriting, "The End." She had written it with girlish delight and importance; and mamma and Marian looked upon the momentous words—"The End." So now the book was no longer in progress to be smiled and wondered over, but an actual thing, accomplished and complete, out of anybody's power to check or to alter. The three came together to look at it with a

little awe. It was finished. The last chapter was to be read in the family committee to-night, and then—they held their breath in sudden excitement—what was to be done with the book which could be smiled at no longer? That was the momentous question which would be settled to-night.

Then came all the usual routine of the evening—everything in its appointed time—from Susan, who brought the tea-tray, to Mr. Foggo. And Mr. Foggo stayed long, and was somewhat prosy. Agnes and Marian, for this one night, were sadly tired of the old gentleman, and bade him a very hasty and abrupt good-night, when at last he took his departure. Even then, with a perverse inclination, papa clung to his newspaper. The chances were much in favor of Agnes's dignified and stately withdrawal from an audience which showed so little eagerness for what she had to bestow upon them; but Marian, who was as much excited as Agnes, interposed. "Papa, Agnes is done—finished—done with her story—do you hear me, papa?" cried Marian in his ear, shaking him by the shoulder to give emphasis to her words—"she is going to read the last chapter, if you would lay down that stupid paper. Do you hear, papa?"

Papa heard, but kept his finger at his place, and read steadily in spite of this interposition. "Be quiet, child," said the good Mr. Atheling; but the child was not in the humor to be quiet. So, after a few minutes, fairly persecuted out of his paper, papa gave in, and threw it down; and the household circle closed round the fireside, and Agnes lifted her last chapter; but what that last chapter was we are unable to tell, without infringing upon the privacy of No. 10, Bellevue.

It was satisfactory—that was the great matter: everybody was satisfied with the annihilation of the impossible villain and the triumph of all the good people; and everybody concurred in thinking that the winding-up was as nearly perfect as it was in the nature of moral winding-up to be. The MS. accordingly was laid aside, crowned with applauses and laurels; then there was a pause of solemn consideration—the wise heads of the house held their peace, and pondered. Marian, who was not wise, but only excited and impatient, broke the silence with her own eager, sincere, and unsolicited opinion; and this was the advice of Marian to the family committee of the whole house: "Mamma, I will tell you what ought to be done. It ought to be taken to somebody to-morrow, and published every month, like Dickens and Thackeray. It is quite as good! Everybody would read it, and Agnes would be a great author. I am quite sure that is the way."

At which speech Charlie whistled a very long "whew!" in a very low under-tone; for mamma had very particular notions on the subject of "good-breeding," and kept careful watch over the "manners" even of this big boy.

"Like Dickens and Thackeray, Marian!" cried Agnes in horror; and then everybody laughed—partly because it was the grandest and most magnificent nonsense to place the young author upon this astonishing level, partly because it was so very funny to think of our "Agnes" sharing in ever so small a degree the fame of names like these.

"Not quite that," said papa, slowly and doubtfully, "yet I think somebody might publish it. The question is, whom we should take it to. I think I ought to consult Foggo."

"Mr. Foggo is not a literary man, papa," said Agnes, somewhat resentfully. She did not quite choose to receive this old gentleman, who thought her a child, into her confidence.

"Foggo knows a little of everything. He has a wonderful head for business," said Mr. Atheling; "as for a literary man, we do not know such a person, Agnes; and I can't see what better we would be if we did. Depend upon it, business is everything. If they think they can make money by this story of yours, they will take it, but not otherwise; for, of course, people trade in books as they trade in cotton, and are not a bit more generous in one than another, take my word for that."

"Very well, my dear," said mamma, roused to assert her dignity; "but we do not wish any one to be generous to Agnes—of course not—that would be out of the question; and nobody, you know, could look at that book without feeling sure of everybody else liking it. Why, William, it is so natural! You may speak of Thackeray and Dickens as you like; I know they are very clever, but I am sure I never read anything of theirs like that scene—that last scene with Helen and her mother. I feel as if I had been present there my own self."

Which was not so very wonderful, after all, seeing that the mother in Agnes's book was but a delicate, shy, half-conscious sketch of this dearest mother of her own.

"I think it ought to be taken to somebody to-morrow," repeated Marian, stoutly, "and published every month with pictures. How strange it would be to read in the newspapers how everybody wondered about the new book, and who wrote it!—such fun!—for nobody but *us* would know."

Agnes all this time remained very silent, receiving everybody's opinion; and Charlie also locked up his wisdom in his own breast. There was a pause, for papa, feeling that his supreme opinion was urgently called for, took time to ponder upon it, and was rather afraid of giving a deliverance. The silence, however, was broken by the abrupt intervention, when nobody expected it, of the big boy.

"Make it up into a parcel," said Master Charlie, with business-like distinctness, "and look in the papers what name you'll send it to, and I'll take it to-morrow."

This was so sudden, startling, and decisive, that the audience were electrified. Mr. Atheling looked blankly in his son's face; the young gentleman had completely cut the ground from under the feet of his papa. After all, let any one advise, or reason, or argue the point at his pleasure, this was the only practical conclusion to come at. Charlie stopped the full tide of the family argument; they might have gone on till midnight discussing and wondering; but the big boy made it up into a parcel, and finished it on the spot. After that, they all commenced a most ignorant and innocent discussion concerning "the trade." These good people knew nothing whatever of that much contemned and long-suffering race who publish books. Two ideal types of them were present to the minds of the speculators. One was that most fatal and fictitious savage, the Giant Despair of an oppressed literature, who sits in his den, forever grinding the bones of those dismal, unforgettable hacks of Grub Street, whose memory clings unchangeably to their profession; the other was that most bland and genial imagination, equally fictitious, the author's friend—he who brings the neglected

genius into the full sunshine of fame and prosperity, seeking only the immortality of such a connection with the immortal. If one could only know which of these names in the newspapers belonged to this last wonder of nature! This discussion concerning people of whom absolutely nothing but the names were known to the disputants was a very comical argument. It was not concluded when eleven o'clock struck loudly on the kitchen clock, and Susan very slumberously and somewhat resentfully appeared at the door to see if anything was wanted. Everybody rose immediately, as Susan intended they should, with guilt and confusion. Eleven o'clock—this innocent family were ashamed of themselves.

The Apartment of the Sisters.—And this little room up-stairs is the bower of Agnes and of Marian. There are two small beds in it, white, and fair, and simple, draped with the purest dimity, and covered with the whitest coverlets. If Agnes, by chance or in haste—and Agnes is often "in a great hurry"—should leave her share of the apartment in a less orderly condition than became a young lady's room, Marian never yielded to such a temptation. Marian was the complete woman in all her simple likings: their little mirror, their dressing-table, everything which would bear such fresh, inexpensive decoration was draped with pretty muslin, the work of these pretty fingers. And there hung their little shelf of books over Agnes's head, and here upon the table was their BIBLE. In spite of the quiet night, setting towards midnight, the girls could not at once subdue their eager anticipations, hopes, and wonderings. Marian let down all her beautiful hair over her shoulders, and pretended to brush it, looking all the time out of the shining veil, and throwing the half curled locks from her face, when something occurred to her bearing upon the subject. Agnes, with both hands supporting her forehead, leaned over the table with downcast eyes, seeing nothing, thinking nothing, with a faint glow on her soft cheek, and a vague excitement at her heart. Happy hearts! It was so easy to stir them to this sweet tumult of hope and fancy; and so small a reason was sufficient to wake these pure imaginations to all indefinite glory and delight.

HEART SECRETS.—Let people talk as much as they like of the balls they have attended, the great folks they have seen, the friends they have conversed with—they are only agreeable companions in describing such scenes as these; but when a man or a woman begins to lay before you the secrets of the heart, the agonies of the broken spirit, the shock of the death-bed, the pangs of unrequited or fickle love, don't trust them; there is no sincerity in their feelings; there is no solidity in their character. There are certain relics that must never be taken out of their shrine. When exposed to public gaze, be sure they are only common pieces of wood; thorny crowns that never pressed the brow, nails that never touched the true cross.

LAMARTINE'S APPEAL.—We have received a copy of this interesting paper, but have not room for the whole; the purport is that he has had great reverses of fortune since 1848, and now he has no resource but in labor. He says to his American correspondent: "In behalf of this literary labor, I have recourse to your countrymen. Give me aid and introduce me among them. Success to me is a matter of life or death."

The plan is to publish, by subscription, a monthly work

to be written by M. Lamartine, entitled "THE FAMILIAR COURSE OF LITERATURE." A friend* and countryman of the author has come to America to get up the subscription; he says in his circular:—

"The 'Familiar Course of Literature' is the invocation, by a man of genius, of the great intellects which have enlightened the world. It is the essence of the studies, the meditations, and the judgments of the whole life of Lamartine.

"The warm sympathy with which the first announcement of this publication was received in the United States, far from diminishing, has continued to increase. The ladies of America feel a pleasure in displaying their gratitude towards a poet, who, in singing the blessings of a pure and holy love, strengthens their sweet and salutary influence over the ruder sex, and thus contributes to the elevation of social morals. Mothers feel happy at being able to place in the hands of their children models of French style, without the apprehension of danger to their innocence. They know that Lamartine is a writer of spotless purity, and that he observes naturally the precept of the Latin poet, '*Maxima debetur puero reverentia.*' The clergy of all denominations have not hesitated to accord to him their powerful support, because Lamartine, in addressing himself to the spiritual part of man's natures, in transporting their minds into the region of the *beau idéal*, predisposes them to religion, and leads them, as it were, to the threshold of the sanctuary. In fine, and above all, the Republic founded by the immortal Washington, enthusiastic and generous like Youth, prizes the honor of showing to ancient Europe that Lamartine, with the triple crown of virtue, genius and misfortune, has not appealed in vain to the great American nation."

This estimate of the genius of Lamartine and of the influence of his writings may be somewhat rose-colored by the sympathies of his friend, still there need be no doubt of the worth and interest of the work in question. Lamartine's appreciation of woman merits the gratitude of our sex, and American ladies will not fail to encourage his "Course of Literature." Apply to D. Appleton, publisher, New York.

LAMARTINE'S OPINION OF WOMEN.—The following, from one of his late works, will give our readers a pleasant introduction to the writings of this distinguished Frenchman: "Woman with weaker passions than man is superior to him by the soul. The Gauls attributed to her an additional sense, the divine sense. They were right. Nature has given woman two painful but heavenly gifts which distinguish them and often raise them above human nature—compassion and enthusiasm. By compassion they devote themselves; by enthusiasm they exalt themselves. What more does heroism require? They have more heart and more imagination than men. Enthusiasm springs from the imagination, and self-sacrifice from the heart. Women are, therefore, more naturally heroic than men. All nations have in their annals some of those miracles of patriotism of which woman is the instrument in the hands of God. When all is desperate in a national cause we need not yet despair while there remains a spark of resistance in a woman's heart, whether she is called Judith, Clelia, Joan of Arc, Vittora Colonna in Italy, or Charlotte Corday in our own day. God forbid that I compare those I cite! Judith and Charlotte Corday sacrificed themselves, but their sacrifice did not

recoil at crime. Their inspiration was heroic, but their heroism mistook its arms: it took the poniard of the assassin instead of the sword of the hero. Joan of Arc used only the sword of defence; she was not merely inspired by heroism, she was inspired by God."

ONE of our correspondents (Lillian) has sent us the following song, which will waken a blessing on the writer in many a sufferer from the heat and drought of the summer:—

A blessing on the rain!
A blessing on the clouds that bring
Their silver crystals from the sea,
And from beneath their darkening wing
Drop offerings on the lap of spring,
To make it glad for you and me!
To brighten all around the while
With more than morning's fleeting smile!

A blessing on the rain!

A blessing on the rain!
For, though it may shut out the sun,
And keep the anxious wanderer in,
Its countless treasures, one by one,
It scatters till the day is done,
As gifts which you and I may win,
When in a thousand forms we see
The worth of raindrops on the lea.

A blessing on the rain!

A blessing on the rain!
Nor is the blessing mine alone—
Each blade of grass a blessing gives,
Each drooping flower by moss-clad stone,
Each leaf on bush and tree-top grown,
Is blessing when it drinks and lives;
And everywhere the thirsty earth
Bears witness to the rain-droop's worth.

A blessing on the rain!

A blessing on the rain!
I love to hear its pulsing song—
Its patterings at my window-pane.
I should not weary all day long
Of listening to its minstrel throng,
Though mournful seems its low refrain!
To me it has a pleasant voice,
Which can but make my soul rejoice.

A blessing on the rain!

A blessing on the rain!
It comes, dropped from "God's hollow hand,"
As gently as might fall a tear,
And blessing all the waiting land,
The rock-bound waste, and desert sand—
I feel that God himself is near!
And thus I render thanks to Him
Who gives, with shadows dark and dim,
The rain—the blessed rain!

COLLEGES AND INSTITUTIONS FOR YOUNG WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN our May number we gave short notices of a number of these institutions. We now renew the catalogue with

THE LADIES' COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE of Buckingham County, Virginia. This institution has been in operation six years. The course of studies is liberal, comprising those taught in colleges for young men, and

* M. J. B. Desplace.

the modern languages, besides music, and all the usual ornamental branches of a lady's education. Rev. John C. Blackwell, A. M., is the President. The number of pupils is 121.

TENNESSEE AND ALABAMA LADIES' INSTITUTE; OR, MARY SHARP COLLEGE. This College has been in operation about five years. Its plan is noble, and we congratulate our sisters of the South and West on their advantages. The trustees say: "Where is the school in any country, in any age, that has offered to woman the same knowledge, literary, scientific, and classical, that has been for so many generations the peculiar and cherished heritage of the other sex? Where has it been the aim of any school to place the sister, in the quantity and quality of her attainments, upon a level with the brother? to draw out, develop, and unfold all the faculties of her mind, thus making her what she was designed to be by her Creator, a thinking, reflecting, reasoning being, capable of comparing and judging for herself, and dependent upon none other for her own free, unbiassed opinion?"

"This is the kind of education all desire for their sons, and this is the kind proposed by the founders of this College to be given to the daughters of the South and West; so that this school is intended to be, *not one among many*, but, 'par excellence,' *the school*."

"Educate the mothers, and you educate the people," is the motto of those who planned and put into operation the Tennessee and Alabama Collegiate Institute. Z. C. Groves, A. M., is President. The number of students for the year, 153. The college is located at Winchester, Tennessee.

OHIO HAS TWO CHARTERED COLLEGES FOR WOMEN. One at Oberlin; the other at Antioch.

MOUNT WASHINGTON COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES, near Baltimore, has lately been opened. It is the intention of the founders to make this one of the first institutions of the country. The college edifice is a noble building.

EAST ALABAMA LADIES' COLLEGE, Tuskegee, is a chartered institution, and has a long list of professors and teachers. President, Henry H. Bacon, A. M. The students numbered at the last session, 219, including the primary department. The trustees say: "The Board have not failed to observe the wisdom and good taste displayed by the faculty in the selection of the text-books which are used in the Institution; and also the advantages afforded to the young ladies from experimental lectures and practical illustrations in the study of the natural sciences. Among the text-books we particularly approve the works on Physiology—a science deeply interesting and vastly important to woman, and 'THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION,' a treatise certainly of a master mind, and a complete vindication of the truth of Christianity. The adoption of this latter book is worthy of the highest commendation, as in our judgment its place could not be supplied by any other treatise more conclusive or satisfactory on the evidences of our holy religion. The improved class-books for instruction in mathematics, and in the ancient and modern languages, and the facility with which these branches are taught and understood, demand our unqualified approval."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Come and see my Garden"—"Remember now thy God"—"The Ideal Realized"—"The Voice of

the Pine"—"True Beauty"—"Henrietta Cleveland"—"I am Roaming"—"The Return"—"Come, Minstrel"—and "My Grandmother."

The following articles are declined: "Stella Ray" (the author has talents and will doubtless succeed if she perseveres)—"The Thunderer"—"A Great Chance"—"Myra"—"To —"—"Songs of the Burdened Heart"—"A Day in the Country"—"Love"—"Triumphs of Faith"—"Archery"—"Come Home"—"Song"—"A School Reminiscence"—"Ghosts"—"Mary"—"The White Hand." (We never return rejected articles unless stamps to pay the return postage are sent. Our correspondents will oblige us by attending to this matter.) "Nora"—"Speculation"—"My Childhood's Home and Thee"—and "My Cousin Charles."

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 T. B. PETERSON, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

ROBERT GRAHAM; *a Sequel to "Linda."* By the late Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Ernest Linwood," "The Mob Cap," "Courtship and Marriage," etc. etc. Our readers are already so familiar with the style and character of the numerous and popular productions of the pen of the lamented authoress, that we feel it to be wholly unnecessary for us to attempt any praise of the pure morality, or of the literary taste and judgment which so greatly distinguished her writings from those of many of her contemporaries in the same line of composition. We can truly say of Robert Graham, however, that it is a work of the highest order of merit, and most worthy of being perused, as well for its fervid but chaste style, as for the pure lessons of morality and Christian faith which illumine its pages.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION OF AN AMERICAN SQUADRON TO THE CHINA SEAS AND JAPAN, performed in the years 1852, 1853, and 1854, under the command of Commodore M. C. Perry, U. S. N., by order of the Government of the United States. Compiled from the original Notes and Journals of Commodore Perry and his officers, at his request and under his supervision, by Francis L. Hawks, D. D., LL. D. With numerous illustrations. We feel sensible that this is a work of too much importance to be passed over with an ordinary notice, such as our limits restrict us to. Yielding to necessity, therefore, we can only say, in our usual brief manner, that the "Narrative" is eminently a national work, and as such, reflects the greatest credit upon the foresight of the government that projected the expedition for the purpose of extending our commercial relations, and the highest honor upon all who were intrusted with the duty, and who so successfully carried out its intentions. It is proper to state, however, that the narrative of Commodore Perry is preceded by an introduction which occupies nearly one

hundred pages of the work, in which the reader is furnished with a condensed view of the leading features that characterize the past progress and present condition of Japan, and which also contains a refutation of official publications by other nations, as well as of statements made by some individuals, which were obviously put forth for the purpose of depriving our country and her officers of whatever merit attached to the fact that the United States was the first, by peaceful negotiations, to cause an alteration in the policy of excluding foreigners, hitherto pursued by Japan. There are some blemishes in the style, especially in the use of epithets, when speaking of a certain religious denomination, which are now usually repudiated by our modern historians, and which, in a national work of this important character, it would have been well, perhaps, to omit altogether. Theologians, in their multiplied controversies, may use expressions with the greatest impunity, which, in works of history, or science, or narratives of general commercial or national interest, to some ears, will sound harsh and repulsive.

MEMOIRS OF HIS TIME. By Henry Cockburn. Lord Cockburn was born in the year 1776. His memoirs were written between 1821 and the close of 1830, at which time the English Whigs came into power on the principle of parliamentary reform, and the author was made Solicitor-General under the ministry of Earl Grey. With his elevation his narrative is brought to a close, which is to be regretted. The literary and historical student will find much of interest in the familiar delineations of celebrated characters, and in the record of the progress of the city of Edinburgh, from a certain period, which seems to have been almost as surprising as the advancement of some of our own western cities. The style of the book is unaffected, and such as will detain the lingering attention of the reader in the contemplation of scenes which he would otherwise, in all probability, pass over without the least concern.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM-NAVIGATION GUIDE. One of the most valuable and reliable guides we have ever noticed. It contains timetables, fares, distances, maps of all the railroads and rivers in the United States and Canadas. It is published monthly under the supervision of the railway companies. The price is only 15 cents.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y., through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

WESTERN AFRICA: its History, Condition, and Prospects. By Rev. J. Leighton Wilson. The author of this volume was eighteen years a missionary in Africa, and is now one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Although a great part of the work is necessarily a compilation from the narratives of well-known travellers, yet the long residence of the author among the people of the country has enabled him to establish such a degree of confidence in the faithfulness and originality of his observations as will be fully satisfactory to his readers. His mind seems to have been thoroughly impressed with the fact that most if not all of the negro tribes are as susceptible of as high a state of culture and civilization as any other people have yet attained. To the wickedness and the horrors of the slave trade, so long pursued by Christian nations, he attributes the prolongation of that intellectual darkness which has retarded the progress and the elevation of the people, and which he regards as having sunk them, at one period, into a deeper state of degra-

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 dation than that in which they were when the traders first set foot upon their continent. Justice is meted out, however, to the missionary efforts of all nations and creeds, from time to time engaged in the work of civilization and enlightenment, and for this and similar reasons the volume presents many attractions for those who are not familiar with the past and present condition, as far as known, of Africa, or with her happier and well-founded prospects for the future.

HELEN LINCOLN. A Tale. By Carrie Capron. The author of this pleasing story has evinced a philosophical acquaintance with the secret springs of the human heart, and, therefore, the characters introduced to the reader are all natural and consistent. She has also displayed great tact and ingenuity in the management of her plot, which, though sufficiently complicated to sustain an agreeable interest, is, throughout, in conformity with our ideas of truth and reality. For these reasons, as well as on account of the easy and unaffected style of the narrative, we perused this little volume with great pleasure.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JAMES P. BECKWORTH, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. With illustrations. Written from his own dictation by T. D. Bonner. We think it will be generally admitted that Indian stories, of which there are any quantity in the book market, offer to the reader very little that is new, tolerable, or interesting. This, we presume, is owing to the sameness, if not to the tameness, of Indian life and character. We must confess, however, that Mr. Beckworth's shocking and revolting career, as voluntarily boasted of by himself, in many instances has thrown the careers of his untutored companions into the deepest shades of their native forests, while he stands forth, in the open day of Christianity, as an original specimen of the true savage nature, not before described, at least in any of the savage stories that have come under our observation.

THE TONGUE OF FIRE; or, The True Power of Christianity. By Wm. Arthur, A. M., author of "The Successful Merchant," etc. We do not feel ourselves called upon or authorized to pronounce upon works of this character. Of course there can be nothing in a book with such a title, subversive of the common principles of morality. We shall, therefore, submit the contents of these pages to the decision of those who are by study and learning more deeply versed in the mysteries of faith than ourselves. The author's theme is indeed an important one—no less than an inquiry into the operations of the Holy Spirit on the heart of man—and in pursuing this inquiry, as far as we can judge, the author has been most careful in the preparation of its pages. The volume is inscribed to the author's "beloved and honored tutor in theology," the Rev. Dr. Hanna.

THE MARTINS OF CRO' MARTIN. By Charles Lever. Price 62½ cents. A very interesting volume for those who desire to study the Irish character, as represented by an Irish novelist, and who wish to become acquainted with some of the causes which have operated for centuries to disunite and depress a gallant and sensitive people.

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THE SCHOOL-FELLOW'S MAGAZINE, for Boys and Girls. DIX, EDWARDS, & Co. are the American publishers of this work. It contains a number of tales and sketches, appropriate and highly instructive for the class of readers for whom it is intended.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.

LECTURES READ TO THE SENIORS IN HARVARD College. By Edward T. Channing, late Roylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. The subjects treated of in these lectures are of the highest interest to young men who desire to acquire a just idea of oratory, a practical knowledge of criticism, or a pure style of writing. We see men of undoubted genius spring up around us every day, who, from necessity, have had to forego the advantages of a collegiate education, and who must labor, for a time at least, under disabilities which a regular discipline would have prevented. But let not such men despair, while they have at hand, for perusal and reflection, such excellent practical directions and critical advice as can be obtained through these and other lectures on similar subjects.

MONALDI; A Tale. By Washington Allston. This is a new edition of a beautifully written, but melancholy tale, founded on incidents supposed to be connected with the life of an Italian artist. It was first presented to the public by its lamented author in 1841, and received the highest testimonials of its literary merits from the best critical authorities. We extract the following passage from one of the closing pages of the work, as significant of the high moral aim of the author in its composition: "From the miserable life of Maldura may be learned this useful lesson: that, without virtue, the love of praise is a curse; that distinction is the consequence, not the object, of a great mind; that it cannot be made so without the desire of supplanting; and that envy, jealousy, or any similar feeling, whatever the pursuit, may always be regarded by those who have them as sure warnings the true love of excellence is not in them, without which nothing great and permanent was ever produced."

From HAYES & ZELL, Philadelphia:—

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ZOUAVE BEFORE SEBASTOPOL. Edited by Dr. Felix Maynard, Ex-Sanitary Physician. Translated from the French by Mrs. M. Harrison Robinson. The reader will find this a spirited and entertaining volume. The description which the wounded trumpeter has given of some of the most exciting events of the war in the Crimea, of scenes in bombardments, ambuscades and trenches, of the discipline and sufferings of the wounded in the hospitals, of the watchings and the labors of Sisters of Charity, Protestant and Catholic, combined with tales of war and camp amusements, when taken all in all, render the French-Turk, as he was before Sebastopol, a more interesting personage than has yet been traced in any of the formal official dispatches of any of the French or English generals.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

THE OLD CHEST AND ITS TREASURES. By Aunt Elizabeth. We are sorry that we cannot commend all that is in this volume to those for whom it appears to have been intended. There are no doubt many important truths spread over its pages, "all attractively presented to the youthful mind," but there are, to our mind, quite as many objectionable features, which, given in a loose way, the youthful mind should not have been induced to contemplate.

DISCOURSES ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS, AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS. By C. Van Santvoord. There are seventeen discourses in this volume, on

different subjects, all of which, we presume, will be interesting to a wide circle of readers. They were delivered in the ordinary course of a ministry in the Reformed Dutch Church of Saugerties, between the years 1848 and 1854. The miscellaneous papers were contributed to various periodicals during the same interval. However much we might be disposed to differ with the reverend author on some points, he is evidently a gentleman of pure religious feeling, high standard of morals, and extensive literary knowledge. His volume is therefore worthy of, and will no doubt command, an extensive circulation. The discourses are not confined, as it may be judged, to religious questions, but embrace a variety, including orations on J. Q. Adams, Webster, and Clay, and criticisms on Dickens, Colonization, Pitcairn's Islanders, etc. etc. The author expresses his sentiments with great freedom and candor, but at the same time seems desirous to avoid extremes.

From SHELDON, BLAKEMAN, & Co., New York, through H. COWPERTHWAIT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Arranged with Plates on Bern's Principle. By Elizabeth P. Peabody. We have not had time since receiving this work to make such an examination of its contents as would enable us to speak justly of its merits. We observe, however, that the author has put it down as a fact that the declaration of war against England was made on the 19th of April, 1812. We had always understood the declaration was made on the 18th of June, 1812.

From JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston and Cambridge.

THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. We are glad to see an edition of these popular ballads in a form that will render them accessible to readers of all classes. The illustrated edition was too expensive for common use. This edition comprises all the notes, and is complete. It is one of *the* books that should be put into the child's hands; no fear that it will be thrown by unread. Of all the works of Macaulay, these ballads will, we predict, be longest preserved. His future fame will rest on these, rather than on his histories.

SIBERT'S WALD. A Tale. By the author of "Sunbeam Stories," "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c. &c. Miss Planche, the author of these interesting works, deserves the love and esteem of all who enjoy the happiness that goodness, conjoined with cheerfulness, can bestow. All her writings are in that earnest, loving spirit, which penetrates the heart and makes us better, or induces the wish to improve. This last work is similar in intention with her preceding ones. Still we like "Old Joliffe" and her earlier stories better than this. She paints children beautifully, and the struggles of poor people, whom she shows in their true heroism. But the "lover's vein" is not so touching in her hands. Still the book is interesting.

ELM WOOD; or, *Helen and Emma*. By Cora Mayfield. This is another attempt of Young America in the field of domestic fiction. There are many true and noble sentiments in the book, which was evidently written with the best intentions; nor is it particularly imperfect in its style; though grammar and common sense are often set at defiance, and the most improbable events made every-day occurrences. Such works have been common of late.—"Authorship made Easy." The writer of this book, though evidently a young lady of

good natural abilities, if they were matured, has followed the fashion of giving crude fancies to the public instead of carefully working to refine the gold from the dross, and waiting till the pure metal was obtained. We hope she will do better in her next novel. Our literature needs improvement.

From MASON & BROTHERS, New York:—

THE HUMOROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, FROM CHAUCER TO SAXE. This handsome volume includes the most celebrated comic poems of the Anti-Jacobin, Rejected Addresses, The Ingoldsby Legends, Blackwood's Magazine, Bentley's Miscellany, and Punch; with more than two hundred epigrams, and the choicest humorous poetry of Wolcott, Cowper, Lamb, Thackeray, Swift, Scott, Holmes, Gay, Burns, Saxe, Hood, Prior, Coleridge, Byron, Moore, Lowell, etc. etc., together with Notes, explanatory and biographical, by J. Parton. The reader will be enabled to judge of the general character of this compilation, from the list of celebrated authors whose productions have contributed to swell its pages. We have not only the word of the compiler, but have satisfied ourselves of the fact, that he has rejected all poems, which, from the freedom of expression allowed during the lives of some of the authors from whose works extracts have been made, cannot now be read aloud in a company of men and women. An unexpected feature of the work, he says, is, that there is not a line in the book by a female hand, for, after diligent search, no humorous poems by women were found, which proved of sufficient merit to give them a place in such a collection. Dear ladies! cannot some of you help us to prove this assertion the result of critical prejudice, a mistake, or a slander?

From A. BURKE, Buffalo:—

COUSIN NICHOLAS. By the Rev. Richard Burham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," etc. Illustrated. The author of this volume is a very lively and sarcastic sketcher of some of the prominent follies and absurdities of the British aristocracy as well as of their imitators and flatterers. Cousin Nicholas was written for effect in another quarter of the globe; but as counterparts of many of the characters may be recognized even in this, the English "Cousin" will not, in all probability, fail to receive admirers.

From A. J. MATTHEWS & Co., Buffalo, New York:—

HINTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. A very good little book, and, although it is simply a catalogue of what Messrs. Matthews & Co. have to sell, a great deal of information may be obtained by its perusal. It is the best got up and most ingenious advertisement we have seen on the products of America. Such things are very common on the other side of the water.

THE IMMIGRANT'S GUIDE TO MINNESOTA.

Our ever attentive correspondent Mr. W. W. Wales, of Saint Anthony, has sent us this valuable work to all those who intend settling in this unrivalled territory. The book is one of great value to those who are about to establish themselves in a new home; and we recommend its perusal to all. Having lately visited this territory, we are able to say something in its favor. It is a place where a young man ought to go. There is room enough for thousands to enrich themselves. The soil is good; minerals abound; the climate is excellent

and healthy, and the society is not preferable in any of the States.

NICK NAX. This is the title of a humorous publication by Ross & Tousey, of New York, which, to those who love the humorous as we do, is well worthy of being patronized. The publishers have departed somewhat from the common track by giving a little something in the shape of a well-told tale, but humor predominates throughout the work. Each number contains an immense number of engravings, and very good ones at that, and stores of fun, nicely illustrated. Send to Ross & Tousey, New York, for a single year's subscription, or for a thousand copies a month.

ROBERT M. DE WITT has succeeded the firm of DE WITT & DAVENPORT, Publishers, of New York, and now conducts this extensive establishment himself. We have received his Catalogue of Books—his own publications. It is a very large one, too large for us to publish, but we will give a synopsis of the works: Ranlett's Architectural Series of original designs for Domestic and Ornamental Cottages; also, The City Architect, a series of original designs for Dwellings, Stores, and Public Buildings, both very valuable works. Latest and best works on Military Tactics, useful to every volunteer and regular. Medical Works, a great variety. Miscellaneous Works, amongst which are Salad for the Social and Salad for the Solitary. All Captain Mayne Reid's exciting Narratives. Mrs. Moodie's popular Works. Byrne's Mechanical Works. Humorous Works in great abundance. Major Richardson's celebrated Romances. Professor Ingraham's Romances. In addition, any book published in this country or Europe can be procured at his store. Mr. De Witt attends to all orders for Magazines and Newspapers, and forwards, as we have reason to know, an immense quantity of serial literature—Weeklies, Monthlies, Quarterlies, Semi-Yearlies. The foreign papers are also a branch of his business. We can, from a very long acquaintance with Mr. De Witt, recommend his extensive establishment to those wanting anything in the book, magazine, or paper line.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

WE ask attention to the beautiful plate of "The Star of Dawn" in this number. It is a steel engraving, colored, and at a very great cost, but we never stop at expense when we think that an engraving will give pleasure to our subscribers.

MESSRS. WHITE & Co., of South Second Street, present their fall fashions to our customers. This establishment is so well known that any notice from us would seem superfluous; but we can't help telling our subscribers that there is no store in the United States where so great a variety can be found, or where customers are more obligingly waited on.

BRODIE is out in this number in full magnificence, with two of the prettiest articles he has as yet furnished us with. Our customers do not generally know that Brodie has a large establishment in one of the most fashionable streets in Paris, and there, as here, he leads the *ton*. His Paris house gives him greater facilities for procuring the newest fashions, and he is always ahead of every other fashionable depot.

ANOTHER SAVING OF TEN DOLLARS.—The "Lauronsville Herald" says: "Our better half gets the first peep; we are not permitted to squint at it until she has devoured all its contents, and, sometimes, made the children's clothes from the patterns. In the last respect, we consider that Godey's Book saves us about ten dollars a year."

HARD TO GRIND.—

"Mam, I can't grind this coffee," said a new Bridget to her mistress.

"And why, Bridget?"

"I don't know, mam, but I have turned and turned, and ground and ground, but there is the coffee just as whole as I put it in."

Upon investigation, the mistress found that she had put the coffee in the box below the mill, the usual receptacle for the article when ground. *Fact!*

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Shall it be celebrated throughout our whole country on the same day? That is the question. We hope our readers will be unanimous in favor of this measure. Let it be made an American festival, and held on the *third Thursday of November* (which falls, this year, on the twentieth) throughout all coming years. If the ladies of the nation unite on this day, the Governors of the several States will surely issue their proclamations in accordance with the popular voice. So let us petition that Thanksgiving Day be held on the third Thursday in November.

PRETTYLY EXPRESSED.—The "La. Baptist" says: "Godey is building a monument of Ladies' Hearts to perpetuate his memory."

GRECIAN PAINTING.—J. E. Tilton of Salem, Massachusetts, has prepared an engraving, which is well suited to this style of painting—the Orphan; and when colored it is beautiful. The price is one dollar, free of postage. We have seen it done in the Grecian style, and it resembles an oil painting. Mr. Tilton furnishes directions for one dollar, or directions and materials for three dollars.

GOTTSCHALK, THE PIANIST.—A contemporary, speaking of this great artist, says: "This young American may in fact be regarded as the genius of the piano. He has explored all the depths and shades of its melody, and is the magician of its most occult mysteries, at whose touch it speaks as he commands. The piano, unwieldy instrument as it is, becomes in his hands a great casket of treasures, as exhaustless in variety as in quantity."

PATTERNS FOR INFANTS' DRESSES, OR INFANTS' WARDROBES.—Our fashion editor has supplied a great many wardrobes for infants lately, and in every case has given great satisfaction. She has facilities for furnishing these articles better and cheaper than any other person. The vast influence that her connection with the "Lady's Book" gives her induces importers and others to submit to her their earliest fashions. To those who cannot afford the articles, made-up paper patterns can be sent, which will be fac-similes of the originals. For particulars, address Fashion Editor (not Mrs. Hale), care of L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. All other patterns furnished as usual.

WE have no agents for whose acts we are responsible.

OUR readers will notice the advertisement of Miss Hale and Mademoiselle Hennem in relation to their school for young ladies. We do not permit ourselves to recommend institutions of this kind without an intimate knowledge of the qualifications of the directing head of the establishment; and in the case of Miss Hale, we are free to say that she is thoroughly conversant with the duties of her highly responsible station, and possessed of all the accomplishments required for her arduous task. Her extensive attainments in polite literature are attested by her fine taste and ability as a writer. Her command of classical literature eminently qualifies her for superintending that department of education, and her proficiency in the light, as well as the useful accomplishments, so essential in modern education, renders her services invaluable in preparing young ladies to meet the high demands of the present state of society. In the even temper and unfaltering firmness, so essential in school government, it is sufficient to say that she resembles our able coadjutor, her excellent mother.

Miss Hale's partner, Mademoiselle Hennem, who has the department of foreign languages, is qualified by long experience as a teacher to secure the proficiency of the scholars, especially in the French, which is made the medium of communication in her department, and of conversation in the family; the ability to read, speak, and write French being considered requisite to a finished education in this age of travelling.

We have no hesitation in recommending this school to our friends in the city and in the country; and in holding ourselves personally responsible for the result.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,

No. 12 Portico Square, Spruce Street, Philadelphia. Miss S. J. Hale and M^{lle} Hennem, principals.

The school-year commences on the first Wednesday in September, and ends the last Friday in June. The usual vacations of one week at Christmas and one at Easter are allowed.

Pupils are charged from the time of entrance, and no deductions made but for protracted illness. No pupil will be received for a shorter period than to the close of the school-year upon which she enters.

Terms.—Payable semi-annually in advance. For Day Scholars. Instruction in the English branches, French, German, and Latin: under thirteen years of age, \$60 per annum; over thirteen years of age, \$100. For Boarders, \$300; Drawing and Water Painting, \$20; Use of Piano, \$20; Use of Guitar, \$10; Use of Harp, \$50; Dancing, \$10 per quarter—\$5 Entrance; Washing, \$6 per quarter; Pew Rent at cost.

Music and singing lessons, oil-painting, and other languages than those mentioned above at professors' charges.

Particular attention will be paid to speaking French. It will be spoken in the family; in the school-room one hour daily will be devoted to conversation in that language, in which all, whose friends desire it, can join.

Each boarder should be provided with silver fork, table and teaspoons, toweling, napkins, and ring. All articles to be marked in full.

Address Miss S. J. Hale, or, M^{lle} G. Hennem, No. 12 Portico Square, Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

GODEY'S EMBROIDERY BOOK, No. 1, and GODEY'S BIJOU NEEDLE-CASE.—See advertisement on cover.

WE copy the following sensible article from the "Rutherfordton Eagle":—

BORROWING MAGAZINES.—We never knew a place yet that did not have some who were too poor to take a magazine, and, consequently, they must borrow. It is injustice to the publishers for an editor to lend his, since, if they are procured without money, they will not be supported: or, at least, their publishers will lose some money they ought to have. Now, reader, *if you are able and willing to pay for what you get*, don't borrow another time, but go and subscribe, and read your *own* paper and *own* magazine. Come, that's honest.

A DROWSY LOVER.

I MUST hasten and bid you good-night, love,
And hie me to downy repose,
For I fear if I don't that next day, love,
I shall want most sadly a doze.
'Tis sweet to sit by your side, love,
Till eleven or twelve in the night,
And whisper soft words in your ear, love,
With nought but your eyes for a light.
But by midnight my eyes get so dull, love,
I feel more like sleeping than wooing,
And I hardly can keep from a gape, love,
So I think I'd better be going.
I've talked full four hours to-night, love,
And really I've nothing to say,
And I fear we'll both get to sleep, love,
If longer you urge me to stay.

FASHION EDITOR.—Persons who are not subscribers to the Book can order articles from the Fashion Editor. She does not know, when she receives an order, whether it is from a subscriber or not; nor do we.

NEVER DECEIVE YOUR CHILDREN.—The most essential point in our intercourse with children is to be perfectly true ourselves. Every other interest ought to be sacrificed to that of truth. When we in any way deceive a child, we not only show him a pernicious example, but lose our own influence over him for ever. Parents cannot be too guarded in this respect.

WE shall be pleased to receive any useful receipts of any kind that our correspondents have tried, and know to be good.

THE FIVE NECESSARY QUESTIONS.—An exchange says: "A young lady should always ask the following questions before accepting the hand of any young man. Is he honest? Is he sober? Is he industrious? Does he take his own local paper? and last, though not least, will he take Godey's Lady's Book for me?"

THE patterns in this number can all be readily copied by using our copying paper. Price 25 cents a package, containing several colors. Manufactured by J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts.

How to use it. Lay your muslin on a hard surface, such as a table without a cover, then place over that the tracing paper, then over that the pattern which you wish to be on the muslin. Take a hard lead pencil or a stencil, and trace the pattern over carefully, bearing on pretty hard, and you will find the impression on the muslin. If you wish to preserve your pattern, place tissue paper over it, and trace over that instead of the pattern itself.

"LATEST FROM PHILADELPHIA—*Arrival of the Lady's Book.*—We have received Godey for June, caught a glimpse of a beautiful gypsy face on the frontispiece, and were proceeding to other good things, when our progress was entirely stopped by the enormous expansion of the ladies' skirts in the fashion plates. It is really terrible to think what will be the end of these things, if, as it seems, there is to be no limit to the growth of such monstrosities. Already they have 'necessitated' the cutting down of some of the trees which narrowed some of the walks in this town, and we notice that one of the gate-posts at the entrance of some grounds where young ladies most do congregate has been broken by contact with excessive whalebone. Perhaps 'it is well we cannot see what the end shall be.' Buy Godey of Dodge and Hubbard, and take a look at those extraordinary skirts."—*Pittsfield Eagle.*

We have our fears also. If these skirts continue to expand, we shall have to stretch our paper to get four figures on a fashion plate.

SUBSCRIBERS do not seem to understand that, when we receive money for any other publication, we pay the money over to that publication. If they miss a number of Harper, Arthur, or Graham, they must address the publisher of the publication they miss. We have nothing to do with it.

GODEY'S Monthly List of New Music, which will be furnished at the prices annexed.

"Winner's Accordeon Songster," 50 cts.

The first work of the kind ever issued. It contains eighty pages of the most fashionable and popular songs of the day marked for the accordeon, being the only collection of sentimental, comic, and Ethiopian ballads ever published. It is so arranged as to suit either the violin or flute.

New songs by Alice Hawthorne:—

"Only a Child," colored title,	50 cts.
"Am I not true to thee?"	25 "
"Fond Moments of my Childhood,"	25 "
"La Pierre Polka," Harris, with a picture,	25 "
"Parkinson's Garden Polka,"	25 "
"Centennial Quickstep,"	25 "
"Equestrian Waltz,"	12½ "

SEVERAL persons have spoken to us since we published the account of our travels last month, and mentioned that breakfast at Mifflin; they say that the eating is very bad at most of the stopping-places on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

PATTERNS.—Our fashion editor continues to furnish patterns of any of the dress articles in the "Book." Terms made known on application. We cannot publish the prices, as the postage varies according to the size of the articles ordered, and that we have to pay in advance. The demand for patterns for infant's clothes is immense, and they are of the most beautiful and newest styles. Mrs. Hale is not the fashion editress.

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN A SCRAPE.—In the exuberance of his joy at having a male heir born to his throne, Louis promised that he would stand godfather to all the children born in France on the same day that the Prince was born. More than 3600 applications have already been made by anxious parents, on behalf of their offspring.

DRESSES WORN AT THE LATE BIRTHDAY DRAWING-ROOM OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.—White dresses generally preponderate at the Birthday Drawing-room, and the recent occasion formed no exception to the rule. We must particularly mention the dresses worn by three sisters, which were composed of white tulle with trains of white moiré antique; the only distinction between them consisting in the different flowers chosen for trimmings. One had blue corn-flowers and silver wheat, the second water-lilies with green leaves, and the third mixed geraniums.

A very stylish dress was of white tulle, having three blonde flounces, the train of white silk, and train and skirt trimmed to correspond, with blue flowers and white ribbon.

Another white dress was trimmed almost entirely with ribbon and rosebuds; and a white dress of a new and striking character was only relieved by green, having for its chief ornament a peculiar grass-like fringe.

A dress worn by a young married lady was composed of three flounces of point lace, looped up with garlands of variegated heath; the train was of terry velvet, inwoven in a beautiful pattern with bouquets of variegated heath and point lace. The richness of this dress was only surpassed by the exquisite taste which pervaded it.

Among the colored dresses, we must notice one of blue tulle, trimmed with blonde flounces and bouquets of pink roses and feathers. The train was of rich blue moiré gothique, woven in a feather pattern, and ornamented with pink roses and white feathers.

A rather more quiet costume was of gray glacé silk, with deep flounces bordered by a feather fringe. The train was of gray moiré antique, made to correspond.

Pongéau seems just now a very favorite color; a court dress trimmed with this shade was chosen by a lady of the highest rank. The skirt, of white tulle, had innumerable flounces ornamented with rows of pongéau velvet, feather fringe, and bouquets of poppies and white pinks, each bouquet being fastened with an agrafe of diamonds. The train of white moiré antique was trimmed in the same manner.

A dress of maize-color silk, trimmed with purple heart's-ease and white blonde, had a very rich effect; and another, not less admired, was of silver and green tissue, having a skirt of tulle spotted with silver, and both train and skirt being ornamented with bouquets and variegated foliage.

We must not forget to mention that the corsage of these dresses is usually so arranged that it may either be finished with a stomacher of jewels or with bouquets of flowers, which are now brought to an astonishing degree of perfection.

Flowers are universally adopted for coiffures in court dress; and the wreaths now worn are much more becoming than the *cache peigne* so long in favor. The flowers must always harmonize with those on the dress; and the double violet wreath is so pretty that it might tempt one to give the preference to this flower whenever it is available. The court plume of feathers should be small and graceful; and for young ladies the lappets should be added. More matronly ladies may prefer the small veil with the circlet wreath, or the veil with only feathers and a diadem of jewels.

A LOVE-LETTER.—A check on the bank of Imagination, payable at sight.

HAIR DYE IN FOUR DIFFERENT COLORS.—The most perfect article of this kind, manufactured by the celebrated Berger of Paris, is now for sale in this city by Fouladoux, in Chestnut Street above Fourth. It will color the hair black, brown, light brown, or of a very light almost flaxen color. There is no deception in this, for we have seen the article tried, and pronounce it, without any exception, the very best Hair Dye we have ever seen. Those who order will please specify what kind they want—as one case only contains one particular dye. In addition to the above, Mr. Fouladoux manufactures Wigs and Fronts, and furnishes every article in the hair line.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND NON-RECEIPT OF NUMBERS.—We have received several letters, lately, upon these subjects; and the names have not been found on our books. It would be well for persons to remember to whom they send their subscriptions. If a subscriber to the "Cosmopolitan," address C. L. Derby, Sandusky, Ohio.

MOORE says, in his "Diary," "An anecdote of Dr. Barnes, who is now about ninety-five years of age, rather amused me. Being sometimes (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately having joked with him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted that he had been wide awake all the time. 'Well, then,' said his friend, 'can you tell me what the sermon was about?' 'Yes, I can,' he answered; 'it was about half an hour too long.'"

THE "Hennepin Tribune" calls the Lady's Book a "beautiful and characteristic magazine. We say characteristic, because it is characteristic for the ladies to subscribe for it, or *borrow ours* immediately upon its receipt."

FORTY-FIVE CENTS FOR MAKING A HEAVY WINTER COAT.—We had occasion to call upon a poor woman a few days since, and found her engaged in making heavy winter overcoats, the fronts, pockets, and collars stitched. She had also to press them, a feat almost beyond her strength. Two miles she had to go to get them, and two more to return them, and for each she receives the enormous sum of forty-five cents! Shame upon those who thus impose on the necessities of the poor!

CLUBBING.—We give this early notice that all clubs sent us must be for the Lady's Book only, with one exception. We cannot add one of any other magazine in place of a Lady's Book, except Arthur's Home Magazine.

THE difference between \$3 and \$5 is \$2. That much is saved by purchasing those splendid pearl card-cases through us. The store price is \$5.

PEARL CARD CASES.—We have an opportunity of obliging our subscribers with these beautiful cases at \$3 each—a very superior article. We have the pick from the manufactory before the stores can get them; and can, therefore, send the handsomest, and they are beautiful. At that price we pay the postage also; such an opportunity has never before offered.

LARDNER'S ONE THOUSAND RECEIPTS UPON EVERY SUBJECT.—We will furnish copies of this celebrated work on receipt of twenty-five cents.

CLUB and single subscribers are informed that we can always furnish numbers from the beginning of the year, and will send to any post-office where the subscriber may reside. A club of six may be sent to six different post-offices. It is not too late now to make up clubs.

THE "Morristown Banner" says: "The receipts Godey gives us in the course of a year are worth more than the subscription." The receipts that we gave in July and August numbers for preserving were worth four times the amount of subscription, and could not be obtained anywhere except through the Lady's Book.

"EVERY LADY HER OWN SHOEMAKER."—We are now able to present to our readers a work that we have had more inquiries for than we could find patience to answer. "Every Lady her own Shoemaker" is the title of the work. It contains six large diagrams, each one with several drawings on it explanatory of the various parts of the shoe. In fact, it is a complete guide to enable every lady to be her own shoemaker. If we have as many orders as we have had inquiries, we shall sell a very large number. The price is fifty cents.

"SWEET SIXTEEN."—The editor of the "Canton Commonwealth" says: "Our sweetheart, who has seen but sixteen summers, thinks the new four figure fashion plate a master-piece, and a decided improvement on the old style. Although the Lady's Book is now without a rival, the publisher is promising a succession of numbers that will throw all their predecessors in the shade. And it is known that Godey never performs less than his promise."

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

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

- Breast-pins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.
- Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
- Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

"Mrs. H. W."—Sent infant's patterns 16th.

"Miss S. S."—Sent canvas, crewel, &c. 16th.

"A Subscriber" at Elyton.—Doctors will differ. We asked for new ideas. The Book says plainly enough: "Address Fashion Editress, care of L. A. Godey."

"Mrs. J. J."—Sent pearl card-case, &c. 17th.

"Mrs. P. V. S."—Sent infant's wardrobe patterns 17th.

"Mrs. H. R. O."—Sent pearl card-case 18th.

"Miss A. A. H."—Sent crochet cotton, &c. 18th.

"Mrs. O. R. R."—Sent infant's wardrobe 18th.

"Mrs. D. L. McD."—Sent infant's wardrobe 18th.

"H."—We take no notice of anonymous letters.

"M. A. E."—Sent hair ring 19th.

"Mrs. R. R. S."—Sent elastic belt, 19th.

"Miss A. A. S."—Sent pearl card-case 19th.

"Miss G. O. G."—Sent pearl card-case 19th.

"D. C. S."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 21st.

"Miss R. A. O."—Sent colored cottons 22d.

"Mrs. A. H. R."—Sent bonnet by Kinsley's express 22d.

"Mrs. A. H. G."—Sent elastic belt 22d.

"A. C." and "L. H."—Nightcaps from \$1 to \$5 each. Apron patterns 31 cents.

Sent pearl card-cases to "A. R.," "D. E. J.," "H. M. Q.," "L. S.," "G. A. P.," "O. E. R.," "W. M. T.," "M. S. M.," "R. V. D.," "O. H. G.," "C. N. B.," "J. M. B.," "C. G. L.," "S. T.," "E. R. A.," "M. D. C.," "H. A. S.," "L. D. D.," "R. R. S." These orders have so accumulated upon us, that we can hardly manufacture the cases fast enough.

"Mrs. A. M. C."—Sent hair breastpin 23d.

"Mrs. R. R. B."—Sent elastic belt 23d.

"Mrs. S. S. A."—Sent slipper pattern and worsteds 24th.

"Mrs. A. E. G."—Sent toil ciré 24th.

"Mrs. W. W. G."—Sent patterns 24th.

"Miss E. M. R."—Piano-forte keys cannot well be cleaned unless they are taken off.

"J. C. T."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 25th.

"N. C. B."—Sent nursery basket by Adams' express 25th.

"A. S."—Sent hair ring 26th.

"C. H. W."—Sent hair bracelets 26th.

"Mrs. E. T. F."—Sent hair ring 26th.

"Mrs. C. M."—Sent hair ear-rings 26th.

"Mrs. M. A. W."—Sent picnic mitts 26th.

"J. L. R."—Sent hair ring 26th.

"Mrs. D. W. L."—Sent hair bracelet and patterns by Howard's express 26th.

"Miss E. L. R."—Sent elastic belt 26th.

"H. J."—Sent patterns 26th.

"Mrs. S. M. H."—Sent embroidered skirt for infant by Adams' express 26th.

"A. H."—Sent pearl card-case 26th.

"Mrs. A. S. O."—Sent nursery basket by Kinsley's express 26th.

"Mrs. C. A. J."—Sent pearl card-case 28th.

"J. W. W."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 29th.

"Mrs. E. E. H."—Sent infant's wardrobe 29th.

"J. T."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 29th.

"Miss J. M. D. R."—Sent elastic belt 29th.

"Miss N. H. G."—Sent slipper pattern and worsted 29th.

"L. G. D."—Sent colored cottons 31st.

"Mrs. R. H. R."—Sent pearl card-case 31st.

"Miss L. A. S."—Sent hair breastpin 31st.

"Mrs. T. B."—Sent patterns 31st.

"Mrs. S. W."—Sent patterns 1st.

"Mrs. E. S. R."—Sent hair bracelets and necklace 1st.

"Mrs. A. H. R."—Sent nursery basket by Howard's express 1st.

"Mrs. L. D. A."—Sent infant's wardrobe 1st.

"J. L. T."—Sent patterns 1st.

"A. H. H. R."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 2d.

"Annie H. A."—There is no work that contains *all* you mention. We can send you "Hints on Gentility," or "Miss Leslie's Book" for \$1.

"J. McL."—Sent pearl card-case, &c. 4th.
 "Miss E. J."—Sent pearl card-case 4th.
 "Mrs. A. V. D. B."—Sent pearl card-case 5th.
 "Mrs. M. V. E."—Sent infant's wardrobe by Kinsley's express 5th.
 "Mrs. D. A. S."—Sent pearl card-case 6th.
 "Mrs. E. H. O."—Sent hair breastpin 6th.
 "Miss K. J. W."—Sent pearl card-case 7th.
 "Mrs. S. V. O. T."—Sent nursery basket by Kinsley's express 7th.
 "Miss L. C. A."—Sent colored cottons 8th.
 "Mrs. M. E. G."—Sent colored cottons 8th.
 "Miss E. F. B."—Sent hair ring 8th.
 "W. M."—Sent stamped collar 8th.
 "Mrs. D. A. B."—Sent hair ring, watch chain, and breastpin 8th.
 "Mrs. D. A. S."—Sent infant's wardrobe patterns 8th.
 "Mrs. J. S. C."—Sent pearl card-case 8th.
 "D. M. L."—Sent infant's clothing patterns 8th.
 "Mrs. D. R. D."—We can send you a beautiful nursery basket with appropriate articles, for \$15.
 "Miss L. D."—Sent stamped collar 9th.
 "Mrs. A. A. H."—Jet ornaments are fashionable, and we can furnish them.
 "J. H. H."—Sent Rapp's pens, &c. 9th.
 "Miss J. E. S."—Sent pearl card-case 11th.
 "W. B. J."—Sent Rapp's condor gold pen 12th.
 "S. B."—Thank you for the recipe.
 "Mrs. C. H."—Sent potichimanie ornaments 13th.
 "E. E."—An opera bonnet may be worn. It is the music adapted to the piano.
 "Mrs. E. A. S."—Sent stamped collars 13th.
 "Mrs. R. O. R."—Sent Potichimanie ornaments 13th.
 "Mrs. L. E. G."—Sent gloves 14th.
 "Mrs. M. T. M."—Sent children's clothing 14th.
 "Mrs. J. B."—Sent flower leaves, &c. 15th.
 "Mrs. W. F. K."—Sent fichu, 15th.
 "Mrs. L. H. O."—Sent patterns 15th.
 Sent pearl card-cases to "S. R.," "H. A. D.," "E. S.," "L. O. H.," "M. McM.," "G. A. A.," "E. D. R.," "A. A. R.," "H. H.," "D. E. M.," "O. R. D.," "W. W. R.," "S. O. H.," "B. D.," "G. J. L.," "N. P. Q.," "A. W."
 "Miss S. R." Toledo.—Address Wm. Young, Publisher of the Albion, New York. It is only given to the subscribers of that paper, but he is a gallant man, and will no doubt oblige you.
 "Mrs. A. L. L."—Sent nursery basket 16th.
 "Miss W. A. W."—Sent jet ornaments 16th.
 "L. L. S."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 16th.
 "Miss L. R. L."—Sent stamped collar 16th.

Centre-Table Gossip.

LAYING OUT A FLOWER-GARDEN.

MRS. LOUDEN'S PLAN.

THE month of October is generally considered the most favorable season for laying out gardens and planting ornamental shrubs. At this season the flowers of summer and most of those of autumn are beginning to fade, and their stems, and partially dead leaves, look so untidy that there is little scruple in removing them. The ground is, therefore, in a fit state for being dug over and laid out into fresh beds without any painful feelings intervening as to destroying any floral beauties that may remain. When a new garden is to be laid

out, the first thing to be done is to choose a situation open to the sun, and not under the drip of large trees; for it must never be forgotten that it is not in the power of any gardener, however skilful he may be, to make flowers grow well unless they have abundance of sun and air. This constitutes one of the great difficulties of raising flowers in town gardens, and this is the true reason of the great difference, in both color and fragrance, which may always be perceived between flowers grown in a town and those coming from the country. But, though it is impossible entirely to obviate the difficulty, a great deal may be done by keeping the cause of the difference in one's mind, and taking advantage of every opportunity that may occur to give the plants the sun and free air which they so much require.

The ground for the flower-garden having been chosen, the next thing is to decide what shape will be best for the beds. In some cases it will be best to have only a plain square or oval in the centre, with grass round it, and a straight border for the taller flowers beyond; but, where circumstances will permit, a regular pattern should be chosen, and the beds should be planted each with one kind of plant, so that the colors may form masses, and look, at a little distance, like the pattern of a carpet.

If the garden happens to have a wall, with a south or southeast aspect, a number of beautiful flowering shrubs may be planted against it in the month of October; and the following is a list of some of the most ornamental, with the time of flowering, the color of the flowers, and the height of the shrub marked in separate columns:—

	Time of flowering.	Color.	Height.
Escallonia rubra, Escallonia Montevidense,	June	red	4 to 6 ft.
	August	white	4 to 6 ft.
Ceanothus azureus,	August and September	blue	6 ft.
	Early spring	yellow	6 ft.
Ceanothus divaricatus, Jasminum nudiflorum, Jasminum revolutum,	July to September	blue	10 to 20 ft.
	July to September	blue	15 to 30 ft.
Passiflora cærulea,	July	white	6 to 10 ft.
	December	yellow	12 ft.
Circis Siliquastrum, Magnolia grandiflora, Chimonanthus fragrans, Chimonanthus fragrans grandiflora,	June	yellow blue	10 ft.
	May	white yellow	6 to 10 ft.
Clematis azurea, Clematis Sieboldtii, Berberis dulcis, Berberis trifoliata, Caprifolium japonica,	August	yellow white and pink	4 to 8 ft.
	August	white and pink	10 ft.
Caprifolium flexuosa, Eccremocarpus scabra, Eucalyptus piperita, Leycesteria formosa,	June	orange	10 ft.
	Summer	green	4 to 8 ft.
Cydonia japonica,	June to August &c.	white,	8 ft.
	February to May	red	6 to 16 ft.
Cydonia japonica Alba,		whitish	6 ft.
Wistaria sinensis,	May and June	blue	20 to 40 ft.
Bignonia grandiflora, Camellia Alba pleno, Camellia imbricata, Camellia elegans,	July	scarlet	10 to 20 ft.
	April	white white	4 to 6 ft.
Buddleia Lindleyana, Cratægus Pyracantha, Deutzia scabra,	August	purple	6 to 10 ft.
	May	pinkish	8 to 20 ft.
	May	white	2 to 4 ft.

No deciduous shrubs should be transplanted till the

leaves begin to fall, and none should be taken up till a pit has been dug ready to receive it. The pit should be about a foot or eighteen inches deep, and it should be wide enough to allow the roots of the shrub being spread out to their full extent. Before the shrub is taken up, the branches should be tied in with a strong straw rope, tied to the main stem, or one of the strongest branches in the centre of the plant, and then drawn round all the branches, so as to bring them into as small a space as possible without injuring the plant. In taking up the shrub, the usual mode is to make a trench round the shrub as many feet from the centre as the plant is feet high, and then to loosen the earth with a fork, so as to injure the roots as little as possible. The roots, as they are cleared, should be tied up in trusses with matting; and about two or three feet in the centre should be left in a solid mass, which should be undermined, and raised like a ball.

When the plant is placed in the centre of the pit, the roots must be untied and carefully spread out; and any that are bruised must be cut off with a sharp knife. The roots must be spread out, so that they do not cross each other or club together; and, if there should be two or three whorls of roots forming distinct layers, earth should be filled in between each layer, the upper ones being held up till the lower ones are covered. When the whole of the roots are covered, the plants should be well watered, seven or eight watering-pots full, of the ordinary size, being given to each plant; but they will not require any watering afterwards.

It must be observed that evergreens should always have large balls of earth attached to their roots, particularly the Holly and the Laurestinus; and that oaks and other trees that have long tap roots must have these roots shortened by cutting them with a sharp knife before they are replanted.

All newly planted shrubs should be tied to a stake deeply driven into the ground to prevent them from shaking in the wind.

EVERYDAY ECONOMIES.

It is to be supposed that all practical housekeepers are fully aware of the wisdom of our brief rules; but we offer them to those not yet made wise by experience.

In replacing sheets, table-cloths, or napkins in the linen-closet, be careful that you raise the pile already there, and place those fresh from the wash underneath. This will insure the regular wear of the set, and not leave the whole wash and tear of the family on a half dozen pieces. This should be particularly observed in shirts or any set of underclothes. It is one of the conveniences of having articles of wearing apparel marked and numbered. You can the more readily tell if they serve in regular rotation. So of stockings, handkerchiefs, towels, etc.

It is economy and comfort combined to have new underclothes come into wear in the autumn. Many thriftless persons put off replacing a set until the last moment, while the thin garments, though still available, should be laid away for the warm summer months.

Shirts, if of strong material and not worn too long, will bear two sets of wristbands and bosoms. It is economy to get the best, as the sewing often costs as much or more than the cloth.

Woven, or as they are called knit, undergarments, should be frequently examined for thin places and broken stitches. These may be sewn with fine darning

cotton, the same as stockings, and great rents prevented. Almost every one knows that they should be washed very carefully in extremely hot water, and wrung dry at once. They will last twice as long.

Undervests for children may be cut from the bottom part of large garments, the sleeves and the neck being first to go. Purchase one of suitable size as a pattern, and cross stitch the seams down as in making up flannel. Very good stockings for the little folks may be made in this way.

Many people think it bad economy to make up new material for children, as it is usually outgrown without being worn out. If there are several near to each other in age, it is the very best plan, however, as the same set may be made to answer for two or three successively.

A week's neglect of the stocking basket is not made up in a month: "odd mates" and thin places are sure to be the result. Having each pair properly marked saves endless trouble in matching them.

THE CENTRE-TABLE COMMONPLACE BOOK.

A REMEMBRANCE OF AUTUMN.

Nothing stirs the sunny silence
 Save the drowsy humming of the bees
 Round the ripe peaches on the wall,
 And the south wind sighing in the trees,
 And the dead leaves rustling as they fall;
 While the swallows one by one are gathering,
 All-impatient to be on the wing,
 And to wander from us, seeking
 Their beloved spring.

Cloudless rise the azure heavens!
 Only vapor wreaths of snowy white
 Nestle on the gray hill's rugged side;
 And the golden woods are bathed in light,
 Dying, if they must, with kingly pride;
 While the swallows, in the blue air wheeling,
 Circle now, an eager, fluttering band,
 Ready to depart and leave us
 For a brighter land.

But a voice is sounding sadly,
 Telling of a glory that has been,
 Of a day that faded all too fast,
 Seen afar through the blue air serene,
 Where the swallows wing their way at last,
 And our hearts perchance so sadly wandering,
 Vainly seeking for a long-lost day,
 While we watch the far off swallows,
 Flee with them away.

TEARS.—God did not give us tears—and they are a great gift of his mercy—to shed them for trifles.

RESIGNATION.—Alas! who knows it not?—the wings of Hope would of themselves raise us to heaven. But hard it is for poor Resignation to look up from this sad earth.

We were made to endure. A heathen philosopher held the sight of the just man's suffering worthy of the gods; and Christianity knows nothing more beautiful, more holy, than the calm resignation of the poor and the lowly to the will of their divine Father.

Affliction patiently borne for the love of the hand that inflicts it loses half its sting. The cup is always bitter; and doubly bitter shall it seem to us if we drink it reluctantly. But, if we courageously drain it, we shall find that the last drop is not like the rest. It is

fraught with a divine sweetness; it is a precious balsam, and can heal the deepest and most envenomed wound.

JULIA KAVANAGH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ALINE."—We should be sorry to discourage real talent, yet the opinion of a late reviewer is not inapplicable to the case in question.

"It is a characteristic of the last two years that most of the novels have been written by young girls just out of the school-room, who forthwith expect to find themselves famous and the possessors of immense fortunes. Nothing lasting can be achieved without patience, without study, and, above all, without experience in the workings of the human heart and will."

"Miss B." of Fair Haven.—We do not know the material by the title given, but presume it is a style of poplin. Such fancy names are usually invented for country towns. A Broadway or Chestnut Street mantua-maker would but smile if you should ask her to make you a "Parodi," a "Sontag," or a "Eugénie," when you meant a certain style of basque. As regards the second inquiry, poplins are never founced—the material is too heavy.

"MAGGIE N."—It will cost you at least six hundred dollars to take a year's finishing lessons of one of the best teachers. Their terms are sixty dollars per quarter. Board and incidentals would soon make up the amount.

"A CAREFUL MOTHER."—We can unhesitatingly recommend all of Grace Aguilar's novels, Miss Warner's, Miss Sewell's (the author of "Zaidee"), that by Miss Yonge, and Miss Hawes (Marion Harland). They have no seeds of the counterfeit morality she so laments, but are simple, pure pictures of home life. We will forward any of these she may name to the address.

"ADELAIDE."—English embroidery is used as much as ever for underclothing. It is the neatest and at the same time the strongest trimming. Worked yokes and sleeves are as common as those once decorated by knit or woven linen edging.

"A SOLITARY."—Miss Cooper's "Country Life" is a good example of daily habits of close observation, recorded without exaggeration or embellishment. Keeping a journal is admirable practice if not blemished by too romantic events or an hyperbolic style—two ordinary faults of young beginners.

"LOUISE."—See the article on gardening the present month.

"Miss S. C. T."—Square India shawls for spring and fall wear cost no more in four or five years than a half dozen expensive mantillas. We will undertake the commission.

"A COLLEGIAN."—We shrewdly suspect the motives of the inquiry. It would not be honorable to give the author's name.

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 re-

search required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, Rapp's gold pens, 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.

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 Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's 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 OCTOBER.

Fig. 1.—Dress of black moire with three flounces, edged by a deep pattern in Marie Louise blue, finished by a double ruche of ribbon to correspond. Opera cloak of white cashmere with blue bands to correspond. Bonnet of black lace, with a light plume of blue at the right. The whole dress is well suited for a concert or opera.

Fig. 2.—Dress of pearl-colored reps silk. Single skirt without flounces, trimmed by ruches of ribbon, the same shade placed at graduated distances. The basque is trimmed to correspond. Sleeves in three fulls: wide undersleeves. Bonnet of gray silk, mixed with black lace, and velvet; full ruche of white inside the brim, tied with violet and black ribbon. This is an elegant costume for second mourning.

Fig. 3.—Walking-dress of fawn-colored chally, the skirt in three flounces, with rows of narrow velvet ribbon; close basque, trimmed to correspond. Purple velvet talma, embroidered in squares. Bonnet of maize-colored silk, quadrilled by narrow black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Birthday party dress, for a little girl. Pink cashmere or chally, trimmed with ribbon in ruches, and butterfly bows. Wide sleeves and pantalettes in English embroidery.

PLATE OF LIGINERIE.

(See Plate in Front.)

Fig. 1.—Bretelles of lace intended for evening or dinner dress. There is first a net foundation with loops of insertion finished by an edging. Through this is drawn a blue satin ribbon made quite flat, ending in a girdle bow. The ribbon can of course be varied to suit any colored dress.

Fig. 2.—Breakfast cap of India muslin, embroidered at intervals. It is trimmed by a broad gauze ribbon, a flat bow on top, and lappels beneath the ear.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Chemisette and undersleeve of printed linen, intended for travelling. It is an extremely neat style for a riding-habit as well. Frills of the same.

Fig. 5.—Bretelle lace cape of Brussels handsomely trimmed with ribbon in rosettes and application.

DESCRIPTION OF MANTLES.

(See page 293.)

ACCORDING to promise in our last, we give two light mantles suitable for the month.

Fig. 1.—The *Marion* may be made of habit or velvet cloth a single thickness. It is extremely youthful in shape and style, and trimmed with a broad velvet, satin, or galloon of a running pattern. It will be found a serviceable travelling wrap if not made too costly.

Fig. 2.—The *Nightingale* is of moire and lace, violet or black. A broad band or yoke of the silk forms a shoulder piece on which is set a founce of black lace in easy fulness. Below this comes a founce of the silk put on in square, hollow plaits, which is in turn followed by lace set on a net foundation. This is light, graceful, and very stylish.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

OUR illustrations this month are so full as to give an excellent idea of the prevailing novelties without much need of our accustomed chat. Some few items may be added, however, before the real change of the season takes place next month.

It was supposed last autumn that the free use of narrow black velvet ribbon never could be exceeded; but the present is beyond all calculation. Dark fancy straws are interwoven with velvet and chenille. Velvet insertions are alternated with broad braids. Brims of straw or lace have silk crowns and curtains quadrilled or diced with narrow black velvet on brown, deep blue, green, mallow, and all rich deep shades for a foundation. Loops, tags, butterfly bows, rosettes, and even fringes of the same are used profusely on bonnets, dresses, and mantles. Fruit and flowers of rich autumnal hues, ribbons gayly embroidered or richly shaded, black lace, velvet, and silk are so interwoven in the manufacture of the bonnets we have seen in preparation that it is impossible to describe them faithfully.

As to dresses, skirts are still made very full, so that crinoline continues to be indispensable.

Flounces maintain their vogue. As to the style of bodies, some are pointed without lappets, but the majority still have them. There does not seem to be any intention to reject these appendages, but merely to modify their form.

Sleeves are made rather short. Those with two puffs and a founce are most often adopted. Some few sit close at top, forming large hollow plaits and spread out fan-shape at bottom.

The number of flounces on the skirts of dresses varies from five to three. Two only are very ungraceful, and no longer worn.

One very deep founce, with a head falling over it edged with guipure or fringe, would be preferable as a novelty and produces a better effect.

Very pretty fancy trimmings are now put on the fronts of skirts. This fashion is at once elegant and distinguished.

The bodies of light dresses for young married ladies are sometimes made low and nearly straight across. Over them is worn one of those graceful Louis XIII. or Marie Antoinette fichus, which we have several times described. Some are made of spotted tulle and trimmed with lace, others of plain muslin. Around the latter runs a simple puffing with a double head and having a

ribbon in it. This is at once inexpensive and remarkable for freshness.

In moire antique and the thicker silks, such as *chinés*, *pompadours*, and broad shaded stripes, no flounces should be used. These have the skirts exceedingly full, but without trimming. The bodies should be trimmed with rich silk fringe or black lace.

Among the richest fall silks imported by Stewart, Levy, and others are taffetas with flounces especially designed for them. Those without flounces have generally *chinée* or *pompadour* designs, or broad shaded and figured stripes. There is also a kind of lozenge pattern, often of two shades, which presents a very rich effect; silks with stripes and flowerets embroidered or *chinée*; moire antiques; plaid silks; then some charming patterns, having flounces bordered with fringes woven in the stuff.

For plain dresses, silks with stripes *across* are in great vogue. We also see some pretty poplins, either striped or plaided, *droguets*, clouded alpagas, and in short a host of fancy tissues in wool and silk, some striped, others clouded or checked.

We give one or two styles of making up these dresses, that our readers may have a better idea of them. The first is of deep blue and black, a clouded stripe *crossing* the silk instead of running lengthwise, as has recently been the prevailing mode. The skirt is plain, full, and long; body high. The part forming the lappets comes down on the hips, and presents a rounded point behind. A *berthe*, a kind of small shawl, coming down in a point before and round in the back, is put on the body. This *berthe* is trimmed with a *ruche* of blue ribbon No. 4, as are also the lappets. The sleeves are plaited in wide hollow plaits to the elbow; between the plaits runs a ribbon *ruche*, then comes a small puffing put on separate, and the sleeve spreads very wide open at bottom in the shape of a fan.

The second, of dark mallow silk, is high in the body, with a waistband and no lappets. Down the front of the body there are from top to bottom a great many rows of narrow velvet, figuring the letter V, that is, they are of graduated lengths. About the level of the knees there is a deep, net-headed fringe of a color to match; then, on each side of the skirt, and as far as the fringe only, there are velvet ornaments similar to those of the body, but in the shape of the letter A. The sleeves have two flounces at bottom, and as far as the elbow there are three rows of small slashes of a material like the dress. The flounces of the sleeves are covered with small Tom Thumb velvets in the same manner as the other parts of the dress already mentioned.

A third also of mallow-colored silk, a shade particularly fashionable this season, has seven narrow flounces set on in quillings. The corsage is high, and has a *basque*, finished with a narrow frill corresponding with the flounces. It has a small *fichu*, or *pelerine*, trimmed in the same style. The sleeves are tight and plain at the upper part of the arm, and edged with two quilled frills, above which are fixed bows of ribbon with long flowing ends.

A dress of rich green silk, of a peculiarly rich and brilliant tint, distinguished by the name of *Azof green*, has been made. On the skirt there are three broad flounces of black guipure, each headed by a *ruche* of *Azof green* ribbon. This dress has been made with two corsages—the one high, and the other low. The high corsage has a *fichu* *Antoinette* of black guipure, and the low corsage has a square *berthe* of the same.

FASHION.

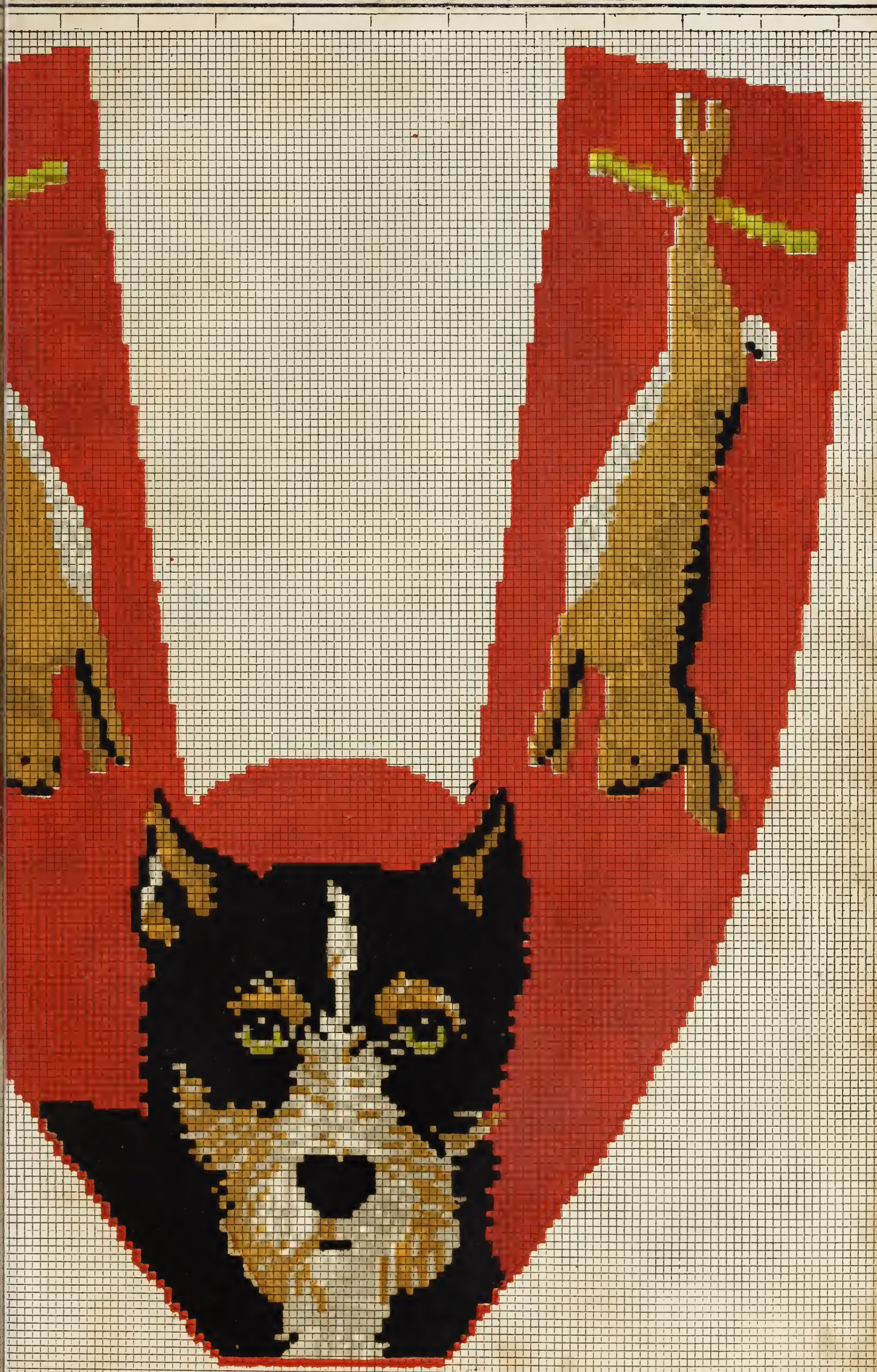


A CONTRAST.





LADY'S BOOK PURSE







GENTLEMAN'S COMFORTER.

(See description.)

“THE SQUATTERS!”

IRISH SONG. No. 18.

From an Unpublished American Work,

“LIFE IN THE WEST!”

Written and Composed by

F. NICHOLLS CROUCH.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1856, by F. NICHOLLS CROUCH, in the Clerk's Office in the Eastern District Court of Pennsylvania.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked "Tempo Moderato". The vocal line starts with the lyrics "Now Kat - ty dear, Why dhrup a tear? There's com - fort yet in store, It's cow'd I know; When East winds blow, An' Earth is Frosted". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. Dynamics include *mf*, *cres*, *pp*, and *ppp*. There are several "for" markings in the piano part, likely indicating fingerings. The score is divided into two systems, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment continuing across both.

Con Anima. for

mf

mf

for pp

o'er! Its thrue, Colleen, You've got the spleen, An' vex'd ye are wid me, But patience dear, An' dhry that tear, An' shmile that we are

pp

mf

mf

mf

Cres.

for

mf

mf

mf

for

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

free. Och! Katty, dear, my own shweet Katty! Katty dear, shweet Katty!

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

Dolce.

Con Espressione.

mf

mf

pp

mf

Its thrue I am,
An' that's no flam,
A landlord free to roam,
An' choose my land,
Where now I stand,
An' build my shanty home!
So pitch me dear!
The hatchet here,
I've a mighty three to fell,
An' whil't I chop
Your blubb'rin sthoph,
An' feed the fire well!

Here's land in sthore,
An' wood galore—
An' wather from the brook;
Here's natur's room,
It needs no broom,
So dhry your tears,
An' calm your fears,
An' make the porage hot,
The saunts be praised
The shanty's raised,
A darlint little cot!

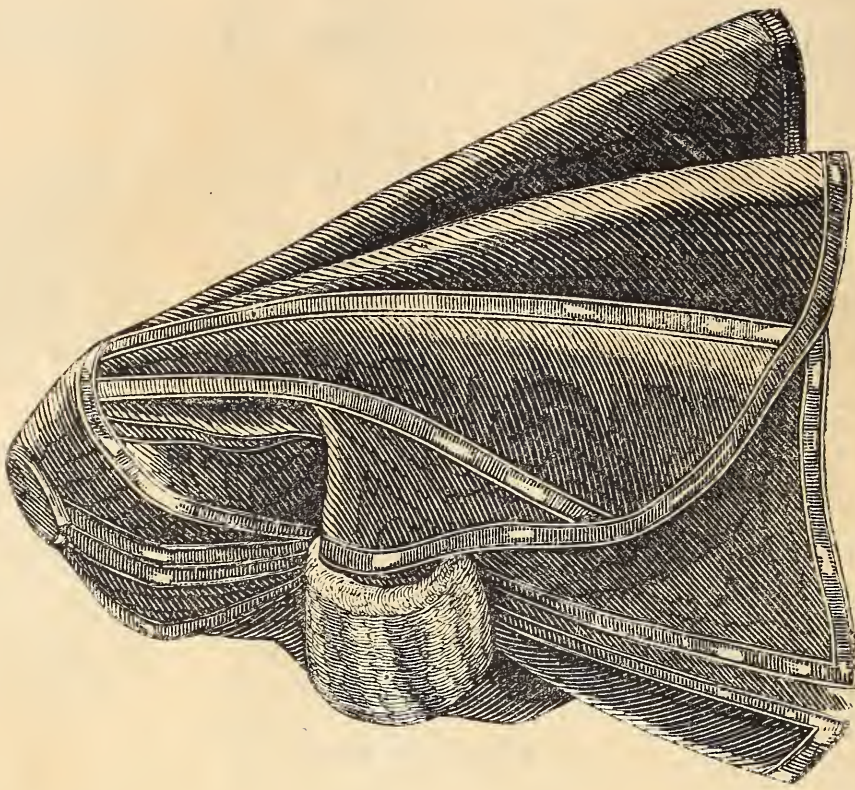
Katty! Agra!
When you're a mama,
An' the sow 'll have her pigs,
An' there's a bear!
Shall all be here,
The hens,—a squallin',
The boy,—a sprawlin',
When corn's a growin'
An' pratics blowin'
The farm we'll never leave.

But howld—what's that?
A big wild cat,
A flarin' its eyes so wild!
An' there's a bear!
A sittin' o' there,
As black as the devil's child.
Och! mercy me!
Did ever I see,
Such varmint in my days?
They're a comin' hero!
Och! Katty, dear,
My wits 'll surely craze.

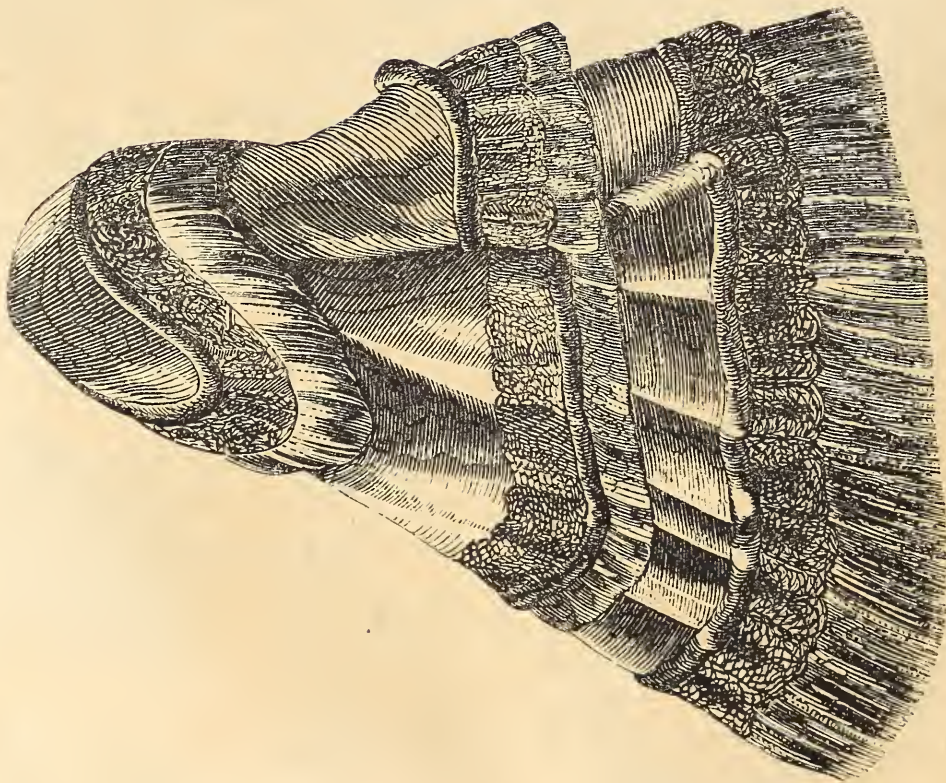
Hand 'em the pot,
With porage hot,
Its manners makes the man!
An' when you've done,
Sec how they 'll run,
Back to the woods agin.
Och! modther o' Moses,
Look at their noses,
A scentin' the fragrant meal,
An' Katty, dear,
Just come up here!
Its pleasant your hand to feel.

The bear, he growl'd!
An' Katty—howl'd,
Och! mercy, sich a yell—
Kate seized a brand—
With fire in hand,
Upon them both she fell!
The blazin pine,
Took out the shine,
Of bear—an' cat—all ways.
An' then came Pat
Wid this an' that,
An' made the cl'rance blaze.

Off scamper'd they,
An' to this day
The Squatters tell the tale,
How few there be
Who live so free,
But dangers must bewail.
But now, poor Pat
Is growin' fat,
His home is thrivin' fast,
An' Katty, dear,
Is ever near!
To prat'e o'er what is past.



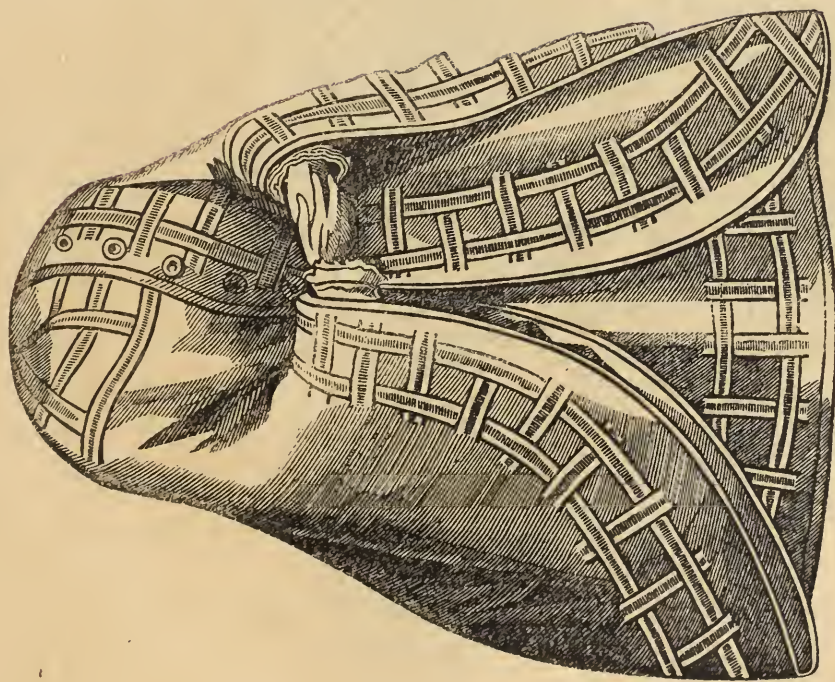
THE JENNY BELL.



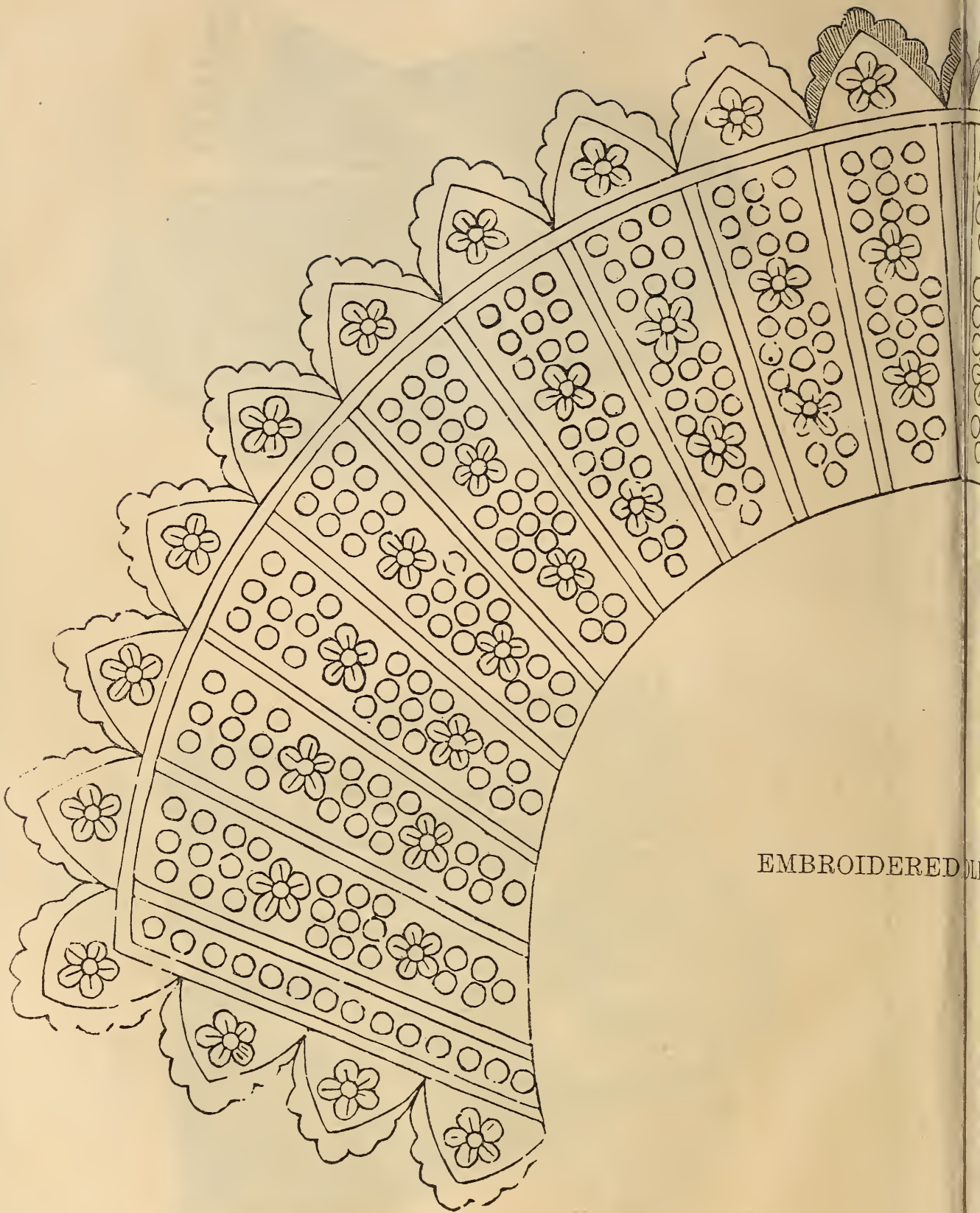
THE MEDINA.



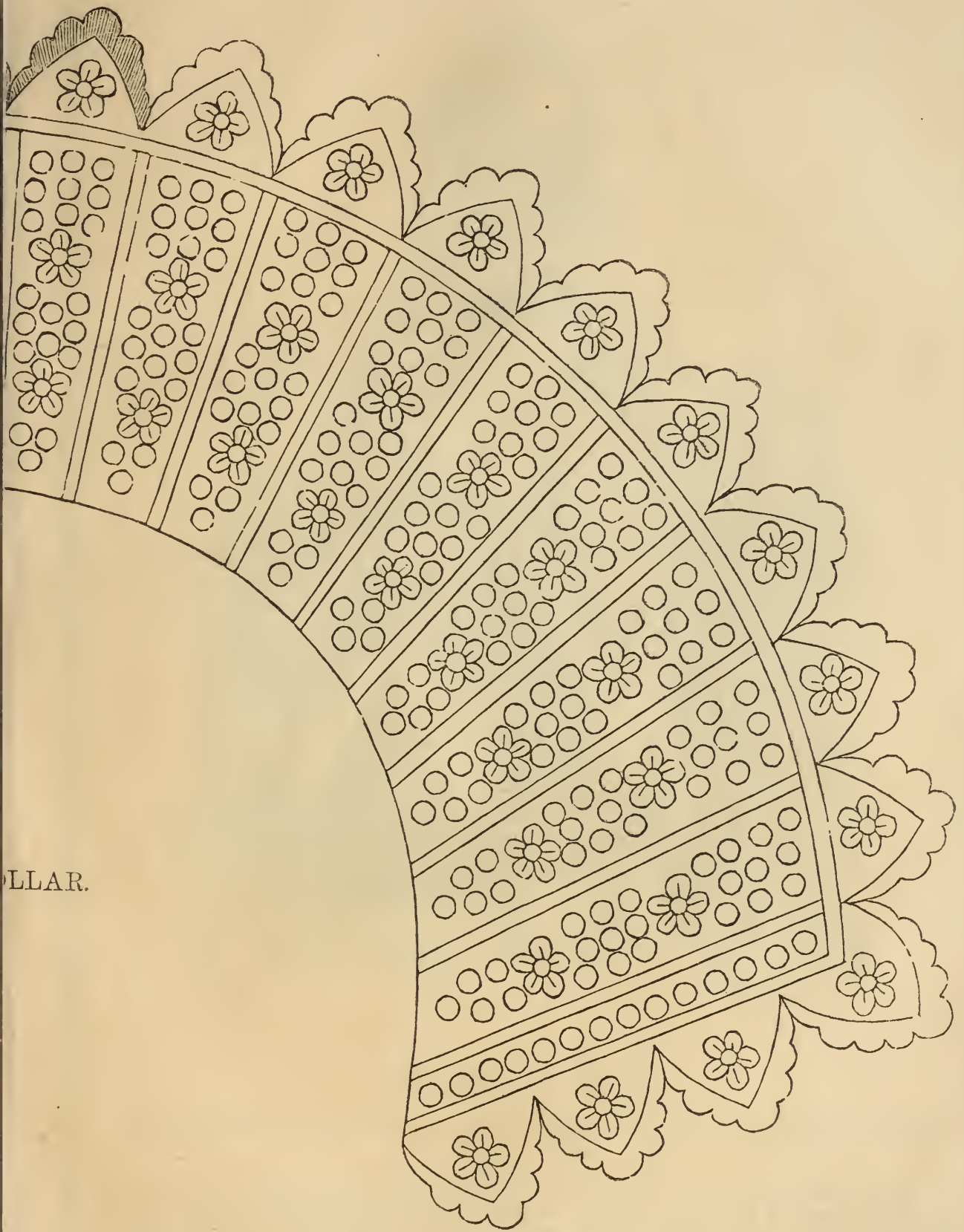
THE VICTORIA.



THE CRIMEA.



EMBROIDERED



OLLAR.



THE MORESCO.

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

THE *coup d'œil* of this article is very effective. The drawing represents one of grayish drab cloth, ornamented with black velvet, and a novel character of button, composed of circle of moire antique surrounded by a ring of velvet. Fancy drops also adorn the cape. The sleeve is folded in three plaits, each buttoned at the top of the arm. The back of this cloak corresponds exactly with the front; it has no plaits, but falls full, as gracefulness requires, without a redundancy of drapery. Made in moires, satins, or velvets, this style presents a yet more elegant appearance than cloth. Its comfort, if possible, surpasses its beauty.



THE VALENCIA.

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

WE take no small degree of pleasure in laying before our readers two such beautiful modes as our pages present this month.

The Valencia, as above, of gray cloth, trimmed with a very showy and new style of *passementerie*—it is a black velvet, with tassels of gray silk fringe, and a ribbed heading wrought within the body of the ribbon. The cape is semicircular, pointed, as is shown in front; the back, which is set full, without plaits, into a yoke, is gathered in ample drapery over the arms, forming circular flaps.

ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING A LADY'S WARDROBE.



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1856.

SHELLS FOR THE LADIES, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.



THE principal object in the large engraving above is a madrepore, or coral, growing on the shell of an oyster, to which it has accidentally become attached. This is one of the products of the polyps, or lithophytes, minute creatures,

often adorned with beautiful colors, which require the influence and rays of the sun for their operations, and consequently never lay the basis of their calcareous tenements in the dark and stilly depths of the ocean. And yet, corals form

not merely small trees, but vast beds, often upwards of a hundred feet in thickness, and even more, still covered by the water, and constituting a sunken reef; while again, on the contrary, as on the shores of Timor, near Coupang, they form a bed from twenty-five to eighty feet in thickness, over rocks elevated above the level of the sea. Well have they been described by Montgomery as

“Unconscious, not unworthy, instruments,
By which a hand invisible is rearing
A new creation in the secret deep.”

In the South Sea and Indian Ocean the rock-forming madrepores are most abundant. In the Red Sea coral reefs are very numerous, and are usually found extending in a straight line parallel to the coast. They differ from the coral formations of the Pacific, inasmuch as they never exhibit a circular form, nor contain a lagoon in the centre. In many places they unite with the coast, which they thus render inaccessible; for though, immediately beyond them, the water is often very deep, yet but a few feet of water cover them, and in this way they have blocked up bays or harbors, into which, in former times, vessels could freely enter. In other cases the reefs are unconnected with the shore, and often at several miles distance. Towards the sea they sink abruptly and the water is very deep; but they gradually slope on their side towards the land, and the strait thus formed will admit vessels of moderate burden. The water here is generally very tranquil, being less influenced by the winds, which, during the greater part of the year, regularly-set in at certain times of the day and strongly agitate the main sea. Besides these larger reefs there are others, of variable size and isolated character, dangerous to the navigator. Coral reefs more or less surround the shores of the Isle of France, the Papuan, the Marian, and the Sandwich Islands.

The shell to which the madrepores appear attached in the engraving is one deserving of special notice. It is that of the pearl oyster. The specimen of which a representation is given was brought from the Isthmus of Panama. Such oysters are found, however, in other places. But though pearls are procured in great numbers about Cape Comorin and the Island of Ceylon, they are, like those obtained in different parts of America, in the islands of the Southern Ocean, as well as on the shores of France and Britain, inferior to those brought from the Persian Gulf.

The inside of the oysters that produce the pearls bears a certain resemblance to the gems themselves; and hence it appears that they are

only the misappropriation of the matter which is secreted by the animal to form the shell. When a pearl is cut through, it appears to consist of several coatings of this matter laid one upon another, as if formed by successive depositions. If, therefore, the substance of which shells are composed, while floating in the body of the mollusk, meets with a particle of this kind, which has accidentally been removed from the proper passages and become stationary, it may be imagined that it will adhere to this particle, form a layer about it, and continuing the operation, one of those white pellucid balls we call pearls will be the result.

Of the finest pearls, the weight of one carat, or four grains, is worth eight shillings; but should a pearl weigh four carats, its value is estimated at six pounds and four shillings. Some of these gems are, however, of extraordinary worth. A pearl brought, in 1574, to Philip II., though no bigger than a pigeon's egg, was valued at £14,400. Julius Cæsar presented Servilia, the mother of Brutus, with one that cost £48,457; the pearl ear-rings of Cleopatra were estimated at £161,458; Claudius possessed one of nearly equal worth; and Lollia Paullina, a celebrated character in the reign of Tiberius, wore two pearls of such immense value that the historian describes her as carrying in her ears the worth of a large estate.

Just beneath the oyster with its pearls, will be observed the *Voluta Junonia*, which inhabits the depths of the Indian Ocean. It is nearly colorless, and is adorned with brown spots, very regularly placed. It is of great value, and it is supposed that there is only one specimen of it in the collections of Europe; that one is in the French Museum of Natural History.

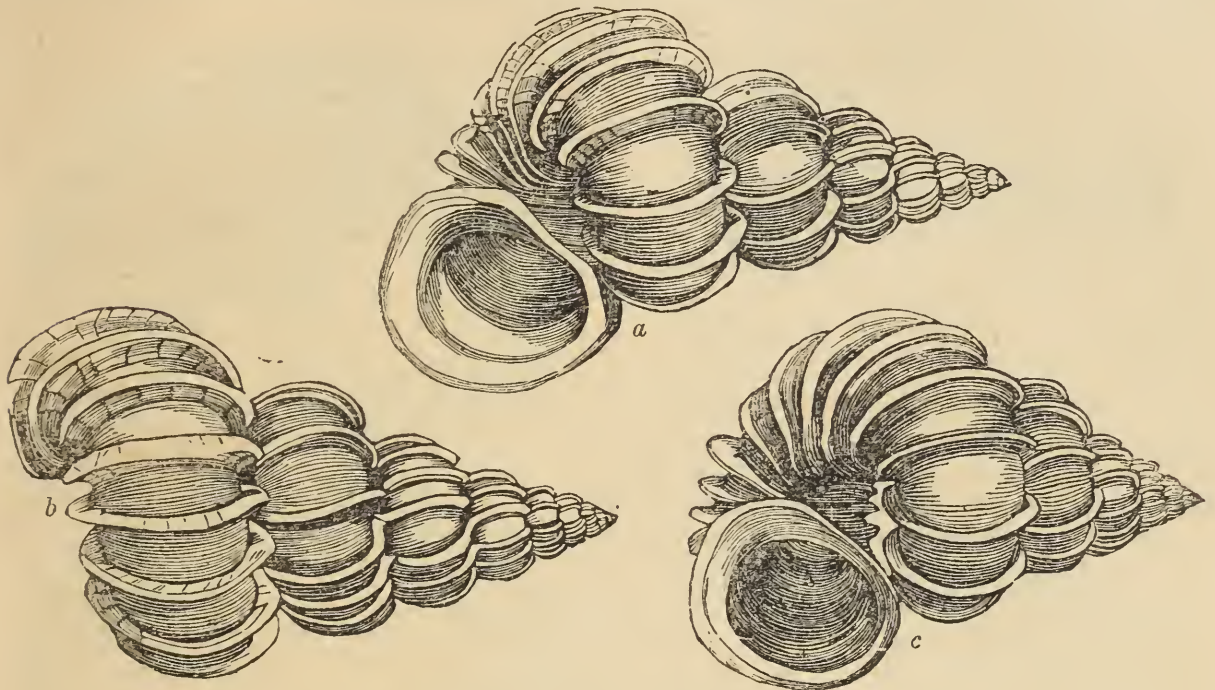
The remaining figure is a *Murex*, or rock-shell, of which genus there is a great variety. They are generally of an irregular form, arising from their surfaces being covered with spines, tubercles, or horns. The latter is the case in the present instance; hence the animal is named *Murex cornutus*.

One of these creatures yielded the far-famed Tyrian purple. Of all the ancients, the people of Tyre were the most successful in preparing and using this celebrated color. The Mediterranean supplied them with mollusca in abundance, and in order to produce the tint that was in highest estimation, a bath of the liquid extracted from the animal was prepared. In this they steeped the wool for a certain time. When taken out they immersed it in another boiler, containing an extract from another mollusk, *Buccinum*. Wool subjected to this double

process was so highly valued in the reign of Augustus, that each pound of it sold for about thirty-six pounds. Nor is its enormous price surprising when it is recollected that only a single drop of the coloring fluid is afforded by each animal.

Among shells that have been considered valuable, not from their utility, but their variety and beauty, one of the most remarkable is the Royal Staircase Wentletrap. This beautiful and highly valuable shell is a native of the Indian and

Chinese Seas. It is conical in general form, umbilicated, and contorted into a loose spire. The ribs are bold and apart. The general tint is pale yellow, with the ribs white. The term pretiosa was given to this shell by Lamarek from the great price which a good specimen would bring in the market, especially when it exceeded two inches in height. Such a specimen, we are assured, "has been sold in former days for 2400 livres, or 100 louis! But these times are gone by; the shell is no longer rare,

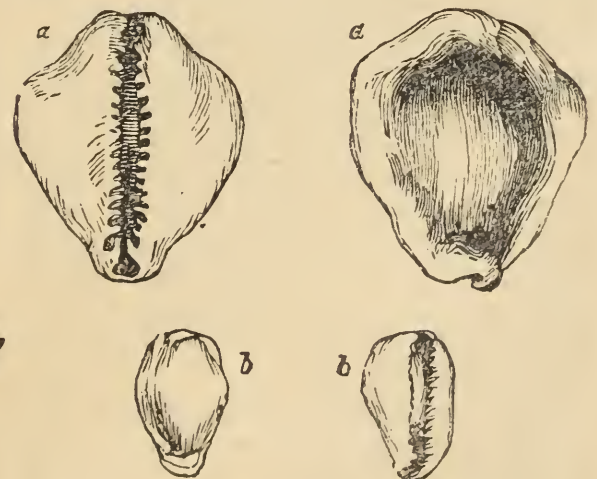


ROYAL STAIRCASE WENTLETRAP.

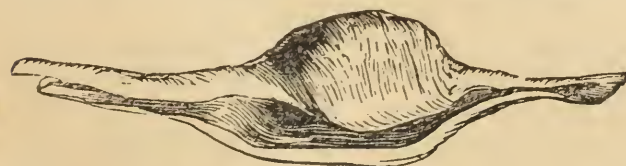
and good specimens only fetch shillings where they once brought pounds. A very fine example, however, still commands a considerable sum. That in Mr. Bullock's museum, supposed to be the largest known, brought twenty-seven pounds at his sale, and was in 1815 estimated at double that value." *a* represents a front view, showing the mouth; *b*, the back view; *c*, a view to show the whorls are disconnected.

The Common Weaver's Shuttle, of the family Cypræidæ, is oval, and striated, with the beaks

or white with a yellow ring; the margin and base are tubercular; the teeth of the inner lip moderate sized.



MONEY COWRY.



COMMON WEAVER'S SHUTTLE.

long and somewhat flexuous. It is flesh-colored, with the outer lip pink. It is brought in collections from China.

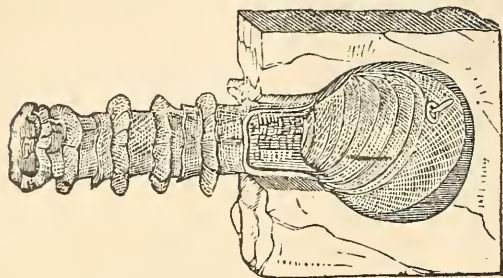
The Money Cowry is used in some parts of India and Africa as money. The shell is yellow,

Some varieties occur destitute of a yellow ring, and with the margin and base less tubercular.

The young are whitish, with two dark bands, and in this state are the *Cypræa icterinia* of Lamarek.

Referring to the figure, *a*, *a* represent the adult shell in two views; *b*, *b*, the young, also in two aspects.

Some mollusks can dig into wood, and even into the hardest rocks. One of these creatures is called the *Teredo*, or Shipworm. It readily enters the stoutest timbers; ascending the sides of the loftiest ships, it most insidiously destroys them; and when a ship is under water, it becomes to these creatures an easy prey.



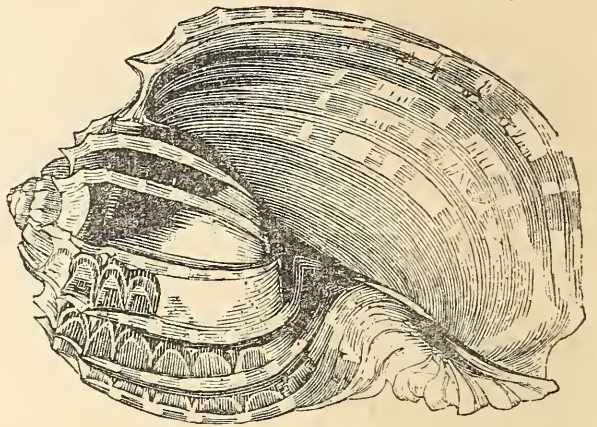
TEREDO, OR SHIPWORM.

They begin with the softest part, and so small are the apertures at first as scarcely to be perceptible. Strange to say, a teredo is careful never to intrude on the habitation of a neighbor; nor can any passage be discovered between two openings, though only separated by a very thin partition, when a piece of wood is so excavated as to resemble a honeycomb. They always bore in the direction of the grain of the timber; if in their course they meet with another shell or knot, they make a turn; when the obstacle is small they wind round it, and then proceed onwards; but when large, rather than continue any distance across the grain, they make a short turn back in the form of a siphon. They are now common in all the seas of Europe, and continue to do extensive mischief to ships, piers, and all submarine wooden buildings.

Instances are not wanting in which there springs from partial evil, universal good; and notwithstanding the ravages committed by the shipworms, they confer on us no ordinary benefits. As Montague remarks: "That the *teredines*, and many aquatic animals, were created by the Father of the Universe for most beneficent purposes, cannot be disputed; for, though they may seem to impede, and even to destroy the operations of man, yet they are of such importance in the great scale of nature, that it has been observed, and it would not be difficult to prove, that we should feel the want of one or two species of larger quadrupeds much less than one or two species of these despicable-looking animals. The immense trees or forests of tropi-

cal countries, either overthrown by tornadoes or partially destroyed by insects, and then carried by rapid torrents into the rivers, would not only choke them up, but even endanger the navigation of the neighboring seas, were it not for these small yet mighty agents of dissolution. Nothing can more plainly demonstrate the power of an all-wise Ruler of the Universe than the work assigned to these animals, whose business it is to hasten the destruction of all useless matter."

The Ventricose Harp is found on the coast of the Mauritius; it is very valuable, but less



VENTRICOSE HARP.

rare and costly than the *Harpa imperialis*; all the species, however, are depressed in value now to what they were some few years since.

It is a remarkable circumstance, of the truth of which we are assured by MM. Quoy and Gaimard, and also by M. Reynaud, that, when suddenly alarmed or threatened with instant danger, the mollusk forcibly draws itself up into the recesses of its shell, disembarassing itself of the posterior part of the foot, which, according to M. Reynaud, being too voluminous to be retracted within the shell, suffers amputation from the edge, against which it is forced by the contractile action of the muscular system.

It would be very interesting to know whether, as is most probable, the part thus cut off becomes renewed; and whether the mollusk has been observed to act thus not only when caught and roughly handled by man, but when alarmed under the water by its enemies.

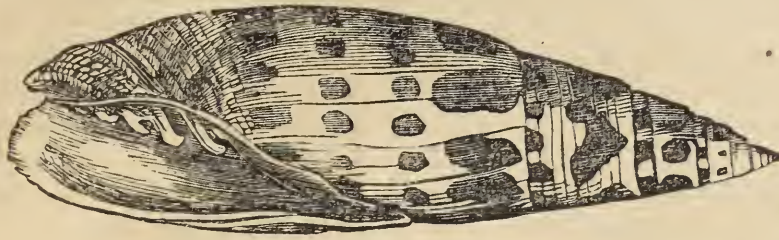
We believe that only about two species of fossil Harpa have been discovered, both in some of the tertiary formations near Paris.

This shell forms one of the family Buccinidæ (Whelks, Harp-shells, &c.).

A very large class of shells, comprehending many species, comes under the general title of *Volute*. Specimens of the different kinds are found in every collection, and they are found in all parts of the world. Many of them are called

Olive, from their resemblance to that fruit in form. To other species the term Mitre has been applied. Our specimen here presented is called the Episcopal Mitre. This species of mitre is a

native of the Indian Seas, and the coasts of the South Sea Islands, Tongataboo, &c. Many species are very beautiful, and among them the present species holds a distinguished place. The



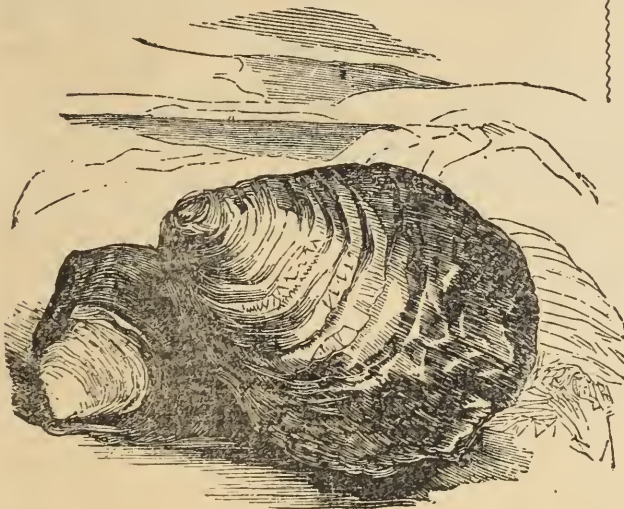
EPISCOPAL MITRE.

shell is smooth, white, and spotted, with square or angular marks of bright red. The pillar has four plaits or wreaths, increasing in size from before backwards; the outer lip is denticulated at its lower part.

The second order of Headless Mollusks (of which the common oyster is an example) is

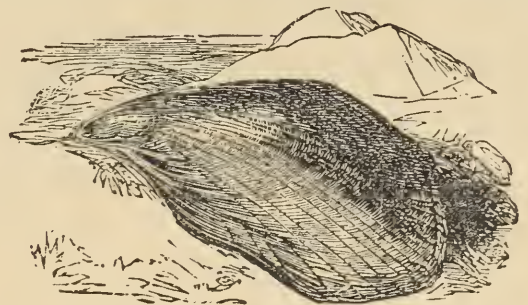
whole day, and so great was the power of the abductor muscles that the sudden closing of its valves was sufficient to snap a cable asunder. A specimen brought from Sumatra, and preserved at Arno's vale, in Ireland, had valves measuring four feet six inches in length, two feet five inches and a half in breadth, and one foot in depth. A shell of the same species forms the baptismal font in the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris.

Another creature of this order is the Mussel,



COMMON OYSTER.

formed of those which have only an adductor muscle which traverses the body, the point of insertion being marked on each valve. Some of these have a marginal ligament, placed on the edge of the valve, as it is in the following instance: One of these mollusks weighed no



MUSSEL.

an animal widely distributed, and appearing on the English coast in the greatest abundance. It is gregarious, being found in extensive beds, which are always uncovered at low water. It is found likewise in the crevices of the rocks. In the mussel fishery, women and children are chiefly employed, and they detach the mollusks with an iron hook from the beds or rocks to which they adhere by means of their fine cartilaginous threads. In England they are conveyed directly to the market; but in some parts of France they are kept for a time in salt ponds, to fatten like oysters, into which, however, they admit small quantities of fresh water. The flesh of the mussel is of a yellowish color, and considered very rich, especially in autumn, when it is in season. By some persons it is considered deleterious, but it is during the spawning season, in the Spring, that the greatest danger is to be apprehended. This noxious quality was long attributed to the pea-crab, which is often found



GIGANTIC OYSTER.

less than 498 English pounds; it furnished a hundred and twenty men with provisions for a

within the shells of the mussels. It is now properly ascribed to the food of these creatures, which, at certain seasons, consists chiefly of the noxious fry of the star-fish, and likewise to a disease from which mussels suffer in the spring.

A curious fact is mentioned by Mr. Stephenson, when describing the erection of the light-house on the Bell-rock. On the first landing of the workmen there, the mollusks, called limpets, well known from their univalve conical shell, of a very large size, were common, but were soon picked up for bait. As they disappeared, an effort was made to plant a colony of mussels from beds at the mouth of the river Eden, of a larger size than those which seemed natural to the rock. These larger mussels were likely to have been useful to the workmen, and might have been especially so to the light-keepers, the future inhabitants of the rock, to whom that mollusk would have afforded a fresh meal, as well as a better bait than the limpet; but the mussels were soon observed to open and die in great numbers.

The reason of this was not easily discernible. For some time it was ascribed to the effects of the violent surge of the sea—a notion which was not, however, free from objection. At length it was ascertained that the *Buccinum*, or Whelk, had greatly increased, and proved a successful enemy to the mussel. The Whelk,

being furnished with a proboscis capable of boring, was observed to perforate a small hole in the shell, and thus to suck out the finer parts of the body of the mussel; the valves of course opened, and the remainder of the mollusk was washed away by the sea.

The perforated hole was generally—such is the instinct of these little creatures!—in the thinnest part of the shell; it was perfectly circular, but widened towards the outer side, and so perfectly smooth and regular, as to have all the appearance of the most beautiful work of an expert artist. No difficulty existed as to the course that should now be taken. It became a matter extremely desirable to preserve the mussels, and, as it seemed practicable to destroy the whelks, this work was immediately undertaken. But serious disappointment arose, and after many barrels of them had been picked up and destroyed, their extirpation was regarded as absolutely hopeless. The mussels were thus abandoned to their foes, and so successful were their ravages, that, in the course of the third year's operations, not a single mussel of a large size was to be found upon the Bell-rock; and even the small kind which bred there were chiefly confined to the extreme points of the rock, where, it would seem, their enemy cannot so easily follow them.

HOW TO RESTORE LIFE.

How best to restore life when suspended by drowning or suffocation has long been a most important question. There lies the body, which but a few minutes ago was full of life and vigor, now in a state which may be easily mistaken for death. Five minutes, or perhaps less, under the water, have made all the difference. Sometimes the vital spark can be revived, and blown up into its former heat and strength; but in many melancholy instances the attempts at resuscitation entirely fail, and death remains the conqueror.

Almost every one has some knowledge of the instructions published by the Royal Humane Society, for the restoration of drowned persons. Dryness, warmth, hot bricks to the soles of the feet, the warm bath, and other means, are among those recommended. Careful investigation and experiment have, however, shown that some of the recommendations are liable to do harm if

put in practice too soon. Dr. Marshall Hall, after careful research, shows that to induce the act of breathing is the thing to be first attended to. And the reason is: the lungs refuse to act, not so much because the common air with its oxygen cannot find entrance, but because the carbonic acid remains in the blood. During life, this acid is got rid of by breathing; it comes to the lungs from all parts of the body, and escapes by the expiration or breathing out; and as it is a deadly poison, anything that prevents its escape is fatal. We must expel the carbonic acid or die. Dr. Hall says: "The carbonic acid retained in the blood first poisons the brain, producing anæsthesia, unconsciousness, and immobility; and then the spinal centre, producing the gaspings so characteristic of this condition, and constituting the last external sign of life." After this, there is still a slight lingering movement of the heart, which an

mates the bystanders with hope of restoration; but speedily true *asphyxia*, or the cessation of all pulsation and circulation, occurs.

The quicker the circulation, the more rapidly is carbonic acid formed, and the more rapidly must it be got rid of; as witness our panting after running. It, however, not unfrequently happens that the sudden shock of falling into the water retards the circulation, and thereby affords greater chance of recovery, as the poisonous acid is formed in smaller quantity.

"We must never forget," says Dr. Hall, "that the circulation is a *self-poisoning*, the respiration a *de-poisoning* process." And with these facts in our mind, let us look at the mode of treatment which he recommends. Suppose the body to be taken from the water, it is to be at once laid on the face, *not on the back*, and in the open air, if houses be so distant as to cause long delay in the removal. Every minute is precious. Being laid on its face, with the head towards the breeze, the arms are to be placed under the forehead, so as to keep the face and mouth clear of the ground. "In this position the tongue falls forwards, draws with it the epiglottis, and leaves the glottis open." In other words, the windpipe is open; and the throat is cleared by fluids or mucus flowing from the mouth.

The reason for placing the body in the *prone* position, or on the face, will be better understood by noticing what takes place when it is on its back. The tongue then falls backwards, sinks, so to speak, into the throat, and closes up the windpipe, so that no air can possibly find its way to the lungs except by force.

The body, therefore, being laid on its face, there is a natural pressure of the chest and abdomen which causes an *expiration*. This may be increased by some additional pressure. Then, if the body be lifted by an attendant placing one hand under the shoulder, the other under the hip, and turning it partly on its left side, there will be an *inspiration*. The air will rush into the lungs with considerable violence. Then the expiration may be repeated by letting the body descend, and so on, up and down alternately. "And thus," as Dr. Hall observes, "without instruments of any kind, and with the hands alone, if not too late, we accomplish that respiration which is the sole effective means of the elimination of the blood poison." It is worthy of notice that by this means a really dead body may be made to breathe before it has become stiff—as experiment fully demonstrated.

About sixteen times a minute is the rate at which the body should be made to rise and fall

in the endeavor to renew respiration. The clothes in the mean time should be changed for others dry and warm. Or, if in a warm room, "four persons should seize the limbs with their hands, and rub them with firm pressure upwards. The warm bath is not to be compared with this mode of restoring warmth, and not warmth only, but the circulation, if it be pursued with energy. The blood is driven upwards, and though venous, *may stimulate the heart.*"

The warm bath is on no account to be used until breathing has been restored. Dr. Hall says it is "injurious;" and to place the patient in a sitting position in warm water, is "to renounce the only hope." In France its use has been forbidden by authority.

And further: Experience has shown that a patient may die, after being restored, from what is called *secondary asphyxia*; the poisoned state of the blood at times causing fatal convulsions. To guard against this, he "should be *kept* in a cool place, *exposed* to the atmosphere; be made to take deep and free inspirations voluntarily, and active exercise should, as far as possible, be enjoined, in order that the blood may be purged of its carbonic acid poison, while its circulation is promoted."

We have only to add that Dr. Hall has presented his treatise to the Royal Humane Society, as the first part of a series of investigations on this interesting subject.

PRATTLING OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

OH, how precious to us have been the prattlings of little children, and those subtle questions and still subtler replies that we have heard coming from their spotless lips, and have listened to as oracular breathings! How true the words, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength;" aye, strength of insight, to which that of most philosophers and theologians is abject weakness and folly. Almost every doctrine now "most surely believed" by us, we have heard again and again (sometimes without much conviction till long afterwards) from the lips of prattlers, ere or after their evening prayer was said—at that hour when those acquainted with children must have noticed how, after they are watered with the baptism for the night, and clad in their sleeping robes, their souls and bodies seem both liberated; and how, as a double portion of the child's spirit seems to fall on them, their utterances sometimes far transcend the thoughts of the highest genius.

THE CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER I.

“MERCY! what have we here?”

As he uttered this exclamation, Hugh Fielding pulled at his horse's bridle so suddenly that the animal was very nearly thrown upon his haunches, which was fortunate, for, had he taken another step forward, it would have been into the bosom of a little child asleep and alone upon the prairie.

The rider remained in his saddle a moment, gazing with astonishment down upon the ground where, half covered by the tall grass and gorgeous blossoms, this vision had startled him. The infant, not more than a year of age, apparently, was a little girl in a white frock, the sleeves of which were looped up with corals; she had round, rosy limbs, and a sweet face. A few flowers were grasped in one hand, the other was under her cheek; one shoe was on, the other lost, while her little mantle of blue silk was crumpled beneath her feet. As if in protection, a rose-bush leaned over her, from some of whose fullest blossoms the leaves had dropped into her golden hair.

It was not strange that Mr. Fielding was surprised, for he was eighteen miles from any habitation; and his piercing eye, darting its glances in every direction, could detect not the slightest trace of any other human being. He dismounted from his horse and took the little one in his arms, who opened a pair of bright eyes and looked vaguely around, then wistfully into his face.

“Mamma!” she cried, in a plaintive voice, again and again, but she did not otherwise cry, or make those active demonstrations of grief which her finder dreaded.

Hugh was a man of thirty-three, and ought to have been the father of several such pretty creatures of his own; but he was a bachelor, reserved, taciturn, “unskilled in all the arts and wiles” of soothing infants. He was touched almost to tears by the evident grief and forlornness of the little thing. She seemed to pine with hunger, too. He placed her upon the saddle, while he examined the contents of a brown bag which he had stored with provisions at the last settlement. Dried venison, hard

bread—ah, here were some soda-crackers!—sorry food for the baby that was still perhaps dependent upon a mother's bounty for sustenance. But she was too hungry to be particular; she seized upon the cracker, and ate it with a relish, and, after finishing what was given her, looked at her new friend and smiled. That confiding smile went straight to his heart and stirred in it a new sensation.

What was to be done? Of course, he thought not for an instant of abandoning the child to the destruction of solitude; but a baby-girl was not the most desirable companion for a man going into a new country to hunt and fish and dwell alone wherever his fancy might prompt him to wander. A sudden thought that the parents might also be sleeping somewhere in the vicinity, improbable as it was, occurred to him; and he forthwith halloed so lustily that his charge began to cry with fright, when he left off and began soothing her, patting her golden head, with some rather ineffectual efforts at baby-talk.

Mounting his horse again, and keeping her in his arm, he took a circuit of a mile around the spot, hoping to find the lost guardians. But the tiny shoe which mated the one upon her foot, and a blue ribbon-sash hanging upon the thorns of a rose-bush, were all that he discovered.

Something in the color of the blue scarf and something in the color of the baby's eyes, which were a soft, bright, dark hazel, reminded him of a history in his past life which it was a part of his purpose in coming west to forget. He thought it very ridiculous in himself to connect things so remote from each other, even in fancy; nevertheless, he drew the child closer to his heart and spoke to it in the softest tone of his deep and musical voice.

But what was to be done? The sun was going down behind the earth as into a sea of emerald and jasper. He had meant to pass the prairie before night; but now he thought it best to remain where he was, in the faint hope that some one would come to claim his charge. He had come upon a little brook trickling through the grass in a gully, as he described the circle of a mile, with a little clump

of trees, to which he could fasten his horse, making it a desirable place upon which to camp out. Here he alighted and began preparations for the night. His little companion, left to herself upon the grass, commenced again her plaintive cry after "mamma, mamma!" Occasionally, in the course of preparing his supper, he would try to beguile her away from the one desire which yearned in her forlorn little heart, but in vain. Like a dove moaning in the wilderness, she kept up her sorrowful cry. A few sticks broken from the dead branch of a tree furnished him with materials for a fire, which he kindled upon the ground, the prairie grass being too green to endanger its burning. In a little tin-pot he boiled a cup of tea, a portion of which he sweetened for the child, but she was too much grieved to be induced to partake of it. His steed, who had quenched his thirst in the stream, cropped at his leisure the fragrant blossoms and rich verdure about his feet.

By the time the meal of tea, toasted crackers, and dried meat was over, twilight had descended over the scene, and the infant had sobbed her poor, weary little self to sleep. Mr. Fielding took a blanket from his portmanteau, and, being nearly as tired as she, took the sleeper to his bosom tenderly, wrapped the blanket about them, and, with some of their traps for a pillow, disposed himself for the night.

Before slumber stole upon his conjectures, he had concluded that the mystery might be accounted for by the fact that the Indians had lately been troublesome, and that there were reports at the last settlements of their having been seen prowling about the neighborhood for the past few days.

How sad and terrible it must be if some emigrant family had been attacked by them, the father murdered, the mother borne off into slavery, and the child left to perish! What agony must not that mother at this moment be enduring! Was she young and beautiful? Had she eyes like those of the infant whose soft breath played over his cheek? There had been no traces of any murderous struggle about the spot where he found the babe; but they might have taken it with them some distance and thrown it away at last, because it impeded their flight. Thus mused the traveller until his fancies melted into indistinct visions; and, with only his horse for guard and his gun for defence, he slumbered as sweetly upon the wide plain as he had ever done in the spacious halls of a luxurious civilization.

A kiss upon his cheek and the caress of a soft hand awoke him in the morning; and he

dreamed for a blissful moment that he was a married man.

"Dear Myrtle," he said, in a rapturous tone, at which the baby laughed, as if familiar with the name, thereby awakening him to a sense of his situation. Quickly the sweet dream vanished; and, as he sprang to his feet, ready dressed, for a moment a cloud of pain was upon his brow; but it faded presently as he became absorbed in his culinary preparations, while his companion sat upon the blanket and watched his movements with a pretty curiosity.

After breakfast, the two resumed their journey, Mr. Fielding thinking it useless to wait there any longer. The child sat quietly in front of him, seeming to enjoy the ride, and yet musing over some secret grief of her own; but she had no language by which to tell either her grief or sorrow, except her one word, "mamma."

The hot July sun was very endurable to Mr. Fielding, who was almost a world-wide traveller. But he observed that it scorched the lovely face of his companion, who had no bonnet to shelter her from its rays; so he contrived an impromptu shade out of his handkerchief.

It was nearly noon when they reached the city of Wakwaka, which was, for the present, the destination of the travellers. As they left the prairie and ascended a slight eminence which gave them a view of the town and surrounding scenery, Hugh reined in his horse and gazed for a while upon the novel prospect. A long, river-like lake, whose bright blue waters lay smooth beneath the cloudless sky, flowed along between high banks of singular beauty. These bluff-like banks stretched back into narrow emerald plains, from which rose again beautiful wooded hills, between which he could catch glimpses of another glorious prairie beyond. At the foot of the eminence upon which he now was, along the south bank as smooth and fair as a terrace, lay the fifty houses which composed the present city of Wakwaka. About half of these were of canvas, gleaming whitely in the sunlight; the rest were of boards put rudely together, and three or four brick buildings which did not seem completed. The fact is, this ambitious and flourishing town had not been in existence six months before, its exact age being five months and one week. The virgin beauty of the lake-shore was already defaced by a dock, from which a little steamboat had just puffed cheerily away, leaving the group of men who had gathered at the landing to look after her a few moments, and then turn again to their different employments.

Mr. Fielding spurred up his horse and rode down along the street, taking, as he passed along with his gun on his shoulder and a baby in his arms, the place of the departed steamer in the interest and curiosity of the people.

It is doubted if any in the motley crowd who had gathered from various impulses of self-interest in that new city could more truly be called adventurers than the couple who now made their way to the principal and in truth the only hotel. It was Hugh Fielding's business to seek adventure; and, as for the little girl, she, alas, by some strange and mysterious fortune, had been cast into a unique situation which promised only singular experiences.

The theatre chosen for her first appearance in her new part seemed altogether appropriate: It was a stage upon which almost any new drama might be performed with unprecedented success. The cloth-houses, the sound of hammers, the flag fluttering from the top of the one-story hotel, the rattle of an omnibus, the distant hills, the lovely lake, the flowers and berries growing upon the very street of the city, formed no more strange a jumble of objects than her life might form of events.

The arrival of a new-comer, though of constant occurrence, was still a matter of intense interest to the dwellers in Wakwaka; and the crowd upon the landing proceeded across the way and gathered about the front of the hotel to welcome with inquisitive eyes the approach of the strangers.

Hugh was not a man to be embarrassed even by the novel charge held so gently in his arm. One glance upon the group of shrewd, speculative, yet cool faces about him revealed to him the elements upon which the rapidity of western civilization depends.

He smiled slightly as he glanced at the house built of rough boards with canvas wings like some strange, unfeathered bird just settled from a flight, and thought of how he had often rested beneath the shadow of the Coliseum.

"Have our new house done next week—that brick yonder," said the landlord, who already had his horse by the bridle, as he detected the smile.

"Have you any women in the house?" asked Hugh.

"Lots of them," was the ready response.

"Well, take this child in, and have them provide some bread-and-milk for her, if you please."

The curiosity expressed in the neighboring faces gave place to a look of admiration as he took his handkerchief from the head of the

little girl. The extreme beauty of her infant countenance delighted even the coarsest in the crowd. Her golden hair curled up in short, shining ringlets, which hung like a garland about her head, the crown of her exquisite loveliness. She shrank and clung to her protector when the landlord went to take her; but, when Hugh asked her to go, she obeyed. A woman, who had been looking from a window, was already at the door to take her within and minister to her comfort.

Mr. Fielding, as he dismounted, found himself in a group of men, most of them intelligent, many educated, all ready to ask after the world they had left, and to give all the information desired about their new home and its prospects. He soon related the story of the child's being found by him; and it was unanimously concluded that its parents had fallen a prey to some revengeful Indians who did not dare open warfare, but sometimes attacked unprotected emigrants. Great pity and interest were felt; and twenty fiery hearts blazed up with a determination to hunt out and punish the marauders, if any traces of them could be found. The next thing proposed was that each man present should subscribe a sum towards the proper support and education of the Child of the Prairie, (as one imaginative person proposed she should be called;) and several hundred dollars were offered on the spot. But Mr. Fielding, with many thanks for their generosity, told them that, although he was, and always expected to be, a bachelor, and had hitherto regarded children as rather needless and unjustifiable intruders upon people's time and comfort, yet, as Providence had thrown this one in his way, and he was very well able to provide for her, and already loved the motherless little creature, he should himself see that she was well taken care of.

A low cheer of approval broke from some of the young men; and they gathered about the windows and doors to get another peep at the pretty heroine who was being lionized by all the females of the house.

Hugh only waited to shake the dust of travel off him, and partake of the dinner waiting upon a long table in the canvas dining-hall, before he went to inquire after his charge. She had eaten her bread-and-milk, and was sitting in her nurse's lap very patiently, making no trouble, but, with two great tears glittering upon her eyelids, ready to fall. When she saw Hugh, she laughed, and came eagerly to his arms. It was evident that she was a delicate flower, to be guarded from too broad sunshine and too severe

storms. She seemed dismayed to receive so much attention from strangers, and clung to him with an affection which made him feel how impossible it was for him to abandon her.

"What are you going to name her?" asked one.

"I believe I shall call her Myrtle," replied Hugh.

"What makes you give her such an out-of-the-way name as that?" said another. "Mary would be much more to my mind."

"It was the name of a friend of mine," he answered; "and, besides, the meaning of Myrtle is 'love'—a pretty meaning for a child's or a woman's name; though the name does not always indicate the character," he added, with a sigh.

"As true as I am born," said the first speaker, "if the initial on the clasp of her corals is not 'M!' But, of course, her name must have been Mary."

"Of course it was," added the second.

"I think Myrtle will be very pretty," said a sweet voice in the corner.

Hugh looked that way.

"Do you know, madam," he inquired, "where I could find some kind woman who would take care of her a few days until I get my plans somewhat arranged? She shall be well rewarded."

"I will take her with pleasure, and wish no reward, of course. She will be company for me," answered the lady.

With this pleasant person, who was the young bride of a lawyer who had come out to take advantage of the making of a new country, and whose winning ways were well suited to soothe the timid child, Mr. Fielding left his little Myrtle.

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK from thence Mr. Fielding was settled to his heart's content. He had succeeded in purchasing three hundred acres lying along the shores of the lake, and including some of its most romantic portions, at a distance of not more than two miles from the city. It was not his intention to live in any community, unless it was a community of pheasants, partridges, deer, and wild-turkeys; and, if it had not been for his finding of baby Myrtle, he would have camped out until cold weather, making excursions of several days' length.

It was the fresh and wonderful loveliness of the pure water and its surrounding scenery, looking as if here for untold years nature had

made one of her sweetest retiring places, that induced him to stop near Wakwaka.

In a sheltered nook, protected from any stray winds which might prove too strong for it, and overlooking the water at its most beautiful point, he erected his canvas house. The opposite shore was lined with a wooded bank, a hill peering over its shoulder in the distance; and he had but to walk a few steps from the door to look down one of the loveliest vistas in the world of prairie-land, broken by clumps of trees, and glittering for a time with a silvery edge of water.

Mr. Fielding was a little tinged with misanthropy—as much so as a man of his mingled dignity and generosity of character could be—and there may have been some very good reason for it. Certainly he did not look like a person to whom misanthropy came by nature or inheritance.

He had intended to live alone; but his finding of that stray waif upon the prairie had altered his determination. So he had two rooms to his impromptu house, one of which was occupied by a neat old lady who had consented to take charge of his domestic affairs, including little Myrtle.

For a man who had criticized the palaces of the Old World, his apartment could not be said to display that love of beauty which was one of the strong elements of his character. A bedstead—whose posts, so far from being polished by the hand of art, wore still the shining bark with which nature had dressed them—was fitted to receive the buffalo skin and blankets heaped upon it. A shot-gun and light rifle hung upon the wall, except when out with their owner; and the traps of a hunter and the clothes of a gentleman filled the little room indiscriminately. But, upon a home-made table in a corner, some glimpses of a finer taste were apparent. Perhaps a dozen favorite books of poetry and philosophy were piled upon it, a flute lay by their side, and a brown stone mug in the centre was never without its bouquet of wild-flowers.

The other half of the house was kitchen and parlor; and nobody would guess that it was bedroom also, during the night, did they not notice a little frame with blankets inside turned up snugly against the wall in the corner furthest from the stove.

"I declare, Mrs. Muggins, this is really delightful!" said Mr. Fielding, in his earnest, pleasant way, the first evening they sat down to tea.

A cool wind blew over the lake and in at the door; woodland and water glowed in the sunset

light; and he could see it all from his place at the table.

A white cloth was on the board, and a brace of pheasants, and fish from the lake, and golden corn pone upon that; and upon one side sat the smart old lady pouring tea into two little cups of blue earthenware, her clean cap on, and her eyes stealing satisfied glances at the perfection with which the fish was "done brown." And, loveliest sight of all, at the other side, in a high chair bought in the city, with her bowl of bread-and-milk before her, sat the beautiful baby Myrtle, smiling over at her friend, and shedding sunshine over the place by her bright, innocent countenance.

Mrs. Muggins probably thought that her companion referred entirely to the looks of the dishes before him.

"I'm glad if you like my cooking, Mr. Fieldin'; I've generally ben reckoned a purty good hand at it," she answered, complacently.

"I *do* like your cooking," he responded, emphatically, as he helped himself to pheasant. "And I like the quiet of this place, too, so serene, so beautiful. If one had only travelled to Switzerland or Italy in search of it, he would go crazy with rapture; but, as it is only American, I suppose it cannot be compared. I think I shall like this way of living very much, Mrs. Muggins; and, if you and Myrtle like it as well as I, I think we shall get along admirably."

"Nobody'll complain of *you*, if they don't," said his housekeeper. "You must feel e'en a'most as if you was the father of that child; and a beauty she be, poor thing! She's no more trouble than nothing. The ladies at the tavern made her plenty of clothes, and I've only to take care of them. Did you say you had never been married, Mr. Fieldin'?"

"Never, to my knowledge."

"I declare, that's cur'us! Such a likely man, too."

"I suppose that I ought to be married," was the light reply; "but, with you to attend to my comfort, and this little creature here to care for, I think I must get excused."

"Did you ever meet with a disappointment?" asked Mrs. Muggins.

The gentleman looked down suddenly into his cup and commenced stirring his tea.

"Perhaps," he answered. "What if I had?"

"Nothin', only I don't think you desarved it. I guessed as much when I hard you a playin' on that fife afore supper—it sounded so heart-broken like."

"Quite a compliment to my playing; but I assure you I am far from heart-broken. There

is not a sounder-hearted man in Wakwaka. And remember, Mrs. Muggins, I have not confessed yet to a disappointment."

So saying, having finished his tea, he took Myrtle in his arms, and went and sat in the door of his own room.

"The girl must have ben a fool who cheated him," murmured the old lady, as she washed up the tea things; "but as like as not she died."

In the mean time, Hugh sat holding the child on his knee, talking to her lovingly, and trying to learn her to say some words. Something in her dark eyes of a peculiar, smiling sweetness thrilled him, as if once more he gazed into the eyes of an older Myrtle whom he had tried to banish from his thoughts for five long years:

"But still her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome
Come back to him once more."

The spell of memory was irresistible. He looked earnestly into the face of the child, covered her forehead with kisses, and, drawing her golden head to his bosom, sang her softly to sleep, while he abandoned himself to the post, which returned to him as if it were of yesterday.

Again Myrtle Vail, the girl of eighteen, stood before him, the blush upon her fair cheek creeping down upon the snowy neck until it lost itself in the shadow of her brown tresses, while her head was slightly bent, and her red lip trembled as she said the word which assured him that he had not bestowed his passionate, but pure and earnest, admiration in vain. Again he felt the trembling of the hand he had ventured to prison in his own, and again he won the timid but soulful glance of those sweet eyes as he tempted them to search his.

Again he endured the bitter sorrow of a parting with her, as necessary business called him to Europe for a space of nearly two years; and again he endured the far bitterer agony of a return just in time to see her give her hand to a man in every way his inferior—younger, handsomer, perhaps, in an effeminate beauty, but vain, immature, carelessly educated, unfit to call forth the riches of the spirit which he had dreamed floated beneath the surface in Myrtle's gentle character. Again he saw the pallor overspread her face, as, looking up, after pronouncing the vows which made her recreant to him, she met his eyes, and thus knew for the first time that he had returned.

Here he roused himself from his thoughts. He cared not to trace his abrupt departure from that place and his subsequent restless wanderings.

"Here I shall find peace, if not happiness," he murmured. His own voice called him back to the present. Myrtle was asleep upon his breast, and the night air was blowing almost too chilly upon her.

CHAPTER III.

JONAH'S gourd, which sprang up and flourished in a night, was rivalled by the city of Wakwaka. Every time Mr. Fielding went to town he was surprised by the improvements so rapidly made. Building materials could not be furnished in the abundance required; and, while good-looking brick stores were going up, and the solid stone foundation for a fine courthouse was being laid, cloth houses were still the fashion, and considered very cool and airy summer residences by the most aristocratic.

Foresight was preparing, however, for the winter as fast as lumber could be obtained, or clay turned into brick, residences more substantial. It was wonderful how the future prospect of elegant, perhaps palatial, mansions, upon the wide and beautifully situated lots they occupied, reconciled delicate ladies, who had once been extremely fastidious, to brave the horrors of canvas and two rooms and all the hardships of a new settlement. Not such hardships as the sturdy pioneers endure who break up the wilderness and cause it to blossom like a rose; for Wakwaka was in daily communication with one of the great arteries of travel of the country, and there was no peril of fear or loneliness, nor privation of any luxuries, except those of elegant furniture and spacious abodes.

"And these we shall have very soon," said the ladies of Wakwaka, as they laughed at their little trials, or consoled with each other upon the absence of accustomed comforts.

And still, attracted by the growing fame of the new city, adventurers came hurrying in from every boat: men of broken-down fortunes; youths of courage and energy, too hopeful and fiery to await the slower chances of an old-settled country; some already rich speculators; and many hardy sons of toil, which last took up the beautiful prairie-land and turned it into productive farms without cost or labor more than they would have had to give to cultivated land in most places.

All this hurry, and growth, and strangeness, and joyful expectation produced an excitement unknown and unappreciated where the crust of selfishness and conventionality has hardened.

Men were met with hearty grasps of the hand, which gave their hearts as much cheer as it gave their fingers pain. Not that human nature was acted upon by the beautiful influences of Wakwaka to become otherwise than as it always is; selfishness was rampant, no doubt, in many minds, shrewd, cool, and calculating; but large prospects of rapid gains and the absence of old-time formalities had, for a season at least, expanded the hearts of her people.

And it cannot be said but that a constant reminder of the lavish generosity and beauty of nature—silently spoken by her blooming prairies rolling one after another into almost infinite distance, her wood-crowned hills, and free, magnificent waters—had some effect upon the souls of those who enjoyed this profusion of her riches.

September, October, and November drifted by in a long, unbroken shower of golden sunshine, giving the new settlers good time to prepare for winter.

Mr. Fielding was not altogether idle during that time. He had his canvas house boarded up, and many little comforts added to it; and sent east for a store of books with which to beguile the winter evenings.

Hunting and fishing were his principal occupations.

Such serene enjoyment had not been his for several years as through that glorious autumn. He was a lover of the beautiful in nature as well as in art. While his physical powers were exercised and invigorated by his out-of-doors life, his spiritual nature was fed with the very honey of existence. Cloudless skies, serene and deep, hung over water and land; rich purple mists hung at morning around the horizon, but at mid-day it was changed to a belt of gold; every few days the prairies changed their hues, now gorgeous with crimson, and anon with yellow, and again with scarlet flowers. It was not so much to startle the partridge out of the long grass or to chase the deer to the cover of the wood that he slung his gun upon his shoulder, although he kept the house well supplied with the choicest game, as it was to be out alone in the midst of boundless and ever-varying beauty, free to dream and to think, while breathing in life of body and liberty of soul.

Sometimes his excursions were several days in length; but a yearning after the sweet smile and prattle of little Myrtle always brought him home sooner than he had anticipated.

Her joyous cry, as she bounded to his arms, was his reward; and he fully believed the

declaration of Mrs. Muggins that the child always "paled and pined" in his absence.

She had learned to call him "papa;" and Mr. Fielding sometimes laughed aloud in his solitude while fancying the astonishment of his friends in various parts of the world—who had given him up as an incorrigible bachelor, which he intended still to remain—could they have a peep at him in his cabin with his old-lady housekeeper and his adopted daughter. But he was happier than he had been in their frivolous society.

Prairie-fires, gleaming in the distance, and sweeping near, illuminating the nights with fitful radiance, began to be a feature of the scenery, after the November frosts had parched the grass to the likeness of a rustling sea of jasper.

Mr. Fielding had an imagination which was not proof against splendor and novelty combined; and, upon one occasion, when the lonely night found him wandering over a hill with his gun in his hand, and one of these fires sprang from a distant wood and ran over the prairie until extinguished by contact with the lower edge of the lake, he was guilty of some lines like these:—

THE RED HUNTERS.

Out of the wood at midnight
The swift red hunters came;
The prairie was their hunting-ground;
The bisons were their game;
Their spears were of glittering silver,
Their crests were of blue and gold;
Driven by the panting winds of heaven
Their shining chariots rolled.

Over that level racing-course—
Oh, what a strife was there!
What a shouting! what a threatening cry!
What a murmur upon the air!
Their garments over the glowing wheels
Streamed backward red and far.
They floated their purple banners
In the face of each pale star.

Under their tread the autumn flowers
By millions withering lay:
Poor things that from those golden wheels
Could nowhere shrink away!
Close, and crashing together,
The envious chariots rolled;
While anon, before his fellowed
Leaped out some hunter bold.

Their black hair, thick and lowering,
Above their wild eyes hung,
And about their frowning foreheads
Like wreaths of night-shade clung.
"The bisons, lo, the bisons!"
They cried and answered back.
The frightened creatures stood aghast
To see them on their track.

With a weary, lumbering swiftness
They seek the river's side,
Driven by those hunters from their sleep
Into its chilling tide.
Some face the foe, with anguish
Dilating their mute eyes,
Till the spears of silver strike them low,
And dead each suppliant lies.

Now, by the brightening river,
The red hunters stand at bay—
Vain their appalling splendor—
The water shields their prey.
Into its waves with baffled rage
They leap in death's despite—
The golden wheels roll roaring in,
Leaving the withered night.

While Mr. Fielding was copying this effusion the next afternoon, some ladies called to see him; or rather, they *said* they had come to see Myrtle; but, when young women walk two miles to call at a house where there is a pretty child and a rich and handsome old bachelor, people are at liberty to draw their own conclusions as to which is the greater attraction. For appearance's sake, however, they praised and petted the little creature, who was pleasing enough to give a coloring to all their admiration; and did not fail to pay compliments to Mrs. Muggins for the way in which she took care of her. Some bonbons and cakes they had for her, too, which delighted her at the time and made her ill afterwards.

It is a strange fact that, when a gentleman seems to shun their society, and especially with a shade of melancholy about his unsociableness, the ladies are certain to be infatuated with him; and *vice versa*. Whether this arises from sympathy, or a wish to prove one's own attractions and powers upon so indifferent a subject, or from the interest which always clings to anything mysterious, or from all three combined, who shall say? These four young women could any of them have been surrounded by admirers, and each had her choice out of two or three, without troubling herself to walk out to Mr. Fielding's upon the small chance of attracting his attention. For, as yet, the men were largely in advance, in point of numbers, the female population of Wakwaka; and, what was better, they were all ready, or nearly ready, to provide for a wife; and thus the girls were in no danger of that forlorn fate which sometimes overtakes spinsters in the older States, where the chances for getting a living are fewer, and from whence all the enterprising young men have gone West.

It may have been the beauty of the afternoon and the beauty of the baby, after all, which led them so far.

"I am so fond of children; and this is such a *sweet* little thing!" cried Miss Minnie Greggs, looking up to the gentleman confidingly, and then kissing pretty Myrtle so suggestively; after which, she tossed back her jetty ringlets and looked up again for sympathy.

Mr. Fielding smiled into her saucy black eyes. He could not help admiring the wiles which he understood.

"She is very lovely in all regards," he said, "and becomes more dear to me all the time. I used to think children were nuisances; but I am glad of the chance which threw this one in my path. She has become my morning-star."

"But don't you think she will need some other feminine influence in moulding her character than that of Mrs. Muggins?" asked Miss Bluebird, sentimentally, and in too low a tone for the housekeeper's dull ears. "Some one who will take the place of a mother—a refined being—whose looks and tones would—"

"Resemble those of my friend, Miss Bluebird," broke in Minnie Gregg, with the gravity of the wickedest mischief.

"How can you! I declare! I shall be offended with you," cried that lady, blushing, while the others laughed.

Hugh did not laugh: some stern thought seemed to have crossed his genial humor. "No, Miss Bluebird," he answered, almost severely, "I want no influences except those of nature, and of music, and well chosen books about this child, with such sentiments of truth and fidelity, purity and earnestness of heart as I can instil into her. She shall be raised outside of society. She shall not be taught vanity and artifice; and then, if she fails in being what I desire, I shall believe that Mother Eve never entirely deserts her children."

For a few moments he was rather taciturn. Miss Minnie rallied from a remark she was afraid was intended as rather personal, and changed the subject.

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Fielding? You have not? You know those horrible Indians that we have all been so afraid of?"

"We?" inquired a fearless-looking girl, who was evidently ready for almost any kind of an impromptu adventure.

"Well, everybody else but you, then—even the men. We are going to have a regiment stationed near us this winter to keep the Indians at a distance. Just think of it—won't it be delightful? We officers will be apt to be such pleasant men, you know. And we shall have balls, of course."

"I had been teasing mother to send me back

to our old home for the winter, until I heard of this," said the other girl of the group; "but now I am quite content to stay."

"I wonder why it is that the girls always have such a passion for an epaulette on a man's shoulder," said Mr. Fielding, recovering his equanimity. "The glitter of an officer's insignia will make any man irresistible."

"Because we like our opposites; and soldiers are supposed to be brave as we are weak. We like to be defended," said Miss Bluebird.

"I do not like officers half as well as farmers or hunters," said the brave Miss Thomas, with a saucy glance at Hugh.

"By the way," suddenly exclaimed Minnie Greggs, "I had almost forgotten to tell you what Lieutenant Serles related to me, last evening, about a party who were taken by the Indians. I was telling him about you and little Myrtle. You know the men who volunteered from here never found any traces of the savages. But the lieutenant says that about that time and place a party of the Indians were known to have made a descent upon two emigrant wagons in the night where they had camped at the edge of a prairie. The helpless families were not dreaming of any danger; for the savages had not been troublesome for a long time; and they supposed their nearness to a settlement was sufficient security. They murdered the two men, hitched the horses to the wagons, and drove off with the women and children until they reached the cover of a deep forest, where they left the wagons, and, tying the women to the animals, hurried them off to some secret retreat of theirs far away from here. The child may have been thrown aside as burdensome, or dropped by the mother in attempting to effect her own escape."

"Were the names of these unfortunate persons known?" asked Mr. Fielding, with great interest.

"The elder of the two men was called Parker, I believe, as ascertained at the last village they stopped at. The other was Sherwood, a young man; and his wife, they said, was young and very beautiful."

"Great Heaven!"

Hugh had turned as pale as death, and sank upon his chair.

"Did you know them?" asked all, in a startled tone.

"I am quite sure they are the same," he said, after some time of agitated silence. "Poor Myrtle, I believe I named thee aright! I believe I gave thee thy mother's name."

"What does the lieutenant think has become

of the female captives? Has no attempt been made to rescue them?"

"Many searches have been organized. An Indian has been arrested who declares that they were murdered when it was found impossible to get them safely away."

"Circumstances seem to corroborate his account. There is no doubt that the awful story is true."

"Poor orphan! Henceforth thou art doubly my own," said Hugh, as he took the child in his arms. He was evidently so stricken with deep anguish that the young ladies dared not offer their sympathy, but retired almost in silence.

How much Mr. Fielding suffered that night will be known only to himself and Heaven. The next day he went to Wakwaka and sought out the officer who had communicated the story to Miss Greggs. The substance of the story was corroborated by him; but he said he doubted if the name of the younger couple was Sherwood. He had been told since that it was Smith.

But there was something in Myrtle's eyes which convinced him that she was the child of the Myrtle whom once he had thought to call his own. Her falsehood was forgotten now—only her fearful and untimely fate was thought of.

To make assurance doubly sure, he wrote back to the East to her friends to inquire if she and her husband had emigrated to the West; and learned, in a mournful letter from a relative, that they had started for that very city of Wakwaka, and had not been heard from since.

Mr. Fielding did not tell them that he had a child supposed to be the daughter of Myrtle. As the father and mother of the young wife were neither of them living, he thought he had as good a claim to her as any one now left; and he felt that he could not resign her, at least for the present. Besides, he had the benefit of a doubt as to whether they had really any claims to this mysterious Child of the Prairie.

CHAPTER IV.

WINTER came for the first time upon the city of Wakwaka. The lake was frozen; the little steamer was safe at her moorings laid up for the season; the everlasting sound of the putting up of houses was almost at an end; the communication with other parts of the world was cut off, save by wagon conveyance; the daily mail became a weekly one; and the citi-

zens and speculators ceased to talk about wild land and city improvements, and turned to considering the prospect of a railroad which should connect them with the East, and be feasible all the year round.

Railroad speculations could not engross their minds entirely, and in their leisure hours they were ready for any kind of gayety which could be improvised. The young girls talked about the fort and the officers through the day, and dressed for frolics in the evening. They had sleigh-rides and surprise-parties, and weddings were not entirely wanting. Every week they had a ball at the new brick hotel, the Wakwaka House. The most aristocratic attended these dances (of course they had an aristocracy, though it was not as yet clearly defined and decidedly fenced off with the sharp palings of ceremony), receiving attention from all respectable persons present; while a general spirit of freshness and vivacity prevailed, which made all deficiencies sources of merriment, and diffused more real pleasure than all the balls that Mrs. Potiphar ever gave.

If the girls showed too decided a partiality for officers' uniforms, the young city beaux bore it with commendable indifference, and took their harmless revenges all in good time.

Mr. Fielding was *the gentleman par excellence*, however: first, he was handsome; second, he was rich; third, he was reserved; fourth, melancholy; fifth, mysterious; sixth, he was not a marrying man—six good reasons why he should be sought after. He was not perfect, although the ladies called him so; and therefore he must be excused for the small portion of his sex's vanity which he inherited, which made him not insensible to the curiosity he piqued and the favorable impressions he made. This consciousness upon the part of the men is very detestable, and exists usually with no good grounds to found it upon; but in his case there was much to command attention, and he really received it with dignity, and nourished his self-complacency but very little upon it.

He could not have been called a gloomy man; and perhaps even the melancholy the ladies invested him with was half in their imaginations; though certainly during the first of the season there was the pallor of suppressed sorrow upon his brow. But his nature was a mingling of sunny geniality with a deep reserve; the warmth breaking out when subjects of common interest, such as music, beauty, or art, were being discussed, and the reserve following upon any reference to himself personally.

The life he now lived suited him well. He

had the advantages of solitude and society both. When in town, he was petted and made a favorite; when out in his own little cabin, he was away from the world of action as completely as if buried in the cell of a hermit. He would have pined for those things which make a city endurable to a gifted mind—rich music, glorious pictures, works of art and luxury; but, for the present, nature was all these and more to a mind satiated with too much living. And then the novelty of playing father to a little girl! It was a very pleasant family circle, that of his home. Mrs. Muggins was as tidy as she was talkative; though he had a way of checking an excess of the latter virtue when it became wearisome. She kept little Myrtle as neat and beautiful as a lily, so that the fastidious bachelor could call her to his knee without fear of offence from soiled face or soiled garments. The child was more than the amusement of his idle hours. He took almost a mother's interest in the unfolding of the pure flower of her soul, the new developments of her mind, and the rapid expansion of her physical powers. And, while he delighted to teach her, she also taught him—many lessons of guileless faith, and the simplicity of innocence, and the loveliness of nature as God made it in its freshness.

So, with books and his flute, hunting, and his visits to town, the winter passed by. He stood up as groomsman at the wedding of pretty Minnie Greggs with the young lieutenant. Miss Bluebird avowed that he seemed preyed upon by secret grief during the evening; but no one else felt assured of it; and she could not win him to unbosom his concealed unhappiness—which, "like a worm in the bud," fed on his heart—to her sympathy. So, out of revenge, she shortly after married a drygoods merchant, who, at this present writing, is spoken of as one of the founders of Wakwaka, and who has retired to a residence upon the banks of the lake, adjoining Mr. Fielding's three hundred acres, and who can count himself worth two hundred thousand in Wakwaka railroad stock, and one hundred thousand in town lots, besides his pretty villa and grounds where he resides.

The spring came, and other summers and winters passed, and still Hugh Fielding lived in his cabin, hunted, fished, read, dreamed, philosophized, and seemed to change in nothing, for the years sat lightly upon him. He was content to be a kind of wonder to his neighbors, and to do as he pleased. The city grew and thrived apace; and, as the banks of the lake became thronged with beautiful residences, many a glittering lure was held out to induce him to

part with his precious bit of land. But he was not to be tempted. Not an acre would he part with. "Selfish," said some. "Holding on for an enormous price," said others. "No eye for beauty—no taste. Allowing such an Eden to run wild! I wish I had it," said many a wealthy person of cultivated ideas who coveted his possessions.

Despite of all, he had his own way about it. He did not even "improve" the scenery, except here and there to plant a tree or thin one out, to have decaying timber taken off, and some beautiful level stretches kept clear for the strawberries and wild-roses, and the underbrush cleared from a grove of elms and maples which inclined down to the water's edge at one picturesque point.

There was only another room added to his cabin, which was made necessary by the accumulation of books, pictures, and the like which he often sent east for. This new room, out of respect for Myrtle, was prettily carpeted, and had a little rocking-chair, and flower-stand, and some other handsome things in it.

In the mean time, while the city was growing large, and Mrs. Muggins growing old, and everything advancing or retarding, of course little Myrtle did not stand still. A will-o'-the-wisp or a butterfly would have stood still sooner than she. She grew in size, in health, and in beauty. The nature which threatened at first too great a degree of sensitiveness and fear hardened and grew fearless in the fresh air and unrestrained life of her country home. In the warm weather, she, like her "papa," almost lived out-of-doors. She would ramble hours by his side, and then curl down and sleep with her head on his knee, while he read or dreamed beneath the shade of a tree or down by the water's edge on a cool shadowed rock. He taught her the name and character of all the flowers of the field and trees of the forest, so that at six years of age she was a miniature botany, bound, as it were, in rose-leaves. He taught her, too, of the rocks, and sands, and waters, so that, as her mind grew, everything, however humble, had an interest to her, and the earth was a great "curiosity-shop" much more strange and delightful, more absorbing to her fancy than the gaudy shops of the towns in which children are generally taught what to covet and admire.

One favorite place she had for spending her time when Hugh was away: a kind of fairy bower, made by an elm whose branches upon one side held up a beautiful wild flowering vine, while upon the other was a rose-bush always in

blossom through the long summer. The open front looked upon the lake, and a moss-covered stone made a cushioned seat fit for a queen. The grass about it was clean, fine, and short, and full of violets.

She never went to school; but was sometimes taken to town to visit with other children, and had, in return, youthful guests come to see her in the pleasant weather.

But she was educated, even in book education. Hugh patiently taught her her alphabet and to read. After that, it was only necessary for her to know that he desired her to study any book he put into her hands, and her love gave the impulse which made acquirement easy.

Thus time glided on for nine years. Nine years!—a long time; and Mrs. Muggins was growing older and feebler all this time; and one day she was taken sick and soon she died. Myrtle grieved herself ill, and Mr. Fielding did not disdain to drop a tear upon her humble grave, for she had been a faithful servant and very kind to his darling little girl.

He was obliged to be his own housekeeper for some time, for another Mrs. Muggins was not easily to be found. When she saw him fussing about in a man's awkward way, little Myrtle's womanly instincts were aroused, and she put away her at first overwhelming grief to try and aid him. He would not have believed those slender little hands could do so much. She could lay the cloth, and sweep, dust, and brush;

toast bread, and pour out tea; and his room she took pride in keeping in exquisite order.

He loved to watch her flitting about like a fairy put to earthly tasks, her feet moving as it to some inward music, and her golden hair encircling her in a halo of mystic brightness. The careful gravity, the pretty air of business newly put on, were bewitching to him.

"Well, Myrtle, I think I had better not get anybody to help us: you make such a nice little maid," he would say.

"I like to help you very much, papa; but what will you do when it comes washing, ironing, and churning days?"

"Sure enough. We are not equal to all emergencies, are we, daughter?"

So, in course of time, a woman was found to take the place of the departed. She was not of as quiet and nice a mould as the beloved and respected Mrs. Muggins. Mr. Fielding did not like her to preside at his table; and so little lady Myrtle never gave up her place at the head of the tea-things.

Affairs did not go on as systematically as of old. Many little nice tasks fell to the child which Mrs. Muggins used to perform; but, happily, she liked them.

Mr. Fielding dreaded a change. He had become so accustomed to the pleasant routine of his monotonous life that he disliked the thought of its being in any manner disturbed. But a change came.

(Conclusion next month.)

MATERNAL COUNSELS TO A DAUGHTER.

DRESS.

"Rich be your habit as your purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy. Neat, but not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

HAD Shakspeare been writing of our sex instead of his own, he might, with very great propriety, have left out the little adverb, which, in some degree, limits the axiom he has enunciated; for not *often*, but invariably, the apparel of a woman who has the power of selecting her own may be taken as a criterion of her character. In some instances this may seem a harsh judgment; for there are women who affect to think dress a matter of no consequence, and who make this indifference an excuse for any defect in their attire. But even here, it seems to me, the maxim may be held true; the want of attention to the details of dress indi-

cates, and very generally accompanies, a large amount of indifference to the feelings of others. A woman should dress to please others, and not herself; and the sentiment once admitted, that it is of no consequence how she looks, and whether her appearance is pleasing or the contrary, she will hardly stop at this halting place on the road to complete indifference. On the contrary, she will next discover that it is of no consequence what she says, or how she acts—"she does not care for the opinion of the world;" or "there is nobody that cares for her."

It is true that these are not the arguments generally to be heard from the young, who seldom err on the side of indifference, either to the duties of the toilet or to the opinion of the world. But whether the looking-glass engrosses

too much or too little time, it is equally an error for a woman to be ill-dressed, since the attire is an index of the mind so unfailling, so accurate, that we need little more than a single glance at a woman to be able to learn all the most salient points in her character. Do we see a young woman dressed in the extreme of fashion, in a style which neither her purse nor her position warrants; can we be very wrong in imagining her vain and selfish, with the head unfurnished just in proportion as the body is over-dressed? If, in addition, we observe a soiled stocking or petticoat, a buttonless sleeve, or an ill-fitting shoe, shall we not feel that indolence and impurity of person will end in tainting the mind? Can we help fearing that the love of finery, which this style of dress betrays, will prove some day, like Esau's mess of pottage, a temptation too great for her womanly truth and feeling to withstand? May not the woman who so loves DRESS be tempted to barter for it that noble birthright, her warm and honest affection, for some one who is not in a position to gratify her love of finery?—to exchange her independence for a slavery which will be none the less galling because it is a voluntary sacrifice? From how many temptations is that woman free—from how many trials does *she* escape—who has not imbibed in girlhood a love of dress!

And yet we would deprecate almost as much any unwomanly indifference to the choice of attire. A woman should be always well dressed—dressed, not so that the casual visitor will say, "What a beautiful dress Miss —— had on!" or "What an elegant bonnet!" but "Well, I did not remark what she had on; but she always looks so nice."

Now the great secret of good dress is HARMONY; harmony with our position, harmony with our persons, harmony of each part with the other. I believe were these conditions studied, with a little reflection and a cultivated mind, the majority of women would really look as charming as Nature intended they should be. We all know—or profess to know—what musical harmony is. Now I would carry the same unity of purpose, the same blending of tones, the same nice appropriateness, into the details of the toilet. And first, we must study our own position, and make our dress accord with it. The servant—whose clean cotton gown, short enough to admit of freedom of action, and clean stockings, and stout shoes, show that she adapts her dress to her place—is quite as pleasing and attractive, in her way, as the lady in her elegant peignoir, surrounded by all the knicknackereries of a boudoir. The fitness of the toilet in each

case is an essential part of its charm; and it is this fitness which I would especially have you study. Your social position is such that it is part of your duty to enter actively into domestic details—to make the pies and puddings for the family repast, and to perform similar domestic offices. How much more pleasing a clean washable dress, and large apron of a similar character would be, than a shabby silk or gaudy *barège*. In the evening, as your duties are different, so your toilet should be suited to your station, and to the occasion; as rich, or as inexpensive as you please, but always simply made and fitting well.

A due regard to the harmony of our dress with our position will prevent us from indulging in a taste for finery, or even for elaborate elegance not in accordance with our circumstances; for we should never forget that it is not sufficient for a bonnet or shawl to be extremely pretty, or very cheap, for it to be suitable for us to wear. A lady whose airings are taken in a carriage may very properly wear a bonnet which is elaborately trimmed; but it would be inappropriate for a pedestrian, however becoming to her face. All purchases, then, should be made with a direct reference to our social standing, as well as to the next point of harmony—our personal appearance. To know ourselves, even as far as our faces and figures go, is a knowledge which we can only acquire after some study; nevertheless, it is very necessary for every one who would wish to possess that circular letter of recommendation, a pleasing personal appearance. Of course we cannot alter the form of the features, or add to our height, or in any other way remodel ourselves; but we *can* dress with taste and propriety, so as to soften down any defects of nature, and increase the effect of any beauties.

To do this, however, we must know something of the laws of light and shade, as well as of the principles of coloring; and it must be conceded that, in these respects, Nature has at least as much share as Art, since an eye for color is one of the rarest gifts bestowed on women, and one the want of which no study will supply. Some broad general principles, however, there are which all may understand. And first, we may take it as an axiom that *Fashion* can never of itself be a sufficient guide in matters of dress, but that its dictates must be modified to suit the characteristics of each individual. Suppose, for instance, that large plaids, or checked patterns, are the fashion, will that render them at all becoming to a small, slight person, or even to a tall woman who is more

than proportionably stout? As the effect of these checks is to give breadth without length, those only who are tall and very thin can wear them with advantage, because they supply a deficiency of Nature. Stripes, on the contrary, add to the length, and therefore become little women, or those who have much embonpoint. Flounces, again, may look well in some few soft materials, and on tall, slight figures; but what can be more ungraceful than a little woman, whose body and limbs appear almost dissected at three or four divisions of the skirt, by the light and shadow being abruptly broken at the edges of the stiff, heavy flounces. Dress should, in fact, be *drapery*; and the more natural its folds and falls, the more elegant its appearance. I have heard more than one eminent artist say, that of all the materials of which a lady's dress could be composed, a pure *flannel* forms the most beautiful folds, and that it only wants color to be the most appropriate dress possible for a portrait. Fine merinos also hang very gracefully; some satins are scarcely less effective; but little people should avoid every figured or stiffened material, such as brocades, stiff silks, and bayadine dresses.

Tall women have certainly an advantage in the variety of styles which they can wear with propriety: few materials are made for ladies' dresses which they cannot appear in without greatly outraging good taste. Even they, however, will do well to study the general rules by which a pleasing effect is produced. All colors also must be selected with reference to individual appearance, and to the harmony of part with the whole. For a blonde to surround her face with brilliant tints, or a dark-skinned, dark-eyed girl to patronize pale lavender or pink, or *bleu ciel*, is evidently in bad taste. A pale cheek has a bloom thrown on it by the reflection of a pink bonnet; but then the pink must not be too deep, or it will form too strong a contrast; blue, and even green, are very becoming to rosy beauties, especially the latter, when there is too deep a bloom on the complexion: dark, rich colors, again, usually harmonize with dark hair and eyes: maize or primrose-colored bonnets may be appropriately worn in summer by those of this complexion, whilst they would look vulgar or gaudy on paler or fairer girls: and brighter neck-ribbons and gayer-colored dresses can be worn by our Minnas than could possibly be becoming to Brenda. Too many tints, it may be remarked, never look well in a lady's dress. It gives one the idea that she is vying with peacocks, without the power of eclipsing them in splendor. It is

almost equally out of taste to wear two or three shades of the same color. Nothing can look worse than to see a dress of one shade, a ribbon of another, and perhaps a bonnet of a third, of the same general color. Yet this style is frequently adopted under the idea of things *matching*. These matches are like many others in the world; they unite without blending. When the dress is of one predominant color, the accessories should be of another which will form a good contrast with it. Thus, with a brown silk you may wear either pink or blue ribbons; only observe that some browns harmonize with pinks, and some with blue. Generally a *warm* tint can be toned down with a blue, and a graver color enlivened with pink. The same may be said of all the varieties of stone and fawn color. Some tints go well with pinks, some with blues, some with crimsons, and some with green. A little study of these effects with wools will be by no means a waste of time. It will assist you in arranging furniture, dress, and many other things; and whether your income be large or small, it will enable you to throw an air of refinement on your ménage which no mere wealth can ever give.

THE STORM AND THE OAK.

BY MRS. M. S. WHITAKER.

THE zephyr's wing is folded now,
And trembling leaves at once grow still;
Mute sits the song-bird on her bough—
The tall grass waves not on the hill.

A hue of night o'erspreads the sky,
Where clouds in blackened masses roll;
Keen-sworded lightning flashes by,
Hoarse thunder sounds from pole to pole.

An instant rush—the storm-god's car
In sullen grandeur sweeps o'er earth,
And mighty winds shout from afar,
As demons yell in fiendish mirth.

Torrents on torrents swift descend,
With ceaseless fury downward driven;
Firm-rooted trees like oziers bend,
As lurid grows the darkened heaven.

An hundred years the oak had stood
While generations passed away—
Had looked on storm and fire and flood,
Nor known man's common doom—decay.

Beneath his shelter, children sweet
Oft played at noontide's sultry hour—
Young lovers sought a calm retreat
Where wove his leaves a sylvan bower.

He bravely struggles in the blast,
And bears him proudly as may be,
But his strong heart is rent at last—
Down drops the aged warrior tree!

THE UNDISCIPLINED HEART.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

BY E. F.

It is more than forty years since I first knew Gertrude Latimer, and nearly half of that period since we parted. Yet, in these quiet moments, succeeding the toil and tumult of daily life—this precious time involuntarily devoted to retrospect—she rises before my memory just as fresh and radiant, as beautiful and haughty in her perfected womanhood as if we had only parted yesterday.

Like all old people—old maids in particular—I am much given to musing, and I indulge in this idle habit *now* because I have done with the busy things of this world, and many whom I have loved are in distant lands or in their graves. These meditations, therefore, bring them visibly before my dreaming presence, and I forget we have ever been separated, ever other than young and hopeful.

I might become moody or morose, but a sweet spirit flits about the spinster's solitary home, and a blithe voice fills the old house with melody. Little Rose Vaughn is the blessing of my life, and I cannot sadden one page of its brightness by a relation of the reveries that cast a shade over my evening thoughts, reveries unavoidably connected with the early life of her deceased parents.

Dearly as I loved them both—dearly and so differently!—I should grieve to have her know the under-current that flowed beneath the stream of their career—the hidden life, the real, the actual, known scarcely to themselves, except when the fervor of feeling had wasted itself in dust and ashes.

Well, well, what has this to do with Gertrude Latimer, the proud and loving? Much, too much; but I will not whisper it to thee, sweet child.

Gertrude Latimer was my cousin's wife; and I never knew her until she had been married several years. She was then a glorious creature: beautiful and fascinating, full of nameless charms and as nameless caprices, petulant and delightful, loving and cold; by turns, all you could desire—by turns, nothing you could wish. You loved her in spite of yourself, in spite of reason, in defiance of common sense.

She was warm and generous-hearted, too, open

as the day, frank and imperious, full of a noble confidingness, but scorning restraint, and acting as her ungoverned will dictated, till the very accomplishment of her wishes brought with it, frequently, the bitterest mortification, the acutest pain.

I loved her, I pitied her, and I blamed her. Had she been the wife of any man save my cousin, John Latimer, I think I could have excused her faults; but, from the first day I saw them together, I knew she did *not* love him.

There had been a vague rumor of her having loved another in her youth, of his death, and her subsequent indifference to other suitors; but, whether this were correct or not, I cannot say. She was silent in regard to the past, and, if beyond its shadow lay the memory of a sorrow, it was buried within her own bosom.

John Latimer was very different from his wife. So dissimilar in character, so unlike in disposition, so opposite in personal appearance, there was always a marvel in every mind how they became united. One sees these anomalies every day. He married her, as the wisest and best of men often do, for her exquisite beauty; and she—he was wealthy, and I can add no more.

They lived in gay style, sadly in dissonance with his feelings. He was intellectual, much given to reading, and peculiarly adapted for domestic enjoyment. They were courteous to each other, and kind, and he loved her with the depth of a reserved and proud heart; but he possessed no fond, caressing ways, no words of tender endearment. She was brimfull of both, ardent and affectionate, but withal proud and shy; and thus she never elicited the passionate affection of his nature by a display of her own feelings. They did not assimilate; they knew not the strength and excellence of each other.

I was a great deal with them; and, every hour I spent beneath their roof, the conviction became stronger and stronger that the gulf between them was slowly widening.

How often would she exclaim in petulant accents: "Ruth, you should have married Mr. Latimer. His impassability maddens me. You, darling, are the very pattern of a model wife.

'Your sober wishes would never learn to stray' beyond the baking of bread and the nursing of children. What a pity it is you did not love each other!"

I only smiled. There was a time when John Latimer's eye grew bright and his smile radiant—But no matter. I would not exchange places with Gertrude for all her wealth and luxury. God has been very good to me, and my lot has fallen in pleasant places. I think sometimes it is a fortunate circumstance to be born a very humble, unpretending person, with no lofty aspirations, with no decided gifts of nature or fortune. I have ever been quiet and simple; and, if a dream of happiness once crossed my path—and what woman has not prayed and wept over the disappointment of such a dream?—it has long since faded from my recollection.

I had been away several months, nearly half a year, when next I visited Latimer Lodge. During that period I received but few letters from Gertrude. She had been in the constant habit of writing to me, and her gay, reckless letters, filled with a certain wild talent and breathing a winning love, were delightful interruptions to my solitary life.

I was a little hurt and somewhat vexed at her silence. A pressing note from my cousin was the sole cause of my visit; and too soon I solved the mystery of her silence.

It was evening when I arrived; and, as the carriage emerged from the shadow of oaks that formed a noble avenue to the entrance, the house suddenly burst upon my view, so brilliantly lit up, whilst strains of music floated through the open windows, that I turned to the servant and asked if his mistress expected company.

"Oh no, ma'am," he replied; "it is only Mrs. Latimer singing with Mr. Vaughn. They have music every night."

Mr. Vaughn! Who was he? But I refrained from questioning the man. My cousin met me at the door with unusual warmth and tenderness. He seemed grave, however, and almost sad.

I was passing the drawing-room, intending to go up stairs, when Gertrude came flying out, and kissed and hugged me with evident delight.

Before I was aware of it, she had drawn me into the room directly in the presence of a handsome young man, who was smilingly contemplating her childish extravagance.

"This is Ruth, Mr. Vaughn, dear, delightful old Ruth, of whom you have heard so much." He bowed courteously; and, ere I recovered

from my confusion, Gertrude had waltzed me through the apartment to the foot of the stairs.

"Now, darling, you may go and beautify a little—up to the old room; you know the way. We have been waiting tea for you, so don't be long."

I was only a few minutes absent; and, when I returned to the drawing-room, Gertrude and Mr. Vaughn were at the piano. They did not observe my entrance, and I was too enchanted with their singing to wish it otherwise.

Gertrude's voice was full and rich, whilst his was peculiarly soft and sweet, and their blended tones harmonized deliciously. The charm of his singing, I afterwards learned, consisted in his exquisite taste and feeling.

He was a handsome man, tall and well made, and with the same fine hazel eyes that smile on me every day from beneath Rose's sunny brow. The *tout ensemble* was feminine in its gentleness and repose, and only when his mouth was closed was there the slightest indication of energy or strength. When he smiled or spoke, the look was gone, and the impression he unavoidably produced was that of a gentle, manly, attractive, and amiable young man.

The evening passed gayly and pleasantly. Mr. Vaughn seemed happy and perfectly at home; Gertrude was brilliant and versatile, and even Mr. Latimer unbent from his stately courtesy, and was hospitable and interesting.

Gertrude accompanied me to my room, and lounged upon the couch whilst I was undressing.

"How do you like Harry Vaughn, Ruth? Is he not delightful?"

"He is certainly handsome and pleasant, dear, and I dare say I shall like him when I know him better. But who is he, and how came he here? He seems quite domesticated."

"Oh!" she said, laughingly, "that is the funniest part of all—to think he should be a dear friend of Mr. Latimer's—a dear friend in quite a juvenile way, for he is much younger. He is here on some kind of business, and Mr. Latimer invited him to make our house his home. At first, I was very angry. That was before I knew him. Now, Ruth, I could not live without him."

She said this in a wild, rattling way that I did not altogether like; but I could not always understand her, so I quietly held my tongue.

She had a most enchanting manner to her guests—a manner full of consideration and tenderness. A thousand little cares and attentions testified her desire to make you at home; and, if ever your judgment condemned her conduct, your feelings reproachfully combated the decision.

I stayed several months with them, and every day the beauty, the purity, and the loveliness of Harry Vaughn's character were more apparent. I, too, felt the fascination of his cultivated mind, his tender, sympathetic heart; but I felt it only as that of a delightful companion.

The influence of a sweet temper, of a good heart, and of a cultivated mind over Gertrude's impulsive and ardent temperament was soothing and salutary. He exercised it involuntarily, and she was as unconsciously benefited. The asperities of her nature were softened by the extreme gentleness of his—a gentleness that degenerated not into effeminacy. Their dissimilarity of character was a bond of union between them. He had never met with a woman so imperious, yet so lovely; so full of faults, yet so honorable and generous. She was a delightful enigma he daily endeavored to solve. Her manner to her husband, also, was kinder and more considerate. But somehow I did not like this new display of affection. There was often a sudden bounding forward at an inopportune moment, when she seized him in a reluctant embrace—a proceeding that annoyed him beyond measure, and which seemed to me, on her part, an atoning, remorseful kind of love.

I hope I was not severe! Women are said to be merciless to each other; and I often wished I could “see and *not* see; hear, and yet be deaf.”

We three were constantly together. My cousin being a lawyer of some eminence was almost always immersed in business. His heart and soul were wrapped up in his profession. Alas, he had no dearer, no more human idol upon which to expend the feelings of one of the manliest and noblest of hearts!

Gertrude and Harry Vaughn sang together, they read, they walked, they drove, and rode together, whilst I was a silent spectator of their happiness, a happiness that made me miserable.

I knew that they loved each other, and I knew they were ignorant of the fact. They were so open, so perfectly frank in their intercourse, so guiltless in thought, that I was shocked and grieved at not enjoying their mutual friendship.

I thought it must be some inherent baseness in my own mind that found aught in their conduct at which to cavil. I could not remonstrate with Gertrude, because I saw no outward impropriety; and, whatever her feelings were, I felt quite sure she did not acknowledge to herself the absorbing interest with which she regarded her husband's guest. In my own heart—hardly whispered—I knew she loved

him passionately, and I trembled for the future. Mr. Latimer may have thought the same—I never knew. There was nothing tangible to grasp, nothing really wrong to prevent. He seemed graver every day, almost morose, and more and more unlike the husband of the beautiful and fashionable woman who bore his name. I often caught his eye resting on me with earnest thoughtfulness; and, whenever I named the period of my departure, he would insist upon its being postponed. Meanwhile, I was very wretched—angry with Gertrude, dissatisfied with myself, undecided how to act.

One morning, at breakfast, Harry Vaughn received a letter, which caused him great agitation. He turned deadly pale, then looked furtively around, as if in hopes he had escaped observation. I saw his eyes meet Gertrude's, and her countenance change.

I remember I had letters to write that day and left them immediately after breakfast. All the morning was busily employed, and I was surprised when I looked at my watch to see the lateness of the hour. Where had Gertrude been all that time?

At that moment I heard her slowly ascending the stairs. She paused a moment at my door, as if hesitating whether or not to enter, then passed on.

I feared something was the matter, the step was so unlike her own; and I resolved to seek her, and ascertain, either by her manner or words, if my conjectures were correct. I knocked at the door of her room, but, receiving no answer, pushed it open and entered.

She started up from the lounge on which she had thrown herself, and looked at me almost angrily. Her face was swollen, her eyes red with weeping.

“What ails you, dear? Are you ill?” I asked.

“Harry Vaughn! Harry Vaughn!” was all she could utter.

“Harry Vaughn? what of him? is he not well and happy?”

“He is neither. Oh, Ruth, Harry Vaughn is going to be married!”

“I am glad to hear it,” I said, with grave seriousness.

“And why should you be glad to hear it? What do you know of him or her? He will be lost to me forever. He is the only person who ever understood me; and now he is going to marry some low person with whom I will not associate. His friendship has been a beautiful episode in my life, which I must endeavor to forget. I would not care,” she added, “if he loved the girl, and his happiness were thus se-

cured; but he does not love her, he does not; and what shall I do without his society?"

"Gertrude," I said, "a woman should have no dearer friend than her husband, and I know of no worthier one than yours. 'Believe me, you have everything for which to be grateful.'"

"Oh, don't preach that old-fashioned nonsense to me. I know it all. I love and respect my husband without any lessons from you on the subject; but that does not alter the case at all."

I made no answer to this rude speech. Indeed, I never noticed her derelictions from good manners by words, but my silence showed I was hurt, if not offended.

"Don't be angry, Ruth, dear; I hardly know what I say. You saw the letter Harry received at breakfast, and he has been telling me how wretched he is."

"Why should he be wretched? Who coerces him in this matter?"

"It is an old story," she replied. "He loved this young girl, this Rose Elliot—how I hate the mawkish name!—years ago. It was a youthful attachment *he* has long since forgotten. The parents, from some unaccountable caprice, refused their consent; and, although the engagement was never broken off, he has not seen her for several years, and considered himself free. It seems, however, she, the silly thing, has loved him all along; and the letter was from her parents, giving their consent, and urging his immediate departure. She has grieved so deeply that they feared a decline. Pshaw, it makes me sick!"

"Then," I added, "there is only one course for him to pursue. Honor demands his marriage."

"Is his happiness nothing?" she exclaimed, vehemently. "Must his glorious young life be a sacrifice to the whims of a sentimental Miss, and all from a mistaken sense of honor?"

"A fulfilment of duty eventuates in happiness." As I spoke, I arose to leave the room, concluding, in a slow, serious tone: "And I sincerely trust your admonitions, Gertrude, will not prevent his acting honorably."

She looked at me haughtily. "I have never been accused of a want of principle, although my views may not be so strait-laced as those of Miss Danvers."

A sick headache kept me a prisoner during the rest of the day, and I did not meet the family until we assembled in the drawing-room for tea. We were all silent: Gertrude moody and petulant, Mr. Vaughn absent-minded and restless, Mr. Latimer and myself, as usual, serious and sedate.

Mr. Latimer asked: "Are we to have no music to-night?"

Gertrude went to the piano, played a few brilliant polkas and waltzes in a reckless manner, then abruptly left the instrument, saying her head ached, and she could not sing.

My cousin and I sat down to chess; and I observed Gertrude and Harry Vaughn walking slowly in the shrubbery, and engaged in earnest conversation.

I think both Mr. Latimer and myself were out of spirits; our thoughts were certainly not with the game; and we felt, without remarking, our abstraction, for he suddenly rose from the table, saying he had "letters to write."

Ah, letters, for how many sins are you not answerable!

I had to leave in the morning, and had some little matters to arrange for an early departure. I dallied over my trunks; and it was probably twelve o'clock before I had completed my packing, when I remembered a book I wished to take home, and which I thought I had left in the library. I went down stairs, but could not find it. I was quite certain I had been reading it there or in the drawing-room; and, as I was confident of disturbing no one, accordingly proceeded thither.

The door was closed, and I was amazed to hear sounds of violent weeping, and Harry Vaughn's voice in soothing expostulation. I know not what feeling urged me to enter, but I felt I must do so, and threw the door open as loudly as possible. Gertrude was sitting by the table, her head resting upon her arms, and weeping bitterly. Harry Vaughn sat on an ottoman at her feet, and was scarcely less agitated than herself. I spoke immediately, explaining the cause of my interruption, and he arose to assist me in the search.

He colored deeply when he met my eye, and was evidently much embarrassed. We found the volume just where I had left it, on the music-stand, and I had no excuse for longer delay. Yet I lingered—I loved them both. I could not speak; and I knew the present scene was wrong in after consequences, if not in present suffering. "Gertrude, dear," I said, approaching her, and placing my hand gently on her head, "Gertrude, it is very late: are you not coming to bed?"

"Not now," she answered, without looking up. "Not now. I never go to bed earlier."

"Good-night, then, and good-by, too. I shall be off in the morning before you are awake."

She held out her hand, and kissed me, still without looking into my face.

"Mr. Vaughn," I observed, bowing to him merely, as I passed, "I believe we breakfast together; and, to be up in proper time, you should have been in bed long ago. My cousin, Mr. Latimer, detests late hours."

He looked at me deprecatingly, and murmured "unkind" in so low a tone that I scarcely heard him. There was a look of entreaty in my eyes, and I am sure a tone of command in my voice, and he understood both.

I had been in bed probably an hour, lying awake too troubled to sleep, too anxious to rest, when I heard them coming up stairs. Gertrude stopped a moment at my door, and bade me "good-night," saying she was too sleepy to come in. I did not fall asleep until nearly dawn, and was so late in getting down that Mr. Vaughn had breakfasted, and stood in the doorway fully equipped for his journey. Gertrude's maid was just leaving him as I went down the steps; and I saw him thrust something like a note into his pocket. He turned hastily as he heard me, and advanced to meet me.

"Dear Miss Danvers, I was afraid I should not see you again. Good-by, and God bless you!"

He was gone in a moment, and I could not find it in my heart to do aught but look upon him with affection.

It was a melancholy drive home, and I took myself to task more severely than I had ever done before in the whole course of my life. I was not pleased with myself. I thought I might and *ought* to have spoken to Gertrude. She was innocent in heart, pure in action; but every woman should be, like Cæsar's wife, "above suspicion and above reproach." I could have remonstrated with any one but her; and again I blamed my cowardice. But she was impatient of reproof; and, when angry, indulged in such a torrent of words as utterly to overwhelm a timid nature like my own. A sense of duty, however, would have upheld me; and, in my carriage, twenty miles distant, I was brave enough to contend with forty such haughty tempers. Why had I not been friend, firm, kind friend enough to probe, knowing I meant to heal? I hated myself for condemning her. I felt as if I were guilty of a kind of treachery. To condemn, to upbraid, to be mute—mute still—mute though she were on the road to utter ruin! I felt like the poor mother who sees her child on the brink of a precipice when the utterance of a single word might either prevent or hasten the catastrophe. Nature and instinct taught her a preservative. Nature and instinct in this instance were no guides to me.

I could not realize the idea of John Latimer's wife being faithless, even in thought. I could not conceive of a married woman's forgetting the ties of duty and religion. I blamed Harry Vaughn far less than I did Gertrude. A right-minded man never voluntarily loves the wife of another without a tacit encouragement on her part.

In this unhappy affair—and here I was at a loss how to act—they were both self-deceived. They imagined themselves *only* friends when I knew them to be lovers. It was an inexplicable mystery, one of the anomalies of human life; and I could only pray that their own sense of propriety and moral rectitude would teach them how to recede from the awful chasm on whose very verge they stood, while the ground beneath their feet was slowly, slowly crumbling.

Shortly after my return home, the Latimers left for the Continent. They were still in Paris when I received Gertrude's first letter. It was a brilliant letter, full of intense enjoyment and thorough appreciation of the beauties of art, at whose shrine she daily worshipped.

"Mr. Latimer was so good and kind! Although these scenes were old to him, he was delighted with her enthusiasm, and took her everywhere. They drove in the Bois du Boulogne, they strolled through the Champs Elysées, they had been to Versailles; in fact, *all* was enchantment in this earthly paradise."

"Dear Gertrude," I thought, "I have done you great injustice. Your heart is in the right place, after all. It is only your excessively demonstrative manner and impulsive nature that make you appear in error."

It was a long letter, very much crossed; and, on a second perusal, I found these words, that dispelled instantaneously my happier thoughts: "Harry Vaughn is with us. His marriage has been postponed for several weeks, and in the mean time we make the tour of the Continent together."

Every steamer brought me a package from Gertrude, and now and then a few kind lines from my cousin. She was in the wildest enjoyment. Harry Vaughn was the most enchanting of travelling companions. Now they were on the Rhine, enjoying its grand and picturesque scenery; now in Florence, drinking in deep draughts of beauty among the pictures and statues at the Pitti Palace; now in the Eternal City, sauntering through the Coliseum by moonlight, visiting the Catacombs, the baths of Caracalla, hearing mass at Saint Peter's, standing motionless before the holy pictures of the Vatican. Now at Naples, sailing over her magnifi-

cent bay; now wandering through the silent streets of exhumed Pompeii, feeling an awe amid these sad evidences of a gay and luxurious people that the lapse of so many ages since its destruction served only to heighten; now ascending Vesuvius's rugged sides up to its flaming crater; now—" But why do I attempt to give an imperfect synopsis of her graphic descriptions?

She wrote finely, with power and enthusiasm; and her pen owed much inspiration also to the poetic spirit that lingered by her side, and whose cultivated mind and great historical information gave additional zest to their enjoyment of every memorial of the past.

Again she wrote from Paris.

"Harry Vaughn had gone to consummate his marriage, and would rejoin them there with his bride."

Not another word!

I waited impatiently for many days, but no letter, not even a note.

At last she wrote, hurriedly, angrily, almost ill-naturedly.

"She had seen the bride—a mere child—a sickly, puny thing; all eyes—and such eyes!—large, bright, staring; it pained you to look at them; with no graces of manner, no beauty of person. Oh, Harry Vaughn, Harry Vaughn, what a sacrifice!

"I met her with affection. Her reserve chilled me, and her eyes searched my very heart. I don't want to, but I feel I shall hate her."

They came home together. Harry had purchased an estate near Latimer Lodge called the "Willows," and it had been beautifully fitted up during his absence. I was sorry they were so near.

I did not go to the Latimers' until I was invited to a brilliant fête, given ostensibly in honor of the bridal pair, but really to gratify Gertrude's taste for display and splendor.

The Vaughns came late, certainly in bad taste, and Gertrude looked vexed and mortified. "It is that impertinent little thing," she whispered to me. "She already rules him."

I was standing near her when they were announced, and she saw my sudden start of surprise with a chagrin she in vain attempted to conceal.

I have told you before that Harry Vaughn was a handsome man, and his manly beauty was but enhanced by the perfectly lovely being leaning upon his arm: so small, so fair, so fragile, with a wealth of golden hair, and the most intense eyes I ever beheld. She came into the

room with unconscious grace, and spoke a few words of apology at their unavoidable delay in a sweet, girlish voice. I thought Gertrude rude and unkind: she made no reply but by a slight curl of the lip. Harry looked annoyed and uncomfortable; but, suddenly perceiving me, brought his wife to my side. She shook hands with me in a frank, cordial manner, and said "she felt we could not be strangers: Harry had so often spoken of Miss Danvers."

He left her to my care with a gentle smile and a soft caressing way he had of laying his hand on her head as one does on a little child or a pet dog. He came to her at the conclusion of every dance, and once or twice they strolled together through the rooms. He always brought her back to me, saying, with a half smile, "he could trust her with no one else, she was such a timid, tender little thing."

I asked her if she ever danced.

She shook her head, and I thought sighed as she spoke: "Not now: I believe I am not strong enough; besides, I was never very fond of it." Then, turning upon me the full radiance of her eyes—eyes such as we dream of, but rarely see—she said, in a mournful kind of way: "Dear Miss Danvers, I am not at all accomplished. I neither dance, nor sing, nor draw. I know no language but my own. I am very ignorant—altogether unfit to be the wife of Harry Vaughn."

"You should not say so," I observed, very gravely. "We rarely love any one for mere accomplishments or even talents. I think the qualities of the heart, a gentle and amiable disposition, attach us *more* than all the brilliant learning we can ever attain. Above all things," I continued, warmly, "above beauty, intellect, genius, accomplishments, above all earthly possessions, we love a meek, unselfish spirit, a pure and loving heart."

She looked gratified, and thanked me by one of her "seldom smiles." For a few moments she seemed lost in thought, then abruptly began: "I fear you will think me very romantic; but I should like to inspire what the French call a grand passion. One often reads of an attachment that time, nor absence, nor distance, nor estrangement can diminish; an attachment that lasts through life—that may never be returned, but still burns on with a pure, undying flame till the heart ceases to beat; such an attachment, for instance, as Petrarch felt for Laura, as Tasso for Leonora, as, in later years, Byron felt for Mary Chaworth. Ah me!" she sighed—and then, with deep pathos, added: "I

could—I *do* feel such devoted love; but I do not inspire it—I never have inspired it.”

As she ceased speaking, her eyes fell upon her husband, who was just then leading Mrs. Latimer to the music-room. They were in gay and animated conversation; and Gertrude cer-

tainly never looked more brilliant, more superbly handsome.

The sweet, childish face by my side suddenly flushed up to the very brow, then as suddenly became deadly pale.

(Conclusion in our next.)

THE ART OF MAKING WAX FRUIT AND FLOWERS.



THE PINK, JESSAMINE, DAISY, FORGET-ME-NOT, COREOPSIS, AND CYCLAMEN.

The Pink, Carnation, Clove, &c.—Many of the pinks are beautiful objects for modelling, and by no means difficult, whether single or double. We will begin with the single Indian pink, as shown in the centre of the above illustration. This flower is an annual, of a fine scarlet color, with black markings upon it as represented. First take a moderately thick wire, fix upon the end of this the pointal, which is of a forked character in all pinks, cloves, &c., as shown more fully at C in the succeeding cut. Next color a sheet of white wax of a deep crimson with carmine on both sides of it, but rather paler on the underside. Then cut out five petals, with long points, nearly of the shape shown at B, but rather fuller in the body, and with a different edge, as seen above. Put the proper markings on each petal with black, not too regularly, for fear of stiffness in appearance. Place the five petals around the top of the stalk, and bend each back, when put on; and it is advisable in this, and many other cases where the petals or other parts are to have a sudden bend given to them, to warm them for a moment in the sun or before a fire, to prevent the wax from snapping across; it is particularly necessary in

petals, which, like those of the pink, have a long narrow end to them, this part being necessarily weak, and liable to accident. Form a calyx of bright green wax, of the shape of A beneath, but smaller, roll it into a tube, with a closed end, as before described for the primrose; bring it up to the flower from the bottom of the stalk, unite it well, and the flower is finished, except that there are two or three small leaves or bracts, as they are called, at the base of the calyx.

The Single Pink is made in precisely the same manner as the Indian pink last described, but rather larger. The petals are of white wax, colored towards the end of the body of them with a fine purple, made of lake and Prussian blue, laid on with a camel hair or sable pencil. The wax which forms the calyx must be of a dark green, powdered over, when the flower is finished, with arrowroot or other white downy powder, to give the slight degree of mealiness observed on this flower, as well as upon the clove, carnation, &c.

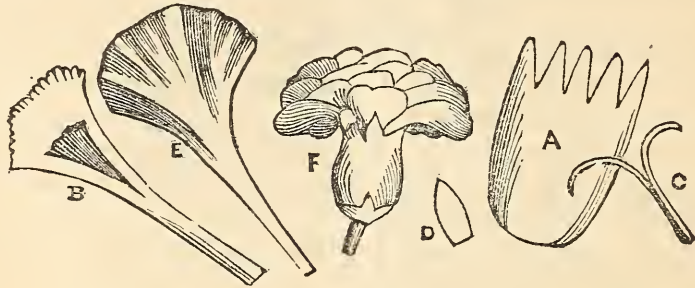
The double pink contains from thirty to forty petals, all of the same shape, except that the inner ones are somewhat narrower than those near the edge. The petals being ready, attach

them around the top of the stem, folding each more or less back, till the whole together shall form a shape similar to about one-third of an orange cut off. There are great varieties of pinks, the markings, edgings, and form of which vary considerably.

Clove and Carnation.—We somewhat forestall the subject of double flowers, by introducing here the double clove, the carnation, and picatee. The formation of them is the same as for a double pink. The cut beneath shows the shape of the various parts at A, E, and D, while F shows the general shape of the flower when complete. E is a full-sized petal of a carnation, with the

markings or stripes required, but these flowers, as well as the picatees, are so extremely varied in these respects that, as in the case of the tulip, ranunculus, and others, a real flower, or a good colored copy of one must be had as a pattern. They may all be made of white wax, colored as circumstances require, some picatees may be made of light yellow, and cloves of pink wax, colored with dry lake, or carmine mixed with a little black, to give the peculiar dark crimson of the clove. The markings of the carnation are generally of carmine for some of the stripes, and of a purple for others.

The Jasmine.—Choose the finest wire for the



stalk, the darkest green for the leaves, and the purest white wax for the flower. The engraving will show the general arrangement and shape of the various parts; the flowers are there represented as of full size, but the leaf is in nature about double of that depicted. No particular remark is to be made relative to the formation of the flower itself; all is extremely easy; the only care is to join the two edges of the tube of the white flower carefully, for it may be made all in one piece. To bend this part, and all other tubular flowers, fold the wax, while warm, over the stem of the curling pin, or of a wire of proper size. In this flower there are no stamens required to be seen.

The Daisy.—For the centre of a daisy, cut a strip of deep yellow wax, an inch or more in length, and a quarter of an inch broad, into thread-like strips, not quite, however, cutting through the whole width, thus not quite separating each from the others; twist the piece thus cut round the end of a wire, and trim the tops of them, so as altogether to be of a round form. This ought now to resemble the top of a round painting brush, about a quarter of an inch over; trim them up at the back also, so as not to cut them separate from each other, lest they fall apart, but merely to make them smooth and even; next take a round piece of white wax, and cut it into from twenty to thirty divisions, as shown in the representation of the daisy flower; pass this up from the bottom of the stalk, and press it until it adheres well around the

centre boss. Next cut a circular piece of green wax half the size of the white piece, and join it beneath. The flower will thus be formed.

The Forget-me-not.—This is a very different flower from any we have yet attempted. It had better be cut from white wax by a tin shape, of which one is given of proper form on page 143. Color them of a bright blue, except near the very centre of the flower, where it should be of a pure white, while the five thread-like stamens are of a bright yellow. The flower-buds are pink. The flowers may be scattered, or in a close spike, as they are found of both characters. The stem must be of fine wire, the flowers and buds formed separately, and put on so that the most pinkish ones are at the top of the bunch; these are very small, and are curled round, like a scorpion's tail. The blue used to color the wax for the florets should be cobalt or ultramarine; the former is the best. Two or three bunches of flowers may be upon the same stem.

The Coreopsis.—The light delicate character of this flower, and its rich color, give great effect to a group. It is to be made precisely in the same manner as the daisy; the centre is black, slightly sprinkled with yellow; the petals are a deep rich orange, and the marks upon them are a rich brown, formed by burnt umber painted upon them. The calyx is light green, and formed of a number of small leaves placed lapping over each other. There are nine or ten petals, and they are jagged at the edge, as shown in the flower at the right of the cut, page 421.

The Cyclamen.—This is the next flower in order, and is represented on page 421. It differs from all the others in having the petals, which are five in number, bent back. The flowers are altogether curious. They are of a whitish pink color in the English species, and to be formed of white wax, slightly tinted with carmine or lake. The stamens are not visible, therefore they need not be made. The stalk is about three inches long, and it is to have a small lump of wax at the end of it, to form the flower upon; the petals are to be held to the fire for a moment to be made very pliable, then placed on the little lump and pressed down tight; each one, as it is put on, being turned up, as shown in the cut. The calyx and stalk are to be of a very dark green wax. The calyx is of one piece cut at the rim into five blunt points. The seed-vessel is of a light brown; it may be made of any refuse pieces, and is about the size of a small pea, but oval; its calyx half covers it. The leaves are of a very dark green, with white lines and margin. Each flower and leaf grows on a separate stalk, which rises immediately from the root. The stem of the seed-vessel is curiously twisted round and round, like a corkscrew, and more so as the seed ripens, until at length the seed-vessel lies on the ground, and thus it may be said to sow its own seed.

Another species or variety of cyclamen is common in the gardens or greenhouses, the petals of which are beautifully tinted with a fine dark pink, near the lower end of them, or for about a quarter of an inch of the part turned over. The leaves are the same. There is also the cyclamen coum, with small short scarlet flowers and round or kidney-shaped leaves.

OTHER SIMPLE FLOWERS.

The manner of making the above flowers will show the general management to be observed with all flowers of a simple character; to imitate them with facility requires only a little practice, and presuming that the tyro has already attained some little degree of facility of operation, it will not be necessary to enter into others with so minute particulars; the following remarks may, however, be useful, and with a real flower to work with, no difficulty can arise. The flowers which are next enumerated are such as can be made in wax with much perfection, and are such as are usually chosen for that purpose.

The Laburnum.—This is one of the prettiest and easiest flowers to make in wax. Twelve or fourteen flowers or buds may form the bunch. They are to be of the brightest yellow wax, and made on slender wire. The flower consists of

a crooked lump for the bottom, then two side pieces, and a standard at top; this last has several veins of dark purple upon its inner side. The whole, when finished, will be drooping, and therefore in much estimation to group with more stiff and massive flowers.

The Convolvulus.—A very difficult flower. The varieties white, with five pink stripes, or purple with pink stripes, are the prettiest. After having cut the shapes all of one color, that is, either white left uncolored, or tinted on the inner side with fine rich blue, with a trace of red in it, lay upon the piece thus cut to form the flower five long triangular strips of pink wax; rub them gently, till they adhere nicely; then, having it warm, fold it over the wooden forming shape depicted in page 142, fig. 5, being careful to soak the shape for a minute or two in warm, but not hot water: first rub it gently on the outside, until the edges come together, when they must be joined very carefully and neatly. Form the rim in proper shape, according to the flower copied, and take it off the mould. Now prepare the stem, which may be a rather thick wire, finer wires ready waxed being used for the flowers and leaves. There is always a flower on one side the stalk, and a leaf opposite to it on the other, a circumstance very likely to be overlooked. The buds come out very rapidly, and the flowers decay as soon; thus, in a group there should never be more than one or two flowers expanded. The bud is twisted before opening. The leaf is heart-shaped.

Bell Flowers.—These are all difficult to make, they are most of a blue or purple color, the corolla of one piece, and its edge cut into five divisions or teeth. They may be bent into shape upon the former, No. 4, page 142, or upon others made on purpose, according to the size and shape of the flower to be imitated.

The Tobacco.—The noblest species, the Virginian tobacco, is made in the same manner as the bell flowers; it is of a fine pink, and tubular; the calyx is also somewhat tubular. It is a very good object in wax.

Honeysuckle.—This is a trumpet-shaped or tubular flower, made of yellow wax, somewhat stained with red. It has five prominent stamens. It may be made readily with a real flower to copy from. The wild honeysuckle looks perhaps the best if it is of white wax shaded with pink.

DETERMINE with yourself to employ a certain stated time, in order to acquire the virtue to which you are least disposed.

"FLORA FARLEIGH'S" MANUSCRIPT.

AN ATTACK OF AUTHORSHIP, AND HOW IT WAS CURED.

BY ALICE B. NEAL, AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING," "GETTING INTO SOCIETY," ETC. ETC.

IT is all very well for an editor in want of a nice little paragraph of chitchat to become pleasantly personal, and give his readers a photographic description of the young and lovely authoress "Ethel Elbert," for instance, who, as we all know, wrote that touching and successful novel, the "Waterman," which ran through three editions in five days, and rewarded the talented writer by a check from Messrs. Bangs & Binder, her publishers, of a clear two thousand dollars, her first six months' receipts.

Stating these little facts, in connection with the information that "Ethel Elbert"—though so widely known, translations of her book into French and German having already been made—is, at the present moment, only nineteen, and bids fair to distance all competitors, abroad and at home, is doubtless very gratifying to the young lady and her admiring friends, whose persuasions alone induced her to venture before the public; and to a large circle of attentive readers, who have already devoured the "Waterman," and, Oliver Twist-like, clamor for more. But we are obliged to throw in the distressing little conjunction at last—did it ever occur to the said editorial party what an amount of burning ambition, restless discontent, blotted foolscap, and disappointed hopes he is answerable for?

Up to the memorable winter in which the "Waterman," the "Street Sweeper," and the light and graceful trifles of "Effie Effington" made their appearance, Miss Lizzie Van Wagnen had been content not only with the goods but the position that fate had provided. She had been allowed all the advantages that the flourishing female seminary located in her native village could give, played the piano sufficiently well for all social purposes, had a few French phrases at command, and of course was well versed in physiology and political economy; the Edgeville Female Seminary priding itself on the solidity and thoroughness of its course.

A favorite alike with teachers and pupils, she had the satisfaction of reading the valedictory to a crowd of nearly three hundred people,

including the three clergymen on the examining committee, the two doctors of Edgeville, two judges, and a member of Congress, all of whom pronounced the subject—"Our Country, its Past and Future"—to be treated in a masterly manner. Certainly, the closing pages on "Woman and her Influence," reverting by a natural transition to what *this* graduating class was destined to accomplish, was admirably touching, to judge from the tears and pocket-handkerchiefs of her late companions and the female portion of the audience generally.

Edgeville was democratic in feeling as well as politics to a certain extent; and, since Mrs. Van Wagnen had been a "Spencer" before her marriage, one of the best families in the country, and her husband high-sheriff at one time, society kindly overlooked the fact that her means were straitened at present, and that she and her daughter had no domestic assistance but a little bound girl, and increased their worldly store as far as possible by taking in plain sewing.

Now that Lizzie was out of school, her needle flew more rapidly, and with almost as much precision as her mother's, trained by far longer practice. But Lizzie brought a light heart and boundless anticipations to her task, and stitched a great many delightful day-dreams into the collars and wristbands, while her mother's eyes were dimmed by disappointments of the past and apprehensions for the future.

She was not obliged to make work a toil, as do those who have no other dependence, for Mrs. Van Wagnen had the rent of a little office building coming in; and her son Augustus, who was a salesman in the city, with a fair salary, differed so far from the rest of his day and generation that he not only kept out of debt, but sent his mother a regular quarterly amount that she could depend upon. For recreation, there was her music, though the piano had seen its best days in her mother's time; walks, occasional visits, and, chiefest of all, the new books and magazines. Several of the last her brother sent her; and Mr. Borden, the chief bookseller

of the place, a friend of Augustus, had kindly given her the loan of all the new publications as they arrived. She sat up all night to read the “Watchman;” and, crying over it, as every one did, lost a morning’s work from the headache which this literary dissipation produced. She had cut out and preserved in her scrap-book many of “Effie Effington’s” choicest “Flowers of Fancy” long before they had been collected, and handed up their authoress into imperishable fame and inexhaustible fortune. No wonder that she read with avidity every scrap of personal information with regard to “these new constellations,” as they were most generally called, longed to be the possessor of their autographs, and envied all who were fortunate enough to have seen even Brady & Gurney’s wonderful daguerreotypes of them, as Augustus had.

Turning over the attractive pages of the last thrilling romance issued by Messrs. Bangs & Binder—the “Flower of an Hour,” by L’Inconnu—while she awaited Mr. Borden’s permission to abstract it from the well-laden circular counter on which all the new publications were to be found, a sudden thought almost took away her breath, and set her heart beating so rapidly that she was obliged to sit down until Mr. Borden was disengaged. By the time he had dismissed his customer, she had recovered herself sufficiently to be able to return coherent replies to his very polite inquiries for her mother and brother, but her cheeks were still flushed and her eyes brightened by the tumult of her thoughts. Mr. Borden, a precise but kindly bachelor, verging towards middle-age and portliness, thought he had never seen her look more lovely. He quite decided in his own mind that she was prettier than the darling Miss Mustin, indeed the prettiest girl in Edgeville, and he knew them all, as the chief of the picnic and sleighing department for the last ten years. Mr. Borden thought it was odd this had never occurred to him so distinctly before; but then she had grown up so under his eyes, and had sat on his knee many a time when he and Augustus began to be friends.

Lizzie, securing the coveted volume, left the obliging bookseller to these reflections, as she hurried home and buried herself in the fascinating pages. But, while she grieved over the sore trials and early hardships of the heroine, and the reckless cruelty of society towards her, found her mind wandering strangely to a still more absorbing possibility.

What if she should write a book herself! Why not? Oh, what if she did, and it should

succeed! What would Augustus say? How the advertisement in the “Daily Edgeville Mercury” would astonish her acquaintances! They would have a new parlor carpet—yes, and a piano, perhaps; who could tell? And she should be asked to sit for her picture at Brady’s when she went to town for the amount of the first edition; and Mr. Willis would write a mysterious little complimentary paragraph about her for the “Home Journal,” which would at once stimulate curiosity and the sale of the book. Fame, fortune, flattery, all following one successful effort!

So she dreamed over the “Flower of an Hour.” And so it happened that twice the next morning she darned the buttonholes of a fine linen bosom together instead of working them, and lost two precious hours when she was dying to commence the “Errand Boy,” for so she had decided her story should be called. Already a most touching picture of poverty and want, as the opening chapter began to shape itself. She had not yet confided these aspirations to her mother, so it is not to be wondered at that she was reprimanded for her carelessness, or that it was received with the indifference of newly awakened genius conscious of a soul above—buttonholes.

Of late, she had left her mother’s larger apartment, and occupied alone the narrow hall bedroom which had been her brother’s. This retreat now became doubly dear.

How her hand trembled when she locked the door and sat down with a quire of fresh paper, and an old atlas for her portfolio.

Chapter I—then a long pause, with a little downward flutter of spirit. “But why not?” as she had before reasoned. The authoress of the “Watchman,” it was well known, had never written a line before she essayed its earlier chapters in the parlor magazine. “L’Inconnu” expressly stated in her preface that this was *her* “blushing maiden effort.” And so the pen was dipped afresh in the little square glass inkstand on the window-ledge, and finally flew over the paper with the increasing inspiration of the theme—a bitter snow-storm and a starving family.

Such was the commencement. Chapter twenty-seventh and last was finally accomplished. The intervening ground, it must be acknowledged, was not all coursed over as swiftly: there were many erasures, paragraphs reconsidered, and whole pages rewritten; an entire revolution in the plot, besides; for, whereas the benevolent old gentleman who made his first appearance in the snow-storm with bread

for the brothers and sisters, and shoes for the shivering hero, was to have adopted him, on second thought he only offered him a place in his store, where he rose in the most rapid and unexampled manner to be confidential clerk, junior partner, and finally married the old gentleman's only daughter, a fairy-like, blue-eyed child, when first introduced, with a profusion of light flaxen curls, white frocks, blue sashes, and knowledge beyond her years.

But the manuscript was finished at last, copied entirely for the third time, heads of chapters looked up and supplied from the dictionary of poetical quotations; and finally, in its perfected state, paged, tied with a flowing blue ribbon, and ready to go into the hands of the publisher.

But the "hands of the publisher" and printer, though linked in a commercial point of view, are oftentimes very far apart where a manuscript is concerned; and this was a fact that magazine tales of beautiful young authoresses, who raise whole families from want by their unaided pens, had made tolerably familiar. But then they always *did* find a most disinterested and generous publisher at last; and so should she, no doubt, reasoned Lizzie to her mother, finally the sharer of the six months' secret. The confession had set Mrs. Van Wagnen's mind at ease in more ways than one. Lizzie's inattention and carelessness about her work, her abstraction, and finally an almost settled irritability of temper had been a source of great unhappiness to her, at loss to account for the change. Now it was all explained, for, though Mrs. Van Wagnen wondered if everybody who wrote books became impatient and irritable, she was very glad it was not "a disease of the spine," or a hopeless attachment, or any other of the distressing causes she had conjured up. No wonder Edgeville was tame, and the slow returns from her needle almost beggarly, by comparison with the society and the gains of the successful authoress which Lizzie had so long been in anticipation; and, though her mother thought it her duty to place a faint background of possibility to the dazzling picture, she cried over the "Errand Boy," as Lizzie read it aloud, sufficiently to please even the exacting authoress, and ended by looking at it with wonder and amazement as the production of a child of hers.

And now arose the question as to whether Augustus should be admitted into the confidence of "Flora Farleigh;" for Lizzie, after innumerable changes, had finally decided on this attractive *nom de plume*, justly thinking that so plain a name as Van Wagnen would have very little

chance among the "Graces," "Alices," "Claras," and "Fannys" of the literary sisterhood. Lizzie had her first misgivings connected with her brother. He was always so extremely practical, and, being much older, was a little given to "putting her down." Fortunately, at this juncture, a long talked of invitation was received from Augustus to pass a week with him in the city at the comfortable and quiet boarding-house in which he had been a fixture for the last five years.

The precious manuscript was placed in the tray of her trunk, the last preparations finished, and Lizzie, escorted by Mr. Borden, who was going down to attend the fall trade sales, an admirable opportunity, set out on her momentous journey.

At any other time, the visit, with its little incidents of travel, would have been an all-engrossing event; but now she scarcely noticed Mr. Borden's formal but really polite attentions, or heard his well expressed remarks upon the scenery. Unsuspecting man! He thought it was entirely out of consideration to himself, and what would be likely to interest him, that she asked so many questions with reference to the book trade and the different publishers. He grew quite communicative and at his ease as he told of the urbanity of Washington, the enterprise of Bangs & Binder, the extent and tastefulness of the Worthingtons' establishment, and the large investments of the Cowper Brothers.

There were very few boarders at Mrs. Brown's, the family in which Augustus had domesticated himself, and the table and parlor were much pleasanter in consequence. No one was afraid of compromising their dignity or position by a sociable chat with their right-hand neighbor; and Miss Van Wagnen felt at home almost from the first. She particularly fancied a straightforward, cheerful-looking woman, no longer young, who seemed to be a great friend of her brother, and for his sake inclined to pay her those quiet little attentions which are so grateful to a stranger among strangers. But, though Augustus supplied her in the most unexpected and liberal manner with money for the shopping he naturally supposed she would need for her first visit to New York, and promised to take her to Greenwood, and Niblo's, and High Bridge, she was far from being happy the first few days she passed at Mrs. Brown's. Her manuscript—that was the uppermost thought, even when being fitted for a handsome summer silk Mrs. Hall, her new acquaintance, had kindly gone with her to choose at Stewart's,

and answered quite at random when asked about the depth of the basque and the width of the sleeves.

Here she was in New York, passing the places to which her heart and imagination had long ago been sent forward, and yet no nearer her object than if she had been in Edgeville. She had instinctively decided that Augustus was not to be confided in unless she was successful. She knew so little of the city, and was so confused in the bustle and crowd of Broadway, that she scarcely dared to venture out alone, and yet hope deferred was making her very pettish and unreasonable when Augustus was doing all he could to amuse and interest her. He had noticed this fluctuation of her spirits, and thought Lizzie far less pretty and amiable than she had ever appeared before. Every time she opened her trunk, the blue ribboned manuscript was the first thing to be seen. Really, "it was very trying," to use one of her mother's favorite expressions; and one morning, having seen Augustus off to Park Place, and knowing that Mrs. Hall was engaged in her own room, and so not likely to notice and ask if she should accompany her, the "Errand Boy," enveloped in a sheet of clean yellow wrapping-paper, took its first airing in search of a publisher.

Poor child! if her heart beat the faster for asking one of the busy shopmen at Stewart's the price of muslins and barèges, how was it likely to sink when actually on the threshold of the Worthington's palace-like establishment. She stood by the huge plate glass window a long time, though there was nothing to be seen but a globe and piles of huge books of engravings, not at all attractive outwardly in their sombre leather bindings. No; she would go to Washington's first; that too was on Broadway; and Mr. Borden said he was always so polite and kind. She had depended most on Bangs & Co.; for, though a new firm, they were widely known in the country, and whatever they touched seemed to turn to gold, judging from their handbills and advertisements. None of *their* books ever sold less than twenty thousand. But they were on a street that she would not be able to find without a map of the city, and so were the Cowpers. Washington had published the "Narrow, Narrow Earth," which, notwithstanding its vague title, had proved a great hit, and the Worthingtons had so much taste about their books. Then there was Striker; oh yes, she could easily find him out; and in the mean time here was Washington's number.

She took a little more courage, for there was a pair of stairs to ascend, and a passage in which

she could take breath, while, at the same time, a glass door gave her an opportunity to reconnoitre. It was very quiet, a long, plain room, light and cheerful, but nothing of the display and stir she had expected. A slight, graceful-looking man sat writing at a desk not far from the door. He glanced up and saw her just as she observed him, so she was obliged to open the door and go forward.

Yet she could scarcely hear herself speak when she asked "if this was Mr. Washington."

"No; Mr. Washington unfortunately was not in. Could he do anything for her? Would she wait until Mr. Washington returned? not more than half an hour, probably. Would she leave a message, then?"

She would call again instead; and, thankful for the respite, Lizzie rushed down the flight before her as children hurry through the dark. She took a long breath as she gained the sidewalk; and then, a little emboldened by her first effort, decided to find Striker's before she returned to Worthington's. It needed all her courage, for the store was on the most crowded, noisy corner of Broadway. Omnibuses, drays, and carriages endangered her cautious steps as she essayed several times ineffectually to cross the street, and was finally ferried over by an attentive policeman, who was some naval or military officer, she supposed, because of his uniform and the star on his breast. A band played distractingly from the balcony overhead. A soda fountain bubbled on the step; and apple-women and match-girls beset her to make a small investment.

The store itself was extremely narrow, not one-third as large as Mr. Borden's, even, in rustic Edgeville, and crowded with magazines and new publications of every description, American and foreign. The counters were heaped, the shelves were loaded, the very floor was piled; while men and boys rushed in and out, each intent on his own business, and equally regardless of his neighbor.

Cowardly Lizzie! She stood irresolute by the glass case near the door for a few moments, her face burning with blushes, not knowing whom to apply to; and then turned and walked out among the apple-women, who besieged her as vigorously as before.

Certainly no very great progress so far; and the walk back was long and hot, a burning sun reflected back from the dry and dusty pavement. She thought she should never reach the Worthingtons again; and, when she did, physical fatigue was added to the nervous tremor with which she had stood there before. But it would

not do to give up without an attempt; and, with a great effort at self-control, she entered the lofty and tasteful building.

Here, too, every one was intent on the occupation of the moment, but there was no bustle or confusion; and she summoned courage to arrest the youngest clerk she could see, a mere boy, in fact, and asked for Mr. Worthington. "Was he in?"

The boy did not know.

"Would he see?"

No response.

"Would he be so good as to inquire if she could see Mr. Worthington a moment?"

The youth looked up from his writing again, and coolly scanned her from head to foot. The hesitating, timid manner, the roll of manuscript which she grasped nervously, revealed her errand to his practised eye; then, slowly quitting his post, he sauntered up the store without another word, and returned no more.

Very few people passed in or out. There did not seem to be half so many customers as at Mr. Borden's, where some one was always looking over things if they did not purchase. A little further on were comfortable chairs, and what seemed to be library tables at which a few solemn-looking men in black Leghorn hats, several of them, sat reading. They were clergy-men from the country, and bookworms generally. No one spoke to her as she stood ready to drop with the unusual fatigue of walking on the hard city pavement, and every moment growing more depressed and irresolute.

Presently, a little, sharp-featured, oldish-looking man, with a volume in his hand and a pen behind his ear, crossed directly in front of her, and was arrested more by her manner than the faint words she managed to stammer forth:

"Was Mr. Worthington in?"

"Really he did not know; would make inquiries." And he too vanished in the far away perspective, having first handed her one of the green-cushioned chairs with an absent-minded air of habit rather than courtesy.

It was perhaps five minutes more before he appeared again, and then it was to say: "Mr. Worthington was particularly engaged. Would she leave her business with him?"

Out on Broadway again, her heart swelling and her lips quivering in a very babyish fashion. She was thankful for the shelter of her blue *barège* veil as she hurried along towards the cross street leading to Mrs. Brown's; and relieved herself by a good cry when she reached there.

It must be confessed that the "Errand Boy"

was tossed on to the bed with the most disrespect ever shown to the treasured pages; and for the first half hour its fair authoress was inclined to think it might stay there for all she cared!

At any other time, Mrs. Hall's friendly tap at the door would have been welcome. But now her hair was disordered, and worse still her eyes were red, unmistakable evidences of her late employment.

Mrs. Hall's room adjoined her own, and she had only come to ask her to come and sit awhile for a more sociable chat than they could enjoy down stairs.

"I have been very much occupied since you were here, my dear," she said, too polite to notice the young girl's discomposure; "but I have sent my last page of manuscript to the printer, this morning, and shall be quite at liberty for a few days."

Lizzie actually stared back her astonishment. Mrs. Hall smiled good-naturedly.

"So you did not know I was one of those dreadful creatures, an authoress? See, this is my workshop."

It was a cheerful, home-like apartment, with very little litter of books or papers. A few volumes on the table, an ordinary writing-stand and portfolio in close neighborhood to a work-basket, and a half-darned stocking.

"But you are not *the* Mrs. Hall, surely," said Lizzie, on whom the possibility of her friend's identity had never dawned. "Why, you never talk much about books, and you dress so nicely, and you can sew! Did you really write 'Traits and Trials,' and all those books?" And she pointed to a row of Mrs. Hall's productions in very shabby bindings, evidently kept only for reference.

"I believe I did."

The young girl's freshness and *naïveté* pleased the authoress, surfeited by social and stereotyped public compliments. A look into the cheerful and sensible face decided the much tried "Flora Farleigh" at once. Here was, then, her best adviser, truly "a friend in need." The quick impulse of the moment carried her through the confession of her own aspirations and the morning's disappointment. Mrs. Hall's face gradually changed from an amused to a very sober expression.

"My dear child, did you really believe these wonderful stories of marvellous editions and ready-made fortunes? You see all those books? Well, I have written steadily and industriously fifteen years, and I have always lived very plainly, and I have not yet laid by enough to

carry me decently through old age and uselessness. Will you let me see your manuscript?”

When the fluttering blue ribbon had been tied in, Lizzie would confidently have handed it to the Messrs. Worthington themselves. Now she unrolled it hesitatingly. Every recognized fault magnified itself, every page she was not quite sure of darted into her recollection.

Mrs. Hall twisted the ribbon around her finger. “Bad to begin with! It’s not an examination theme, recollect. Printers have very little regard for the graces. What they want is a bold, round hand.” She held up a page full of corrections and interlineations, but perfectly legible, nevertheless, though the hand was more like a clerk’s than Lizzie’s fine writing-school chirography.

“I won’t look over it now. If you will leave it with me, I will give you a fair, unbiassed opinion to-morrow. Sincerity is the greatest kindness in such a case; and you shall go with me to my publishers, the Worthingtons; and I have business at Bangs & Binder’s, too. You shall hear what they have to say about novels nowadays.”

Sheltered by the ample figure of the kind-hearted Mrs. Hall, Lizzie did not tremble even at entering the awful presence of Mr. Bangs himself. Mr. Bangs, decidedly the most pushing man in trade, the Napoleon of advertising, the patron of so much youth, and beauty, and talent, was by no means what she had pictured, a tall, showy-looking, much-to-be-dreaded person, with a quick step and loud voice. Mr. Bangs, on the contrary, was remarkably quiet and gentlemanly in personal appearance; and, though his keen blue eyes never missed a chance for a “successful run,” they had a kindly and withal humorous twinkle as he conversed with Mrs. Hall, for whom he seemed to have great consideration and respect.

“Here it is,” he said, as she entered, taking up a brown paper parcel, suspiciously, like a manuscript. “I am sorry I cannot oblige your young friend; but there is a perfect revulsion in public taste. The dear children, having had sugar-plums so long, cry for solids. Between us, Mrs. Hall, though I sold eighteen thousand of ‘Effie Effington’s Fancies,’ I wouldn’t venture to count on two of a new volume by her—hardly on a second ‘Watchman,’ though, you know, that had an enormous run. Now there’s the ‘Flower of an Hour:’ Striker told me only this morning it had not paid expenses. To tell the truth, we have dropped sentiment.”

“For politics it pays better, I dare say,” returned Mrs. Hall, as a loud voice from the outer

store sang out: “Three dozen Fremonts this way!”

“Just now, yes,” said Mr. Bangs, good-naturedly; “till after this canvass is over.”

“Can I do anything else for you, Mrs. Hall? That is the thirty-ninth manuscript my reader has rejected this month, positively.”

“Popularity is always a burden, you know. You have made so many successes that I suppose people think, whatever their merits, *your* name will sell the book.”

“One must not gamble on one’s reputation, so much the more careful now.” And Mrs. Hall, having already risen to go, Mr. Bangs conducted the ladies through the labyrinth of packing-boxes to the front of the store.

“Well,” said Mrs. Hall, as they regained the street, “and this is a sensible, well-written, domestic story, by a person far from unpractised. Now we go to the Worthingtons.”

She did not wait for messages at the threshold, as our heroine had done; and Lizzie wondered, when she found herself following her chaperone up the tessellated floor between aisles of costly and valuable books, if it could have been only yesterday that she stood there trembling and thinking. Mrs. Hall seemed very well known to the shopmen, who made way for her with alacrity and politeness, until they came to the entrance of a cheerful little parlor or reception-room, handsomely furnished and carpeted, with pictures, busts, and a corner book-case by way of ornament. It was the inner sanctum of the Worthingtons; and here the head of the firm was to be found, lounging in a comfortable library chair, and striking his well-kept hands carelessly with an ivory paper folder as he talked. He rose to welcome Mrs. Hall, and acknowledged the introduction to her companion with a courtly bow.

“I have brought Miss Van Wagnen to see something of your establishment,” said Mrs. Hall, when some little matter in reference to a title-page and preface had been settled.

“Which I shall be very happy to show her,” said Mr. Worthington, with another look and bow, in which he had decided that the young lady was extremely pretty, though rather rustic. “Quite a relief. Do you know, Mrs. Hall, I really trembled at first for fear you had brought me another book for rejection. You carry a suspicious-looking parcel.”

“You have seen it before. Don’t be alarmed. I shall not recommend any more of my friends to you.”

“But imagine my feelings: a person as sensitive as I am to be obliged to say ‘No’ such a

number of times every day. You have no idea of the people that come here. Let me see: There's a Choctaw dictionary, five volumes of poems, a treatise on the federal constitution, three novels already this morning. The novels are the worst. Such trash! There's five manuscripts ready to return." And he pointed to a window seat in which the parcels were lying, directed to the luckless authors.

"And see here." He opened a deep box or drawer within reach. "There, Miss Van Wagnen. Quite full, you perceive. Now, isn't my situation to be deplored, particularly with the pretty faces and pathetic stories that besiege me? Sometimes I'm tempted to set up as a benevolent publisher, if you can imagine such a thing, Mrs. Hall, and ruin myself."

Lizzie smiled, in spite of her sinking hopes, at this mournful state of affairs.

"Why, actually, I have got so now that, when any one asks to see me, I inquire if they have a manuscript; and, if so, invariably return word that I am engaged."

This, then, was the solution of yesterday's ineffectual attempt. Miss Van Wagnen's face glowed again as she caught the look Mrs. Hall directed towards her.

"Speaking seriously," continued Mr. Worthington, addressing the elder lady, "tales are a perfect drug. I doubt if Miss Edgeworth herself would gain a hearing. I'm very glad your book is a biography this year. That 'Watchman' and 'Newsboy' furor has ruined the market. Crude, ill-conceived, romantic novels, with at best a questionable moral tendency, written by inexperienced school-girls or worn-out literary hacks, who have followed up the accidental opening, have been ruinous to really good books, and we must wait for the reaction. It won't be this year, though."

"We need a more healthy school, I know," said Mrs. Hall, in the pause.

"Oh yes, unquestionably: appealing to common sense instead of morbid sensibility, and delineated with a more practised hand. It is perfect folly for those who have had no opportunity for the study of character, and little or no experience in life, to attempt to draw what they can scarcely appreciate. I can say this to you, and before Miss Van Wagnen, who is not bitten, I am sure, by this almost universal *caecithes scribendi*."

Down, down sank the barometer of "Flora Farleigh's" hopes and expectations as she listened to this well-tryed judgment, and heard

Mrs. Hall's response—"All noble growths are slow."

It was a relief that Mr. Worthington led the way to the immense semi-subterranean department just then, where stacks of "polite literature" were ranged on either hand, and country orders were being filled by hundreds and thousands of volumes.

It was well for the "Errand Boy" that it was summer-time, and no fire at hand, when its author received it from Mrs. Hall again. As it was, it has made no little sensation in the private circles of Edgeville, where Lizzie is glad to say it has never been offered for publication, and never will be, when urged to have it printed by some delighted reader; and she always sends a grateful thought to Mrs. Hall for sparing her the mortification of unqualified rejection.

She rose very much in that lady's opinion by the way in which her disappointment was borne, going to see the Ravels, that same evening, with Augustus and Mr. Borden, and enjoying her first pantomime exceedingly.

It is not very probable that she will ever become an authoress, even with the advantage of practice and Mrs. Hall's friendly criticism, since she is now busily engaged with her needle on her own wedding-clothes. Mr. Borden is the happy man, the engagement dating back to the return trip from New York; which intelligence quite reconciled her mother to the unprinted tale, and pleased Augustus much better than the amplest literary success would have done.

THE POWER AND EFFICACY OF BOOKS.

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. As good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

THE FRENCH AT HOME.

THE French and Americans differ so entirely in their manner of keeping house and managing the culinary department, that it becomes a matter of interest to compare notes, and see which plan is the best. Although some of the American ladies do not disdain to market a little in a fancy way, trading in fruit or flowers, the burden of this business, the *dinner* buying, falls on the master of the house or the servants. A French lady dresses for the street, takes a basket in her hand, and seeks the market-house herself. If Monsieur feels inclined to superintend the purchases made, he walks behind her, his hands in his pockets, occupying a subordinate place in the important errand. Her purchases are made with an appearance of great importance, her watercresses and eggs bidden for, and a *sou* taken from the original price with as much energy and eagerness as if her life depended upon the result of the bargain.

A French lady will allow her intimate friends, if so inclined, to walk into the *cuisine* and converse with her, while she is dressing her purchases. Imagine the horror of an American lady should her friend enter the kitchen while, with her hair in papers and her arms bared, she is busy in the manufacture of some dainty for the table!

In Paris, where labor is readily obtained and scantily paid for, the care of housekeeping loses half its toil. The French are a frugal race, and, although no cookery can surpass theirs, in private they live very plainly. Madame would rather market herself, herself prepare the family repast, and live plainly, to purchase, with what she saves by such actual labor, a new ribbon or pair of gloves than lie idle, and feast luxuriantly in soiled gloves and dress.

A stranger, who means to make a lengthened stay in Paris, consults his own convenience by going to housekeeping; but, for a short stay, a restaurant is preferable, as it affords an insight into French manners and cookery to be obtained in no other way; and many an amusing scene occurs between the *garçons* and the foreigners, which one well acquainted with the French language may relish highly. The man who called for a *tirebotte* (bootjack), instead of a turbot, was only one of many forlorn Englishmen who depend upon their guide-book and a

notion of Frenchified English to give their orders.

A French restaurant on Sunday (when no one dines at home) is a crowded and most amusing scene. The *garçon* rushes from one



A GARÇON.

table to another, napkin under his arm, a pile of dishes between his hands, and not unfrequently a small dish between his teeth, deposits his burden to suit the varied orders, and returns to the kitchen to enter again, laden in a similar manner. The many cries of *garçon* are answered with a brisk "*Tout de suite;*" or, "*Oui, monsieur, un moment,*" while the lively waiter seems, from his rapidity of motion, to possess



A FRENCH COOK.

the faculty of being in several places at once. And it is here in the *café* that the cook reigns

supreme. Frugal as the French may be in their home consumption, they expect the choicest of cooking at a restaurant; and to suit their dainty palates the chief of the *cuisine* must do his best. My lord of the ladle enters his territories with the air of being monarch of all he surveys, dons his tasseled cap, ties on his apron, takes his sceptre of office, the ladle, gives his whole soul to his business, and "turns out" such dishes as make *Milord*, the Englishmen, and the Yankees who may enter the premises open their unsophisticated eyes in amazement at the choice combination, the *ragouts*, the *fricassées*, the *sauce piquante*, and the *à la modes* that the *professor* of the art of cooking sends up to them. A French cook's office is no sinecure. He must

"put his best foot foremost," exert his surpassing talents to the utmost, combine, cook, taste, and "dish up" in his most masterly manner, or look to his laurels. He will take the most unpromising materials, and, by seasoning and happy combinations of flavors, entirely disguise the rude elements of which his exquisite *ragout* is composed, making it impossible for any but a brother in the profession or a French epicure to ascertain, by mere tasting, of what the dish before him is made.

Whole families, including the *bonne*, baby, and not unfrequently the lap-dog, dine at these eating-saloons on Sunday; and, strange as it may seem to those who have only seen Frenchmen abroad, eat most voraciously. They do



A FAMILY PARTY.

not enter as an American would, eat their food as if the locomotive and train waited for them at the door, pay the bill, take their hats and vanish, the whole operation not occupying five minutes; no: Monsieur and madame with the attendant family enter, take off hats and bonnets, pin a large napkin under their chins, call upon the *garçon*, give most minute directions about the repast, and then proceed to enjoy themselves. Their various viands are not all placed upon one plate, and eaten as they come, but each flavor is placed upon a clean plate, and most daintily kept apart, or mingled, as the taste of the eater directs. Conversation is kept up in a lively tone, and loud enough for all present to hear the jests and banTERS which pass

from one to the other. Dinner over, the table is cleared, a clean cloth laid, and wine and dessert appear. These are eaten most leisurely; and, after thoroughly enjoying the meal, and allowing time for it to be eaten at ease, Monsieur settles his bill, the hats and bonnets are resumed, and the whole party take up their line of march.

A Frenchman is more at home in a *café* or restaurant than, in many instances, under his own roof; spending his evenings at the former, reading the journals, playing chess or dominoes, and paying for the privilege by calls for brandy or wine.

Occasionally, a woman will enter, take her dinner or supper, and enjoy a cosy nap, apparently totally oblivious to the fact that she is

an "unprotected female." At the same time, a Frenchman, having completed his repast, will wash his face and hands in his goblet, use his napkin for a towel, adjust his hair over the table, rub his hands with lemon and bread, and finally, picking up a lump of sugar not required in his coffee, will deposit it in his pocket and make his exit. These are, of course, the peculiarities of the *restaurant* system.

There are many disadvantages to housekeeping in Paris, which would drive a thrifty American housewife frantic. Being obliged to

purchase water by the quart or gallon of course restricts one's notions of cleanliness; and many things which would shock the fastidious here are excusable there on that ground. Fuel, too, is very high; and a French lady will make many a nice dish of fruit, water-cresses, and other raw materials to save the expense of a fire. This would be a difficult privation for an American housekeeper to submit to; and her ideas must be considerably lowered when purchasing wood in a tiny bundle, price one *sou*, instead of by the cord.

HOW TO MAKE A BONNET AND CAP.

Drawn Bonnets.—Have a plain willow shape ready, the size and pattern you wish your bonnet to be; measure round the edge, and put a pencil mark to denote the half of the bonnet; measure your silk, or whatever material you are going to make your bonnet of, on the edge of the shape, and let it be five inches longer, to allow for fulness. This quantity is quite sufficient. Measure your material selvage way, regulate the edge of the bonnet very nicely; the fulness must be even, the same as putting on a shirt collar, and neat stitches are required. In drawn bonnet-making, do not cut your sewing-silk: wind it, and have your needfuls the length of the silk or material you are going to run; do not fasten off your silk at the end of the runner, as it requires drawing up before the bonnet is finished; halve the material of your bonnet, before you begin to run with white cotton, all the way down; when you have done the tucks in your bonnet material, place the silk, or anything else you may be making a bonnet of, on the willow shape, and cut a small piece ~~cut~~ at the ears to shape it like the willow shapes; never mind fastening off your ends of silk—they will be all right before you finish your bonnet. The tucks in the silk are to be run just as you would do a petticoat or a child's frock. Four or five are enough. When your bonnet is run, and ready to put on the shape, it ought to measure seven and a half or eight inches deep, according to the wearer. Old persons generally require a larger bonnet than young people. Try your hand in making a bonnet in a piece of book muslin or something common at first. The size of the tucks varies according to the taste and fashion a little. They are now worn all sizes. Some bonnets have

only three tucks with wires in them, others five. Before you get forward in your running, try the wire you are going to use, "and do not do what is too often done"—run the tucks, and then find the wire will not do. The wire had always better be too small than too large; in fact, the runners must be loose on your wire. The cane or whalebone for drawn bonnets I have never seen used. A wire, covered with cotton, is to be bought any size you wish. The wire must be very hard and firm for the edge, and soft and pliable for all the rest of your bonnet. Attend to this, or you will make people's heads ache. I would not give twopence for the prettiest bonnet ever turned out of hand if the wires were not light and soft. All these things only require attention; for little things I have no doubt some of my young readers think them in comparison to the look of a bonnet. Many persons can tell you what part of town a bonnet has been made in simply by the foundation—I mean the wires and supports of the bonnet. If you wish to make a drawn bonnet of two colors or two pieces, join them together before you begin; and now be careful, joining the work strong; and let the tuck you put in hide where it is joined, not because you would wish any one to think it was not joined, but for neatness. When you have run the tucks in your bonnet, before you begin to put in your wires, cut the piece of silk at the ends the exact shape of your pattern-frame; this after the wires are to be put in; and now place half the silk on half the willow shape; tack the silk, now the wire is in, on the shape, all around the edge of the bonnet; now pull your wires to the right size, that is, exactly like the shape; having done this, now fasten the short

wires that come down at the ears to the piece of chip and wire that you have run through the edge of the bonnet. The wire that goes in the edge of your bonnet must go quite round the back, and cross a little. It is almost the whole support of your bonnet. When the wires are all firmly fastened, you may now draw up your sewing-silk that is in the tucks. Be careful not to break them. You will find your bonnet looking better for being run well, and then drawn tight. All this must be done before you take your drawn bonnet off the willow frame. You will require five supports got ready to put in. They must be silk wire, rather firm, and the color of your bonnet. They should be cut one inch longer than the bonnet, so as to allow a small piece to be turned down, top and bottom. Put one piece in the middle of your bonnet, and the remaining four at equal distances. These wires are called supports, as they help to keep the bonnet in shape. Having reached so far with your bonnet, bind all round the back from ear to ear, and now put on your curtain. In putting on your curtain, draw the thread at the top to the size of ten inches, and make this firm; place half your curtain to the half of the back of your bonnet; now sew it on; mind the fulness is equal. If you wish to make a drawn bonnet with puffs, begin the bonnet just in the same way. When you have made a runner or tuck, push up a little of your silk: a very little will do. You require a piece of net underneath your silk. This net must be the size of the piece of silk. When you turn down the first hem, put the net inside, and run it with the silk. The use of this piece of net is that you may full your silk on it, keeping the net plain. These kind of bonnets require a lining; it should be a little full. Always bear in mind that two or three inches are a good deal of fulness in millinery, in silk, net, or anything else. When you put plain linings in any bonnet, puff net on the lining before you put it in the bonnet. If you put more than one inch inside your bonnet, put it on the lining before you put the lining in. The bonnet is lined after the outside is done, so as to keep it as fresh as possible.

Straw Bonnets.—Straw bonnets generally require some sort of lining: crape, muslin, or a thin silk. Very few are now worn with a plain lining. It requires just the same quantity to make a little fulness, which is more becoming. I will explain to you how it is that a plain lining or a plain bonnet will take just the same

quantity; or, if any difference, the plain requires more than the full. I think I hear my readers say this is very strange. You are aware that, in cutting out a plain bonnet or lining, there are several small pieces cut out to the shape. The pieces make the fulness, for the material is used on the straight when put in easy and on cross-way when plain, which compels you to cut pieces off, which, on the straight and put in full, is not required. A head lining of silk or muslin should be put in after the lining to make all neat and clean when the bonnet is worn. Straw curtains are worn; but a great many ladies prefer a silk curtain made of the ribbon to match the trimming. The curtain is best cross-way with a narrow straw on the edge. The curtain will not quite take a yard of ribbon; three and a quarter or three and a half are sufficient to trim a bonnet. Plain colors on a straw are neater than mixed, such as primrose, light or dark blue. Sarcenet ribbon is better than satin. It is a good plan to sew narrow strings on the bonnet at the same time you sew the wide tie; the narrow first: it keeps the bonnet more firm on the head. When I say narrow ribbon, I mean an inch and a half wide. An old fancy straw bonnet will make up again very well by putting some silk in between each row of straw. You must have a wire frame, and unpick the bonnet; cut some pieces of silk on the cross for puffings, and now lay your straw alternately with the silk. Unless the straw is a very good color, mix colored silk with it. This bonnet will require lining.

Simple Headdress.—Morning and evening headdresses are both very useful to those who only wear them in the evening. The lighter are the better. One most necessary thing in headdresses or caps is a good spring. By a good spring I mean a very light and pliable one. The best are round and very small, and when they fit the head are very comfortable. A good spring will last many years. To make a headdress, you require one of them and a piece of very thin, soft wire. Before you begin to work, measure some cap, or take the length with your inch measure the size you are going to make your headdress. If your spring is not quite long enough, make the wire the proper length; and now turn your wire round and make a loop like the handle of your scissors; now cover the loops with net, neatly binding the whole with black or brown ribbon; sew on loops of velvet with flowers or black lace. The quantity you use or put on must be guided by the age of the

wearer. Loops of velvet only would do at the age of twenty, but for fifty you require lace mixed.

Any colored velvet and pearls mix very well together. Two colors are generally enough to mix. You can mix almost any color with black velvet. Gold and silver ribbon is pretty with velvet. For good taste, you must be guided by the lady's dress. Flowers of any kind are more

full dress than ribbon. Gold and silver flowers are pretty for a full dress party or ball. Lappets always look pretty and graceful on the back of the head. Long streamers of velvet are worn nearly a yard long, with pearls or colored beads sewn on them. They are fastened with a gold or pearl pin at the back of the head. Large pins still continue to be worn in the back hair, and very pretty they look.

ORNAMENTAL LEATHER WORK.



CONVOLVULUS BASKET.

WE now give a Convolvulus Basket in leather work, and some further details. The December number will conclude the series of articles on Leather Work.

To Fix the Work.—The leaves and stems should be firmly attached to the wood with tacks, but the tacks must not be visible; when this cannot be effected, the liquid glue must be used.

Common pins can be used with advantage in keeping in its proper place that portion of the work where glue only can be applied for the permanent fastening. When the work becomes firmly attached, the pins can then be withdrawn from their temporary position. The piercing of the work by the pins will not, in the least, deteriorate the beauty of the leaves or flowers.

The materials required for this exquisite work are neither numerous nor expensive. Hence, at a trifling cost, splendid imitations of wood-carvings, &c., are produced.

RECIPES.

To make Size for Stiffening the Leather Work.—Simmer four ounces of strips of parchment in eight ounces of water till it is reduced one-half;

skim off any impurities that may arise to the surface; then strain it through a fine sieve, or cloth, into a basin; leave it till cold, when it will be firm and clean; when required for use, cut off as much as you want, and warm it. Use while warm.

To make Stiffening which is not affected by Damp.—Mix, cold, two ounces of Australian red gum, six ounces of orange shellac, half pint spirits of wine; put all into a bottle, and shake it up occasionally till the gums are dissolved; strain, and it is fit for use. This is far preferable to the above size, as it is more hardening, dries quicker, is always ready for use, and is never affected by damp in change of weather.

To make Mahogany Varnish Stain, which dries in a few minutes.—Mix, cold, three-quarters of a pound Australian red gum, quarter pound garnet shellac, one pint spirits of wine; put them in a bottle, and shake occasionally, till the gum is dissolved; strain, and it is fit for use. The above makes a capital varnish for leather of all kinds, especially for the leather covers of old books; it preserves them, and gives them an appearance almost equal to new.

A CONTRAST.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

(See Plate.)

BEING, by nature, rather an orderly and systematic person, I wish, before I fairly launch into my story, to draw you a sketch of the principal persons therein, who are at this moment assembled in the sitting-room of a comfortable boarding-house on the Cornish coast.

First, there is Lady Lucy Russel, the fair invalid, who is lying with her eyes half-closed upon the sofa. You see at a glance that she is beautiful: her golden hair, pale but exquisitely fair complexion, regular features, and large blue eyes fully entitle her to the claim; but, alas, a fall from her nurse's arms had rendered her a cripple for life. Her brother Arthur is leaning over her, conversing in a low tone; while near him stands Mrs. Belrose, a distant relative, who, as she is a poor widow, has kindly consented to live with and take charge of Lady Lucy for the consideration of her daughter's sharing her charge's studies. Lord Arthur is young, talented, and handsome, the heir to a large estate, and extremely proud of his wealth, personal appearance, and good old family. Mrs. Belrose is about sixty-five, well educated, proud, and very fond of Lady Lucy, with whom she has lived thirteen years. One more person, and our group is complete. Seated in the shade of a deep window, her head bent over a book, is Mrs. Belrose's daughter, Cora. She has just completed her seventeenth year, is of medium height, fine figure, with jetty curls, large dark eyes, fine features and complexion, and what her old nurse called a "mixtry of tempers," meaning thereby that Miss Cora was, when in the mood, the merriest laughing nymph possible; and, on other occasions, silent, reserved, and passionately fond of study. Brought up with Lady Lucy as a companion, treated like a sister, sharing all her luxuries and pleasures, she was reserved, but high-spirited and proud.

Lady Lucy had been advised by her physician to pass some weeks on the seashore, and had chosen the Cornish coast as being retired and quiet, a place where the gay butterflies of fashion did not resort, and where pleasure was not a toil, as at a fashionable watering-place.

"Come, dear Mrs. Belrose, prepare me for a stroll on the beach," said Lady Lucy, as, having

finished their conversation, her brother left the room. "Cora, put by your book, and get your bonnet. I did not tell you to put it there," she added, laughing, as Cora placed the book in her pocket. "*N'importe*, put on your mantle and hat. You must come with us. Mrs. Belrose, you will come, too."

"Not this morning, love," said Mrs. Belrose.

"But you say that every day, dear Aunt, and I want you to come. You will be sick if you stay in the house so much. You have not been out once since we came here. Suppose I should have one of those terrible spasms, and you were not there! Do come."

With visible reluctance the old lady consented to accompany the party; and Lord Arthur coming in to assist his sister in walking to the little hand-carriage in which she took the air, the party started. Cora and Arthur lingered behind the others, deeply engaged in conversation.

"Cora, darling, you know I love you," said Lord Arthur. "Why are you so reserved? You have changed greatly since we left London, and you will not tell me why you are so cold. Have I deserved this, Cora?"

The young girl hesitated a moment, and then spoke: "I will be frank with you, Arthur, and tell you why I seem changed. I spoke to my mother of our love. She seemed fearfully agitated, and paced the room, crying, 'Why was I so blind? She seemed so young that I never dreamed of this. Cora, you must forget this. Remember. I tell you it is impossible that you can wed Lord Arthur Russel.' I entreated her to tell me why I could not be your wife. I told her you loved me and wished to marry me. She only repeated what she had said before, and finally exacted from me a promise that I would discourage your attentions and break our partial engagement."

"And you tell me this as calmly as if you were reciting one of your Greek verbs," cried the young man, passionately.

At that instant Lady Lucy called to her brother; and he went to her side, leaving Cora alone. She stopped for a moment, and then stepped in behind one of the large rocks on the

coast, out of sight of the party in advance. Her face was quivering as if in intense pain, and her whole frame convulsed. With a passionate but low cry of anguish she threw herself down upon the beach, and sobbed violently, but without any tears. She was still lying there when her mother came to seek her. "Cora," she said, sternly, "again do I find you giving vent to these foolish passions. Rise! Suppose Lord Arthur had been sent in quest of you!"

"Mother! mother!" cried the poor girl, "have you not one kind word to comfort me? I am breaking my own heart in obedience to your wishes, and you are so stern. You loved me once."

"And I love you now," said Mrs. Belrose, drawing her close to her bosom. "I love you now. It is because I love you that I say again, conquer this love; fight it; tear it out of your heart. If you allow it to grow, it will kill you; for, when I tell Lord Arthur all I know—as I must do if you engage yourself to him—he will cast you from him. I know his pride."

"Mother!"

The tone and look of utter astonishment on Cora's face recalled her mother, and saying, "I forgot!" she strove, by caresses and bustling arrangements of Cora's disordered dress, to make her forget her words; and, before she could say more, drew her from her concealment toward the rest of the party. "Calm yourself, Cora," she said, sternly.

"Oh, I can be very calm!" replied the young girl, in a low, bitter tone. "I have even been reproached for it within the last hour." And, drawing her book from her pocket, she sat down on a large piece of stone. Lord Arthur pushed his sister's chair in front of Cora; and, arranging her sketch-book and pencils for her, leaned forward and pointed out the picturesque points in the scenery and groups. Cora's eyes, meanwhile, were bent upon her book, but not one word did she read. "If Lord Arthur knew all I can tell him, he will spurn you from him"—her mother's strange assertion—was ringing in her ears, and she was striving to understand it. Burning with impatience for a private interview with Mrs. Belrose, maddened with the construction she placed upon her words, she required all her self-control to keep her seat calmly. No one would have suspected, from her outward, quiet demeanor and apparent attention to her study, the storm that was raging in her breast.

They were still grouped on the beach when a fisherman and woman with two children stationed themselves in front of Lady Lucy's chair. The woman stood erect, gazing on the

party; while the man leaned forward, his right hand on her shoulder, his left grasping a sail, and looked earnestly into her face. The little boy, seated on the sand, played with a crab; while the little girl, grasping the woman's skirts, looked shyly at the strangers. The man and woman were cousins, and the children called the man "Father."

"What is it, Maggie?" said Duncan, looking into the woman's face. "What makes you look with that hard, bitter look at the poor pale lady in the chair?"

"They're rich: I hate 'em," said Maggie, fiercely. "It was the rich people stole my bairn."

Mrs. Belrose, who was concealed by Lord Arthur, as she stood behind Lady Lucy's chair, started as the woman's voice fell upon her ear.

"How was it, Maggie?" said Duncan.

"Fifteen years ago, when I was very young, but Robin's wife and Maggie's mother, two rich folks, a man and his wife, stayed the summer at our cottage for the health of their child, a puny bairn about my Maggie's age. It died. They were kind to Maggie, and my wee one loved 'em; and the large money they gave me, and the promise to make a lady of Maggie, tempted me sore, and I let them adopt my bairn. They promised I should see her every summer; but they took my baby away, and I never saw her again. I hate the rich folks that broke their promise and stole my baby; and when Robin died next year I was all alone."

Poor Maggie was weeping bitterly; and Lady Lucy sent her brother to ascertain if she could comfort her.

As Lord Arthur stepped forward from before Mrs. Belrose, the woman caught sight of her. With a cry of joy and pain, strangely mingled, she sprang forward and threw herself at her feet.

"God bless you! You have come back to bring me my little Maggie, my bonnie bairn. Where is she, my lady?"

"The woman is crazy," said Mrs. Belrose, turning deadly pale, but speaking coldly and calmly.

"No, no," said Maggie, rising, "I am not crazy. You are Mrs. Belrose; is she not, my Lord?"

"Mother," said Cora, coming over to the woman's side, "I have been listening to this woman's story, which you were not attentive enough to hear. Does it explain what you said this morning? Is this why I am to be spurned? Am I this woman's child?"

"My Maggie was a wee bairn," muttered the woman.

"Yes, fifteen years ago," said Mrs. Belrose. "Cora, Cora, leave her. I tell you she is mad!"

Maggie and Cora stood silent, side by side, and the likeness between them spoke their relationship. The same jetty hair, fine features, and large, full eye were visible in both faces. Mrs. Belrose read in Lord and Lady Russel's faces that they saw this, and that further denial was useless. With a firm step she walked forward, motioning Maggie and Cora to follow her, and led the way to the cottage.

What passed between the three I never knew; but Mrs. Belrose left the cottage alone; and the next day Lord Arthur, Lady Lucy, and herself left the coast for London. Cora had been offered a place with them again, but so coldly that her high spirit took offence, and she preferred staying with her mother.

Laying aside all her fine lady notions, she gradually brought her habits, if not her mind, down to her present station; and now the liveliness of her disposition, before kept in the background, was brought forward. In one year from the time she left her former high home, there was not, apparently, a livelier, blither fisherwoman on the coast than Maggie Campbell. It was a hard struggle. The contrast between luxury and hard labor was disheartening, sickening to her; but duty and high principle were made to bear upon her life, and she gradually grew to love its wild freedom. While constantly in contact with Lord Arthur, she had loved him passionately; but, disgusted with his heartlessness in spurning her for her low birth, she found her respect gone, and her love soon followed it. She had been in her new life but fifteen months when her mother died, and she stood alone. Friends she had none; the ill-educated, coarse women around her had never been congenial companions; and it was duty more than love that made her cling to her mother, whose many sorrows touched her heart.

She left the coast and went to London, where her accomplishments and solid acquirements readily gained her a place as assistant teacher in a small private school. Lord Arthur Russel was married. Lady Lucy was dead. Of her adopted mother she could hear nothing. Years passed on. Cora was happy: happy in her school, she had made many friends, and resided in a pleasant family where she was much beloved.

One evening she was returning from school when a crowd attracted her attention, and she heard that an old lady had been thrown from her carriage. With ready sympathy she joined those around the sufferer, and recognized Mrs.

Belrose. Making known that she was a friend of the lady, she dispatched one person for a carriage and another for a physician; and in a short time Mrs. Belrose was carried to Cora's own little room, with her adopted child tending her. She was long too ill to know her nurse; but at last she began to recover. Her remorse for past unkindness, her renewed love for her child, and her warm gratitude touched Cora's heart. As her strength increased, she told her of the incidents in her life after she left her. Lady Lucy had been most reluctant to leave Cora, but was persuaded by her brother "and by myself, Cora," said Mrs. Belrose. "Heaven knows I meant all for the best. I knew it was better for you to be separated from Lord Arthur, at least for a time; and I meant to come for you soon, but Lucy implored me to stay with her while she lived: it was only thirteen months after I left you. Dying, she left me her share of the property: it is enough to enable me to live in luxury and leave you well provided for. I was very ill for several months after Lucy's death; but, as soon as I was able, I went in search of you. Maggie was dead; you were gone from home! I have never ceased to seek you. Now I have found you, through a Providential accident. You will not leave me again? I am old, and I need you, Cora. By all the love I showed you in your youth and childhood I implore you not to leave me."

Cora did not leave her; and, when Mrs. Belrose died, years afterwards, Cora, then thirty years of age, inherited all her property. She never married; but many were the poor houses where the face of Cora Belrose was hailed as a gleam of sunshine in poverty's dark path. A life of usefulness, unselfish kindness, and generous munificence was her lot; and she died at an advanced age, loved and lamented by all who knew her worth.

MANLINESS.—Learn from the earliest days to insure your principle against the peril of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom; and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

MUGGINS ON NIAGARA.

BY A. E. STEWART.

My friend Muggins and I were one day seated in my room at college, looking over the last papers. I was reading a highfalutin description of Niagara Falls, and, as it struck me that the description was very eloquent, I began repeating it aloud, when Muggins stopped me just as I had pronounced "magnif—" with "There, there! that's enough of such trash!"

"Trash, Muggins!" echoed I, in amazement. "Why, isn't it a splendid description of that stupendous cataract whose thunders have—"

"Squire," interrupted he, pulling up his shirt collar, "I've seen it, sir; yes, sir, I've seen it; and I, Mulberry Muggins, pronounce it the greatest humbug in America, sir!"

I was very much surprised at this outburst from Muggins, who is ordinarily one of the most matter-of-fact people imaginable, and begged him to give me his experience and opinion of that stupendous phenomenon which—

"Well, well," interrupted he, again, "don't disturb old Noah Webster's ashes so, and I will." This was a peculiar expression of his, and meant—Let big words alone.

Accordingly, he settled himself easily in his chair, placed his feet on the mantel, and began.

"Last summer I found myself with Tom Tucker, Dr. Lifter, and Jack Shanglow in the cute little village of Buffalo; and, as we all labored under the same delusion that you do with regard to Niagara, we concluded to run down the river, and see what the captain of the boat called the 'Great free show of the world.' Free show!" repeated Muggins, bitterly: "about as much as Professor Drawlout's fifty cent lectures, and just about such a humbug, too."

"But, Muggins," said I, for I knew, if he got started upon lectures, I might bid good-by to Niagara, "why do you call it a humbug?"

"Well, squire," replied he, impressively, "there are several reasons. In the first place, sir, Niagara River runs north." And Muggins looked anxiously at me, as if he expected me to tumble out of my chair at the announcement.

"Why, Muggins," said I, "I always knew that."

"Yes, Squire, so did I always *know* it; but, for all that, I never *found it out* before. Tell

me, Squire, didn't you always think of the Falls as facing the south? Didn't you always imagine yourself standing with your back to the sun when contemplating that 'stupendous cataract' and the rainbows which are supposed to overarch it?"

"Why, Muggins," replied I, considering, "yes, I believe I did think of it that way."

"Well, sir, I consider it one of the greatest disappointments of a visit to be cheated out of that preconceived idea. Another thing, sir," continued he, growing warm, "which I consider one of the most provoking disappointments, is this: we steamed down to Chippewa without any accident whatever!"

"Now you see, Squire, I had considered it a settled thing, as I was going to visit Niagara, and as that was a thing that did not happen every day—in fact, a kind of epoch in the history of the Falls—that something wonderful ought to take place. I had concluded that, under the circumstances, it would be the engineer's duty to get intoxicated and break something, so that the boat would float past the landing and go over the Falls, while I should have the pleasure of swimming ashore with a young lady under one arm and her mother under the other, while the old gentleman remained behind to look after the baggage.

"I had selected the individuals who were to owe their preservation to my gallantry and heroic conduct. I had dwelt with pleasure on the appearance of my name in the newspapers, coupled with such adjectives as 'intrepid youth,' 'second hero of Chippewa,' &c.; and I had viewed with my mind's eye the appearance of my portrait in the 'gallery of illustrious Americans,' and other publications as the lion of the season.

"I had also foreseen that the lady, who was both young and handsome, would fall desperately in love with me; and I had concluded, after a severe struggle, that it would be my duty as a gentleman, even at the sacrifice of some of my own desires, to prevent her going into a decline by accepting her as a bride from the old gentleman, together with two-thirds of his fortune—of course, he was a rich Southerner, owning a large plantation—as a dowry and a slight

token of his everlasting gratitude—for swimming ashore, and leaving him with the luggage," explained my friend Muggins *sotto voce*.)

"'Yes,' said I to myself, 'it must be so; Muggins, thou reasonest well.' And I was just balancing in my own mind what colored gloves I should wear at the wedding, when the boat touched the shore, and I saw that identical young lady put into a carriage by a young fellow with a goatee (I always did hate goatees), whom I strongly suspect was her intended, and driven off.

"Humbug number two, sir," said my friend Muggins, spitting savagely at the cat. He continued for some minutes absorbed in the recollections of his melancholy fortune; when, not knowing how to administer consolation in such a singular case, I diverted his thoughts by reminding him that he had not told me about the Falls yet.

"Ah, yes!" said he, rousing himself, and taking puss on his lap; "well, the moment my feet touched the shore, I was seized by a hairy individual, and, by some sort of legerdemain which I never fully understood, placed in a carriage, which said hairy individual declared was the honly Hamerican wehickle hat present hemployed, hand the one vich gentlemen halways hused."

"While he was looking for other passengers, I counted eleven other 'honly Hamerican wehickles;' and, when we started, was occupied in wondering how it chanced that there were so many *common persons* along, as, out of fifty, it seemed there were only four *gentlemen*.

"Well, we drove briskly along, the driver assuring us, as we went, that he was 'the honly honest man hin Canada,' the rest of the drivers being a species of leech, who sucked their living from travellers much in the same manner that the vampire bat sucks blood from fowls, except that that animal, I believe, attacks the toes of its victims, whereas these invariably level their assaults at the pocket.

"Having now come within the distance at which the sound of the Falls could be heard, according to travellers, I asked the driver to stop, which he did, assuring me, with a patronizing air, that I was about 'to 'ear somethin' has could honly be 'eard hin hall hits hown himpressiveness just where we now were.' I climbed out and listened with my ear to the ground; but, in spite of all I could do, I was obliged to confess—to myself—that, if Niagara roared at that distance, it certainly roared in a whisper. However, as I didn't want to be suspected of deafness, I declared that it sounded

like distant thunder—very distant, I might have said—asked the other boys to get out and hear it, and was very glad when they didn't.

"I was, by this time, in such a fever of excitement, that I came very near asking the driver what would be the damage if I went up through the top of the carriage when I first caught a glimpse of the Falls. Luckily, I restrained myself, while we wound round in such a manner as to approach the cataract in front.

"Upon turning a corner, the driver rose in his seat, and, pointing forward with the air of a man who was about to introduce us into a new world, said, impressively, 'There, gentlemen, there is Niagara!' and sure enough there it was.

Here Muggins paused, took down his feet, and looked in the fire with a contemplative air.

"Well, Muggins," said I, almost bursting with impatience, "how did it impress you?"

"Do you mean how I felt, Squire? Well, I'll tell you, though I'm not much in the habit of noticing my sensations. If I were to be drowned, for instance," continued he, with a philosophic air, "if I were to be drowned, and afterwards brought to, I don't believe I could recollect what my sensations were, such as first time of going under, shivering, sensations of fear and horror, with indistinct ideas of its being damp; second time, pleasant feeling of languor, with beautiful visions of green fields, &c. I believe," said my friend Muggins, decidedly, "that about all I could recollect in such a case would be the sensation of getting dirty water down my throat.

"This business of sensation, Squire, is all a humbug; and it's astonishing to what lengths humbugs will lead people.

"Why, there's Jones—you know Jones, Squire?"

"Yes," replied I, "a dozen of them."

"Yes, but I mean Jeremiah Jedediah J. Jones. Oh, you don't know him. Well, he undertook to write a novel, once, called the 'First Step in Crime;' and, as the first step happened to be stealing a horse, Jones thought he couldn't do justice to the case unless he knew exactly what a man's sensations would be under such circumstances. So the first dark night he tried the experiment of stealing old Pitman's fast mare, and took a lantern and paper along that he might take down his sensations as they came on."

"A similar plan occurred to Lord Byron," said I: "he was seen one night with a dagger in his hand, standing over a sleeping man, and

muttering: 'I wonder how a man feels who commits a murder?' But tell me how did Jones come out with his experiment?"

"Indifferently well," replied he; "for, after he had got the mare untied, and was taking down his sensations, he was suddenly *taken down* himself by the watch-dog, who had been attracted by the light, and so roughly handled that, instead of spending the next day in writing out his sensations, he spent it in putting on poultices. However, he didn't lose anything by it after all; for, although the novel is still unfinished, he wrote a piece called 'Sensations on being Devoured by a Pack of Wolves,' which took immensely.

"Then there's John Snaffle, who—"

"Very true, Muggins," interrupted I, "but you haven't told me *your* sensations, yet."

"Well," replied he, "after looking at the Falls a minute, I involuntarily made a motion with my hand as if I were turning over the leaf of a book. The fact is, Squire, it looked so precisely like the pictures I had seen of it, that I felt exactly like turning over and looking at something else. Humbug number three.

"However, no matter what I felt, I followed the example of everybody who visits the Falls, and burst into a string of superlatives, in which 'sublime,' 'magnificent,' 'stupendous,' and 'awful' had a conspicuous place. Having taken us quite to the edge of the Falls, the driver helped us out, and then I began to think that Niagara was a stupendous place, sure enough, as, for riding two miles, we found ourselves charged two dollars.

"Here, then, we were upon Table Rock; and, by the way, I should like to know why this is called Table Rock? My ideas of a table were always joined with another, that of legs. Dr. Franklin says: 'Every tub must stand on its own bottom;' and, following up the idea, I had supposed that every table must stand on its own legs. Here, however, was an exception. It not only didn't stand upon legs, but, as if to render the difference more remarkable, every day many legs stood upon it; and certainly," added he, with a sigh, "among them there never was a pair that carried a more completely 'taken in and done for' individual than Mulberry Muggins, Esq.

"I tell you, Squire, they may say what they please, Niagara is a very common place, after all. The Irishman who, when his attention was drawn to the immense volume of water pouring down from the cliff, replied, 'Faith, and what's to hinder it!' wasn't such a fool as is generally supposed. It is the most unmiti-

gatedly natural place imaginable. If the travellers and poets had only let it alone, it would do well enough; but there's the trouble. Mr. Patroclus Penholder writes a description of Niagara. After telling you all about it, 'with no additional charges for extras,' he finishes by declaring that a description of the Falls, which shall give the reader any other than the faintest idea of their appearance, is impossible. Miss Henrietta Highflyer follows with two or three pages of poetry, in which, after exhausting all the big words in Webster, and drawing pretty strongly on her constructive powers for adjectives, she winds up—much to her reader's satisfaction—by exclaiming, in the middle of a word, that she will 'bury her harp in oblivion,' (hoping, of course, for a joyful resurrection,) because it fails to express the very faintest shadow of her feelings upon beholding the 'tremendous torrent.'

"Very well; you take these productions as a sort of groundwork to begin on, and you build a Niagara of your own, which, whatever its faults may be, certainly doesn't lack height, breadth, or thunder.

"It must be seen to be appreciated," says Mr. Penholder. 'See Niagara and die!' quoth Miss Highflyer, meaning that all subsequent sights are not worth looking at; so, although you are not over anxious about leaving the world in a hurry, you conclude to take a look at the spectacle; and, when you do see it, and your imagined cataract comes in contact with the real one, why then the Falls actually shrink.

"Squire," said my friend Muggins, after a pause, and tearing a piece of paper into little pieces in a state of calm desperation, "what do you suppose would be *your* sensations upon first beholding this 'amphitheatre of wonders?'"

"Well," replied I, referring to the paper, "first sensation, uncontrollable terror."

"Nonsense!" replied he; "I wasn't scared a bit."

"Then," continued I, "thunder-like rushing sound—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Muggins, with supreme contempt, "the man that wrote that never attended a Sucker serenade; if he had, he would have heard a noise, compared with which Niagara is 'still as the silence of the high hill-top.'"

"Then," continued I, "admiration at the clouds of vapor, piled majestically one above the other, encircled with magnificent rainbows glittering in the sunshine."

"Well," said Muggins, putting his feet on the mantel again, "the vapor reminded me strongly

of a steam-mill; and, as to the rainbows in the sunshine, I was obliged to confess, after rubbing my eyes once or twice, that they were all moonshine. The only thing that came at all up to my imagination was Goat Island. You see I had always looked upon it, as its name indicates, as being about the size of a full-grown capricornus, (I believe that's the almanac name for a 'billy,') instead of which it is quite a respectable 'neck of woods.'

"Well, as we had no time to spare, (we were to return to Buffalo that evening,) I was making the best possible use of my eyes, when I saw approaching from down the river a party of beings, apparently a cross between bats and crocodiles. At first, we supposed it was the leading column of a menagerie. Bets ran high that they were unicorns, while I ventured to suggest that they might be mermaids, to which conjecture I was led by observing water dripping from them. When they came up, much to our astonishment they turned out to be a party of human beings, travellers like ourselves, who had just come from under the Falls.

"Under the Falls, to be sure! Of course, we must go under, too. But first we consulted our familiar attendant, the driver, who replied graciously: 'Hits ha very hinterestin' hexperiment, gentlemen, but nothin' hat all to what hi've ave to show you ven you come hup hagain.'

"That we might be entirely safe in making such an important venture, I consulted one of the aquatic individuals before mentioned, who assured me, with a grin, that he wouldn't have missed it for anything.

"Construing this into a favorable answer, we made the acquaintance of a 'gentleman from Africa,' who treats folks to shower-baths at fifty cents a head.

"I don't know that this individual has any particular name, but would suggest Maelstrom as very appropriate, as he 'takes down' everybody that comes to the Falls. Under his superintendence we were soon transformed into as respectable a lot of scarecrows as you could imagine.

"I shall not attempt to describe the costume. Suffice it to say that it was of oilcloth, and sufficiently capacious to have been worn as an overcoat by a full-grown hippopotamus—if that animal ever wore overcoats. Made so large in order to hold more water, sir," said my friend Muggins, in answer to my inquiring look, in a very severe tone. "Following our ebony guide, we proceeded down stream a few rods to a winding staircase leading down the precipice. Having scrambled down this, and then scam-

bled up to the foot of the Falls, we joined hands as if we were going to perform a war-dance, and, with Maelstrom in advance, began our descent by a very slippery path, running down the side of the cliff at an angle of about ninety degrees—more or less," added my friend Muggins, after a pause.

He looked reflectingly into the fire a few minutes, and then resumed: "Squire, what does that chap," motioning to the newspaper, "say about his feelings when he came to the bottom of the Falls?"

I took up the paper: "Here darkness began to encircle me."

"He might have added," interrupted Muggins, "And the aqueous fluid began to insinuate itself along my cervical vertebræ;" at least, I found it so in my case."

"A horrid roaring sound filled my ears," continued I.

"Water filled mine," interrupted Muggins, in the tone of a man whose patience was thoroughly exhausted. "The fact is, the wind was blowing strong up stream, and the spray enveloped us, and found its way into the crevices of those rascally over-clothes, till, by the time I reached a safe place, I was more like a great cork bobbing about in a jug of water than anything else.

"Well, here we were in the 'Cave of Winds,' about which there is so much *puffing*—a little pigsty of a place, with water on one side and rocks on the other, and both overhead. So little, too, it was, that I couldn't think we had got into the cave yet, especially as there was nothing at all to see. I had calculated upon finding several unheard of minerals, a peck or so of precious stones, and other curiosities and valuables, fruits of this unparalleled adventure.

"Where's the show, Snowball?" I shouted in that individual's ear. He displayed a set of ivory that might have excited envy in the breast of an elephant, as he replied: "Look up, sah. And I did look up."

Here Muggins paused, stirred the fire, and sat idly balancing the poker on his finger. After a little, I suggested that he hadn't told me yet what he saw.

"No," replied he, with a sigh; "and I'm afraid I shall not be able to satisfy your curiosity in that respect, having never fully satisfied myself, except a general idea of stars. You see, just as I looked up, my contrary fates, or the wind—probably the latter—brought an ocean of water into the cave. My stovepipe bonnet received the greater part of it; and, as I had been foolish enough to stuff my oilcloth panta-

loons into my boots, the consequence was that in half a second I was, so to speak, level full. Earth and seas!—especially the latter. The folks that lived at the time of the deluge had a pretty tough time of it after all. I really thought Lake Erie was coming down upon my head; and, in a desperate attempt to claw the water out of my bonnet, I lost my footing and fell on my back, with enough water in my clothes to accommodate a small whale. There I found myself when the spray cleared away, sprawling on the rock, about four times my usual size, and entirely helpless, with the water dribbling from various parts of my equipments, which, as Alexander Smith says,

‘But relieved me as a six-inch pipe
Relieves the dropsied sea.’

There I lay, in the last stage of exhaustion, until Maelstrom, who seemed to be perfectly used to such things, ‘tapped’ me by pulling my pantaloons out of the legs of my boots, and afterwards standing me on my feet—I believe they usually stand drowned people on their heads—until I gradually shrunk to my original proportions.”

My friend Muggins paused and whistled “Buffalo Gals.”

“Quite a ducking,” I ventured to observe, after a pause.

“A goosing, you mean,” replied he, bitterly, and kicking the cat clear across the room, and landing her—or rather putting her to sea in a large tub of water, emerging from which, she escaped—after three dashes at the window—through the door, closely followed by a copy of “Webster Unabridged.”

Having thus relieved his feelings, Muggins replaced his feet on the mantel and proceeded.

“Being now quite satisfied with the ‘Cave of Winds’ (and waters), each of us picked up a piece of ‘Termination rock,’ though it was just like any other rock about there; indeed, as I found my specimen rather heavy, I threw it at a rabbit next day; and, afterwards feeling that it wouldn’t do to come home without one, I picked up a piece of limestone on the bank of the Ohio, labelled it ‘Termination rock,’ and placed it in the geological cabinet here, where you have often seen it yourself, Squire—and returned to the hotel, where we found a lot of travellers waiting to hear our opinion of what Maelstrom called ‘de mos’ romantic specticle in de univarse.”

“After I had changed my clothes—and paid half a dollar, mind—one of them came up to me and inquired how far we went in, &c. Not wishing him to know how nicely we had been

humbugged, I replied that we had gone about half way under the Horse-shoe, and was dilating with great enthusiasm upon the wonderful sights, &c., when Tom came out of the room, and, as I appealed to him for the truth of my statement, in his zeal to help me out of a scrape, he declared that we went till we could see daylight on the other side; and, as I slipped away, I heard Jack, who by this time had come up, swear that we went clear under the Falls and a considerable distance under Goat Island besides; and, from some indistinct words about mermaids and stalactites, I am confident that the story lost nothing in passing through the doctor’s hands.

“Having received a certificate that we really had been under the Falls, we sallied out to take a last look preparatory to relinquishing ourselves to the driver to be swindled out of a few dollars in seeing the battle-ground, &c. Here we found a boy with a little machine that he called a ‘kallidscop,’ who assured us that the only proper way of seeing Niagara was through that glass, and, for fifty cents each, insured us a magnificent view and a smart sprinkle of rainbows in the bargain. The doctor looked through it a little while, took a long breath, and said ‘Grand!’ Tom tried it and cried ‘Magnificent!’ And Jack, after a similar experiment, shouted ‘Glorious!’ Fully convinced that I was now about to see something worth looking at, I seized the glass and applied it to my eye.” Here Muggins made one of those provoking pauses again. Finding he was going into a brown study, I roused him by asking what he saw.

“Well,” replied he, considering, “a patch of red, a streak of blue, a spot of yellow, a speck of orange, and a whole lot of *green*. I have no doubt the rainbows were all there, but they were so mixed I couldn’t get ’em separated. However, I pronounced the spectacle ‘Sublime,’ whereupon we all ‘smiled’ and returned to the driver, who had by this time—” Here the bell rang, and Muggins was obliged to leave off, promising at some other time to give me his views of the battle-ground, &c., with which promise the reader must for the present be content.

CHARACTER.—It is an error common to many, to take the character of mankind from the worst and basest amongst them; whereas, as an excellent writer has observed, nothing should be esteemed as characteristic of a species but what is to be found among the best and most perfect individuals of that species.

I AM MORITURUS.

Almost the final words of Dr. Johnson.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

AT last, at last life's fev'ry voyage is over,
The shore is gained, the tattered sails are furl'd,
And I, O God! I feel my spirit hover
Upon the confines of the unknown world;
What is the mystery of this fearful sailing
'Midst rocks and shoals, this strife 'twixt right and
wrong—

This war with winds and waves so unavailing,
In which these trembling hands have fought so long?

Ah me! all comes to this, in pain to languish,
To totter on the awful brink and moan,
To be afraid, to shrink in helpless anguish,
And then to launch upon the vague Unknown;
Life's hour of hours is come; her pomp and glory
Roll darkly back from my expiring eye;
An awful whisper from the depths comes o'er me,
With the dread sentence that I now must die!

Let me be calmed—vain thought! O, God All-seeing!
Who all things knowest, but whom none may know,
Blind, shuddering, fainting on the verge of being,
Thine arm around my homeless spirit throw;
How has my soul in life's fierce battle striven,
And, bleeding, smothered down its mortal woe,
Its bloom to vigils long and fastings given,
Bidding to iron toil all passions bow.

Through scorn and want, and lonely self-denial,
Submissive have I bowed with patient ear,
That I, refined and proved by burning trial,
From the All-Love one new response might hear.
It has been heard. Oft as I stood upraising
My ardent eye to rove the midnight arch,
Whilst with their shields of cloudless silver blazing,
The starry bands moved down their solemn march.

Oft as the bell-sound from some moss-gray tower
Woke, telling that another life was gone;
Oft as I lingered near some moonlight bower,
Whose funeral ivy to the breeze made moan;
Oft as I mused where some great city's murmur
Rose stormy, rolling like a troubled sea,
Amidst the flush of spring, the fading summer,
A mighty voice would smite me solemnly:

'Arise, sad child of earth—be still, and hearken;
The word of the Eternal comes to thee;
Let not the fires of mortal passion darken
The spirit plumed for immortality;
Thou that hast been, by hands unseen, anointed
Neglect and wrong, and withering scorn to dare,
Through a lost world to groans and chains appointed,
Go forth and breathe thy great Evangel there.

"Go preach like him who to the Ancient City
Preached God's impending bolt and flaming sword;
Performed the hated task, though not in pity,
And wept the withering of a senseless gourd;
Frame thy seer's lips to language high and solemn
As when the desert bands round Sinai stood,
Whose muster'd thunders launched their rending volume
Downwards, and smote the pallid multitude.

"Breathe words of lofty cheer to earth's despairing,
Teach grim Revenge the luxury to forgive;
Him that through life's stern conflict roves uncaring,
Tell him it is a fearful thing to live.

Go, tell the miser that his glittering treasure
Will kindle in his breast the torch of hell;
Tell the pale seeker after earthly pleasure
Her song was framed within a wizard's cell.

"Say to the untam'd, fire-eyed dread, Ambition,
A woman's tones can bind in stronger thrall,
And O, from crowns and thrones the sure transition
Must be to dirges and the rustling pall!"
I have obeyed; enduring, loving ever,
My soul has *with* them walked, *of* them not one;
Through toil's long night, her days of anxious fever,
My thoughts, my joys and tears have been alone.

Youth came; its flowers were yew, its song was sadness
My manhood fell upon an evil time,
That rolled in lust, and walked with doubt and madness;
They who embraced me were the sons of crime.
I have thrown pearls before the herd of Circe,
That seized the treasure but to soil and mar,
While knowledge, love, and faith, and white-browed
mercy
Fled, dove-like, from their brutal noise afar.

Earth's wild, unhappy dream at last is breaking,
Her joys and pains are now an idle breath;
Her faces, flowers, and hills, my eye forsaking,
Whisper this sickness at my heart is death!
I have—O, God! what means this awful feeling,
Like one who reels upon a sinking bark?
A freezing iron hand is o'er me stealing,
And my soul shudders as the world grows dark.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

SHE bends her head at her weary task,
And with patient trust she smiles;
Her toil grows light as a ray of hope
Her saddened heart beguiles.

She lifts her hair from her broad, fair brow,
When the summer sun shines warm,
Then gently chides her little group,
And her words fall like a charm.

She moves from her seat, and the scholars smile,
As she noiseless treads the floor,
A child leans forward to touch her dress,
While another looks out the door,

And longs to be with the birds and flowers,
And beautiful things and bright;
But a smile from the gentle face hard by
Changes his musings quite.

And they mistily pour their eyes on books,
And look their lessons through;
But they silently dream of the flowers they saw
That morn in the glittering dew.

Her task is done, and she stands alone
In the shade of the school-house door;
The little, restless, pattering feet
Have passed its threshold o'er;

And her heart is out with the beautiful things,
Her soul looks through to God;
And she gives no thought to the morrow's task,
Nor sighs at the chastening rod.

TO A FROST-BITTEN FLOWER.

BY G. G.

POOR stricken flower, I might have passed thee by,
 Had no chill blast destroyed thy tender bloom;
 But now, I stop and gaze with tearful eye,
 And muse in sadness on thy early doom.

But yesterday, upon this grassy mound,
 The sunbeam kissed the dewdrop from thy face;
 No fresher, fairer form could then be found,
 Peerless in pristine beauty and in grace.

And now, alas! that beauty all is flown,
 Withered thy petals, and thy fragrance lost;
 For chilly winds relentlessly have thrown
 O'er thee their desolation and their frost.

Ah! 'twas a cruel hand that brought thee here,
 Far from thy genial skies and native earth,
 To feel the rigor of a clime too drear,
 And find a grave when scarce thou hadst found birth.

Emblem of fallen virtue which had bloomed
 Unharm'd, untainted in some kinder air,
 But, by a cruel, ruthless fate 'twas doomed
 To an unfriendly clime and perished there.

And yet I find some perfume lingers still,
 Like pleasant memories, round each shrunken leaf,
 And fragrant odors hover still to tell
 The sweetness of thy life, alas! so brief.

I cannot leave thee on this lonely spot
 To languish sadly and, perhaps, to die;
 With care I'll take thee to my humble cot,
 And tend and watch thee with a tender eye.

And, shouldst thou live, I'll prize thee far above
 The proudest flower that decks the verdant plain,
 And cherish toward thee sympathy and love,
 Although, alas! thou ne'er canst bud again.

AUTUMNAL HOURS.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

THE sunset of the seasons glows around us,
 And Autumn wanders musing through the bowers,
 Dropping o'er mount and forest hues resplendent,
 Once worn in pride by Summer's vanished flowers.

The Summer, slow retreating from the heavens,
 Returns a space earth's beauty to behold,
 And through the mist of parting tears she sendeth
 One last fond smile to haunts beloved of old.

Like the Egyptian queen in ancient story,
 That garbed herself all royally to die,
 The Year around her folds her robes of beauty,
 And stands a queen beneath the pallid sky.

And round her regal form, like hushed attendants,
 The forests stand, in anguished moanings tost,
 For 'neath her splendor heaves to death her bosom,
 Smote by the aspic of th' untimely frost.

Like Cæsar soon will come the chill December,
 To gaze upon her form whence life is fled,
 And the wild winds that wail around her dying,
 Will shriek in anguish o'er the bright Year dead.

MY MOTHER.

BY GEORGE R. CALVERT.

THERE is a soft, a holy name,
 Round which the feelings close,
 In globe-like forms, that mock to shame
 The fire that passion knows.

Whate'er my fate, where'er I rove,
 That name is ever near;
 O, 'tis the bliss of life to love
 My angel mother dear!

The mind recalls the waning eve
 When round her bed we hung,
 And our fond hearts could not believe
 The shadow death had flung;
 Between eternity and time,
 I see a last, lone ray,
 Waiting to bear her, robed sublime,
 Up to the realms of day.

Again 'tis fading on the eye,
 And as it slow departs,
 It bears the glow from off the sky,
 The sunshine from our hearts;
 Again the night comes sadly down,
 Again this breast is riven;
 I seem to hear around the throne
 Another voice in heaven.

And now this heart, though hard and cold
 Still speaks her as I dream,
 As melting ice will ever hold
 The murmur of the stream.
 On prayers I learned beside her knee
 Time can no shadow cast;
 They live in light and memory
 Oases in the past.

I AM ROAMING.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

I AM roaming, I am roaming
 Through castles of the past,
 And o'er my mind sweet memories
 Are thronging thick and fast
 Of childhood's days long buried in
 The sepulchre of years;
 And like a dream to me they seem
 Of sunshine and of tears.

Before me glide the phantom forms,
 Like fancies in a dream,
 Or mist-shapes, that at eventide
 Sail down upon a stream;
 But sadness rests upon my heart,
 And on my spirit's wing,
 As on the track I wander back
 To life's unclouded spring.

The voices of our loved and lost
 Were fraught with gladness deep,
 But they have passed away from earth,
 And left us here to weep;
 And while I tread life's weary way,
 I never can forget
 The fantasies, whose waning light
 Illumes my spirit yet.

MISERERE DOMINE.

BY ASHUR.

Of the thousand tribes that ply
Selfish toils beneath the sky,
None hath better right than I
Thus to wail and weep and cry—
Wo is me! wo is me!
Miserere domine.

How should God his mercy show
To the wicked soul, his foe—
Soul in sin that still must go,
Self-denied the good to know.
Wo is me! wo is me!
Miserere domine.

Warring ever in his spite,
Still preferring wrong to right,
Finding still in death delight,
Overborne by passion's might.
Wo is me! wo is me!
Miserere domine.

Strong of passion, weak of will,
Knowing virtue, loving ill,
Grant me help and mercy still,
Ere the bitter cup I fill.
Wo is me! wo is me!
Miserere domine.

I M P R O M P T U.

*On hearing a friend remark of a lady, "Oh,
she is proud!"*

BY MARY.

COLD and calm and passionless
She moves through life's dark years;
Her brow was never seen to flush,
Her eye to fill with tears.
Yet who shall say what thoughts and hopes
Have life in her cold form?
And who shall tell the doubts and fears
That make her soul life warm?
Oh, censure not and call it pride,
But rather hope and pray
That a gentle word of sympathy
Would melt the ice away.

SONNET.—CUPID.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

THROUGH flowery fields Love speeds with rapid flight,
When wanton Zephyr spreads his gentle wing,
And Venus, now, wreathes her gold tresses bright,
While Flora flings her flowers to grace the Spring.
Now from his quiver hastily he draws
A golden shaft to inflict a fatal wound,
Nor ever he amenable to laws,
When into some fond heart it makes its bound
Some feathered songster chants the amorous tale,
That, nigh, beheld it in the viewless shade,
And little loves go laughing through the dale,
At mischief Cupid's shaft of gold hath made:
The lily, violet, rose, are scattered round,
And Echo whispers, "let sweet Love be crowned."

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES AND ENIGMAS
IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

40. A cat-a-comb. 41. Pen, ink, and paper.
42. Cold. 43. Alcohol.

CHARADES.

44.

MY *first* is a quadruped subtle and sleek;
A part of a tree might my second bespeak;
And together my two, in one word, when reviewed,
A collection as great as you choose will include.

45.

PRONOUNCE what sort of living head
With artifice is most replete,
And, by dependence on the dead,
The living constantly would cheat.

ENIGMAS.

46.

ICE, hail, and rain I help compose,
Yet, in the midst of fire I'm found:
Though wind and air my form disclose,
In breezes soft I ne'er abound

47.

To punctual men, who time regard,
Good servants must we prove—
In fact our absence would retard
The measures whence they move.

In various fashioned forms we sport,
Some unadorned and plain;
Some richly jewelled, fit for court,
Bedecked with golden chain.

Now, don't exclaim, "That 's manifest,"
And our enigma mock,
As one that may at once be guessed,
By naming "watch or clock."

'Tis not our task your time to mete,
Yet let us claim our due—
Without our aid your hours would fleet
Unregistered by you.

48.

SIMPLE my form and attributes,
And yet so great my use,
A myriad wants my service suits,
And comforts can produce.

An active minister am I
In domiciling you
On land or sea, nor you'll deny
I serve dead people too.

Th' opponent rarely me resists,
For truly be it said,
I only meet antagonists,
To knock them in the head.

To send them straight to their last home,
Such my determined aim;
'Tis seldom e'er again they roam,
And if they do, they're lame.

NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.

OPENING IN BONNETS, HEADDRESSES, LINGERIE, ETC.

OPENINGS being the fashion of the day, and the principal occupation of the female portion of a city community during October and November, we commence our round of sight-seeing with an inspection of Brodie's elegant cloaks—for which we refer our readers to our more lengthy "Chitchat." Genin's juvenile fashions will come next in review, the Bazaar being brightened by Mr. Taylor's selections from over the water. Of this gentleman's taste and courtesousness, no regular visitor of Genin's needs to be reminded. Meantime we open our own novelties, commencing with a simple but extremely tasteful

headdress, suited to a young married lady, for opera, or an evening reception.

Fig. 1.—Front view, showing the division of the hair into two rouleaux which are marked by two small jewelled or ornamented hair-pins, placed over the ear; these are softly shaded by the outline of the plumes at the back of the head.

Fig. 2.—The back hair twisted into a smooth coil, on each side of which pure white ostrich plumes are arranged turning in towards it at the end. Plumes are sometimes worn by young ladies, but are more suitable for those who have

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



a right to be addressed as "Madam," though not sufficiently staid for chaperones.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 3.—Simple bonnet of green French velvet, with fine satin quillings, a little darker shade, of the same color. Broad bow of velvet, edged

in the same manner, over the cape; this bow is sometimes placed quite to the left, and has a

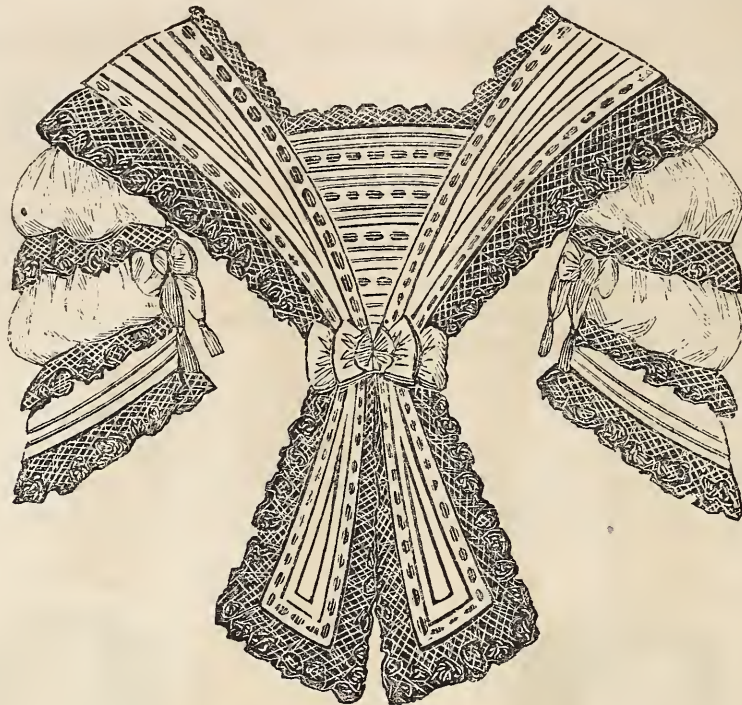
Fig. 4.



pretty coquettish effect. Inside cap, blonde and myrtle leaves.

Fig. 4.—Bonnet of drawn silk and blonde;

Fig. 5.



pale Sevres blue. Bouquet of full-blown moss-rose with buds, mixed with grass and drooping foliage.

Fig. 5.—Bretelle ; body and sleeves of blonde,

velvet ribbon, and black lace. To be worn with an evening-dress, cut low.

Fig. 6.—Another style of bretelle, without sleeves, save a short jockey of ribbon points

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

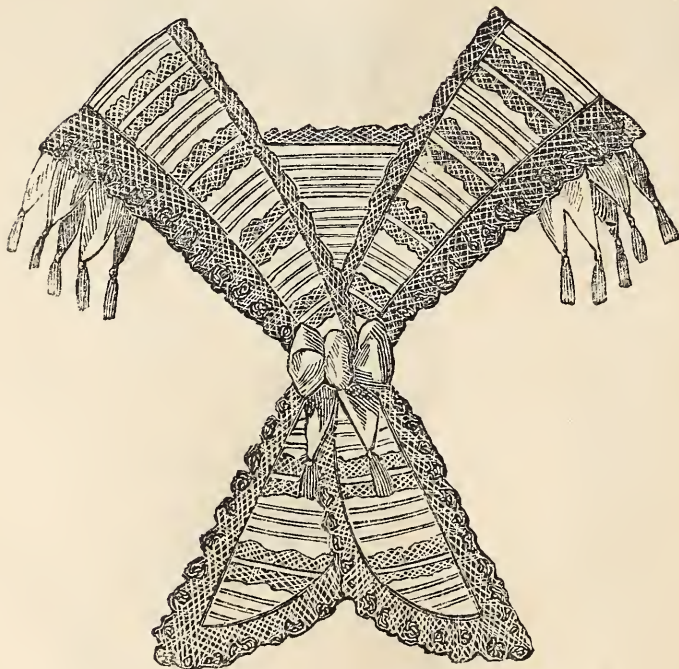


Fig. 9.



edged with tassels of the same shade. It forms fichu lappels at the waist, edged with black lace, which is continued over the shoulder.

Figs. 7 and 8.—Cuffs of lace, with muslin transparents, through which is drawn a bright

hued ribbon, intended for those who prefer their sleeves closed with a band at the wrist.

Fig. 9.—Collar, with lappels crossed at the throat, where they are fastened by a brooch, or ribbon bow.

GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN.



THERE is a great variety of materials used in making dressing-gowns for gentlemen—cashmere, merino, French chintz, velvet, brocade, &c. The most common is good French chintz of high colors, with a lining of different pattern, and bordered all round with a strip of the same or different color. For many reasons these are the most desirable, as they wash much better than any others. Figured cashmere, lined with quilted silk and bordered with velvet, with a rich cord and tassel to confine it at the belt, is very handsome. The palm-leaf pattern is the best for this use. They can be made very expensively or very cheaply. Good domestic chintz makes a very serviceable gown, but the French is preferable for the beauty of the colors and its durability. The accompanying pattern shows the size of a dressing-gown for a gentleman of ordinary stature. Of course it can be made

smaller or larger, as desired, but preserving the proportions.

CORNER FOR POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.



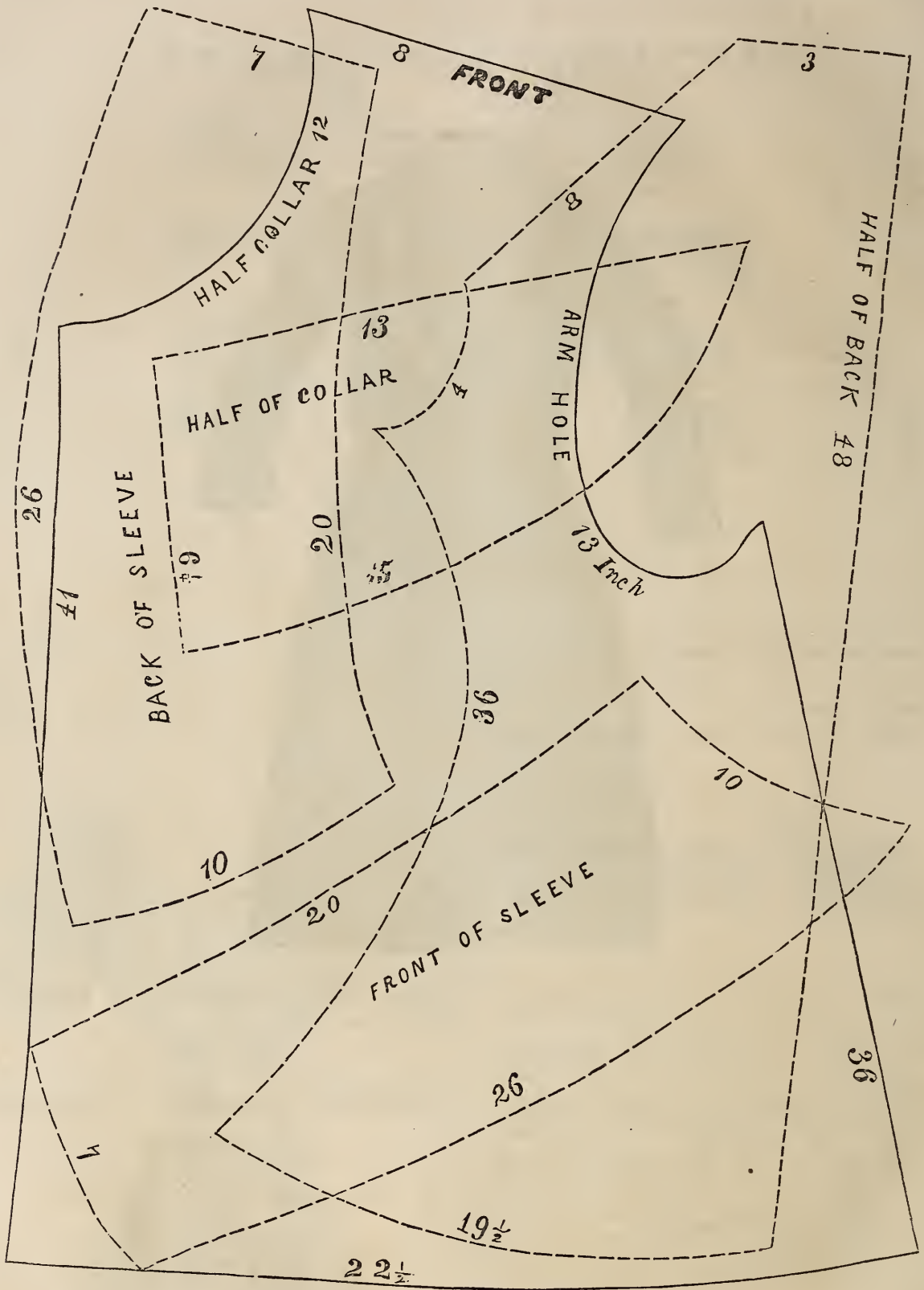


DIAGRAM FOR GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN.

EMBROIDERY FOR CHEMISES.



"LADY'S BOOK" PURSE.

(See blue Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—Emerald green, or blue silk, one skein and a half; black, half a skein; gold thread, sixteen skeins. Passementerie trimmings. Work in sc.

WITH the green silk, make a chain of 110 stitches; close it into a round, and do two rounds. Join on gold.

1st and 2d rounds.—x 3 gold, 2 green; x repeat all round.

3d and 4th.—x 1 green, 1 gold, 3 more green; x all round.

5th and 6th.—All gold.

7th.—x 4 green, 17 gold, 1 green; x 5 times.

8th.—x 5 green, 15 gold, 2 green; x 5 times.

9th.—x 6 green, 13 gold, 3 green; x 5 times.

10th.—x 7 green, 11 gold, 4 green; x 5 times.

11th.—x 8 green, 9 gold, 5 green; x 5 times.

12th.—x 1 green, 1 gold, 6 green, 9 gold, 5 green; x 5 times.

13th.—x 3 gold, 5 green, 9 gold, 5 green; x 5 times.

14th.—The same.

15th.—Like 12th. Join on black.

16th.—x 8 green, 4 gold, 1 black, 4 gold, 5 green; x 5 times.

17th.—x 7 green, 4 gold, 3 black, 4 gold, 4 green; x 5 times.

18th.—x 6 green, 4 gold, 5 black, 4 gold, 3 green; x 5 times.

19th.—x 5 green, 4 gold, 7 black, 4 gold, 2 green; x 5 times.

20th.—x 6 green, 2 gold, 9 black, 2 gold, 3 green; x 5 times.

21st.—x 7 green, 11 black, 4 green; x 5 times.

22d.—x 8 green, 11 black, 3 green; x 5 times.

23d.—x 1 green, 1 gold, 7 green, 3 black, 1 gold, 7 black, 2 green; x 5 times.

24th.—x 3 gold, 7 green, 1 black, 3 gold, 7 black, 1 green; x 5 times.

25th.—x 3 gold, 1 black, 7 green, 3 gold, 1 green, 7 black; x 5 times.

26th.—x 1 black, 1 gold, 3 black, 7 green, 1 gold, 3 green, 6 black; x 5 times.

27th.—x 6 black, 11 green, 5 black; x 5 times.

28th.—x 7 black, 11 green, 4 black; x 5 times.

29th.—x 6 black, 2 gold, 9 green, 2 gold, 3 black; x 5 times.

30th.—x 5 black, 4 gold, 7 green, 4 gold, 2 black; x 5 times.

31st.—Like 29th.

32d.—Like 28th.

33d.—x 1 black, 11 green, 3 black; x 5 times.

34th.—x 2 black, 1 gold, 6 black, 3 green, 1 gold, 8 green, 1 black; x 5 times.

35th.—x 1 black, 3 gold, 6 black, 1 green, 3 gold, 8 green; x 5 times.

36th.—x 1 green, 3 gold, 1 green, 6 black, 3 gold, 1 black, 7 green; x 5 times.

37th.—x 7 green, 11 black, 4 green; x.

Repeat backwards from the 22d round to the 1st, inclusive of both; then close up the end, by decreasing eight times in every round, until 6 stitches only are left. The other end is worked precisely the same. Then, on one foundation chain, work open square crochet, three inches deep, backwards and forwards. Slip on the rings, and join it to the other foundation chain. Add the tassels.

GENTLEMAN'S COMFORTER.

KNITTING.

(See Engraving in Front.)

Materials.—Five shades of crimson Berlin wool, half an ounce of each shade; and two pins, No. 14.

WITH the darkest shade cast on 120 loops, and knit two rows before commencing the patterns.

1st pattern row.—Knit 3, *a*, knit 2 together three times, thread forward, knit 1 six times, knit 2 together three times; repeat from *a*, and finish with knit 3.

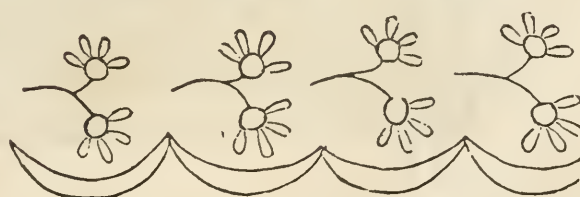
2d.—Plain.

3d.—Pearl.

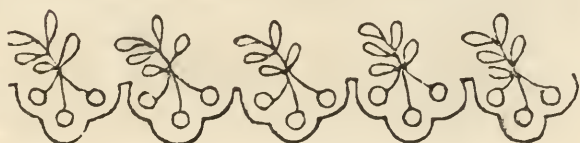
4th.—Pearl.

Repeat these four rows with each shade, shading alternately from dark to light, and then to dark again, till thirty-six patterns are completed. Cast off. Sew the edges together on the wrong side, then join the scallops which are formed at the ends by the pattern, so that they have the appearance of a star with six points. To the centre of each star sew the cord to which the tassel is attached. Make tassels of the various shades of wool, and the cord of the same.

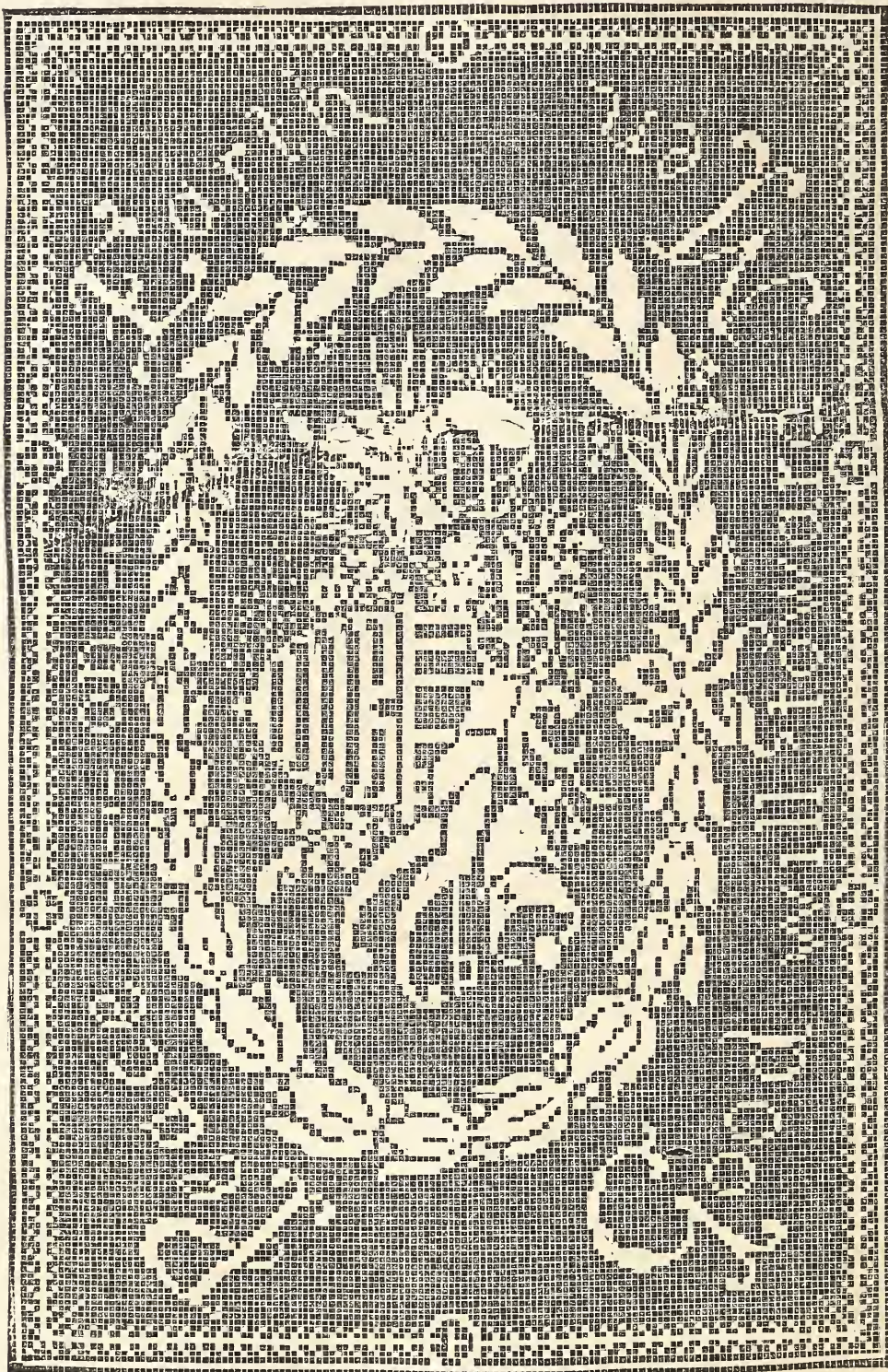
EMBROIDERY FOR A CHEMISE.



FOR AN INFANT'S SHIRT.



OTTOMAN AND SOFA COVER.



THE Ottoman Cover, emblematic of Peace, is designed to be worked in sc. with crochet cotton, No. 8; and green, black, and ruby beads, No. 2. To save all trouble, each color is to be threaded on a different reel, and the threads not used are held in, just as in crochet, with various colored

silks. The wreath is done in green beads, the motto in black; all the rest of the pattern is in the ruby beads. Work in the ends of every row in beginning and ending the following one.

The ottoman cover may also be worked in square crochet.

POINT LACE CROCHET COLLAR PATTERNS.

No. 3.—MECHLIN LACE PATTERN.

Materials.—No. 20 cotton; steel crochet hook.

1st row.—Make a chain of one hundred and sixty-eight stitches.

2d.—Work two long stitches into one loop of the foundation, make one chain, miss one loop of the foundation, work two more long stitches into another loop of the foundation, make one chain, miss one loop, and repeat.

3d.—Make a chain of five, working every fifth stitch into every fourth of the last row.

4th.—A plain chain, working every third into the centre stitch of the five in last row.

The fifth, sixth, and seventh rows are treble open crochet.

This finishes the band of the collar. Crochet each end neatly in plain double crochet.

8th.—Make a chain of five, working the fifth into every fourth stitch of the last row; at the corners it must be worked into every third, commencing at the foundation chain and working round the band to the foundation chain at the other end.

9th.—A plain chain, working every third stitch into the centre stitch of the five in last row.

10th.—Work four stitches double crochet, chain of four, repeat, always observing in this and the five following rows to increase one stitch in the chain at the corners.

11th.—Work two chain stitches, * four stitches double crochet, commencing the first stitch on the second of the four stitches of double crochet in the last row, therefore the fourth stitch will be one beyond the fourth in last row, chain of five, and repeat from *.

12th.—Work three chain stitches, * four stitches double crochet, commencing on the second of the four stitches of double crochet in the last row; this rule must also be observed in the three following rows, always to commence the first stitch of double crochet on the second of the four stitches of double crochet in the last row, chain of five, and repeat from *.

13th.—Four chain stitches, * four stitches double crochet, chain of six, and repeat from *.

14th.—The same as last.

15th.—Five chain stitches, * four stitches double crochet, chain of seven, and repeat from *.

16th.—One long stitch, chain of three, one long stitch into the fourth of last row, into the third at the corners, chain of three, and repeat.

17th.—One long stitch, two chain, * one long

stitch; in this and the two following rows every long stitch must be worked into every third stitch of the last row, two chain, one long, two chain, work ten long stitches into successive loops, two chain, and repeat from *.

18th.—One long stitch, two chain, one long, two chain, ten long as in last row, two chain, and repeat.

19th.—One long, two chain, ten long in successive loops, two chain, one long, two chain, and repeat.

20th.—Make a chain of five, working it with a stitch of double crochet into every other alternate stitch of the last row.

21st.—One row of single open crochet, taking up every third stitch of the last row.

22d.—Seven stitches double crochet, nine chain stitches; work the ninth into every seventh of the last row, and repeat. Ten chain stitches must be made at the corners.

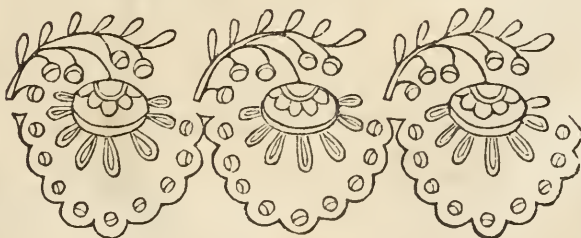
23d.—Four stitches double crochet, four chain stitches, * nine long worked into the nine chain stitches in the last row, making a chain stitch at the top between each of the long ones, four chain, one stitch double crochet worked on the centre stitch of the seven in the last row, four chain, and repeat from *.

24th.—Three stitches double crochet, * one stitch double crochet over the one in the last row, four chain, one long stitch on the first of the nine long stitches in the last row, four chain, one long stitch into the fifth, four chain, one long into the ninth, four chain, one long into the thirteenth, four chain, one long into the seventeenth, four chain, repeat from *.

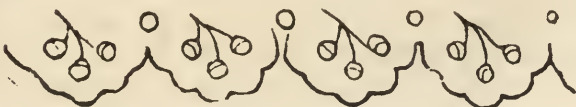
Crochet the neck of the collar in plain double crochet.



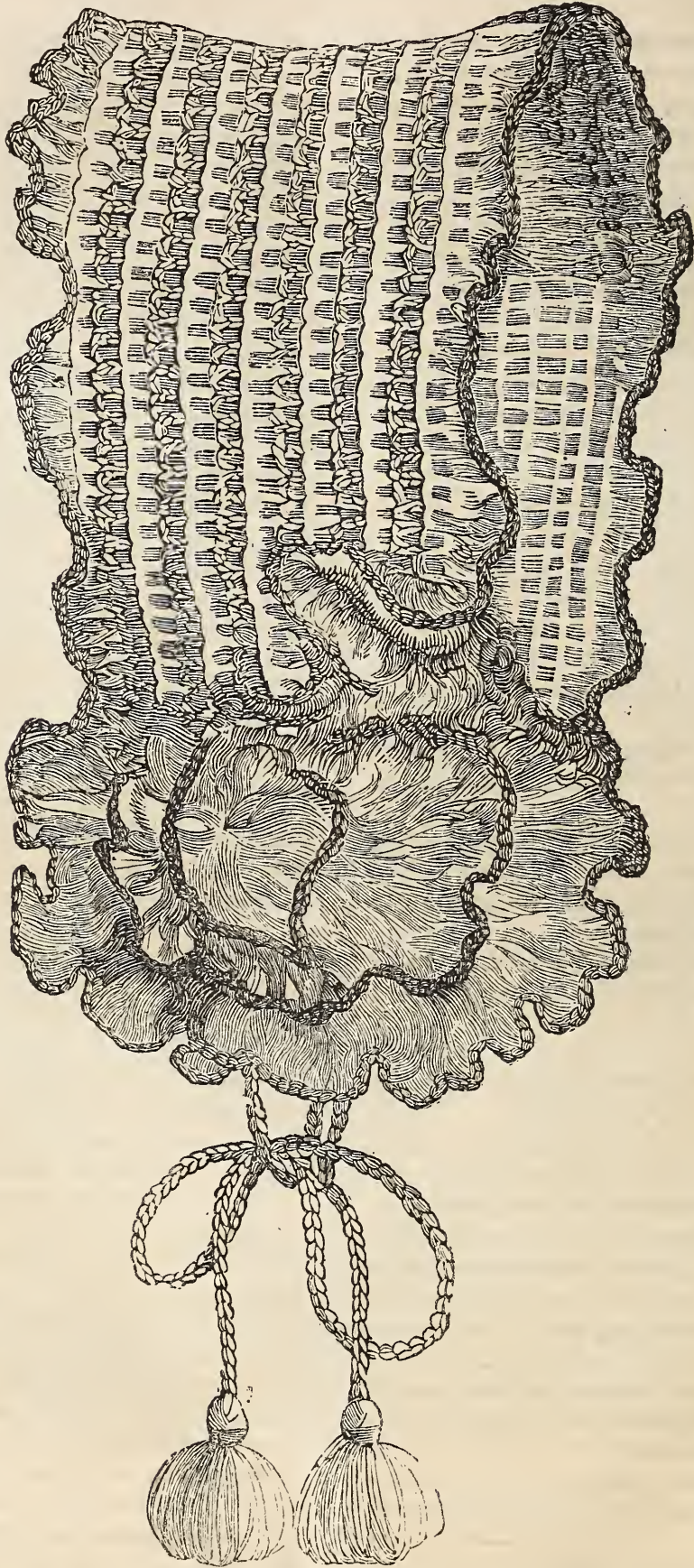
EMBROIDERY FOR A NECK-TIE.



FOR AN INFANT'S SHIRT.



PRUDENCE CAP.



Materials.—Half an ounce of white, half an ounce of cerise single Berlin wool; crochet, No. 2.

WITH white wool make a chain of 159 stitches;

work in this one long, two chain, miss 2; with cerise work one long in the long, two chain down each side, and at each end work one long,

two chain, three times, in the stitch which is across the ends.

2d round.—White, one long in long, two chain down each side, and five long with two chains between each in each of the three end stitches of former round; repeat these two last rounds twice more, increasing the number of stitches in forming the ends as may be required to form the round.

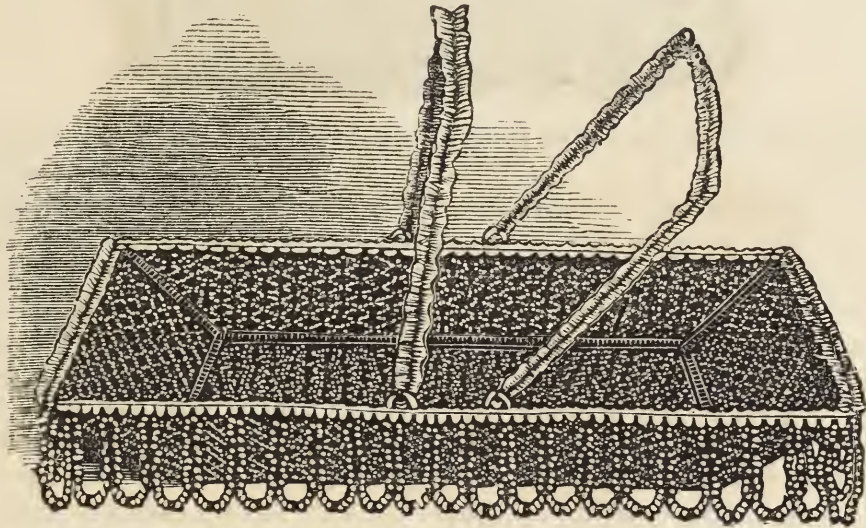
For the border, commence in the eleventh long stitch; with cerise, work one long, five chain in each long to the eleventh long of reverse side.

2d round.—White, one long in twelfth long;

five chain, one long in third chain; repeat one long five chain, all along last round, finishing in twelfth long from end.

3d.—Cerise, two long, five chain—the long worked over the chain of last round. This completes one border. Work a second and third in a similar manner at a little distance from each other, which completes one side. Work the second to correspond; then with cerise work two long, five chain in every section of chains along each side of headpiece. For strings, crochet cerise and white wool together, and attach a tassel of wool to the ends.

ELEGANT WORK-BASKET.



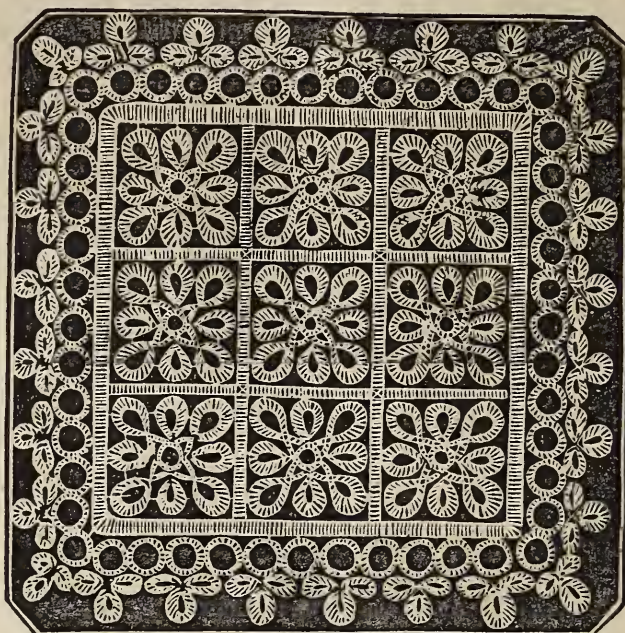
Materials.—A wire basket-frame, with movable handles; transparent white beads, and extra size ruby; rich sky-blue or vert-islay satin; chenille, No. 2, two pieces, to match; and some narrow satin ribbon for the ruche; also card-board, fine wadding, and a bit of straw-beading, with purse-silk to match satin.

THE wire frame of this basket consists of two oblong squares, one about eight inches long, the other about eleven. They are connected by a wire at each corner, and have movable square handles.

The first operation is entirely to cover the wire, by wrapping broad white cotton braid all around it. This will be found more flexible, and therefore better, than tape. Cut a piece of card-board for the bottom, cover it with wadding on one side, and with a thin piece of flannel on the other; and then both sides must be covered with satin, and the edges sewed together. This part, though prepared the first, will only be required at last. Now thread a long needle with

the colored purse-silk, and fasten it on at one corner of the frame. Thread on a loop of beads thus: 4 white, 1 ruby, 4 white. Take another stitch on the braid, about as far off as the space of six beads would be. Continue to make such a series of loops. The next row will be begun from the side, and the loop, instead of being fastened into the braid, will be completed by running through the garnet of last row. All the bottom and sides must be filled in this way; and it should be done on the outside of the basket. Then make a pretty twisted fringe round the upper edge, to fall as seen in the engraving. Now twist the chenille round all the wires, so as to cover them completely. Do the handles in the same way. Quill some ribbon in the centre, along which lay a piece of straw-beading, and run it all round the top of the basket. Put in the bottom, and add bows at the handles.

D'OYLEY—ARCHITECTURAL PATTERN.



Materials.—No. 24 cotton. Nine ch, join in a round, into which work 16 d.

1st round.—1 d, 6 ch, miss 2, 1 d; repeat 3 times more.

2d.—After the last d of last round, 9 ch join in a round, into which work (2 d, 2 ch, 9 d), 1 s on the first d of last round, 5 d, 12 ch join in a round, into which work (11 d, 2 ch, 11 d), 1 s on the first d of this round of 12 ch, 5 more d, all in the loop of 6 ch of last round, 1 s on the first d of last round; repeat 3 times more.

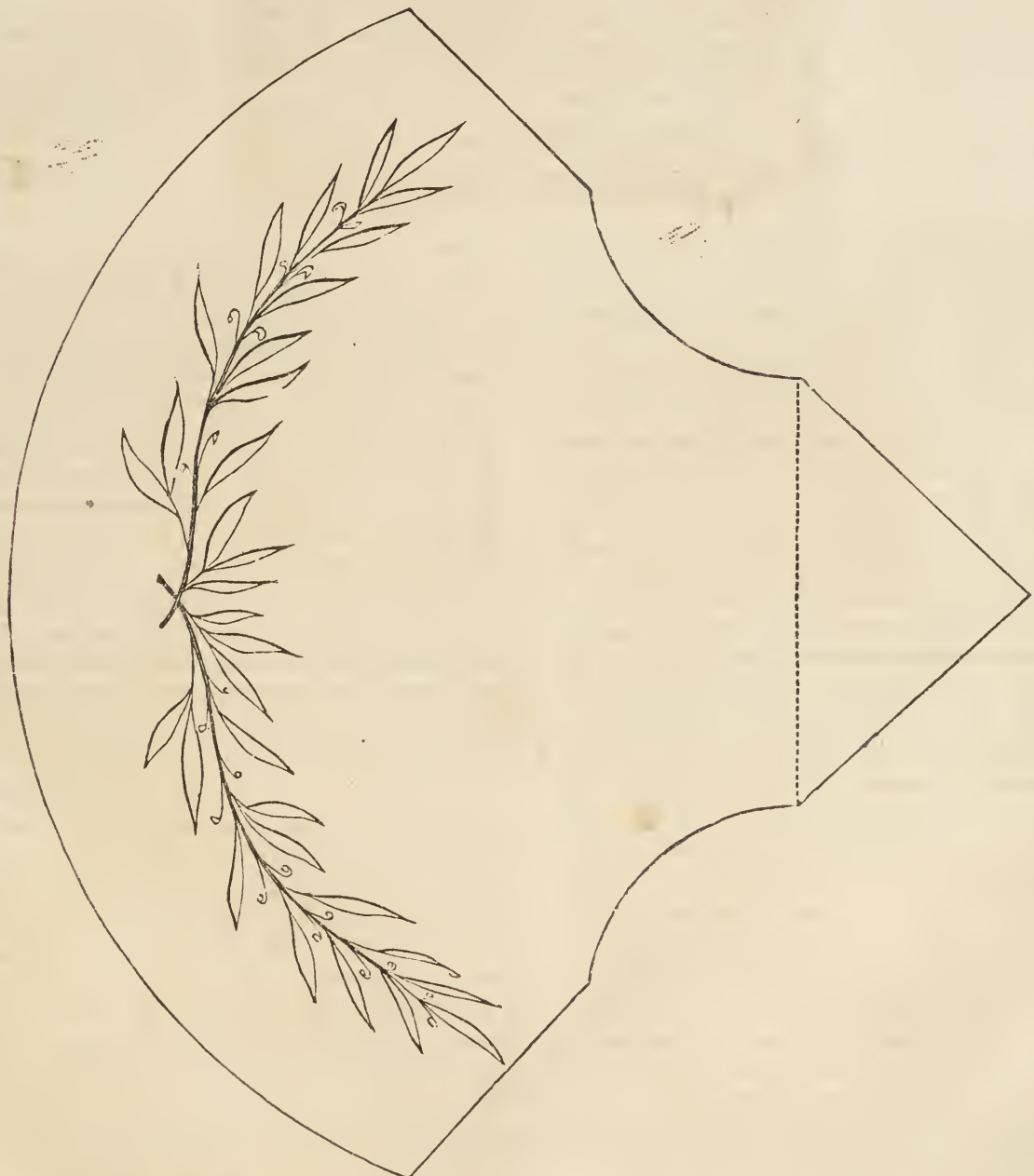
3d.—Miss the first d in the round of 9 ch, 1 d in each of the 6 next d, (1 s, 2 ch, 1 s) in the 2 ch, 1 d in each of the 6 next d; miss the last d in this round of 9 ch, the s on the first d of the first round, the 5 d in the loop of 6 ch of last round and the first d in the round of 12 ch; 1 d in each of the next 10 d (1 s, 2 ch, 1 s) in the 2 ch at the point, 1 d in each of the next 10 d; miss the last d in this round of 12 ch, the 5 d in the same loop of 6 ch, and the 1 s on the second d of the first round; repeat 3 times more. The flower is now finished; eight more like it will be required. The framework round the flowers is worked thus: 1 d in the point of the first leaf of a flower (holding the wrong side of the flower towards you), 10 ch, 1 s in the second leaf, 10 ch, 1 s in the point of the third leaf, 1 ch; join in a second and third flower in the same manner, but after the 1 s in the point of the third leaf of the third flower, 2 ch, 1 s in the same point, work round the three remaining sides of the third flower like

the first side, making 1 s on the 1 s in the point of the first leaf, 1 s on the 1 s in the point of the third leaf of the second flower; turn, 1 d in each of the next 10 ch, 1 d on the 1 s in the point of the eighth leaf of the third flower, 1 s in the point of the fourth leaf of the second flower, 1 d in the same s as the last d, 1 d in each of the next 10 ch, 1 d in the 2 ch in the point of the seventh leaf of the third flower; turn, work the third and fourth sides of the second flower like the third and fourth sides of the third flower; turn and work back on the fourth side like the fourth side of the third flower, work the third and fourth sides of the first flower like the third and fourth sides of the second flower as far as the 10 ch after the 1 s in the eighth leaf, then 1 s in the point of the first leaf, 2 ch, 1 s in the same point. Fasten off. Turn (the right side of the flowers will now be towards you), 1 d in the 2 ch at the point of the ninth leaf of the first flower, 1 s in the point of the first leaf of a fourth flower (the flower being held the right side towards you), 1 d in each of the next 10 ch, 1 d in the s in the point of the sixth leaf of the first flower, 1 s in the point of the second leaf of the fourth flower, 1 d in the same s as the first d, 1 d in each of the next 10 ch, join in two more flowers like the last; turn and work round the second row of flowers as round the first. In working the row of d across the top of the second row of flowers, join on a third row of flowers, and work round them like the second

row, but instead of working a row of d along the top of the third row of flowers, begin the borders of circles and trefoils; begin five stitches from the corner of the D'Oyley, 10 ch, join in a round into which work 9 d (6 ch, join in a round, turn, 7 ch, 1 s, 3 times in this round, turn, 5 d, 3 ch, 5d) in the first loop of 7 ch; 11 d in the next, and (5 d, 3 ch, 5 d) in the third; (1 s on the s that joins the 6 ch in a round) 9 d in the same 10 ch, 5 d in 5 ch stitches of the D'Oyley, 1 d in the 2 ch at the corner; make another circle and trefoil like the last, joining

the point of the first lobe of the trefoil you are making to the third lobe of the last, 5 more d on 5 stitches of the D'Oyley, 1 more circle and trefoil like the last, and joined in the same manner; after which 7 d on 7 ch stitches of the D'Oyley, 10 ch, join in a round into which work 18 d, 1 s on the first d in this round, 7 d on 7 ch stitches of the D'Oyley, one circle with a trefoil upon it; repeat these two circles across the side of the D'Oyley, and make the three round the next corner like the three round the first corner; work each side of the D'Oyley like the first.

INFANT'S BIB.



THE point to be turned under the waist of the frock, and pinned down. It can be made of any material, and plain or ornamented.

Receipts, &c.

LAYING OUT TABLES.

NO. I.—BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, AND FOLDING NAPKINS.

THE art of laying out a table, whether for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, or supper, consists in arranging the various dishes, plate, glass, &c., methodically, and adhering to the rules we are about to make known.

Much trouble, irregularity, and confusion will be avoided in a house where there is company, if servants are instructed to prepare the table, sideboard, or dinner-wagon, in a similar manner or order daily.

All tables are usually laid out according to the following rules:—

BREAKFASTS.—The table should be covered with a clean white cloth; the cups and saucers arranged at one end, if for tea; and at both ends, if for tea and coffee; or the coffee-cups and saucers may be arranged at the right-hand side of one end of the table, and the teacups and saucers at the left: the teapot and coffee-pot occupying the space between in front, and the urn that at the back. Some persons substitute cocoa or chocolate for coffee, in which case they are to be placed the same. The slop basin and milk jug should be placed to the left; and the cream, and hot milk jugs, with the sugar basin, to the right.

The remainder of the table should be occupied in the centre by the various dishes to be partaken of; while at the sides must be ranged a large plate for meat, eggs, &c., and a small one for toast, rolls, &c., with a small knife and fork for each person; the carving knife and fork being placed point to handle; the butter and bread knives to the right of their respective dishes, which occupy the centre part, and spoons in front of the hot dishes with gravy. Saltcellars should occupy the four corners, and, if required, the cruets should be placed in the centre of the table.

Dry toast should never be prepared longer than five minutes before serving, as it becomes tough, and the buttered, soppy and greasy, if too long prepared. Hot rolls should be brought to table covered with a napkin.

Every dish should be garnished appropriately, either with ornamental butter, water-cresses, parsley, or some one of the garnishes we shall point out in a future page.

The dishes usually set upon the table are selected from hot, cold, and cured meats; hot, cold, cured, and potted fish; game; poultry, cold or devilled; fruit, ripe, preserved, or candied; dressed and undressed vegetables; meat pies and patties, cold; eggs; honeycomb; entrées; and savory morsels—as grilled kidneys, ham-toast, devils, &c.

Fig. 1.

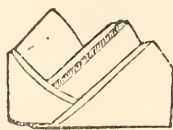


Fig. 2.

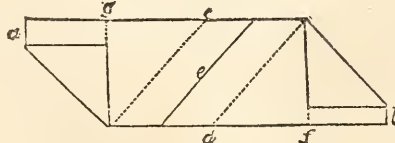
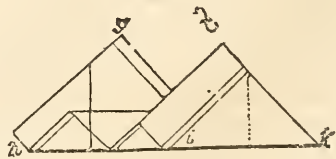


Fig. 3.



Turn back the point *a* towards the right, so that it shall lie behind *c*; and *b* to the left, so as to be behind *d*. Double the napkin back at the line *e*, then turn up *f* from before and *g* from behind, when they will appear as in Fig. 3. Bend the corner *h* towards the right, and tuck it behind *i*, and turn back the corner *k* towards the

D'jeûners à la fourchette are laid the same as suppers, except that tea and coffee are introduced; but not until the solids are removed.

When laid for a marriage or christening breakfast, a bride's or christening cake should occupy the centre instead of the *épergne* or plateau.

LUNCHEONS, OR NOONINGS.—The luncheon is laid in two ways. One way is to bring in a butler's tray with let down sides, on which it is previously arranged upon a tray cloth, and, letting down the sides and spreading the cloth upon the dining-table to distribute the things as required. The other is to lay the cloth as for dinner, with the pickle-stand and cruets opposite each other; and, if in season, a small vase of flowers in the centre; if not, a water jug and tumblers, which may be placed on a side-table at other times. The sides of the table are occupied by the requisites for each guest, viz., two plates, a large and small fork and knives, and dessert-spoon. A folded napkin, and the bread under, is placed upon the plate of each guest.

Carafes, with the tumblers belonging to and placed over them, are laid at the four corners, with the saltcellars in front of them, between two tablespoons laid bowl to handle.

The dishes generally served for luncheons are the remains of cold meat neatly trimmed and garnished; cold game, hashed or plain; hashes of all descriptions; curries; minced meats; cold pies, savory, fruit, or plain; plainly cooked cutlets, steaks, and chops; omelettes; bacon; eggs; devils and grilled bones; potatoes; sweet-meats; butter; cheese; salad and pickles. In fact, almost anything does for lunch, whether of fish, flesh, fowl, pastry, vegetables, or fruit.

Ale and porter are generally served, but occasionally sherry, marsalla port, or home-made wines are introduced, with biscuits and ripe fruit.

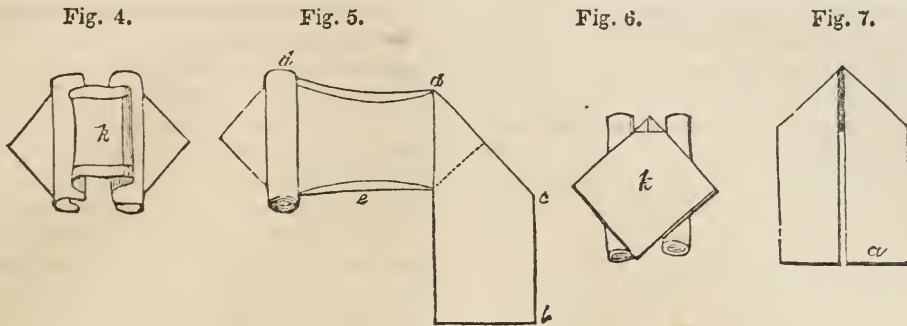
A good housewife should always have something in the house ready to convert into a neat little luncheon, in case a few friends drop in, to what some are pleased to call a "tiffin;" and it is astonishing how a really handsome-looking affair may be made out of the remains of the dinner served the day before, some handsome glass, a sprinkle of good plate, a few flowers, and above all, a hearty welcome.

NAPKINS.—Dinner napkins should be about twenty-eight inches broad, and thirty inches long. They may be folded in a variety of ways, which impart a style to a table, without adding much to the expense, and may be readily accomplished with a little practice and attention to the following directions and diagrams:—

THE MITRE. (Fig. 1.)—Fold the napkin into three parts lengthwise, then turn down the right-hand corner, and turn up the left-hand one, as in Fig. 2, *a* and *b*.

left, at the dotted line, and tuck it into a corresponding part at the back. The bread is placed under the mitre, or in the centre at the top.

THE EXQUISITE. (Fig. 4.)—Fold the napkin into three parts lengthwise, then fold down two-fifths of the length from each side, as in Fig. 5, at *a*; roll up the



part *b* towards the back, repeat on the other side, then turn up the corner towards the corner *a*, and it will appear as *d*. The centre part *e* is now to be turned up at the bottom, and down at the top, and the two rolls brought under the centre piece as in Fig. 4. The bread is placed under the centre band, *k*, Fig. 4.

THE COLLEGIAN. (Fig. 6).—Fold the napkin into three parts lengthwise, then turn down the two sides towards you, so that they shall appear as in Fig. 7; then roll up the part *a* underneath, until it looks like *b*, Fig. 8. Now take the corner *b* and turn it up towards *c*, so that the edge of the rolled part shall be even with the central line; repeat the same on the other side, and turn the whole over, when it will appear as in Fig. 6. The bread is placed underneath the part *k*.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO COOK VEAL.

VEAL—THE FILLET.—The fillet derives much of its pleasant flavor from being stuffed. Veal, in itself, being nearly tasteless, the stuffing should be placed in the hollow place whence the bone is extracted, and the joint should be roasted a beautiful brown; it should be roasted gradually, as the meat being solid will require to be thoroughly done through without burning the outside. Like pork, it is sufficiently indigestible without being sent to the table and eaten half cooked; a dish of boiled bacon or ham should accompany it to the table; a lemon also.

In roasting veal, care must be taken that it is not at first placed too near the fire; the fat of a loin, one of the most delicate joints of veal, should be covered with greased paper; a fillet also should have on the caul until nearly enough; the shoulder should be thoroughly boiled; when nearly done dredge with flour, and produce a fine froth.

FILLET OF VEAL, BOILED.—Bind it round with tape, put it in a floured cloth and in cold water, boil very gently two hours and a half, or, if simmered, which is perhaps the better way, four hours will be taken; it may be sent to the table in béchamel or with oyster sauce.

Care should be taken to keep it as white as possible.

BREAST OF VEAL STEWED.—Put it into the stewpan with some white stock, not much; add a glass of sherry, a few mushrooms, a bunch of sweet herbs, three onions, pepper, and salt. Stew till tender, strain the gravy, and send to table garnished with force-meat balls.

BREAST OF VEAL, BOILED.—Put it into plenty of cold water, let it come to a boil, keep the scum clear as often as it rises; when it boils add a bunch of parsley, a few blades of mace, a small bunch of sweet herbs, twenty or thirty white peppers; stew an hour and a

quarter, send to table with a nice piece of bacon, and parsley and butter.

BREAST OF VEAL RAGOUT.—Divide the breast lengthwise in two, cut each piece into portions of a reasonable size, put them into a pan with boiling butter, fry a clear brown, lay the pieces in a stewpan with sufficient veal broth to cover them, throw in a small fagot of sweet herbs and parsley, two onions, one large blade of mace, half a dessertspoonful of allspice, and the peel of a lemon, season with pepper and salt, cover close, and stew an hour and a half, or longer if the meat requires it; take it off and strain the gravy, remove the fat, keep the veal closely covered, and in a small stewpan put a little butter and flour, pour in the strained gravy gradually, let it come to a boil, remove any scum that may rise, pour in a glass of sherry or Madeira, two tablespoonfuls of Harvey's sauce or mushroom ketchup, and squeeze in the juice of half a lemon; boil it up, place the veal in a deep, hot dish, pour the gravy over it, and serve.

BREAST OF VEAL, FORCED.—After taking out the tendons and all the rib bones, flatten and trim the veal, spread it all over with forcemeat, sprinkle over it, if you have got it, a little chopped truffle or mushrooms, sprinkle a little pepper and salt over it, then roll it tightly up and tie it, then put it into a cloth and stew it for several hours, take it up, and take off the cloth and strings; dry it and glaze it; put some good sauce.

SHOULDER OF VEAL.—Remove the knuckle and roast what remains, as the fillet; it may or may not be stuffed at pleasure; if not stuffed, serve with oyster or mushroom sauce; if stuffed, with melted butter.

SHOULDER OF VEAL, BONED AND STEWED.—Bone the shoulder and lay in the orifice a veal forcemeat; roll and bind the shoulder; roast it an hour; then put it into a stewpan with good white or brown gravy and stew four or five hours; regulate the time to the size of the joint; take up the meat, strain the gravy to clear it of fat, and serve with forcemeat balls.

SHOULDER OF VEAL A LA PIEDMONTESE.—Strip the skin off the shoulder, leaving it attached at one end; now lard the meat with fat bacon or ham, add a seasoning of sweet herbs, mace, parsley, lemon-peel chopped fine, pepper and salt; replace the skin, place in a stewpan with gravy, and stew till tender; then chop spinach fine, to which add a tablespoonful of vinegar; chop a lettuce with it, also some onions, parsley, and mushrooms, stew them in butter; add to them when tender some of the gravy, bits of ham, and some sweetbreads; stew all together for a short time, lift up the skin of the shoulder, and place the herbs over and under; return the skin as before, pour melted butter over it, add crumbs of bread brown it in the oven, and serve hot with gravy in the dish.

LOIN OF VEAL, STEWED.—The chump end is the part to stew. Put it well floured into a stewpan with butter; after the butter has been browned over the fire, brown it, and when a good color pour in enough veal broth to half cover it; put in two carrots cut in pieces, an onion, a little parsley, and a small bunch of sweet herbs; stew it two hours and a half, turn it when half done; when enough take out the meat, thicken the broth, season it, and pour over the veal.

LOIN OF VEAL.—Divide the loin, roast the kidney, and place under the fat a toast, and serve swimming in melted butter. The chump end must be stuffed with the same stuffing as the fillet, and served with the same sauce; those who object to putting the stuffing in the joint may send it to table with balls of stuffing in the dish.

LOIN OF VEAL, BOILED.—Take a loin, about eight pounds, skewer down the flap without disturbing the kidney, put the loin into a kettle with enough cold water to cover it, let it come gradually to a boil (it cannot boil too slowly), continue for two hours and a quarter, but it must boil; remove the scum as it rises, send it to table in béchamel, or with parsley and melted butter.

SICK-ROOM AND NURSERY.

DOMESTIC SURGERY.

(Continued from October Number.)

Ordinary Cupping is performed the same as dry cupping, with this exception, that the part is scarified or scratched with a lancet so as to cause the blood to flow. Then the glass is placed over it again with the lighted paper in it; and, when sufficient blood has been taken away, the parts are sponged, and a piece of sticking-plaster applied over them.

LEECHES AND THEIR APPLICATION.—The leech used for medical purposes is called the *Hirudo medicinalis*, to distinguish it from other varieties, such as the horse-leech and the Lisbon leech. It varies from two to four inches in length, and is of a blackish-brown color, marked on the back with six yellow spots, and edged with a yellow line on each side. Formerly, leeches were supplied by Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and other fenny countries; but latterly, most of the leeches are procured from France, where they are now becoming scarce.

When leeches are applied to a part, it should be thoroughly freed from down or hair by shaving, and all liniments, &c. carefully and effectually cleaned away by washing. If the leech is hungry, it will soon bite; but sometimes great difficulty is experienced in getting them to fasten on. When this is the case, roll the leech into a little porter, or moisten the surface with a little blood, or milk, or sugar and water. Leeches may be applied by holding them over the part with a piece of linen cloth, or by means of an inverted glass, under which they must be placed.

When applied to the gums, care should be taken to use a leech glass, as they are apt to creep down the patient's throat. A large swan's quill will answer the purpose of a leech glass. When leeches are gorged, they will drop off themselves. Never *tear* them off from a person, but just dip the point of a moistened finger into some salt and touch them with it.

Leeches are supposed to abstract about two drachms of blood, or six leeches draw about an ounce; but this is independent of the bleeding after they have come off,

and more blood generally flows then than during the time they are sucking.

After leeches come away, encourage the bleeding by flannels dipped in hot water and wrung out dry, and then apply a warm "spongio-piline" poultice. If the bleeding is not to be encouraged, cover the bites with rag dipped in olive-oil, or spread with spermaceti ointment, having previously sponged the parts clean.

When bleeding continues from leech-bites, and it is desirable to stop it, apply pressure with the fingers over the part, or dip a rag in a strong solution of alum and lay over them, or use the tincture of sesquichloride of iron, or apply a leaf of matico to them, placing the under surface of the leaf next to the skin, or touch each bite with a finely pointed piece of lunar caustic; and, if all these tried in succession fail, pass a fine needle through a fold of the skin so as to include the bite, and twist a piece of thread around it. Be sure never to allow any one to go to sleep with leech-bites bleeding without watching them carefully; and never apply too many to children.

After leeches have been used, they should be placed in water containing sixteen per cent. of salt, which facilitates the removal of the blood they contain; and they should afterwards be placed one by one in warm water, and the blood forced out by *gentle* pressure. The leeches should then be thrown into fresh water, which is to be renewed every twenty-four hours; and they may then be re-applied after an interval of eight or ten days. A second time they may be disgorged.

If a leech is accidentally swallowed, or by any means gets into the body, employ an emetic, or enema of salt and water.

Scarification is useful in severe contusions and inflammation of parts. It is performed by scratching or slightly cutting through the skin with a lancet, holding the lancet as you would a pen when you are ruling lines on paper.

ACCIDENTS.—*Always send off for a surgeon immediately an accident occurs, but treat as directed until he arrives.* **Burns.**—If the skin is much injured, spread some linen pretty thickly with chalk ointment, and lay over the part, and give the patient some brandy and water if much exhausted; then send for a medical man. If not much injured, and very painful, use the same ointment, or apply carded cotton dipped in lime-water or linseed-oil. If you please, you may lay cloths dipped in ether over the parts, or cold lotions.

THE TOILET.

BERGAMOT.—This most useful perfume is procured from the *Citrus bergamia* by expression from the peel of the fruit. It has a soft sweet odor, too well known to need description here. When new and good it has a greenish-yellow tint, but loses its greenness by age, especially if kept in imperfectly corked bottles. It then becomes cloudy from the deposit of resinous matter, produced by the contact of the air, and acquires a turpentine smell.

It is best preserved in well-stoppered bottles, kept in a cool cellar, and in the dark; light, especially the direct sunshine, quickly deteriorates its odor. This observation may be applied, indeed, to all perfumes, except rose, which is not so spoiled.

When bergamot is mixed with other essential oils, it greatly adds to their richness, and gives a sweetness to spice-oils attainable by no other means; and such compounds are much used in the most highly scented soaps.

Mixed with rectified spirit in the proportions of about four ounces of bergamot to a gallon, it forms what is called "extract of bergamot," and in this state is used for the handkerchief. Though well covered with extract of orris and other matters, it is the leading ingredient in "Bayley & Blew's Essence Bouquet."

BENZOIN, also called Benjamin.—This is a very useful substance to perfumers. It exudes from the *Styrax benzoin* by wounding the tree, and, drying, becomes a hard gum-resin. It is principally imported from Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and Siam. The best kind comes from the latter place, and used to be called *Amygdaloides*, because of its being interspersed with several white spots, which resemble broken almonds. When heated, these white specks rise as a smoke, which is easily condensed upon paper. The material thus separated from the benzoin is called flowers of benzoin in commerce, and by chemists is termed benzoic acid. It has all, or nearly all, the odor of the resin from which it is derived.

The extract, or tincture of benzoin, forms a good basis for a bouquet. Like balsam of Tolu, it gives permanence and body to a perfume made with an essential oil in spirit.

The principal consumption of benzoin is in the manufacture of pastilles, and for the preparation of fictitious vanilla pomade.

CARAWAY.—This odoriferous principle is drawn by distillation from the seeds of the *Carum carui*. It has a very pleasant smell, quite familiar enough without description. It is well adapted to perfume soap, for which it is much used in England, though rarely if ever on the continent. When dissolved in spirit, it may be used in combination with oil of lavender and bergamot for the manufacture of cheap essences in a similar way to cloves. If caraway seeds are ground, they are well adapted for mixing to form sachet powder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EXCELLENT RECEIPT FOR MENDING CHINA.—Take a very thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot again be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

TO REMOVE MARKING-INK.—Wet the stain with fresh solution of chloride of lime; and, after ten or twelve minutes, if the marks have become white, dip the part in solution of ammonia (the liquid ammonia of chemists) or hyposulphate of soda. In a few minutes, wash in clean water.

TO CLEAN SILK.—Dresses cleaned by the following method have not the appearance of being cleaned: Quarter of a pound of honey, quarter of a pound of soft soap, two wineglasses of gin, three gills of boiling water; mix, and let stand until blood-warm; spread the silk on a clean table with a cloth under it—there must be no gathers; dip a nail-brush into the mixture, and rub the silk well, especially where there are stains or the most dirt or spots, and with a sponge wet the whole breadth generally, and rub gently; then rinse the silk in cold soft water; hang it up to drain, and iron it damp. The quantity stated is for a plain dress.

HOW TO KEEP GATHERED FRUIT AND FLOWERS ALWAYS FRESH.—A friend has just informed us that fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum arabic

in water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coating of the gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit, or the withering of the flower. Our friend has roses thus preserved which have all the beauty of freshly plucked ones, though they have been separated from the parent stem since June last. To insure success in experiments of this kind, it should be borne in mind that the whole surface must be completely covered; for, if the air only gains entrance at a pin-hole, the labor will be lost. In preserving specimens of fruit, particular care should be taken to cover the stem and all with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent that you can with difficulty detect its presence, except by the touch. Here we have another simple method of fixing the fleeting beauty of nature, and surrounding ourselves ever with those objects which most elevate the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart.

ESSENCE OF ANCHOVIES.—A pound of the best anchovies, two quarts of water, two bay leaves, some whole pepper, a little scraped horse-radish, a little thyme, two blades of mace, six shallots chopped small, a gill of port wine, half the rind of a lemon, a gill of ketchup, and boil them together for twenty minutes, then rub them through a tammy with a wooden spoon; when cold, put it into pint bottles, cork them close, and keep them in a dry place.

COMPOSITION FOR RENDERING CANVAS WATER-PROOF AND PLIABLE.—Boil one pound of yellow soap in six pints of water, and add the solution, while hot, to one hundred-weight of any paint. When this has been applied and become dry, paint the canvas again with any paint.

A NICE dish for breakfast might be made as follows: Take one egg, and beat it up, and a teaspoonful of salt; pour in about two-thirds of a pint of water, then slice some bread, dip it in, and fry in a little butter; serve warm.

WE cut the following from an exchange:—

LOCKJAW.—I have noticed, lately, several deaths by lockjaw, and for the information of all I will give a certain remedy. When any one runs a nail or any sharp iron in any part of his body, take a common smoke pipe, fill it with tobacco, light it well, then take a cloth or silk handkerchief, place it over the bowl of the pipe and blow the smoke through the stem into the wound. Two or three pipefulls will be sufficient to set the wound discharging. I have tried it myself, and five others, and found it gave immediate relief. If the wound has been some days standing, it will open again if the tobacco is good. Try it, any one who may chance to get such a wound.

TO OBTAIN FLOWERS FROM BULBOUS ROOTS IN THREE WEEKS.—Put quicklime into a flower-pot till it is rather more than half full; fill up with good earth; plant your bulbs in the usual manner; keep the earth slightly damp. The heat given out by the lime will rise through the earth, which will temper its fierceness; and in this manner beautiful flowers may be obtained at any season.

DUPUYTREN'S POMATUM.—Tincture of cantharides, ten parts; lard, ten parts. Mix well, and rub into the roots of hair.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

LEMON JELLY.—One and three-quarters ounces of Russian isinglass, one and a quarter pounds of loaf-sugar, and three lemons. Cut the isinglass in small pieces, turn over it one quart of cold water, and let it stand half an hour; then pour off the water, and put the isinglass into a pitcher with the juice of two of the lemons, and one cut in slices, the sugar, and a deserts-poonful of rose-water; over the whole pour three pints of *boiling* water; cover it, and let it stand an hour, or till the isinglass is dissolved; then strain it through a jelly bag in your forms, and set them in a cool place.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—Squeeze the tomatoes through a sieve; to six quarts of the pulp and juice add three quarts of the best vinegar; set it over a slow fire to boil, and when it begins to thicken add one-half ounce each of cloves, allspice, and pepper, one-quarter ounce of cinnamon, and two nutmegs, all finely powdered; boil it to the consistence of thin mush; then add four tablespoonfuls of salt; when cold, bottle and seal it. This should be boiled in a porcelain kettle, or removed from a brass or tin one *before* the salt is added.

FOR DISEASES OF THE BOWELS.—Take equal parts of syrup rhubarb, paregoric, and spirits of camphor; mix together. Dose for an adult, one teaspoonful. If necessary, it may be repeated in two or three hours.

FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.—Take a chicken just killed, if possible; boil it in two or three quarts of water; and let the patient drink freely of the broth, either with or without salt. It should be boiled several hours.

The lemon jelly is very quickly and easily made, and is very agreeable to sick persons. I have found it particularly grateful to persons suffering from diseased lungs and fevers.

The tomato ketchup I find, on referring to my book, bears date 1829, and was given by an officer in the navy, who brought it from Italy. In those days tomatoes were seldom used, except by travelled persons.

The rhubarb mixture will be found preferable to any other preparation of rhubarb for pains arising from eating crude substances; and the "chicken broth" is an old family medicine given by a physician of the old French school.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF THE FLOOR.—Cover the spot with fresh wood-ashes, and wet them a little; let them remain forty-eight hours, keeping them damp, and the ink will be removed. It is equally good for removing stains from linen or white cotton goods, but would not do for colored.

GREEN CORN OMELET.—The following receipt for this delicacy is said to be excellent: Grate the corn from twelve ears of corn boiled; beat up five eggs, stir them with the corn; season with pepper and salt, and fry the mixture brown, browning the top with a hot shovel. If fried in small cakes, with a little flour and milk stirred in to form a batter, this is very nice.

THE August number of Godey asked for a receipt for preserving cucumbers as a sweetmeat. The following is good and sure: Select sound green cucumbers; let them lay in salt water nine days, standing by the stove; stir them carefully from the bottom every day; then take them out, cut them in quarters, scrape out the seeds, laying them in alum water; keep them hot, and when green let them boil two minutes in the same water; then take out the fruit and let it lay twenty-four hours in fresh water, stirring often; now have ready your syrup; one pound and one quarter of

sugar to one pound of fruit; flavor strong of ginger-root and lemon; one gill of best brandy to one quart of syrup; let the syrup remain on the fruit four days; then drain it off and boil more, and, if very much thinned, add more sugar. Do not fear to use this: it has stood the trial of many years.

Chemistry for the Young.

40. Hence the operation of evaporating away the water from the solution of starch and water will be best accomplished by means of either a steam or a water bath.

41. To make a steam bath, take a saucepan, and, having put some water into it, make the water boil. To apply this steam bath to our present wants, put the solution of starch and water into a saucer, and put the saucer over and upon the mouth of the saucepan.

42. By this means, all danger of burning the starch will be obviated, inasmuch as the solution can never become hotter than the steam of water boiling under the conditions indicated—a degree of heat quite insufficient to produce burning. If the saucer be merely bathed with steam, it is said, in the language of chemistry, to be heated by a *steam bath*. Had it dipped, however, into the boiling water, it would have been heated by a *water bath*.

43. When the evaporation of the two solutions has been completed, the proposed case of analysis will have been effected; inasmuch as the sand will have been left in the cup or glass (the process of decantation having been adopted), or upon the filter (if this process has been followed), and the salt and starch will each have been obtained separately by evaporation.

44. Throughout the second part of this analysis I have advised the process of decantation rather than of filtration, inasmuch as the adhesive nature of starch renders its solution difficult of passing through the pores of a filter. Throughout the first part I have advised it for the reason given in foot-note.

45. Had it been desired, however, the process of removing the salt might have been, without difficulty, accomplished by filtration; and this being effected, the sand and the starch might have been washed off the filter into a cup, or basin, or glass, for the purpose of being subjected to affusion with hot water, and subsequent decantation.

46. Having concluded this analysis, let all the apparatus be cleaned as before, and put away.

47. The young analyst may now amuse himself by testing vegetable substances for the presence of starch by means of tincture of iodine. The operation may be commenced by cutting some potatoes into thin slices, and touching them with the end of a glass rod dipped in tincture of iodine; when a deep blue spot will result. In the same manner may the fact be demonstrated that lemons and oranges contain starch in the cellular substance next the juicy part, and entering between the fruity partitions. In the same way, also, may it be demonstrated that young buds of almost any growing plant contain starch; and, in short, by means of the iodine test, the presence of starch may be indicated in a large range of vegetable productions.

Pursuing the train of reasoning to which the analysis just described naturally gives rise, we are naturally led to reflect on the conditions under which starch is found in the vegetable kingdom, and the purposes for which it is designed.

EDITORS' TABLE.

'Books should to one of these four ends conduce—
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.'—DENHAM.

AUTHORSHIP, or rather the "making of books," has become so common an art, that the announcement of a new work has very little effect on the public ear. Not so to the writer. The first appearance in print is an era never to be forgotten by the young author. The first story or poem "accepted" by the editor of a periodical from some new contributor, what a tumult of hopes and fancies it awakens in the mind of the literary adventurer who has thus launched his or her little skiff into the ocean of authorship! Dangers are forgotten, difficulties vanish, impossibilities even are overcome—in imagination—and the happy aspirant for literary glory sees the gate of the temple of Fame swing wide to welcome a new genius to her honors and her rewards.

These fancies are very pleasant, but rarely prove realities. Or, if the young writer has true genius and finally succeeds, the preliminary steps must be in the plain, plodding path of business. This was the way Agnes Atheling had to pursue; and her experience we give for the benefit of our young lady writers.

The Publisher.—The manuscript of Agnes* was made into a parcel, duly packed and tied up, not in a delicate wrapper or with pretty ribbons, as perhaps the affectionate regard of Agnes might have suggested, but in the commonest and most matter-of-fact parcel imaginable. But by that time it began to be debated whether Charlie after all was a sufficiently dignified messenger. He was only a boy—that was not to be disputed; and Mrs. Atheling did not think him at all remarkable for his "manners," and papa doubted whether he was able to manage a matter of business. But, then, who would go?—not the girls, certainly, and not their mother, who was somewhat timid out of her own house. Mr. Atheling could not leave his office; and really, after all their objections, there was nobody but Charlie, unless it was Mr. Foggo, whom Agnes would by no means consent to employ. So they brushed their big boy, as carefully as Moses Primrose was brushed before he went to the fair, and gave him strict injunctions to look as grave, as sensible, and as *old* as possible. All these commands Charlie received with perfect coolness, hoisting his parcel under his arm, and remaining entirely unmoved by the excitement around him. "I know well enough—don't be afraid," said Charlie. And he strode off like a young ogre, carrying Agnes's fortune under his arm. They all went to the window to look after him with some alarm and some hope; but, though they were troubled for his youth, his abruptness, and his want of "manners," there was exhilaration in the steady ring of Charlie's manful foot, and his own entire and undoubting confidence. On he went, a boyish giant, to throw down that slender gage and challenge of the young genius to all the world; meanwhile, they returned to their private occupations, this little group of women excited, doubtful, much expecting, marvelling over and over again what Mr. Burlington would say. Such an

eminence of lofty criticism and censorship these good people, upon this morning, recognized in the position of Mr. Burlington! He seemed to hold in his hands the universal key which opened everything. Fame, honor, and reward, at that moment, appeared to these simple minds to be mere vassals of his pleasure; and all the balance of the future, as Agnes fancied, lay in the doubtful chance whether he was propitious or unpropitious. Simple imaginations! Mr. Burlington, at that moment taking off his top-coat, and placing his easy-chair where no draught could reach it, was about as innocent of literature as Charlie Atheling himself.

But Charlie, who had to go to "the office" after he fulfilled his mission, could not come home till the evening; so they had to be patient in spite of themselves.

When Charlie came home, though he came earlier than papa, and there was full opportunity to interrogate him, Charlie, we are grieved to say, was not very satisfactory in his communications. "Yes," said Charlie, "I saw him: I don't know if it was the headman. Of course, I asked for Mr. Burlington—and he took the parcel—that's all."

"That's all?—you little savage!" cried Marian, who was not half as big as Charlie. "Did he say he would be glad to have it? Did he ask who had written it? What did he say?"

"Are you sure it was Mr. Burlington?" said Agnes. "Did he look pleased? What do you think he thought? What did you say to him? Charlie, boy, tell us what you said."

"I won't tell you a word if you press upon me like that," said the big boy. "Sit down and be quiet. Mother, make them sit down. I don't know if it was Mr. Burlington; I don't think it was: it was a washy man, that never could have been head of that place. He took the papers, and made a face at me, and said: 'Are they your own?' I said 'No' plain enough; and then he looked at the first page, and said they must be left. So I left them. Well, what was a man to do? Of course, that is all."

"What do you mean by making a face at you, boy?" said the watchful mother. "I do trust, Charlie, my dear, you were careful how to behave, and did not make any of your faces at him."

"Oh, it was only a smile!" said Charlie, with again a grotesque imitation. "'Are they your own?'—meaning I was just a boy to be laughed at, you know—I should think so: as if I could not make an end of half-a-dozen like him."

"Don't brag, Charlie," said Marian, "and don't be angry about the gentleman, you silly boy. He always must have something on his mind different from a lad like you."

Charlie laughed with grim satisfaction. "He hasn't a great deal on his mind, that chap," said the big boy; "but I wouldn't be he, set up there for no end but reading rubbish—not for—five hundred a year."

Now, we beg to explain that five hundred a year was a perfectly magnificent income to the imagination of Bellevue. Charlie could not think at the moment of any greater inducement.

* See "Editor's Table" for October.

"Reading rubbish! And he has Agnes's book to read!" cried Marian. That was indeed an overpowering anti-climax.

"Yes, but how did he look? Do you think he was pleased? And will it be sure to come 'o Mr. Burlington safe?" said Agnes. Agnes could not help having a secret impression that there might be some plot against this book of hers, and that everybody knew how important it was.

"Why, he looked as other people look who have nothing to say," said Charlie; "and I had nothing to say: so we got on together. And he said it looked original—much he could tell from the first page! And so, of course, I came away. They're to write when they've read it over. I tell you, that's all. I don't believe it was Mr. Burlington; but it was the man that does that sort of thing, and so it was all the same."

This was the substance of Charlie's report. He could not be prevailed upon to describe how this important critic looked, or if he was pleased, or anything about him. He was a washy man, Charlie said. But the obstinate boy would not even explain what washy meant; so they had to leave the question in the hands of time to bring elucidation to it. They were by no means patient. Many and oft-repeated were the attacks upon Charlie, many the wonderings over the omnipotent personage who had the power of this decision in his keeping; but, in the mean time, and for sundry days and weeks following, these hasty girls had to wait and to be content.

The Proposal.—At length, one rainy afternoon, when everybody was out of sorts and quite melancholy at No. 10, Bellevue, suddenly the outer gate swung open—an audible footstep came towards the door. Fairest of readers, a word with you! If you are given to morning calls, and love to be welcomed, make your visits on a wet day!

It was not a visitor, however welcome—better than that—ecstatic sound! it was the postman—the postman, drenched and sullen, hiding his crimson glories under an oilskin cape; and it was a letter, solemn and mysterious, in an unknown hand—a big blue letter, addressed to Miss Atheling. With trembling fingers Agnes opened it, taking, with awe and apprehension, out of the big blue envelope, a blue and big inclosure and a little note. The paper fell to the ground, and was seized upon by Marian. The excited girl sprang up with it, almost upsetting Bell and Beau. "It is in print! Memorandum of an agreement—oh mamma!" cried Marian, holding up the dangerous instrument. Agnes sat down immediately in her chair, quite hushed for the instant. It was an actual reality, Mr. Burlington's letter—and a veritable proposal—not for herself, but for her book.

The girls, we are obliged to confess, were slightly out of their wits for about an hour after this memorable arrival. Even Mrs. Atheling was excited, and Bell and Beau ran about the room in unwitting exuberance, shouting at the top of their small, sweet, shrill voices, and tumbling over each other unreprieved. The good mother, to tell the truth, would have liked to cry a little if she could have managed it, and was much moved, and disposed to take this, not as a mere matter of business, but as a tender office of friendship and esteem on the part of the unconscious Mr. Burlington. Mrs. Atheling could not help fancying that somehow this wonderful chance had happened to Agnes because she was "a good girl."

And until papa and Charlie came home they were not

very particular about the conditions of the agreement. The event itself was the thing which moved them: it quickened the slow pace of this dull afternoon to the most extraordinary celerity: the moments flew now which had lagged with such obstinate dreariness before the coming of that postman; and all the delight and astonishment of the first moment remained to be gone over again at the home-coming of papa.

And Mr. Atheling, good man, was almost as much disturbed for the moment as his wife. At first, he was incredulous—then he laughed, but the laugh was extremely unsteady in its sound—then he read over the paper with great care, steadily resisting the constant interruptions of Agnes and Marian, who persecuted him with their questions, "What do you think of it, papa?" before the excellent papa had time to think at all. Finally, Mr. Atheling laughed again with more composure, and spread out upon the table the important "Memorandum of Agreement." "Sign it, Agnes," said papa: "it seems all right, and quite business-like, so far as I can see. She's not twenty-one, yet—I don't suppose it's legal—that child! Sign it, Agnes."

This was by no means what papa was expected to say; yet Agnes, with excitement, got her blotting-book and her pen. This innocent family were as anxious that Agnes's autograph should be *well written* as if it had been intended for a specimen of calligraphy, instead of the signature to a legal document; nor was the young authoress herself less concerned; and she made sure of the pen, and steadied her hand conscientiously before she wrote that pretty "Agnes Atheling," which put the other printer-like handwriting completely to shame. And, now it was done, there was a momentary pause of solemn silence, not disturbed even by Bell and Beau.

"So this is the beginning of Agnes's fortune," said Mr. Atheling. "Now, Mary, and all of you, don't be excited. Every book does not succeed because it finds a publisher. And you must not place your expectations too high; for you know Agnes knows nothing of the world."

"And these half profits, papa, I wonder what they will be?" said Agnes, glad to take up something tangible in her vague delight.

"Oh, something very considerable!" said papa, forgetting his own caution. "I should not wonder if the publisher made a great deal of money by it. *They* know what they are about."

What a pleasant night it was to this humble household!

AN "ATLANTIC SOUVENIR;"*

Or, the Cogitations of a Passenger on board of the Steamer "North Star," Commanded by Captain RICHARD A. WAMAC, at Sea, November 16th, 1855.

BY J. M. C.

FELL storm and wind assail our ship
Throughout this most tempestuous trip.
And, if we ever reach the shore,
I'll ne'er consent to leave it more.

* This poem, written by a distinguished lady of Virginia, delineates truly her own experience of a voyage across the Atlantic during the "rough November weather." Those who have made a like passage, or who are intending to embark during this month, will feel a deep interest in her experience.—EDS.

Oh, *never* will I cross again
 This boist'rous, hissing, hateful main!
 For rest of body or of mind,
 While on it, one can seldom find;
 And, spite of all its lauded grandeur,
 O'er desert sands I'd sooner wander.
 It tosses here, and rages there,
 Like some mad beast within his lair:
 Anon, the waves mount tow'rds the skies,
Then in deep gulfs our vessel lies—
 Anon, descend, and it is hurled
 Upon their crests, and roughly whirled,
 As if a plaything for the surges,
 When from their hollows it emerges.
 And not the skill of Scribe or Rabbin
 Can paint the scene within the cabin
 As thus from side to side she 's pitched,
 And swings and creaks as if bewitched.
 To nerves and stomachs—oh, how shocking
 Is her everlasting rocking!
 When suddenly she gives a tilt,
 Down roll the tumblers—water's spilt,
 And quick scud chairs athwart the floor;
 Bang! follow stools—slam! goes some door;
 And those who sit clutch tight their seat,
 And *walkers* cannot keep their feet,
 But vacillate, and stagger round,
 And fall like drunkards to the ground.
 Ugh, what a lurch! and *what* a crash
 Of glass or crockery!—*there's* a smash,
 Destruction dire of plates and dishes,
 And food, thence fit for only fishes.
 Provoking it should thus be lost,
 So nicely cooked, and at such cost!
 It can't be spared, too, from the table,
 Although, to eat, not *all* are able:
 Nay, some poor souls (their fate how cruel!)
 Can swallow naught but broth or gruel,
 And keep their berths, and droop their heads,
 Like dying lilies, in their beds.
 I pity ye, ye suffer'ing fair,
 Though of your names I'm not aware.
 "Dear me! dear me! what *is* the matter?"
 Cries one. "Below there's such a clatter!
 Such a hamm'ring and commotion,
 As from the very depths of ocean!
 And what is that white smoke ascending?"
 "Madam, they are the steam-pipe mending:"
 A sailor, passing, thus replies,
 While clinking sounds and vapors rise.
 Hark! From above a noise grows stunning,
 Of heavy tramping, rapid running:
 "The wind's ahead!" Portentous words!
 They pierce our ears and hearts like swords.
 "Lower the sails," the captain calls,
 And down the wide-spread canvas falls.
 Hard blows the wind; and hailstones rattle
 Upon the deck like shot in battle.
 Boldly our steamer meets the gale,
 Nor for an instant seems to quail
 Beneath its daring, furious squalls;
 Each, every woman's heart appals.
 As night comes on, alarm increases,
 Nor wind subsides, nor hail e'er ceases.
 The passengers are in dismay,
 And dolorous faces they display:
 Collected as we are, together,
 Watching the captain and the weather,

Looking to *him* for confirmation
 Of hope or fear in alternation.
 In judgment prompt, he deems it wise
 To cast off steam, and wait the rise
 Of winds less adverse to our course.
 Heaven be praised things are no worse!
 But oh the jerks, the throbs and throes,
 As up and down the "North Star" goes
 During this, our piteous plight,
 This dreary, weary, awful night,
 So fraught with danger, toil, and fright!
 Her timbers, stout, are creaking, shaking,
 Billows against her sides are breaking,
 Angry and huge, with powerful bumps.
 'Tis wondrous she resists such thumps,
 And is not by them cleft and shattered,
 And on the waves in fragments scattered!

Here I must make a slight digression
 To give warm gratitude expression.
 'Tis *due* our captain for his skill,
 Bravery, vigilance, and good-will.
 Tow'rds all considerate and kind—
 There is not with him fault to find.
 In short, not further words to squander,
 We think him a *first-rate* commander.
 And, when this toilsome voyage ends,
 And we rejoin our distant friends,
 Surely, it will be right and best
 That thanks be publicly expressed,
 And an appropriate gift bestowed
 In token of our gratitude.*
 To my sad theme I'll now go back;
 In seaman's slang, "about I'll tack."
 Day dawns, at last, and gleams the sun,
 But on our course we cannot run:
 Still must "lay to," nor dare to stir
 Before the change desired occur.
 "Lay to," indeed! We're ever *rolling*,
 And scarce have power of controlling
 Our poor racked persons, so harassed
 And over-strained with holding fast.
 Ah me, how tired of din and jar,
 And tossing to and fro we are!
When shall we leave thee, raging sea?
 Detestable thou art to me!
 And I am such a wicked creature,
 I wish thou wert expunged from nature!
 For then, with pleasure, ease, and speed,
 To distant climes one might proceed,
 Improve one's health, and knowledge gain,
 Without such suffering and pain
 As thou inflictest, ruthless ocean,
 By thy sick'ning, torturing motion.

November 20th.

Praise we the Lord, these ills are past!
 Columbia's shores appear at last—
 Her land of freedom greets our eyes,
 The land of hope and enterprise.
 Soon shall our footsteps press her soil,
 Then be forgotten pain and toil.
 And let faith's aspirations rise
 To Him who rules earth, ocean, skies.

* This was done, and the passengers subscribed for a handsome silver pitcher to be made and presented to Captain Wamac, without delay, after landing at New York.

Partners in danger, fare ye well;
 Blest be your homes, where'er ye dwell;
 Happy your lot, where'er ye rove;
 Grateful your hearts to God above.
 Then join with me as I repeat,
 In the words of the "Psalmist sweet,"
 Those rapt effusions of his soul,
 Which, bursting forth without control,
 Accompanied by his harp's full sound,
 Made Zion's courts re-echo round:
 "Praise Him from whom our mercies flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below;
 And ye, ye bright, angelic host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'

MOUNT VERNON.—The Report of the ladies of this association is not yet ready. We hope to lay it before our readers in the next number. We shall then give the names of the contributors to our list, lately received. One dollar constitutes membership. Those who wish to have their names in our Book must transmit their subscriptions soon.

THANKSGIVING DAY, *November 20th*, being the third Thursday in the month. Then the war of politics will be over for the year; and all elections, State and National, will be closed; the harvests of the country gathered in; the preparations for winter made; and the crowning glory of all the blessings God has, during the year, bestowed on our great nation would be the union of all our States and Territories in a *day* of National Thanksgiving. The peoples of the Old World would thus be taught that freedom from man's tyranny brings us nearer to God; that, while rejecting earthly lords, we willingly acknowledge our dependence on the Lord of heaven and earth. The celebration of the Fourth of July has a marked effect on our national character. The American citizen dwelling in foreign countries feels the influence of observing that day. It gives him an increase of honor among the millions who are pining in vain for such high privileges as his national birthright bestows; and he is proud of the title, "American citizen."

The Day of Thanksgiving would, if observed nationally, soon be celebrated in every part of the world where an American family was settled. If the *third Thursday in November* could be established as the Day, and known to be the time in each year when, from Maine to New Mexico, and from Plymouth Rock to the Pacific sands, the great American People united in this festival of gladness and gratitude, the whole world might be moved to join in the rejoicing, and bless God for his goodness to the children of men.

COOPER'S NOVELS.—More than one hundred thousand volumes of his novels have been sold by Messrs. Stringer & Townsend during the last seventeen months, viz.: fifty thousand volumes of the People's edition, four hundred sets of the Library edition in thirty-three volumes, fifteen thousand volumes of the Leather Stocking and Sea Tales, and twenty thousand volumes of the cheap paper-covered edition of the miscellaneous works. In England, the popularity of Cooper's works is also in the ascendancy.

THE POWER OF PERSUASION.—An English lady, one of the nurses who went out with Miss Nightingale to attend the wounded in the British hospitals, has

written an interesting history of the scenes she witnessed at Smyrna. The moral influence of woman, and the power of kindness over the rude and the bad among the soldiers, are most encouraging elements to Christian efforts on behalf of the poor and ignorant. The lady says: "I most sincerely believe that if, instead of the roughness and swearing too often used to them by their superiors, they were spoken to kindly and quietly, we should have a very different style of soldiery. They seem too often to be spoken to like brutes, and they like brutes obey—not with the understanding and willing obedience of which I believe them quite capable if managed with kindness. I confess that, while I personally found them much alive to any delicate or kind feeling displayed towards them, they were quite ready to be impertinent and restive at any appearance of harshness.

"I had in one of my wards an Irishman, C—, rather a *mauvais sujet*, and used to have frequent complaints made to me of his rudeness and quarrelsome disposition.

"One day, while sitting in my 'den,' I heard C— outside, talking and constantly making use of violent language and oaths. I got up, saying, 'I must tell C— to be quiet.'

"'You had better not,' said a lady, sitting by. 'You will only be answered insolently.'

"I went, however, and said, very quietly, 'C—, I am sorry to hear you speak in that manner. You are the only man in the division I have ever heard swear, and I hope you will not do it again.'

"'Well, mem, I'm sure I wouldn't do nothing to offend you, for ye're a rale leddy, and a very well-natured leddy, too, and I ax yer pardon; but I raly didn't know ye was in there, or I wouldn't have done it.'

"'It ought not to make any difference to you, C—, whether I was there or not: it is equally b'rd.'

"'Thru'e for ye, mem; but, faith, it's very difficult for a soldier to give up the habit of swearing, he's so used to it! but I'll thry.'"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The Giver of a Rose"—"The Drunkard's Wife"—"The Passage of the Red Sea"—"Reminiscences"—"To my Adopted Boy"—"Broken Music"—"The Spirits' Voices"—"Thoughts in Absence"—"Song"—"Forget-me-not"—"In Years Agone"—"The Lake of Visions"—"A Catastrophe"—"The Summer Rain"—"Heart"—"Nature's Voices"—"What are thy Joys, &c."—"My Mother"—and "Winter."

The following are declined: "Near the Grove"—"Parting Song"—"Birthday Sonnet"—"Oregon"—"Shadows of Things to come." (The author has genius and a warm feeling for the beautiful, but her poems are deficient in harmony and in rhyme. She may do better. We shall wait for this improvement, and she will thank us for the delay.)—"The Voice of the Sea Shell"—"The Human Soul, its Origin and Destiny." (The above two poems were accompanied by long letters which look interesting; but the pale ink and cramped writing render the reading too difficult a task for our time or patience. We might as easily decipher a brick from the ruins of Babylon. Our young lady friends must write legibly with *black ink* on *white paper*, and be sure to mind their *spelling-lessons*; also remembering to cross their t's and dot their i's if they would have their communications attended to.)—"To a Brother, &c." (We do not need any contributions at present.)—

"Henry W. Longfellow"—"Time"—"Fading Foliage"—"Where is thy Hope?"—"Our Jessie's Birthday"—"Spending the Summer"—"The falling Leaves"—"I am Happy now"—"Seed-time and Harvest"—"Age and Youth"—"Sonnet"—"The Evergreens"—"Es-tramadura"—"Dead"—and "Up Anchor, Ho!"

We have a number of articles on hand for examination. These will be attended to next month. Those who wish to have articles returned must send the stamps.

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 PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

TWO LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN UNION. By Henry Reed, late Professor of English History in the University of Pennsylvania. These lectures will, in the present crisis, naturally attract the attention of intelligent politicians. We sincerely hope they may have the effect to allay, in some measure at least, the excitement which now prevails. Price 38 cents.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y., through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

RELIGION IN AMERICA; or, an Account of the Origin, Relation to the State, and Present Condition of the Evangelical Churches in the United States. With notices of the Unevangelical Denominations. By Robert Baird. The name and established reputation of the author of this handsome volume of seven hundred large octavo pages will be its surest passport to the favorable consideration of numerous bodies of American and European readers. His lectures, which have been delivered in both hemispheres, on subjects connected with religion, have long since attracted very great attention among learned and inquiring minds, and the same interest will no doubt be re-awakened by the announcement of this his latest work. Price \$2 00.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: Letters to Ernest Moritz Arndt on the Dangers to Religious Liberty in the Present State of the World. By Christian Charles Josias Bunsen. Translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth. The contents of this volume relate to the connection of Church and State, as advocated by one party, or resisted by another, in Protestant and Catholic Germany. Although our free Constitution disposes of all such controversies here, still, it may be well to know how they are disposed of by the emperors, kings, and titled ecclesiastics of Europe. Readers may not generally agree with the author in the conclusions he draws from certain facts in religious history, but all will readily admit the questions brought under consideration as of the utmost importance to the peace and freedom of the world. Price \$1 00.

EVELYN MARSTON. By the author of "Emila Wyndham." A popular English novel. No. 202 of Harper's Select Library. Price 50 cents.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, N. Y., through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By J. T. Headley, author of "Washington and his Generals," "Napoleon and his Marshals," etc. This work was commenced three years ago, and published in numbers in "Graham's Magazine." It is written in Mr. Headley's peculiar style, and is very profusely and handsomely illustrated. The copyright is in the name of Abraham H. See, Esq., late publisher of Graham, who, we hope, will be fully remunerated, as he deserves to be, for his efforts to present the life of Washington in a popular and attractive form to American readers. Price \$3 00.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., Boston, through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

ENGLISH TRAITS. By R. W. Emerson. The author of this volume had very excellent opportunities of studying the English character among the English themselves. He visited England on two occasions: once in 1833, on his own account, and again in 1847, on the occasion of a special invitation from two mechanic institutes in Lancashire and Yorkshire as a lecturer, the remuneration for which services, as he says, was equivalent to the fees at that time paid in this country for like services. It was during this last visit that the author formed his generally favorable views of the English character, as he has expressed them in this work. Many of those views, however, as we think will not be denied, are not deducible from the representations of history, or from the present moral, social, or political condition of the English people. But, to tell the truth, the observations in this book on the past history of Britain, and on her present condition and prospects, are pronounced in such hop-skip-and-jump sentences which are only popular with the admirers of the author, that we must hesitate a little longer before we attempt anything like even a brief analysis of these English traits. Meanwhile, we may venture to assure our readers that, for every word of welcome or compliment received by our distinguished countryman from his English cousins, he has gratefully sent back a hundred fold. Price \$1 00.

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

BERNARD LILE: an Historical Romance, embracing the Period of the Texas Revolution and the Mexican War. This volume is copyrighted by Jeremiah Clemens, at one time a member of the National Legislature, and whom we presume to be the author. It appears to have been written with more vigor and care than are usually bestowed on similar works. And, while we cheerfully admit that the narrative is admirably conducted, and the characters powerfully drawn, we cannot turn from many of the latter without feelings of abhorrence. Price \$1 25.

From T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

RETRIBUTION: a Tale of Passion. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," "Deserted Wife," etc. The versatile powers of Mrs. Southworth's genius have been so universally admitted, as her works have been presented to the public, that few readers are at this time unacquainted with her sterling merits as a writer of fiction. We presume that the work before us, but which we have not had

time to read, will prove as acceptable and as popular as any that have preceded it from the same prolific pen. Price, in cloth, \$1 25; in paper, \$1 00.

WIDDIFIELD'S NEW COOK BOOK; *or, Practical Receipts for the Housewife.* Containing all the popular and approved methods of preparing all kinds of poultry, omelets, jellies, meats, soups, pies, vegetables, etc. etc. We are assured in the preface that no receipts are given that have not been fully tested by the author and the best judges in this and other cities. The directions are made as plain and explicit as possible; but, before we can say anything further in relation to these five hundred receipts, we shall have to consult one who understands the subjects to which they relate better than we do, and give our experience in a future number. Price \$1 00.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By Charles Dickens ("Boz"). With forty-eight illustrations on steel, from designs by Phiz and Cruikshank. In two volumes. This is a beautiful edition of the celebrated "Papers," worthy of the fame of the author, and honorable to the spirit of enterprise which so greatly distinguishes the publisher in his efforts to gratify the literary public. Price \$2 50.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

HOUSEHOLD MYSTERIES: *a Romance of Southern Life.* By Lizzie Petit, of Virginia, author of "Light and Darkness." Lizzie seems to take great pleasure in rendering her characters interesting to her readers, and in painting her most melancholy scenes in such colors as do not entirely obliterate the rays of hope. Price \$1 00.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

LIFE, EXPLORATIONS, AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JOHN CHARLES FREMONT. By Charles Wentworth Upham. With illustrations. On almost any other occasion, we should take pleasure in speaking freely of the merits of a book of this character. But, for the present, we must be content merely to announce the publication of Mr. Fremont's past life, and leave those who have taken charge of his future to judge for themselves. Price 75 cents.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE: *the Espousals.* By the author of "The Betrothal." The poetry of this volume is full of sentiment and feeling of the highest and purest character, but often too quaintly expressed, and too abrupt and entangled in its rhythm to please the generality of readers. Price 75 cents.

From MASON BROTHERS, New York, through COWPERTHWAITTE, Philadelphia:—

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE: *Including Letters from the Time of their Marriage until the Death of Josephine, and also several Private Letters from the Emperor to his Brother Joseph and other important Personages.* With numerous illustrative notes and anecdotes. By John S. C. Abbott. We do not perceive that there is anything particularly new in this volume, except that it may be that the compiler "has very frequently introduced such historical facts, and well-authenticated remarks of the emperor, as throw light upon the correspondence." Price \$1 25.

From SHELDON, BLAKEMAN, & Co., New York, through W. S. & A. MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

"THE MODERN WHITEFIELD"—THE REVEREND C. H. SPURGEON OF LONDON. HIS SERMONS. *With an Introduction and Sketch of his Life.* By E. L. Magoon. We are of opinion, after perusing portions of this volume, that the ancient Whitefield must have been a much greater man than is the "modern," and that the spoken sermons of the latter must be considerably better than his written and published discourses; otherwise, we are greatly mistaken in regard to the powers of both the Whitefields. Price \$1 00.

THE MARBLE-WORKER'S MANUAL: *Designed for the use of Marble-Workers, Builders, and Owners of Houses.* Containing practical information respecting Marbles in general; their Cutting, Working, and Polishing; Veneering of Marbles; Painting upon and Coloring of Marble; Mosaics; Composition and Use of artificial Marble, Stuccos, and Cements; Receipts, Secrets, etc. etc.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston:—

We have received direct from the above publishers the following works, especially designed for distribution by parents, and as gift-books among friends, during the approaching festivities of Christmas and the New-Year.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN, *Moral, Poetical, and Historical.* By Mrs. Jameson, author of "The Diary of an Ennuyée," "Memoirs of Female Sovereigns," etc. From the last London Edition. Octavo, antique. This is a book for study, and as such deserves the attention of every woman that may wish to obtain a knowledge of the peculiarities, the endowments, and powers of her sex. The work is beautifully printed, substantially bound (agreeing with its substantial contents), and contains a number of fine illustrations. Price \$8 50.

THE DIADEM. A Souvenir for the Drawing-Room and Parlor, and Gift-Book for all Seasons. Thirty-three sketches, by popular authors, are embraced in the contents of this volume. It is illustrated with twelve steel engravings by the first artists. Edited by Emily Percival. Price \$6 00.

THE SOUVENIR GALLERY. An Illustrated Gift-Book for all Seasons. Quarto. Embellished with thirteen beautifully finished engravings. Thirty-five articles from writers of the highest merit adorn the pages of this work. Price \$6 00.

THE BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR; *or, Memento of Friendship.* A Gift for all Seasons. Quarto. Edited by Ellen Louise. There are a number of finished illustrations in this volume, and no less than forty-five prose articles and gems of poetry. Elegantly bound. Price \$6 00.

THE AMARANTH; *or, Token of Remembrance: a Christmas and New-Year's Gift.* Seven embellishments and thirty-five literary articles, pure and attractive in sentiment and morals, are contained in this excellent volume. Price \$2 50.

THE GARLAND; *or, Token of Friendship: a Christmas and New-Year's Gift.* Besides the presentation plate and illuminated title-page, there are five illustrations, engraved by R. W. Smith. The letter-press embraces twenty-seven articles in prose and poetry. Price \$2 50.

THE KEEPSAKE OF FRIENDSHIP. Edited by G. S. Munroe. Presentation plate, illuminated title-

page, and five illustrations, by Smith. Tales, sketches, and poetry diversify the contents of this elegant volume. Price \$2 50.

THE CASKET, a Gift-Book for all Seasons, contains thirty-seven prose and poetical articles, and four beautiful engravings, exclusive of the presentation plate and illuminated title. Price \$2 50.

THE LADY'S GIFT; *or, Souvenir of Friendship.* Handsome illustrations, and contributions from the pens of the most gifted authors, make up the contents of this beautiful volume. Price \$2 50.

THE LADIES' WREATH. A Souvenir for all Seasons. Thirty-six articles and six illustrations. Price \$2 50.

THE TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP: an Offering for all Seasons. Like all its predecessors on our list, this is a very attractive book, as well on account of its illustrations as for the merits of its contents. Price \$2 50.

THE MAGNOLIA; *or, Gift-Book of Friendship.* Edited by Clara Arnold. The literary character of the series of annuals under the title of "Magnolia" has always been successfully and honorably sustained, while its illustrations have in like manner been creditable to the arts. Price \$2 50.

THE ROLLO BOOKS. This is a new edition of that popular series of books for children which spread their happy influences in so many families throughout the country. It has been revised by the author, and, with new illustrations, the fourteen volumes are prepared to fascinate new acquaintances among the juveniles. Price \$7 00.

LITTLE MARY; *or, Talks and Tales for Children.* By the author of "Sunny Side." All the little Marys read this book with pleasure. Price \$1 00.

THE CHARM; *or Illustrated Book for Boys and Girls.* A charming story for little readers. Price 75 cents.

THE GREAT ROSY DIAMOND. A beautiful story, that will leave lasting impressions for good. Price 50 cents.

VIOLET. A Fairy Tale, delightfully told. Price 50 cents.

THE ANGEL CHILDREN; *or, Stories from Cloud-Land.* Touching and truthful for guileless hearts. Price 75 cents.

THE CHEERFUL HEART; *or, a Silver Lining to every Cloud.* A beautiful story, which the old as well as the young may read with pleasure and profit. It is beautifully illustrated. Price 75 cents.

ESTELLE'S STORIES ABOUT DOGS. For Good Boys and Girls. With six plates and illuminated borders. Price 75 cents.

LITTLE BLOSSOM'S REWARD. A Christmas Book for Children. By Mrs. Emily Hare. Illustrated. Price 75 cents.

COUNTRY LIFE, *and other Stories.* By Cousin Mary. Illustrated. There is a charm here for grown-up children. Price 75 cents.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT CHESTNUT HILL. By Cousin Mary. Illustrated. A series of interesting stories. Price 75 cents.

AUNTY WONDERFUL'S STORIES. Translated from the German for all good children who have learned to think. A very amusing and instructive little volume. Profusely illustrated. Price 75 cents.

CHRISTMAS ROSES AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFT. A Present for Young People. Illustrated with three fine Mezzotints. Price \$1 00.

THE FAVORITE STORY-BOOK; *or, Pleasing Sketches for Youth.* Edited by Clara Arnold. Illustrated. Price \$1 00.

THE YOUTH'S DIADEM. A Gift-Book for all Seasons. Prepared especially for young people. By Clara Arnold. Illustrated. Price \$1 00.

THE ICE KING AND THE SWEET SOUTH WIND. By Mrs. Caroline H. Butler, author of "The Little Messenger Birds; or, the Chimes of the Silver Bells." This is a charming collection of tales admirably adapted to captivate the youthful fancy and improve the youthful heart. Price \$1 00.

THE LITTLE MESSENGER BIRDS; *or, the Chimes of the Silver Bells.* By Mrs. Caroline H. Butler. Under this title are arranged eleven fascinating little stories for the young. Price \$1 00.

THE JUVENILE KEEPSAKE. A Gift-Book for Young People. Edited by Clara Arnold. An amusing and instructive volume. Price \$1 00.

The six juvenile publications noticed above are bound in exquisite style, being richly gilt, and exteriorly adorned in the most tasteful manner.

UNCLE FRANK'S BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY. By Francis C. Woodworth, editor of "Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet." This truly elegant series of tales, adapted to the comprehension of little people, embraces six volumes, the titles of which are as follows: "Our Sue: her Motto and its Uses. With other Tales." "The Wonderful Letter-Bag of Kit Curious." "The Peddler's Boy; or, I'll be Somebody." "The Poor Organ-Grinder, and other Stories." "Mike Marble: his Crotchets and Oddities." "The Diving Bell; or, Pearls to be sought for." Price \$3 75.

COUNTRY SCENES AND CHARACTERS; *or, Life in the Village.* With numerous engravings. Price \$1 00.

THE GOOD CHILD'S FAIRY GIFT contains, with numerous illustrations, the well-known tales of "Cinderella," "Blue Beard," and "Little Red Riding-Hood."

EVERY BEGINNING IS EASY FOR CHILDREN WHO LOVE STUDY. Translated from the German by Cousin Fannie. An excellent book for children just beginning to read. It contains many finely colored illustrations.

THE LAST OF THE HUGGERMUGGERS. A Giant Story. With illustrations. By Christopher Pearse Cranch. A sequel to this amusing story, to be called "Kob-bol-to-zo," is in preparation, and will shortly appear. Price \$1 00.

FRANK AND FANNY. A Rural Story. By Mrs. Clara Moreton. With numerous illustrations. Price 50 cents.

AUNT MARY'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By the author of "Aunt Mary's Library." Illustrated. Price 50 cents.

UNCLE FRANK'S PEEP AT THE BIRDS. A book children will be delighted with. Price 50 cents.

Its companion volume—UNCLE FRANK'S PEEP AT THE BEASTS—will also find many admirers among the little folks. Each book contains forty engravings. Price 50 cents.

THE GIFT STORY-BOOK; *or, Short Tales for Children.* By Dame Truelove and her friends. Illustrated. A very pretty volume of stories, through the medium of which many most excellent lessons are taught. Price 50 cents.

Godsey's Arm-Chair.

OUR EXCHANGES—THE COUNTRY PRESS.

WE are called upon almost every day in the week to add the names (which we do) of one or more new papers to our list of exchanges, a list which is now, as indeed it has been for many years past, the most numerous and widely extended of any other periodical in the United States. We advert to this fact for two very appropriate reasons. In the first place, it gives us great pleasure to observe the continued and rapid progress of our countrymen in literature, science, and general knowledge, which the steady multiplication of newspapers, as well as of books, so plainly indicates: and, in the second place, we are gratified with the evidences presented by our time-honored exchanges, and by the flow of new applications for the usual editorial courtesies, that, if we may modestly say so, the merits and the beauties of the *Lady's Book* are everywhere cherished and appreciated by our brethren of the press. But we hope that we are and have always been touched by a higher and purer sentiment than that of mere personal gratification. We hope we have evinced our gratitude for the numerous favors received from our contemporaries, not simply by commonplace acknowledgments, but by our willingness, whenever in our power, to reciprocate their kindness by *deeds*.

Our acquaintance with the press commenced more than a quarter of a century ago. It has been maintained with but few interruptions—none on our part—of that liberality and good feeling which are the brightest characteristics of the free press of a free country. Many of the papers which are still on our exchange list were, at the time we first made their acquaintance, the organs of remote and even obscure villages. Not a few of them are now the stately and influential dailies of great political and commercial capitals. But we must say for all of them, with only here and there an exception, that they do not appear to have forgotten the *Book*, now that "they are out of the woods," and simply because they no doubt believe that the *Book* had its influences in preparing for them many of the elegancies and refinements by which they are now happily surrounded.

At the same time, they must recollect that we were the first of the periodicals, because we preceded all the rest, which urged upon our readers the great duty of supporting first their own local papers, and by no means to neglect the men who had cast their fortunes among them, and upon whose exertions and enterprise their own fortunes and the reputations of their localities mainly depended. This advice has so often been insisted upon by ourselves, and so often repeated by our imitators, that we need not now enlarge upon the manifest duties it inculcates. Nevertheless, we will be permitted to revert to another fact in the same connection, which is that the *Lady's Book* was also the first of the periodicals that offered its contemporaries and country exchanges something like an interest in its popularity and prosperity by sharing both with themselves. We allude to the system of clubbing with the country press which we established several years since, and which has been generally adopted by our exchanges.

To our numerous friends of the press, old and new, we tender the assurance that we feel our interests to be identified with their success and prosperity. We know

it to be the fact that, in all communities where the local papers are the most liberally patronized, and where they present the most cheerful and business-like aspect, there the *Lady's Book* has the greatest number of readers and admirers. But, where the local papers are continually crying for help, and where they finally give up in despair, in such places there can be but little appreciation for publications from abroad.

And, to our numerous readers, therefore, we would say, in all sincerity, whether they are inhabitants of cities, towns, or villages, that they cannot send us a more pleasing or a more reliable evidence of their literary taste, or of their patriotism and public spirit, than a well-filled, well-conducted, enterprising newspaper. To all such communities we of course take a peculiar pleasure in sending the *Lady's Book*. One word more: we are often called upon by persons seeking for homes in the northern, western, and southern regions of our country for specimens of the papers published in designated localities. On such occasions it is always a most gratifying task if we can present the inquirer with a newspaper such as we have described: for, in all such cases, we can turn with the greatest confidence to our *subscription book* for additional evidence of the refined and genial state of society existing in the places to which reference may have been made.

OUR BEAUTIFUL SLIPPER.—The slipper in this number shows what can be done at the present day by our printers. This slipper is printed on a power-press. It has to go through the press six times, once for every different color. Those acquainted with the art will understand how difficult it is to preserve the register. Nothing more perfect has ever been produced; and this is given as only one of the ornaments of the present number, and is sold with the *Lady's Book* for twenty-five cents. The price of the slipper alone in the stores is fifty cents. No description of the manner of working is necessary, as the stitches are all defined for working on the canvas.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1857.—We ask attention to our advertisement for next year. It is impossible for us to publish all or one-half that we intend to do, as new objects of interest are springing up every day, of which we immediately avail ourselves. During this year, we have given sundry articles for ladies not promised in our prospectus: the various colored slippers is one instance; but our subscribers may rest assured that nothing shall appear that we consider of interest to the ladies but shall find its place in the *Book*. We owe this duty to those who have so steadily subscribed and upheld us for twenty-seven years; and we should be wanting in common gratitude if we did not endeavor to make some returns for such steady fidelity. Every article that we give shall have one view only—that it shall be of interest to our lady subscribers, and tend to their instruction or amusement.

CLUBBING.—We give this early notice that all clubs sent us must be for the *Lady's Book* only, with one exception. We cannot add one of any other magazine in place of a *Lady's Book*, except Arthur's Home Magazine.

LARDNER'S ONE THOUSAND RECEIPTS UPON EVERY SUBJECT.—We will furnish copies of this celebrated work on receipt of twenty-five cents.

"THE QUARTERLY COSMOPOLITAN ARTS UNION."—This excellent work has reached its second number, and is beautifully illustrated. It is sent gratis to all subscribers to the "Cosmopolitan," or furnished to subscribers at one dollar a year.

"THE CONTRAST."—This is another of our beautiful steel plates, beautiful both in design and execution.

THE AGE OF IMPROVEMENT.—A young provincial, just arrived in Paris, to see the sights, amuse himself, and make friends with a rich uncle, called on a friend who lived in the city. After telling his plans, the friend said to him: "But you never intend to do all this in that costume?"

"Why not?" asked the youth; "it was new when I left home."

"That may be, but it is too rustic. What nephew could call upon an uncle in that dress?"

"You speak as if there were a uniform for nephews," replied the provincial. "Don't try to humbug me now."

"And, if there should be, that is not very strange. Here, take this note to its address, and you will soon be furnished with everything *en règle*."

The rustic found the magnificent establishment, and, being ushered by one to another, reached the head of the concern. After reading the note, this gentleman asked in a business manner: "Are you the gentleman, sir, who wishes a *suit in which to visit his uncle*?" Being answered in the affirmative, he rang a bell, saying, "Very well: second floor, third shelf, first compartment, suits for nephews. Show this gentleman. But, I forgot to ask, is it a maternal or paternal uncle you wish to visit?"

"Maternal, sir."

"Ah! second floor, *fourth* shelf, first compartment. Wait on this gentleman."

In a twinkling our provincial was arrayed from head to foot to visit his maternal uncle, where he was well received; and he returned home filled with wonder at the progress of industry and civilization of the nineteenth century, in Paris especially.

"WASHINGTON CO., PA.

"MR. L. A. GODEY—DEAR SIR: I have been a subscriber for your invaluable Book but a short time—some seven or eight months, I presume; and I do assure you, friend Godey, I would not do without it now, for three times the price of it. I am surprised that you can afford it so cheap. You, truly, are a friend to the ladies."

"EVERY LADY HER OWN SHOEMAKER."—We are now able to present to our readers a work that we have had more inquiries for than we could find patience to answer. "Every Lady her own Shoemaker" is the title of the work. It contains six large diagrams, each one with several drawings on it explanatory of the various parts of the shoe. In fact, it is a complete guide to enable every lady to be her own shoemaker. If we have as many orders as we have had inquiries, we shall sell a very large number. The price is fifty cents.

LADY TEACHER.—We noticed in our September number that a lady wanted a situation as teacher, &c. All letters received have been sent to the lady, and we are pleased to say that she has made her selection from among the numerous offers that have been made her.

WE have no agents for whose acts we are responsible.

IMPOSTORS ABOUT.—We received a letter, a few days since, from the proprietors of Brown's Hotel, Macon, Georgia, containing power to authorize E. Morgan to procure subscribers to Godey's Lady's Book, with our name forged to it, but no attempt made to imitate the signature. Mr. Brown writes us that this fellow is operating largely in Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. We have also received a letter from Milledgeville, Georgia, inclosing a receipt, signed by J. L. Clark. This letter states that said Clark has been through many States in the South, soliciting subscribers to several publications. ours amongst the number. We have also received a letter from Butler, Alabama, stating that said Clark had been there, and that the writer had paid him one year's subscription to the Lady's Book.

Since writing the above, we have received many receipts signed by said Clark, and are informed that he has procured subscribers in the following places: in Atlanta, Eatonton, Milledgeville, Fort Valley, Americus, Starkville, and Albany, Georgia: Quincy and Tallahassee, Florida. A wholesale scoundrel.

Would it not be serving the cause of justice if our exchanges in the Southern States were to caution the public against these fellows?

A lady writes us from La Porte, Indiana, that she paid her subscription to a fellow representing himself as an agent for the Lady's Book. Many other ladies also subscribed for it. Once for all, we have no traveling agents, and we have said so in the Book more than one hundred times.

PROFESSOR F. NICHOLLS CROUCH, our very able musical conductor, has, for the present, taken up his residence in Washington City, where he intends to give lessons in vocal music. Our friends in that city will find him very capable of imparting instruction.

OUR friend of the "Oquawka Spectator" is informed that we are commencing the petrification business, and have to commence with a carnelian with a grain of corn in its interior plainly visible to the eye.

PATTERNS FOR INFANTS' DRESSES, OR INFANTS' WARDROBES.—Our fashion editor has supplied a great many wardrobes for infants lately, and in every case has given great satisfaction. She has facilities for furnishing these articles better and cheaper than any other person. The vast influence that her connection with the "Lady's Book" gives her induces importers and others to submit to her their earliest fashions. To those who cannot afford the articles, made-up paper patterns can be sent, which will be fac-similes of the originals. For particulars, address Fashion Editor (not Mrs. Hale), care of L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. All other patterns furnished as usual.

THIS BEATS LOUIS NAPOLEON'S DOMINIONS.—Last week, the birth of seven hundred and seventy-four boys and seven hundred and eighty girls, in all one thousand five hundred and fifty-four children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1846-55, the average number was one thousand four hundred.

GODEY'S EMBROIDERY BOOK, No. 1, and GODEY'S BIJOU NEEDLE-CASE.—See advertisement on cover.

WE shall be pleased to receive any useful receipts of any kind that our correspondents have tried, and know to be good.

HERE, bachelor editors, is a chance for you. A lady addresses you:—

FRIEND GODEY: Your list of bachelor editors has not escaped my observation. I wonder what they would say if they knew my wants. M. G. F.

WANTED, a hand to hold mine own,
As down life's vale I glide;
Wanted, an arm to lean upon
Forever by my side!

Wanted, a firm and steady foot,
With step secure and free;
To keep its straight and onward pace
Over life's path with me.

Wanted, a form erect and high,
A head above mine own
So much, that I might walk beneath
Its shadow o'er me thrown!

Wanted, an eye within whose depths
Mine own might look and see
Uprisings from a guileless heart,
O'erflown with love for me!

Wanted, a lip whose kindest smile
Would speak for me alone;
A voice whose richest melody
Would breathe affection's tone.

FROM a Boston paper we copy the following:—

"We ought sooner to have congratulated Mr. Williams on his new establishment under such favorable auspices. The son of an old bookseller, he has had from the beginning the requisite tastes for the successful prosecution of the business, and this he has enlarged and developed by an active experience. The old firm of R. P. & C. Williams will be remembered by many of our readers, who will be pleased to find in the present firm of A. Williams & Co. their natural successors."

Messrs. A. Williams & Co. sell a very large number of Lady's Books in Boston, and with Mr. A. W. himself, we have had a very long and intimate business acquaintance, and we most cheerfully indorse the above tribute.

THE "Frankfort Crescent" says: "If we took a dozen copies of the Lady's Book, we could lend them all without any trouble, and without much expectation of their being returned." We may add, that, were it known that he had one hundred copies to lend, he would not find any difficulty in finding borrowers, and out of the number we would insure that not ten copies would be returned.

PATTERNS.—Our fashion editor continues to furnish patterns of any of the dress articles in the "Book." Terms made known on application. We cannot publish the prices, as the postage varies according to the size of the articles ordered, and that we have to pay in advance. The demand for patterns for infant's clothes is immense, and they are of the most beautiful and newest styles. Mrs. Hale is not the fashion editress.

SUBSCRIBERS do not seem to understand that, when we receive money for any other publication, we pay the money over to that publication. If they miss a number of Harper, Arthur, or Graham, they must address the publisher of the publication they miss. We have nothing to do with it.

TESTIMONIAL to Boardman, Gray, & Co.'s Pianos.
OFFICE OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
Jefferson City, Mo.

GENTLEMEN: You may remember that nearly a year ago you sent me a Piano-Forte, with the Campana Attachment. Mrs. Gardenhire was delighted with it. It makes the finest music I ever listened to. I think it beyond all comparison the finest musical instrument I ever saw. I was told, however, that the Attachment would injure the strings, and that the instrument would soon get out of tune, and I have waited thus long to try it. It has never been tuned yet, and I observe no change in it, although it has been against an outside wall and near an outside window. Your enterprise and integrity deserve the highest commendation, and your instruments the highest public favor.

Respectfully, JAMES B. GARDENHIRE.

These Pianos are warranted to prove satisfactory.

GODEY'S Monthly List of New Music, which will be furnished at the prices annexed.

New Songs:—

"Anthem of the Sea,"	25 cts.
"Bride's Return,"	25 "
"Charity,"	25 "
"Nobody's Boy," lithographic title,	25 "

New Polkas:—

"Old Friend's Polka,"	25 "
"Albert Polka,"	12½ "

New Waltzes:—

"Grafulla's Favorite,"	12½ "
"Sanford's Waltzes," brilliant,	50 "

Easy Airs for Young Beginners:—

"Shells of Ocean,"	6 "
"Villikens and his Dinah,"	6 "
"Few Days,"	6 "
"Recruiting March,"	6 "

"Winner's Complete Method for the Violin," containing full and correct instruction for that instrument, with progressive exercises carefully arranged, and a large collection of the latest music,

COMPLIMENT.—It will be seen, by the following from the "Westchester (Pa.) Record," that the Westchester County Agricultural Society have again offered Godey's Lady's Book as a premium.

TO THE LADIES.—By reference to the first page of the Record, it will be seen that our County Agricultural Society offer a number of copies of Godey's Book as premiums. This is an appropriate premium, as it is emphatically a LADY'S BOOK, containing much valuable information for them—various Patterns; practical Receipts for the Housekeeper; Biography, History, and choice Poetry and Tales.

HAIR DYE IN FOUR DIFFERENT COLORS.—The most perfect article of this kind, manufactured by the celebrated Berger of Paris, is now for sale in this city by Fouladoux, in Chestnut Street above Fourth. It will color the hair black, brown, light brown, or of a very light almost flaxen color. There is no deception in this, for we have seen the article tried, and pronounce it, without any exception, the very best Hair Dye we have ever seen. Those who order will please specify what kind they want—as one case only contains one particular dye. In addition to the above, Mr. Fouladoux manufactures Wigs and Fronts, and furnishes every article in the hair line.

THAT DODGE.—We mean the celebrated Ossian E. Dodge, as well known throughout the United States as any other man, who has settled down at Cleveland, Ohio, and opened a music-store, and publishes the "Musical Harp," an excellent paper, and full of Dodge's good things. By the way, here is one perpetrated upon the marriage of O. J. Victor, Esq., to Miss Metta Victoria Fuller, our excellent contributor:—

"*Literary Marriage.*—O. J. Victor, Esq., editor of the 'Sandusky Register,' a ripe scholar, a witty writer, and brilliant poet, and long supposed to be an incorrigible old *bach*, has just secured, as a matrimonial prize, the popular authoress, Miss Metta Fuller, a lady lovely, modest, and unassuming, as she is graceful and gifted. May the happy couple ever bless the day they entered Cupid's arena, and friend Victor forget his former sermons on celibacy!

"He thought—though 'twas surely a bachelor's whim—
That marriage would make his life duller,
And boasted joy's cup was quite full to the brim,
But Victor has now *Mett a Fuller.*
— 'OSSIAN' E. DODGE."

CLUB and single subscribers are informed that we can always furnish numbers from the beginning of the year, and will send to any post-office where the subscriber may reside. A club of six may be sent to six different post-offices. It is not too late now to make up clubs.

"LAKE SHORE MIRROR," *Silver Creek, New York.*—Our friend Morgan, who was lately burned out while publishing the "Gowanda Mirror," is now under full headway at Silver Creek. He deserves encouragement for his enterprise, and will be happy to receive subscriptions, and advertisements, or any books to notice from our publishers or those in neighboring cities. We recommend his paper as an excellent vehicle for advertisements.

SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE, *in Eleventh Street above Chestnut.*—To those who delight in melody, we recommend this bijou of a place. The performances are the first of their class, and the audience one of the most orderly. Indeed, it is a very common thing to see some of our most worthy citizens in attendance there with their families. Sanford's troupe is one of, if not the very best that has appeared in our city. Their negro melodies cannot be equalled.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

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

- Breast-pins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.
- Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
- Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.

"A BAD SPELL."—We received an affidavit, a few days since, from Carver, Massachusetts, signed by a magistrate's name, and "Justis of the Peas" added. We think the good people of Carver owe it to themselves to have a magistrate that can spell.

DICKENS'S NOVELS.—Perhaps no work published lately has met with such a rapid sale as T. B. Peterson's various editions of these novels. Mr. Peterson's orders often amount to five hundred copies per day. He has also brought out an excellent cook-book by Mrs. Widdifield, which he offers at one dollar per copy. The receipts are original, and have never before been published.

WE thank the editor of the "Green Bay Advocate" for his kind compliment. He says, after some very favorable remarks upon the Book: "When we succeed in cultivating some new and excellent variety of beautiful flower or fine fruit, we are going to call it *the Godey*. We wonder somebody hasn't long ago."

THE patterns in this number can all be readily copied by using our copying paper. Price 25 cents a package, containing several colors. Manufactured by J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts.

How to use it. Lay your muslin on a hard surface, such as a table without a cover, then place over that the tracing paper, then over that the pattern which you wish to be on the muslin. Take a hard lead pencil or a stencil, and trace the pattern over carefully, bearing on pretty hard, and you will find the impression on the muslin. If you wish to preserve your pattern, place tissue paper over it, and trace over that instead of the pattern itself.

SIGNIFICANT.—A clergyman, a Sunday or two since, while stating a deficiency in the collections, remarked that since the issue of three-cent pieces the revenue of his church had decreased nearly one-half.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND NON-RECEIPT OF NUMBERS.—We have received several letters, lately, upon these subjects; and the names have not been found on our books. It would be well for persons to remember to whom they send their subscriptions. If a subscriber to the "Cosmopolitan," address C. L. Derby, Sandusky, Ohio.

MYSTERIES OF CONTINENTAL TEA MAKING.—Atrocious decoctions are served up at the best hotels in Switzerland as tea and coffee, the ingredients of both being always boiled over and over again. While strolling about the grounds of the large hotel at Schaffhausen, we actually found the evening tea leaves drying on linen sheets, ready for the morning's breakfast, quite as a thing of course. Guide-books should protest against these proceedings, as, after a weary, hot day's journey, nothing sets one up like a good cup of tea.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

THE difference between \$3 and \$5 is \$2. That much is saved by purchasing those splendid pearl card-cases through us. The store price is \$5.

PEARL CARD CASES.—We have an opportunity of obliging our subscribers with these beautiful cases at \$3 each—a very superior article. We have the pick from the manufactory before the stores can get them; and can, therefore, send the handsomest, and they are beautiful. At that price we pay the postage also; such an opportunity has never before offered.

FASHION EDITOR.—Persons who are not subscribers to the Book can order articles from the Fashion Editor. She does not know, when she receives an order, whether it is from a subscriber or not; nor do we.

GRECIAN PAINTING AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, of Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all the materials and directions. Our numerous inquirers will please make application to him. He is largely engaged in artists' materials and the fine arts, and we are satisfied, from our dealing with him, that he will do as he agrees. We annex his circular:—

"The subscriber will furnish for \$3, a package of twelve mezzotint engravings, and full printed directions for Grecian Painting, and a new style, originating with himself, and equal to the finest copper painting, called ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS, with a bottle of preparation. For \$2 more, or \$5, he will send the above and all paints, brushes, oils, varnishes needed for these arts, and other oil painting; receipts for varnish, &c. &c."

"He has also published a new picture, size of plate, 9 by 11 inches, expressly for Grecian Painting, &c., called 'Les Orphelins.' The paper, printing, and engraving are thoroughly fitted for it, and the effect and finish when completed or painted are fine, and superior to canvas painting. It will be sent on receipt of its price, \$1, by mail, free of postage.

Address J. E. TILTON, Salem, Mass."

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.

"S. A. P."—Sent pearl card-case, &c. 16th.

"Anna" and "Celeste" are probably not aware that what they propose would cost us over \$20,000 a year extra.

"Mrs. J. De B."—Sent pearl card-case, &c. 18th.

"W. H. G."—Sent hair ear-rings and fob-chain 18th.

"Mrs. T. C. B."—Sent hair necklace and hair bracelet 18th.

"Mrs. W. R. H."—Sent pearl card-case 20th.

"Mrs. S. C."—Sent needles, meshes, &c. 20th.

"Mrs. E. F. B."—Sent dry goods by Howard's express 20th.

"Mrs. S. L. G."—Sent two card-cases 21st.

"Mrs. G. W. S."—Sent colored cottons 21st.

"Miss D. R. E."—Sent picnic mitts 21st.

"Mrs. A. H."—Sent toil ciré 21st.

"Miss R. E. O."—Sent bonnet by Kinsley's express 21st.

"Miss N. L. R."—Sent patterns 22d.

"Mrs. C. W. H."—Sent colored cottons 22d.

"C. E."—Sent children's patterns 22d.

"Ella Forrester."—No stamp inclosed.

"Mrs. J. S. B."—Sent infant's wardrobe 22d.

"S. R."—Sent Rapp's gold pen, &c. 23d.

"Mr. E. A. E."—Sent slipper pattern and worsted 23d.

"Miss F. H. A."—Sent pearl card-case 23d.

"Miss H. M."—Sent gold cuff buttons 25th.

"A. H. H. R."—Sent three Rapp's gold pens 25th.

"L. D."—No! I would not ask him for it; he intends it, no doubt, for you. Thick sets can be had at from \$5 to \$20.

"Annie K. O."—See October number. But if you want information send your real name and a stamp to pay return postage.

"Miss J. T. R."—Sent hair ring 26th.

"A. S."—Sent hair ring 26th.

"Miss M. A. F. P."—Sent hair ring 26th.

"Mrs. A. H."—Sent toil ciré 27th.

"Miss D. R. A."—Sent worsteds and patterns 27th.

"Mrs. O. A. E."—Sent infant's wardrobe patterns 28th.

"Miss B. E. H."—Sent pearl card-case 29th.

"Miss W. E. R."—Sent slipper pattern and worsteds 29th.

"Mrs. E. H. T."—Sent infant's wardrobe patterns and pearl card-case 30th.

"Miss D. F. K."—Sent mitts and gloves 30th.

"L. R. H."—Sent bonnet by Kinsley's express 31st.

"Miss J. M. T."—Sent pearl card-case 31st.

"Miss K. W. A."—Sent pearl card-case 31st.

"Mrs. D. L. K."—Sent pearl card-case 1st.

"W. J. M."—We have not yet, but possibly may.

"Mrs. S. C. B."—Sent two hair breastpins and cross 1st.

"Mrs. S. A. R."—Sent hair ring 2d.

"W. T."—Sent pearl card-case 2d.

"Mrs. V. E."—Sent hair bracelet and pearl card-case 2d.

"Mrs. H."—Sent infant's wardrobe by express, as directed 2d.

"Miss H. M."—Sent pearl card-case 3d.

"Mrs. M. E. G."—Sent two hair breastpins 4th.

"Mr. J. W. T."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 5th.

"L. H. M."—Sent two card-cases 5th.

"Mrs. M. C. G."—Forgot to sign name and send a stamp. The answer too long for this department.

"Mrs. C. W. L."—Sent pearl card-case 6th.

"W. B. J."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 6th.

"Mrs. F. H. J."—Sent pattern for evening-dress 6th.

"J. B. S."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 6th.

"W. B."—Sent two pair hair ear-rings and hair ring 6th.

"Mrs. A. G. L."—Sent pattern for dressing-gown 8th.

"Miss K. B. R."—Sent pearl card-case 8th.

"Mrs. H. S. S."—Sent patterns 8th.

"Mrs. B. B."—Sent patterns 8th.

"Mrs. L. McC."—Sent pearl card-case, pattern, &c. 9th.

"Corinne."—Too late for October number. Questions enough to fill a small book. Send stamp and your real name, and you will receive answer by mail.

"Miss O. S. B."—Sent hair ring and Rapp's gold pen 10th.

"Mrs. R."—Sent patterns, &c. 10th.

"M. J. M."—We have published that receipt several times.

"Miss F. A. C."—Sent pearl card-case 10th.

"Mrs. E. P."—Sent colored cottons 11th.

"Miss M. H."—Sent patterns 11th.

"Miss P. R. W."—Sent colored cottons, stamped patterns, &c. 11th.

"Mrs. J. B. F."—Sent Ristori, &c. 11th.

"Mrs. F. McS."—Sent infant's wardrobe patterns, &c. 12th.

"Mrs. A. J. S."—Sent children's patterns 12th.

"Mrs. E. B. H."—Sent child's patterns 12th.

"Miss H. M. E. V."—Sent Swiss and marking cotton 12th.

"Mrs. F. C. A."—Sent pearl card-case 13th.

"Miss M. M. B."—Sent patterns 13th.

"Mrs. S. B."—Sent patterns for infant's underclothes 13th.

Sent pearl card-cases to "S. A. H.," "E. O.," "L. A. McD.," "J. S.," "C. L. G.," "M. G. C.," "A. C. E.," "W. A. L.," "V. B. N.," "G. S. H.," "K. R. R.," "D. E. O."

"Mrs. L. A. H."—Sent patterns for infant's underclothes 15th.

"Mrs. E. C. D."—Sent sacque pattern 15th.

"Miss E. T."—No, a real bellows. We should feel ourselves criminal in answering the arsenic question. Third question, cap't make out. Gold what? Fourth, \$5.

"Jacksonville."—You should return the calls of course.

Centre-Table Gossip.

BRIDAL VOWS.

FROM A PRACTICAL POINT OF VIEW.

WE do not suppose that one bride in a hundred has the least idea of the immense responsibilities involved in the vow to "love, honor, and obey."

Taken in its ordinary interpretation, she has promised to work the slippers, hem the handkerchiefs, replace the buttons, air the dressing-gown, scold the laundress, lecture the waiter, and quarrel with the landlady of her future lord and master for more coals and a hot breakfast at nine. This comes under the first head: for to love, in the domestic dictionary, is synonymous with looking out for the physical comfort of the noun masculine.

Housekeeping commenced, the duty broadens still. To regulate the house bills, especially the marketing, so as to give the greatest possible variety to the table with the least possible expense; to see that the house is always warm and comfortable, yet to make the coal last till August; to decide whether it is going to rain cloudy days, and so assume the responsibility of an umbrella, or a spoiled best hat and coat; to overlook every beef bone, potato paring, broken plate, lump of butter, and candle end in the kitchen; and never fail to meet its master at the hall door, well-dressed and smiling, at five o'clock; to darn the table-cloths, count the towels, keep run of the napkins, forks, and spoons, the key of the wine-closet and store-room; make a barrel of flour go twice as far as "the Browns" do; make biscuit, puddings, alamode beef, and pickles "like my mother's;" lay out clean clothes, turpentine coat collars and cuffs with perfectly performed maternal duties, and faultless nursery government thrown into the bargain. For the latter clause, she is vowed to abide by all decisions and opinions, whether social, political, or moral, without a suggestion or remonstrance; to have a headache if any invitation threatens to be a bore; to quote Sir Oracle on all occasions as sufficient proof of assertion; to give up all her own friends that may not chance to interest her husband, but welcome all his, no matter how tiresome or disagreeable; to admire Miss Black, who was your rival, and "says things" still about your marriage; to take an interest in the money-market, and rise of cotton and flour; to know what "consols" mean, and how much they have declined by last advices; to keep trivial secrets at the risk of a domestic "norther," yet hear your own private fancies and speculations made the topic of general conversation; and finally to submit to be buried at Laurel Hill, when you much prefer Woodland Cemetery, and have a stiff monument instead of a plain headstone, which your successor will eventually share with you, her

virtues being recorded on the opposite side to your own, as "the beloved wife of John Smith, Esq."

THE RUSSIAN CORONATION.

EVERYTHING connected with this brilliant ceremony being of interest just at present, we give the following items of court gossip:—

The ceremony itself consists of coronation and anointment. After an address has been delivered by the highest clerical person present, and a certain Litany has been said or sung, with all due responses, the Emperor, seated on his throne, orders the Apostles' Creed to be handed to him, and, having read it audibly to the end, he then proceeds, accompanied by the prayers and psalms of the clergy, to indue himself with the insignia of the Imperial power. The three highest metropolitans present fetch the Emperor's mantle from the table mentioned above, and, with the assistance of certain members of his household, put it around him, with the words, "In the name of the Father, of the Son, and the Holy Ghost." At the Emperor's command, the President of the Imperial Council then brings him the crown. The Emperor then sets it himself on his own head, on which the Metropolitan of Moscow addresses him in the following form, which has remained unchanged at all the Russian coronations:—

"Most pious, most mighty, and great Emperor of all the Russias: This visible and palpable ornament which now adorns thy head is the symbol of the mysterious act by which Jesus Christ, the King of glory, crowns thee at this moment to be the supreme head of the entire Russian people, and confirms thee by His holy blessing in thy most high and unbounded power over thy subjects."

After the sceptre and the orb have been duly handed to the Emperor, accompanied by an appropriate address from the Metropolitan of Moscow, the Emperor seats himself in his full robes on his throne; his coronation is completed; and the choir sings, "*Domine, salvum fac Imperatorem.*" As soon as this is at an end, the Emperor proceeds to crown the Empress, who approaches and stands before his throne. He lays aside his sceptre and orb, and taking his crown off his head, he holds it a few seconds over hers, and then resumes it himself. The smaller crown is then brought, and is fastened on the Empress's head by her ladies, and at the same time she is invested with the Imperial mantle and the color of the Order of Saint Andrew. As soon as she has resumed her seat on her throne, the choir commences singing, "*Domine, salvam fac Imperatricem;*" all the bells are struck, and a salvo of one hundred and one guns is fired.

On the occasion of the coronation, three seats of historical interest will be used. That for the Empress Mother will be the oldest of them—a stool presented by Shah Abbas, of Persia, to the Czar Boris Godanoff, in the year 1605. It is so covered with gold, in sheets, as to appear to be of massive gold; and it is, moreover, richly decorated with pearls and precious stones; it has no back to it; and it has the appearance of an ancient stool. The second seat, destined for the reigning Empress, is called the Golden Throne, and is in form of a high-backed arm-chair; it is decorated with no less than one thousand five hundred rubies, eight thousand turquoises, two large topazes, and four rare amethysts. This costly seat dates from the grandfather of Peter the Great, Czar Michael Feodorowitsch. The third, which is, properly speaking, the Emperor's throne,

is popularly called the Diamond Throne. It is richly decorated with pearls and precious stones, and was presented to the Czar Alexis Michaelowitsch, father of Peter the Great, in 1660. On the back of the chair is the following inscription:—

“For the powerful and most invincible Alexis, Emperor of the Muscovites, that reigns prosperously on earth. May this throne, which is built with the greatest art and most refined skill, be a pledge to him of heavenly and earthly bliss!”

The latter two thrones are placed side by side on an estrade opposite the Inconostass, with steps covered with velvet leading down to it. The stool on which the Empress Mother sits is placed against one of the columns, a little to the side; and opposite to it is the table on which the coronation insignia are laid in preparation for the ceremony. At the last coronation Count Orloff, who at that time commanded a regiment of Cuirassiers that had been arranged expressly for the occasion, had a place assigned him between the seats of the Imperial couple, where he stood during the service with his sword drawn, as if holding guard over them. This post of rare distinction the Emperor had assigned to him for the part he had taken in putting down the then recent insurrection of the military.

THE LAST AUTUMN FLOWERS, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

AT this season of the year, chrysanthemums are almost the only ornamental flowers in gardens in the open air. It is true, there are a few lingering roses, geraniums, and dahlias, but they are so battered by the rain and wind, and blanched by the sun, that they can scarcely be called ornamental. Chrysanthemums, on the contrary, are in their full beauty, and gay in their most brilliant colors. They are chiefly yellow, brown, and red, changing through great varieties of shades, and some being pure white; but, besides the difference of color, they differ so much in form as to be classed in seven divisions: these are the ranunculus-flowered, the incurved, the China aster-flowered, the marigold-flowered, the clustered, the tapeled, and the quilled.

The Chinese chrysanthemum was first introduced nearly a hundred years ago; but some of the varieties have only been lately introduced, and innumerable sub-varieties are being raised every year from seed. The old plants will grow freely in any light, rich soil, and they are readily increased by layers or cuttings, or by suckers, or division of the roots. By every mode of propagation they grow easily, and no plants bear moving better; in fact, they ought to be taken up and replanted almost every year to keep them in a proper state. When neglected, they grow with long, bare stalks; and, as they flower only at the extremity of the shoots, and as the long, thin stems do not send out branches, plants thus treated are not at all ornamental. If, on the contrary, they are kept low and bushy, they will flower abundantly and become very handsome. Sometimes chrysanthemums are trained against a wall, and this mode of treatment generally increases both the size of the flowers and the brilliancy of their colors.

Botanically, the chrysanthemum, like the dahlia, is one of the composite plants, and consequently what appear to be separate petals are, in fact, distinct flowers, each furnished with a calyx, corolla, stamen, and pistil, and growing together in a common involucre.

The best manure for chrysanthemums is leaf mould, and the ground they are grown in should be well

drained. When they are kept in pots, the drainage of pot-stands or broken pots should be two or three inches deep, and the plants should be well watered every day; but the pots should never be allowed to stand in saucers. When the flowering season is past, the old stems should be cut down, and the plants kept without artificial heat in a place where they are merely protected from severe frost; as, if they are kept too warm during the winter, they will grow too fast, and the shoots will be yellow and weak. When properly treated, they will make strong shoots, from which cuttings may be raised in April or May, if a number of plants should be wanted; or, if it is wished to have large, fine specimens, the old plants may be put into a rich border in April or May, and left to grow there till the end of the summer, when they may be carefully taken up and re-potted, if they are wanted to flower in pots; and, after they have been shaded for a few days, to allow them to re-establish themselves, they may be placed in the greenhouse for winter flowering.

Chrysanthemums are generally very healthy plants, but sometimes they are attacked with mildew. When this is the case, the plants infected should be dusted with what is called flowers of sulphur, and then left for a day or two; after which, the leaves should be well washed with a syringe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“ELEANOR.”—We shall give an article on mourning soon, probably next month. The material ordered is very suitable. Bombazines are not considered as indispensable as they were a few years since.

“Miss S. P.” will do well to read the chapter on food for invalids in Mrs. Hale's receipt-book. Experience is, however, necessary to a nurse as well as to one who would learn any other profession. In this, a mistake entails serious consequences. A young girl cannot too soon make herself familiar with the practical care of a sick chamber: for, in every woman's life, whether married or single, the demand for such services is sure to come; and happy are they who can discharge them not only tenderly but skilfully. In the sphere of wife and mother, this knowledge may make the happiness of those for whose comfort she lives.

“MRS. B.”—We know an instance of almost entire recovery from the effects of active poison, corrosive sublimate, taken by mistake for spirits of camphor. The utmost promptitude and presence of mind should be brought to bear upon such an emergency. The substances mentioned should be immediately given in solution, and the stomach-pump or an emetic employed to evacuate the stomach, and bring away the poison as soon as possible.

Poisons.—Acid, sulphuric, or oil of vitriol.

Acid, hydrochloric, or muriatic.

Acid, nitric, or aquafortis.

Acid, oxalic (salt of lemons), often mistaken for Epsom Salts.

Antidotes, or Treatment.—Magnesia made into a paste with water. Solution of soap. Diluents before and after the administration of the antidotes.

“KATE R.”—*First Query:* There is a set of books by Miss McIntosh, published by the Appletons, that would be very suitable for the purpose. They are fifty cents a volume, we believe, and prettily bound. Several of the publications of the Protestant Episcopal Society have no denominational tendency that would interfere with any other Sabbath-school. We particularly instance

"Bread upon the Waters" by Mrs. Bradley, a charming story of life among the lowly, and just issued. "Patient Waiting" and "No such Word as Fail" may be had for the price she mentions. If we knew the age of her scholar, we could speak more advisedly.

Second Query.—Jets are not quite as much worn as during the past season, though they are still favorite ornaments, and mixed with galloons, fringes, etc., for dress trimming.

"ALICE."—Valenciennes is the strongest of all so-called "thread laces." It will outlast any of those undistinguished by a name, and is now to be had very reasonably. It is the best for nightcaps, infants' frocks, shirts, or any article that will require frequent washing.

"A BRIDE."—The Ristori is not a carriage or street mantle, but of lace, and intended principally for full dress. It is of the shawl form, and distinguished by a point, which forms a deep collar on the shoulders, but can be thrown over the head in the Marie Stuart style. One of the most exquisite mantles we have seen was at Lewis's, in Chantilly, and was readily sold at three hundred dollars.

"MRS. T."—For juvenile fashions see next month.

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, Rapp's gold pens, 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.

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 Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's 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 NOVEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress of a style mentioned in our September Chat. "A superb moire of plain Sevres blue, with large black spots all over the ground." Circular cloak of brown cloth, the hood lined with blue. Drawn bonnet of straw-colored silk, satin, and white blonde.

Fig. 2.—Carriage or dinner dress, of rose-colored silk, with bouquets of roses, buds, and foliage, *chine*. Cloak

of royal purple velvet, with a wreath of heavy embroidery; and finished by a rich fringe. Bonnet of rose-colored therry velvet, with plumes.

Fig. 3.—Walking-dress of plain brown *reps* silk, very rich and heavy; the skirt in three flounces each bordered by a velvet ribbon, four inches in width. Black velvet mantle trimmed with galloon and fringe. Green velvet bonnet, trimmed with blonde, and a tuft of oak, ivy, geranium leaves, and flags.

Fig. 4.—Rich stone-colored silk robe, with two flounces, with a rich satin pattern of stripes, the same shade. Basquine of pale sea-green silk, with gores or slashes of velvet, a darker shade, let into the *jupe* and sleeves; these are bordered by buttons of passementerie. Purple velvet carriage-hat, with black blonde curtain and demi-veil.

CLOAKS AND MANTLES.

(See pages 388, 389.)

The Medina—of dark brown velvet; the upper part forming an elongated yoke, into which the body is fitted, and on which the loose sleeve is joined at the shoulder. The lower part of the mantle forms a broad flounce, set on in large hollow plaits. Trimming, a wide roll of satin, a row of curled ostrich plumes, and fall of heavy fringe, alternating.

The Jenny Bell.—A travelling mantle of dark gray beaver cloth, which requires no lining. It is at once graceful, and comfortable in form, and is plainly trimmed by a mixed gray and black galloon, of satin and velvet.

The Crimea.—A dress, or carriage cloak, of fawn-colored moire antique, with a handsome satin galloon, arranged in a wide basket pattern. It is well lined with quilted silk, a little darker in shade.

The Victoria.—Black velvet mantle; a wide sleeve springing from the shoulder; with deep plush bands. It is closed down the front by a row of the velvet on which are placed ornamental buttons of passementerie, terminating in grelots or drops. A fringe to correspond encircles the mantle, and falls from the edge of the sleeve.

There is more variety than ever in these outer garments the present season. (See "Chitchat" for the month.)

The description of "The Marion" in October number should apply to "The Nightingale," and *vice versa*.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

ANY one who is amused and interested by brilliant combinations of color and material may pass a very agreeable morning at Stewart's during the fall openings of dress goods. Every day there is something new in color, quality, and price, although the general style is unchanged. As early as the first of September, indeed by the twenty-fifth of August, lawns, organdies, and barèges give place to silken and woollen fabrics. Pale blue, pink, and maize color fade still paler by the contrast with the richest autumnal tints of wood and field: an American autumn we mean, for nothing but its foliage can vie with the gorgeous tints French designers and manufacturers have sent out the present season.

We instance Stewart's because—although at Beck's and elsewhere there is equal stylishness in the importations, and Chestnut Street is pre-eminent for delicacy and real elegance in the display of all that appertains to a lady's toilet—there is, after all, no such *coup d'œil*

as is presented in the dress-goods department of this establishment. including, of course, the rotunda, so admirably adapted for it.

As we enter, we find the first counter to the left piled with all-wool mousselines and single width cashmeres of rich chintz patterns or plain colors corresponding with the merinoes and fine French cashmeres opposite. Of the varied shades and brilliant colors, we can best give an idea by referring to a collection of zephyr wools. They are equally soft, bright, and varied in tint. The first counter in the centre, occupied so long by organdy robes, is now heaped with poplins of broad plaids and stripes. The second has a collection of double width cashmeres, printed in a palm-leaf pattern, on a plain ground contrasting well, and quite new in design. As, for instance, a black and brown palm on a delicate stone-color, soft maize, or deep rich purple background. To the right, again, are plaid cashmeres and valencias from fifty cents to two dollars a yard; to the left, chintzes of every description, French, English, and American, from one shilling to four.

The centre of the rotunda is still occupied by the glove counter, with real Alexandres at one dollar a pair, in the brightest, most delicate, or gravest tints. Jourain's gloves, to which Philadelphians are as much devoted as New York is to Alexandres, have also advanced in price; and it becomes all ladies who would be *bien gantée* to cherish these costly articles of luxury, and prize a Christmas or birthday glove-box as the choicest of gifts.

To the right, as you pass this tempting collection, is a superb display of silk robes, with flounces in figures of velvet and satin, Greek, Pompadour, and Arabesque in pattern. The richest robe we have seen this season was, however, at Upsdell's: a plain ground of dark brown, the flounces sprinkled with shamrocks in black velvet, standing out in full relief, as if just thrown upon the lustrous fabric. We must not forget the heavy printed flannels in robes and chintz patterns for dressing-gowns. They seem costly at two dollars a yard, but are wide and require no lining.

We found the cloak-room almost shabby by comparison on the day of this opening. The shawls, stella, cashmere, broché, etc. lighted up one side; but the other showed a beggarly account of unclothed lay figures, stark and stiff, with their uncovered blue cambric shoulders; and a general empty, house-cleaning air pervading the counters and boxes. "When do you have your fall mantles?" we ask, with all the meekness of an inexperienced dame from a distance.

"Not before the fifteenth," is the careless response; "we have nothing ready *so early*."

So early! when we happen to know that their orders are hurrying the work-rooms of an up-town establishment, where "French cloaks" are manufactured in an unpretending tenant house of a retired back street. But the gentleman, as full of airs as a March day, has not recognized the potent power of "Fashion," who is admitted to these state secrets.

"Late for Southerners," we say, as if to excuse ourselves for an untimely though modest query.

"Oh, ah, certainly, madam! we will show you a *few* before you go, a few styles." And the manner says: "Be duly grateful."

But we do not feel so, for we are perfectly well aware what is in preparation, and walk off, not in the least daunted, to Brodie's, where all the styles of all the shops are courteously open to an inspection, where they do not call it "early," but rather late, inasmuch as the

room is crowded with buyers from north, south, east, and west; while overhead, the two long work-rooms are filled with seamstresses and sewing-machines; and down stairs at the desk applications are made, as we stand there, in answer to an advertisement for "more."

It is the room appropriated a little earlier or a little later to lady visitors; but just now, in the pause between summer and autumn—for we must go to press as Brodie's cloaks go south—in advance; and for the same reason—a wide circulation—it is heaped with the dozens and half-dozens of the wholesale purchaser, who, memorandum-book in hand, looks bewildered amid the variety of prices, shapes, material, and color.

Accustomed as we are to the display, we feel somewhat so ourselves; and, if we had been as provident in the matter of a memorandum-book, might have gratified our readers with more minute descriptions. As for generalities, the favorite colors are black, dark-brown, gray (especially for travelling mantles), drabs of various shades and the usual varieties in brighter tints. Of material—velvet, moiré and velvet, moiré with other styles of trimming, cloth, ladies' or pelisse cloth, beaver unlined, and various mixtures we could not designate by name; silk and velvet, cashmere, and merino are all used. Cloth, velvet, and moiré have the pre-eminence.

Varied as Brodie's cloaks have always been, we notice even more quiet elegance than usual in his best styles, both of importation and manufacture, the present season. We instance especially a rich velvet mantle, circular in shape, but entirely new, and unsurpassed in richness of decoration. We can best describe it as gores, widening at the bottom, let in at equal distances, of the richest appliqué and embroidery, these bordered by closely curled plumes laid on flat, after the manner of a *ruche* or galloon; a *tout ensemble* of velvet, feathers and raised embroidery in broad alternate stripes. Our readers can gratify their curiosity by sending an order for one, inclosing a check for ninety or one hundred dollars.

The Lexington, also in velvet, cannot fail to be an especial favorite. It is ample yet graceful, with an easy fulness at the back, let into a half yoke, extending from shoulder to shoulder. The front fits more closely to the figure, and the plainness is relieved by the overlapping points of the side seams, corded with rich black satin, and decorated by large buttons of moiré set in a velvet rim. *The Basquine* is decidedly new, fitting well yet lightly to the figure, following the outlines of a basque, wide loose sleeves included, the skirt, or basque proper, extending almost to the knee. It is most elegant in plain black cloth, heavy enough to be unlined. This stylish pelisse, in its absence of decoration, and following so closely the outline of the figure, is in excellent contrast with the last mantle on our list. This is also black, but of ladies' cloth, exceedingly fine, light, and lined with richly quilted silk. The upper part sits well to the shoulders; the skirt, or flounce, commencing near the line of the waist, set on with large, hollow plaits. Its peculiarity is the new style of fringe with which it is decorated in alternation with flat galloons. It is called "lily-of-the-valley" fringe, from the tiny silk balls which vibrate at every motion of the wearer, suspended closely on an ordinary heading. This is decidedly one of the newest and most lady-like mantles in Brodie's whole collection, and with it we make our adieus, though a whole day might be spent without finishing an entire survey of the establishment.

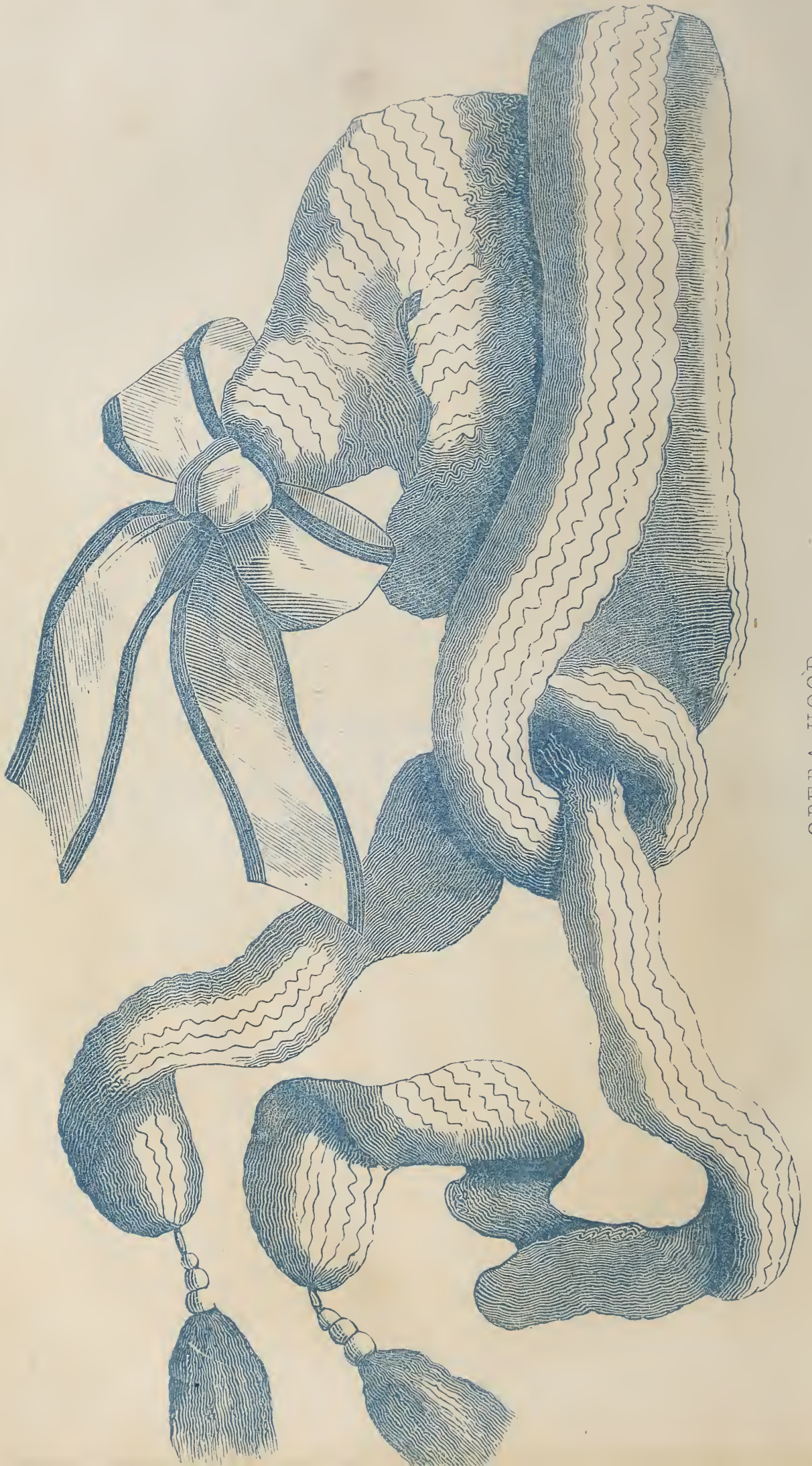




SEPARATION OF THE APOSTLES.



GODEY'S UNRIVALLED COLORED FASHIONS.



OPERA HOOD.





CHRISTMAS MORNING.

CAPITLY 30

“IT SNOWS!”*

BALLAD.

Respectfully inscribed to Miss Lizzie Thayer.

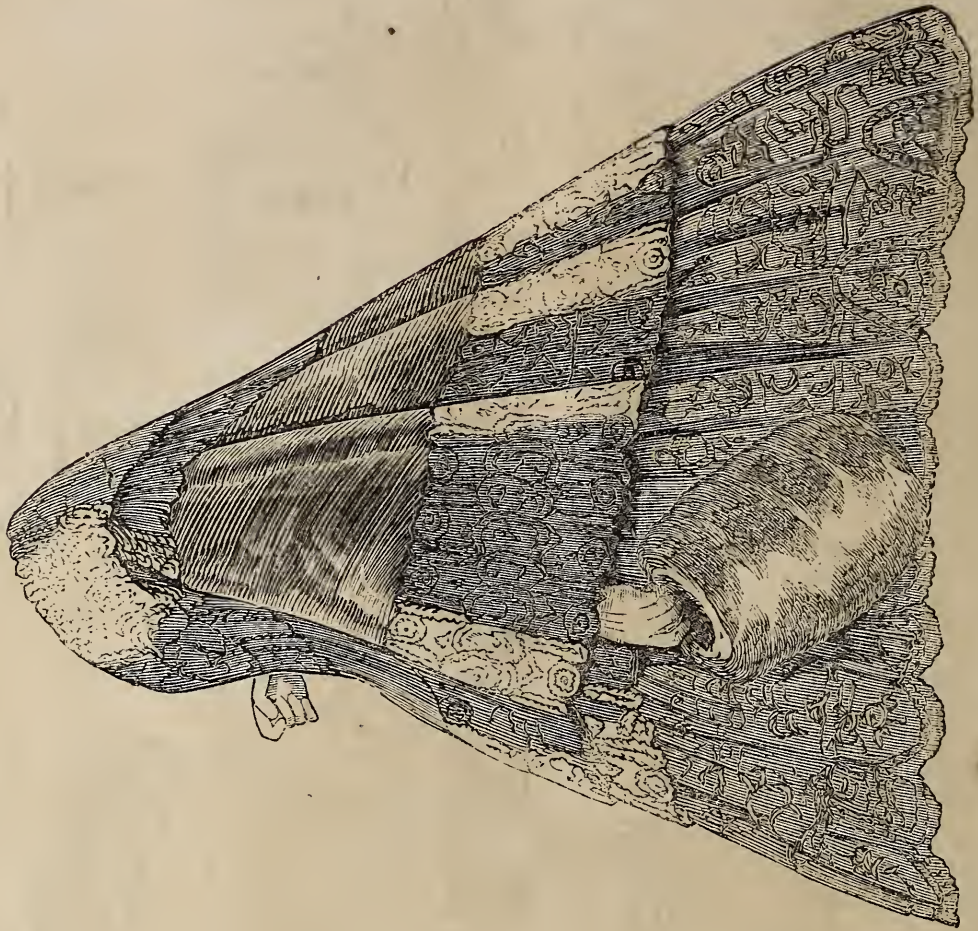
WORDS BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

MUSIC BY GEORGE SPAFFORD.

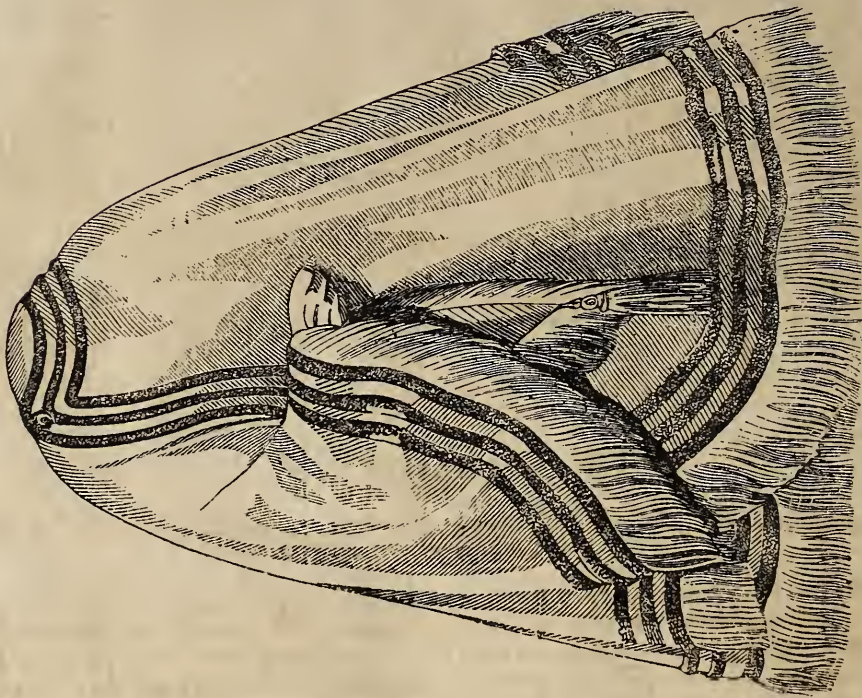
The first system of the musical score is written in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics "Hurrah! and his shout, Hurrah! and his playmates have answered his". The piano accompaniment is written in a bass clef. The tempo is marked "Andante" at the bottom left. The first measure of the vocal line is marked with a dynamic of *mf*. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked "Smorz" (ritardando) in the middle.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line contains the lyrics "While swift as the swallow, He's out, and his playmates have answered his". The piano accompaniment continues with various musical notations including slurs and dynamic markings. The tempo remains "Andante". The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

* See page 541.



THE BRAGANZA.



THE MARION.



THE CORDOVAN.

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

THE character of this cloak is so plain from the illustration, that we need only mention that the materials of which it is constructed are a brownish gray cloth, with black velvet passementerie, and buttons of the same material, with drops. Cloaks of the same style are made of the other fashionable fabrics, and adorned with a great variety of trimmings. Of the great number of modes claiming distinction, we think none will surpass the Cordovan in all the desirable qualities of this indispensable article of apparel.



THE FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—Paletot cloak of Circassian cloth, of a pale gray, covered with rows of braid half an inch in width, and set on horizontally. The sleeves are turned up in broad revers. The cloak is fastened in front with three brandebourgs of passementerie. The dress is of rich figured silk. The bonnet is fancy straw, trimmed with green velvet and black lace.

FIG. 2.—Black velvet cloak, edges trimmed with braid, and fastened in front with brandebourgs of passementerie. Bonnet of blue velvet, trimmed with lace and feathers. Dress of shot silk.

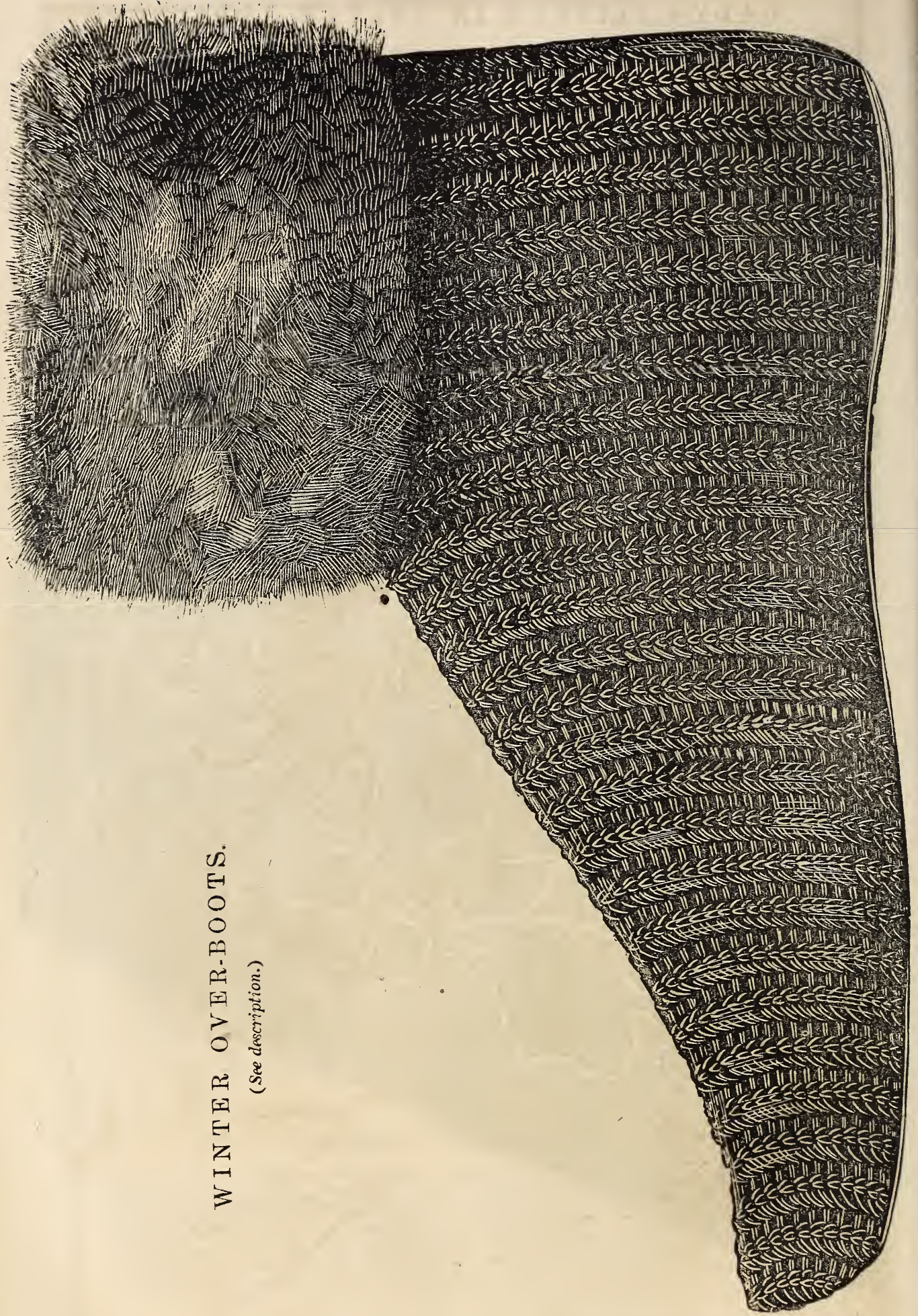
LADY'S SLIPPER IN VELVET APPLIQUE.

(See description.)

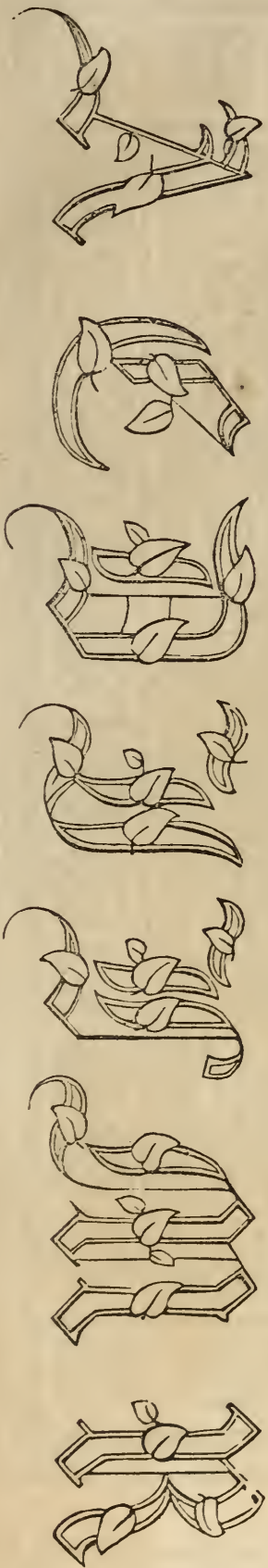
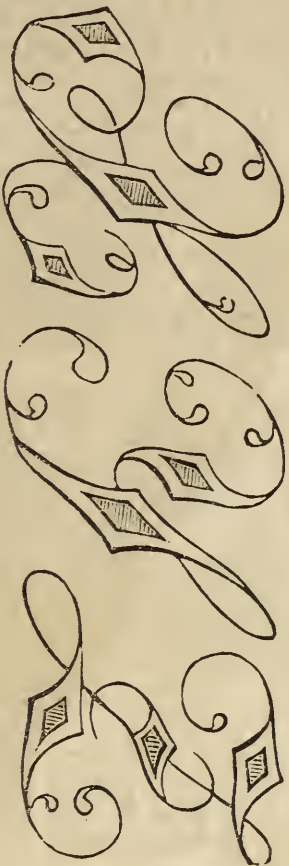
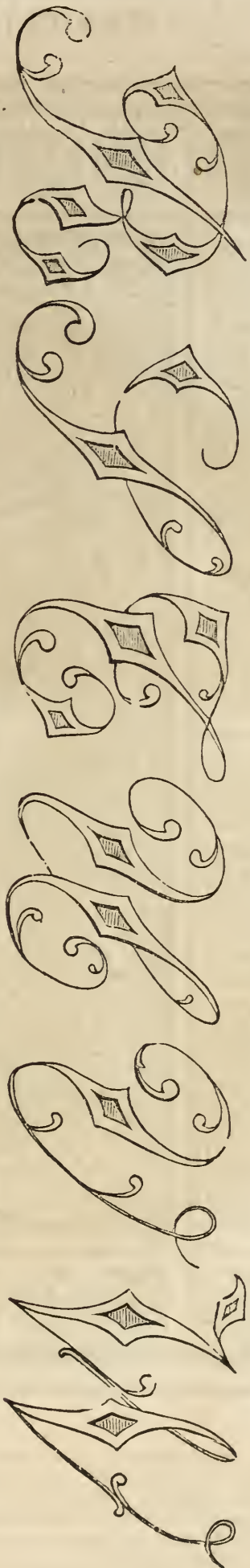


WINTER OVER-BOOTS.

(See description.)



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.
FOR MARKING A LADY'S WARDROBE.



MASONIC ANTIMACASSAR.



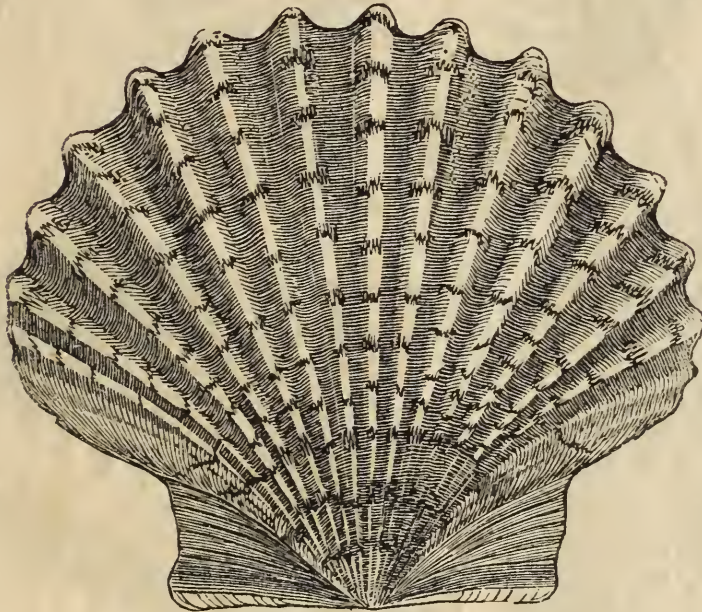
We have been repeatedly asked for a design suitable for an antimacassar for a gentleman's library, and now give one, which we think particularly appropriate for this purpose. Those who are acquainted with masonic symbols will recognize the accuracy of the design. It is intended to be worked in square crochet, and with coarse crochet cotton. It may be trimmed with a fringe knotted in all round. If it be desirable to make it very large—for instance, to lay over a sofa—it may be done in long square crochet.

The design is equally suitable for darned netting.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1856.

SHELLS FOR THE LADIES, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.



COMMON SCALLOP, OR ST. JAMES'S COCKLE.

THOUSANDS will acknowledge that it is delightful, on a summer's morning, or when the heat of mid-day is passed, to wander along the beach, and to inhale the invigorating breezes of the ocean. But the number of those is not equally great who examine attentively the various objects to be found there so full of interest.

The wonders which present themselves to the eye of the observer when the waters are calm, and objects can be seen at the bottom of the sea, are beautifully described in the following lines, by our American poet, Percival:—

The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.

The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there;
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of the upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water;
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

There, with a light and easy motion,
The fair coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are blended like corn on the upland lea.

And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid these bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.

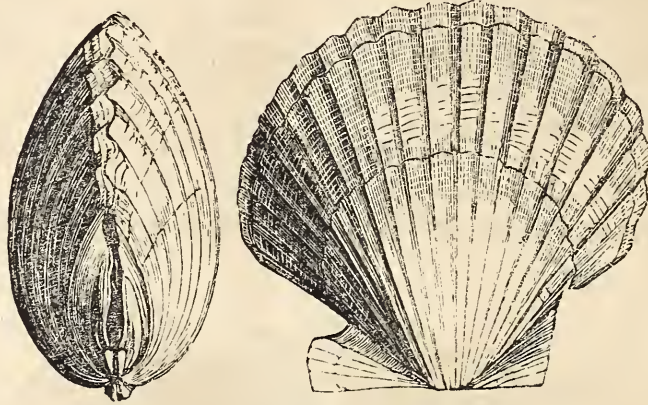
The poetry of shells is sufficiently abundant to furnish materials for a volume; and it is by no means confined to description. There are many shells which are associated with the most touching poetry of the olden time.

For example, the Common Scallop, or St. James's Cockle, the well-known badge of the pilgrim from the Holy Land, is common in the

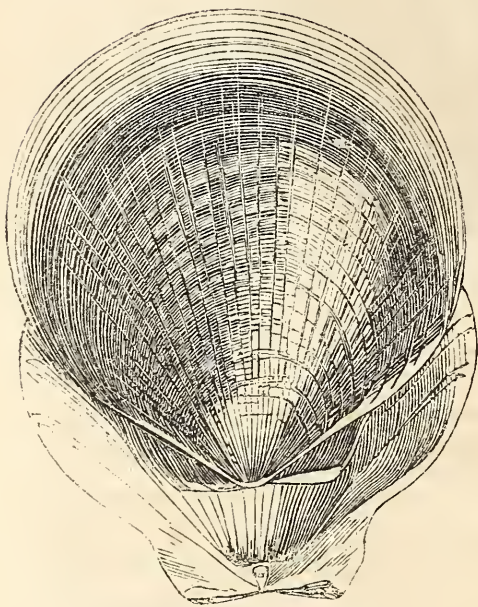
seas of Europe, and along the southern coasts of England. The shell is unequivalve—the upper or left valve being flat, the under or right valve concave internally. Each valve has from fourteen to sixteen angulated rays; those of the lower valve are sulcated longitudinally. It occurs in a fossil state in tertiary deposits in Italy, and belongs to the family Pectinidæ (scal-

lops, oysters). When well treated by a good cook, it is said to make a rich and excellent dish. When so prepared, these shell-fish are termed "Quins," in allusion to the great tragedian and epicure, whose judgment in the delicacies of the table was unquestioned.

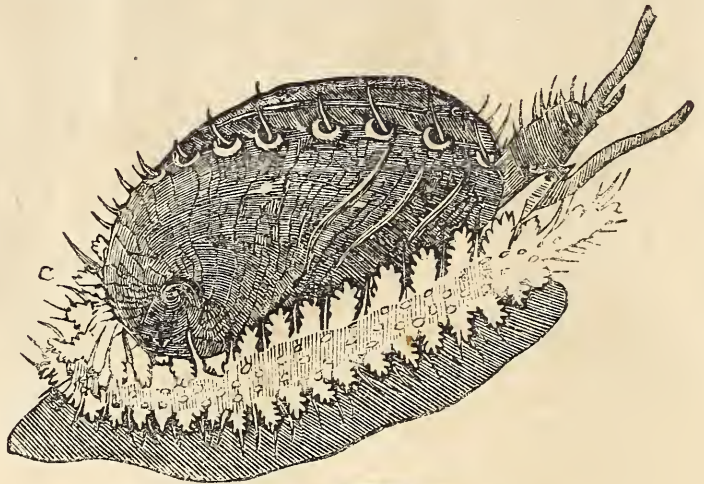
Another shell of the same class, called the Gibbous Scallop, is a native of the Atlantic and



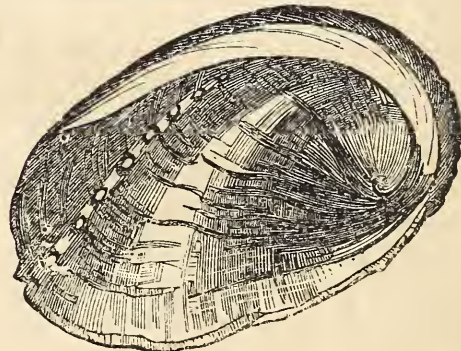
GIBBOUS SCALLOP.



THE FLOUNDER SCALLOP.



♂



TUBERCULATED SEA-EAR.

American Oceans. The scallops move rapidly backwards in an undulating manner by flapping their valves. Several species abound in our seas, and some are considered as delicacies.

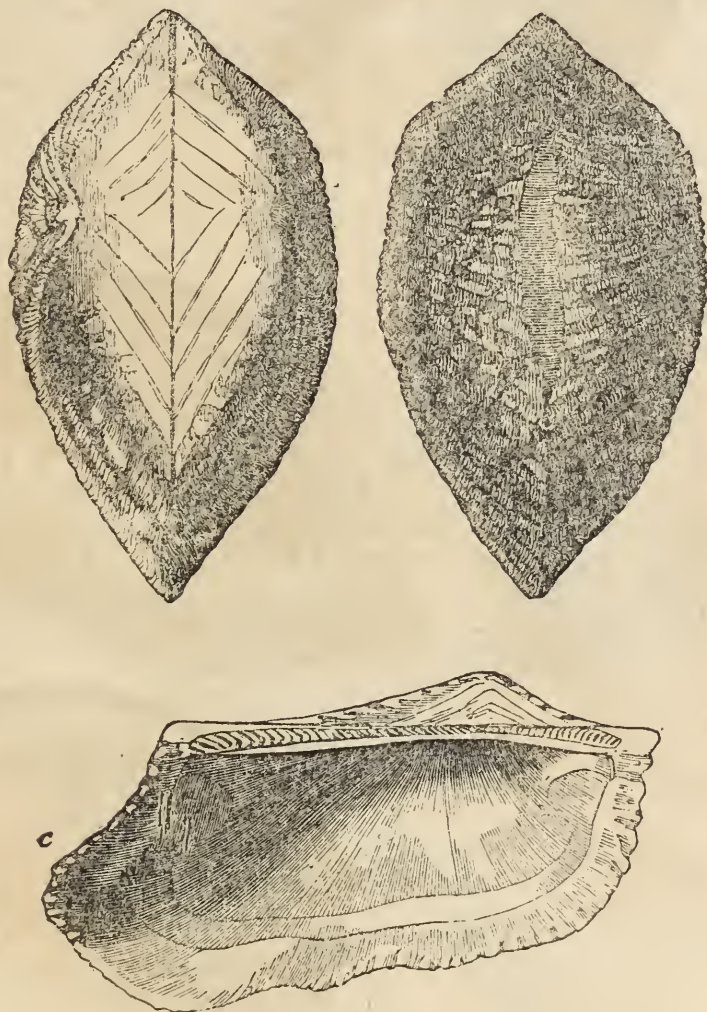
The Flounder Scallop. This species is a native of the Indian Seas, and has its name from the circumstance of the upper valve being of a rich reddish-brown, while the lower one is

white, being thus bi-colored like a flat-fish. The different kinds of scallop have been used from time immemorial to form pin-cushions, by leaving the shell entire and inserting the materials, ornaments of the pin-cushion, between the two valves. Some we have seen highly varnished, and having the edges of the shells gilded.

There is a considerable class of shells called *Sea-Ears*, from a slight resemblance in form to the human ear. We give as an example the Tuberculated Sea-Ear. The animal here is represented crawling with its shell uppermost, at *a*; the interior of the shell is represented at *b*. This species, which is common at Guernsey and Jersey, is used as food; and probably the other species are equally palatable. A learned writer, who assures us that as an article of food this genus is by no means to be despised, adds: "We have eaten *Haliotis tuberculata*, and when served by a good cook it is tender and sapid. The large fleshy foot, if not properly managed, is apt to be tough." He further informs us that "the people of Guernsey and Jersey ornament

their houses with the shells of this species, disposing them frequently in quincunx order, and placing them so that their bright interior may catch the rays of the sun. We have often thought that some of the large and splendid intertropical species, whose exterior, after removing the outer coat, takes a polish almost equal to the natural brilliancy of the inside, might be converted into dishes for holding fruit; if mounted with good taste, their indescribable iridescence would materially add to the richness of an elegant table."

Poetical fancy seems to have dictated the name of the shell called Noah's Ark. This species is a native of the Atlantic Ocean, and of the seas of Europe. Mr. Swainson, who



NOAH'S ARK.

established the sub-genus, says: "The animals of these shells affix themselves to other bodies, by a particular muscle, which is protruded through the gaping part of the valves." Some of this species were found on the western coast of South America, and among the Islands of the South Pacific Ocean, moored to stones, shells, and coral rock, at depths varying from the

surface at low water, to the depth of many fathoms.

We have already referred to the Pearl Oyster. The pictorial specimen of this interesting shell, here presented, is that of a young, or at least not an aged specimen; it is marked with beautiful foliations, which disappear when the shell has attained to a large size. The valves are



PEARL OYSTER.

semicircular, greenish externally, and lined internally with a layer of the most beautiful nacre. From the size of the ornaments made from this nacre, or mother-of-pearl, some idea of the magnitude attained by the shell may be obtained. Were it only for the production of this article,

so much in request for all kinds of "bijouterie," this shell would form an important object of commerce; but, yielding as it does its nacreous lining in such abundance and solidity, it affords also those more valued nacreous drops or nodules called pearls, estimated in the East, from time immemorial, as "of great price"—the ornaments of kings. Pearls are procured in both hemispheres. In the Old World, the Gulf of Persia, the west coast of Ceylon, and the coast of Coromandel are the chief pearl-stations. The Algerine coast and the Sooloo Islands also afford these treasures. In the New World, the neighborhood of St. Margarita, or Pearl Island, and other localities along the coast of Columbia, are noted, and the Bay of Panama also produces them.

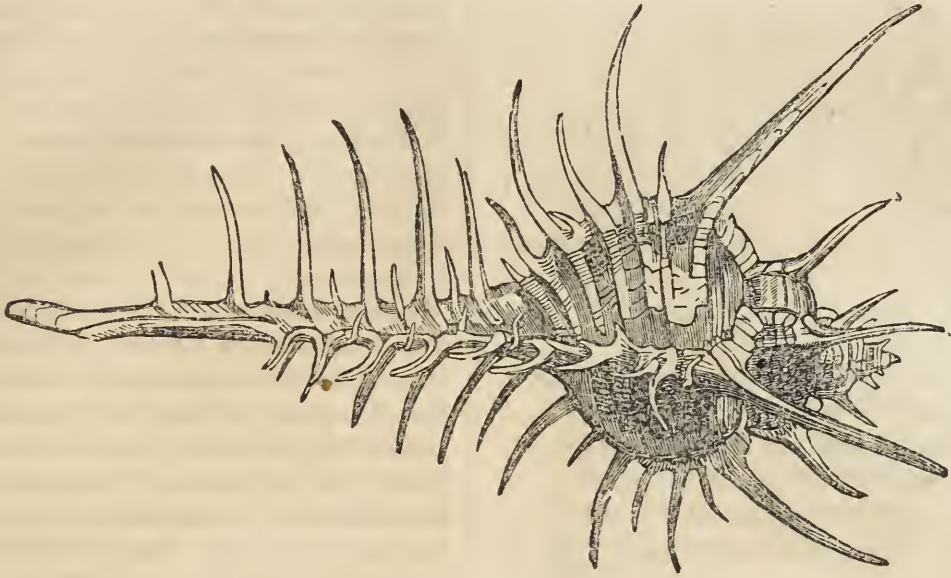
Shells of the class *Muricidæ* are the destroyers of certain other classes of shells, and prowl about in quest of prey. They drill the shells which inclose their victim, and drain out its juices, adhering until it is almost utterly consumed. Nor is this destruction carried forward on a limited scale. When we consider the number of species included within the two families in question, and the countless thousands of individuals of each of these species, and reflect upon their voracity, we may form some slight idea of the extent of their operations, and of the consequent influence they must exert in maintaining the balance of creation. Throughout all seas are these carnivorous mollusks carrying on their appointed work; in ministering to their own necessities, they fulfil the great part in the vast scheme of creation to which they are ap-



ROYAL MUREX.

pointed. Of this class of shells the Royal Murex is one of the most interesting species.

This splendid shell is found along the western coast of Central and South America. It is one



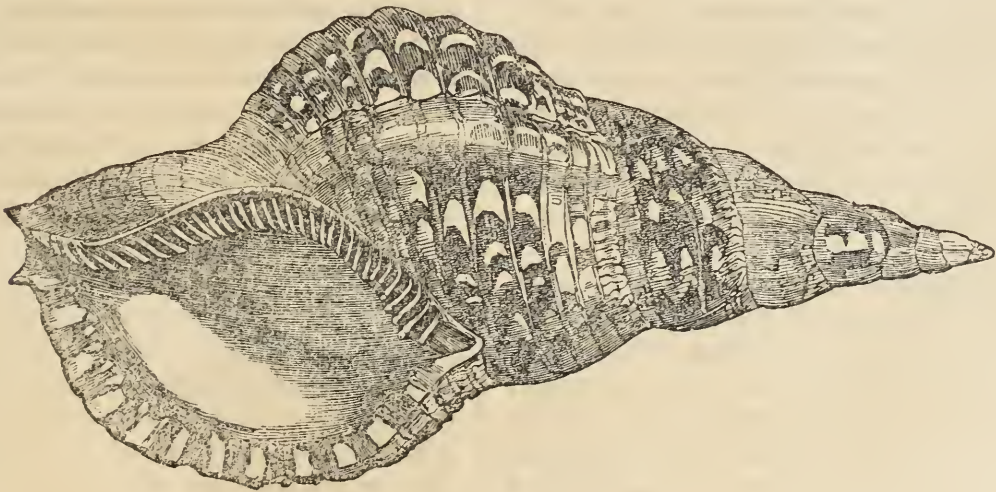
COMMON THORNY WOODCOCK.

of the ornaments of the cabinet of the conchologist; nor can words convey an adequate idea of its gorgeous coloring.

To this same class, the Muricidæ, belongs the Common Thorny Woodcock. This species, known also by the rather poetical name of Venus's Comb, is a very beautiful and striking

shell, remarkable for the length and slenderness of its pointed spines, arranged in regular order, indicative of the periodical developments of the edge of the mantle. It is found in the Indian Ocean; specimens are brought from the Moluccas.

Mythology furnishes a name to other species



VARIEGATED TRITON.

of Muricidæ. Not only Venus, who may justly claim the distinction of giving her name to many shells, from her having been fabled as a daughter of the sea, but the Tritons also are duly honored by the scientific classifiers of shells. We give, as a specimen of them, the Variegated Triton.

This handsome species, commonly called the sea-trumpet, or Triton's Shell, is found both in the seas of the West Indies and those of Asia, within the tropics. The ground color is white, elegantly variegated with red and bay; the aperture is red; the columellar lip wrinkled with white; the edge of the outer lip is spotted

with black, each black mark having two white denticulations.

—•••••—
SOCIAL QUALITIES.—A man who to good nature adds the general endowments of good breeding, provided he rest contented with a simple and unaffected manner of behaving and expressing himself, will never be ridiculous in the best society, and, so far as his talents and information permit, may be an agreeable part of the company.

THE CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

(Concluded from page 412.)

CHAPTER V.

MR. FIELDING received word which made it absolutely indispensable that he should go East and attend to his long neglected interests there. What to do with Myrtle he did not know. He could not take her with him, for he had never hinted to his friends of his adoption of the little girl; and, besides, he had so much to do and so many places to visit. He dreaded the effect of the separation upon her, for he was her only friend; and he knew that she would feel very desolate without him. He could have her boarded, of course; but he did not wish to trust her in any common hands, for he expected to be away a year. Finally, he concluded to ask the child's advice.

"Oh, papa, take me with you! take me with you!" was at first her passionate cry; but, when she found that that could not very well be, she said: "Why not put me in the seminary, papa, where all the little girls in Wakwaka are sent? I shall be so unhappy, I know; but my studies will be some comfort; and I should like to learn music, so as to play for you when you come back."

Hugh had an abhorrence of boarding-schools. He believed that many young ladies learned more lessons in dissimulation, extravagance, envy, affectation, and exaggerated sentiment, than they did in anything useful. He knew the principal of the Wakwaka School, however, and liked her well as a woman of character and high moral purposes. He trusted greatly, too, to Myrtle's intense love of nature, and to the influences of her early years, to defend her from the frivolities he so dreaded.

In a few weeks, his arrangements were all completed; and one spring morning he left his little Myrtle, weeping inconsolably in the arms of Mrs. Dennison, her new protector.

"She must have all that is necessary to enable her to appear as well as the rest of your pupils: there will be no trouble about the bills, Mrs. Dennison. And every accomplishment for which she seems to have a liking she must have the means of acquiring. If she has any peculiar taste or talents, let them develop under your

judicious care, and I shall be fully satisfied with what you do for her. Love her, if you can; and I know you will, for she is a tender flower, and will wither if left too solitary."

Mr. Fielding's voice trembled a little as he uttered the last sentence; and he kissed poor Myrtle hastily, for fear the lady would see the tear upon his cheek. The next instant he was gone; and Myrtle was left to begin her new course of life.

It was many days before there was much color in her cheek, or light in her eye; and her kind guardian did not put her immediately into the school routine.

Like one of nature's fairest flowers, her spirit expanded in the sunlight of affection; and, as she was sweet, unoffending, beautiful, and the probable heiress of the rich Mr. Fielding, every attention was showered upon her, until the smiles were won back to her dark, luminous eyes, and the roses to her cheeks.

The wonderful amount of unexpected knowledge possessed by her new pupil astonished Mrs. Dennison, while her ignorance of some of the "first branches" was equally surprising and amusing. Geography and grammar were unknown to her, while she could talk in Latin and French, quote page after page of classic poetry with beautiful emphasis, and tell more about botany, ornithology, and geology, than the most advanced scholar of the school. Besides this, she had many quaint and philosophical ideas which made her appear surprisingly precocious, but which were simply the result of her having been made the sole companion and friend of a man of polished education and gifted mind. Her teacher went to work to "systematize" her acquirements, and instruct her in things practical in the society about her.

A year seemed a great while to Myrtle. The confinement to rules of one who had lived so free a life was, at times, rather burdensome; and she welcomed the long vacation with excessive delight for the liberty it gave her, but mostly because her father was to come back to her. He came, bringing her many beautiful presents, which, at first, she was too happy to regard. They went out and spent two or three

weeks at the cabin, in the old way, cooking their own meals, and rambling about the country most of the time.

Myrtle's joy was sadly discomfited by learning that Mr. Fielding had escaped from the East only long enough to make her a visit, and that he was going back for a long, long time, as soon as her school opened. It made every moment she spent with him still dearer. It sounded like a bell tolling at a funeral when she was summoned back to her studies.

Events shaped themselves so unexpectedly with Mr. Fielding, a journey to France being among them, and a long stay in that country to settle an estate coming to him from his mother, that he did not return to Wakwaka, after the first visit, for four years.

In those four years Myrtle Fielding had grown into maidenhood—she was little Myrtle no longer. The most lovely and beloved of the pupils at the seminary, distinguished for grace of manner and purity of soul, the pride of her guardian upon all occasions of public display, and the beauty of the school, she still pined, in loneliness of heart, for some one *to belong to*, some one who would call her daughter, and receive the lavish affection of her heart, which now continually wasted itself in the sands of vain regret. Such passionate, tear-bedewed letters as she addressed to her adopted father would certainly have called him to her side, had it been in his power to leave the interests which bound him where he was.

It was a very dangerous state for a young lady's heart to be in, this craving after love and confidence. Such stores of affection, lying ready to be given away, would be very apt to find somebody to ask for them; and, if their proper owner did not appear in due time, some interloper might receive what had been accumulating for his benefit. Of this danger, Myrtle herself was most profoundly ignorant; and Mrs. Dennison, wise and experienced as she was, had never given it a thought. Mrs. Dennison's young ladies were supposed to be beyond the reach of human weakness.

Ah, Hugh Fielding! Hugh Fielding! where art thou while this fair child of thy affections is blushing and blooming into her sixteenth summer? Hast thou no presentiments?

One Saturday in May, Myrtle had permission to go out to "her home," as she still called Mr. Fielding's place. A man and his wife had been put in the cabin to keep things in order; and, whenever the young mistress chose to go out and spend her holiday rambling through her old

haunts, she was sure of a good dinner and a warm welcome from them.

It was a delightful day, and, as she passed along, her satchel containing her portfolio of drawing materials on her arm, her heart exulted in youthful fulness of life. She had an especial object in her walk that day. She was going to make a sketch of the scene opposite the cabin-door, taking in the lake, the bluff bank, and the distant wooded height, to send to her father, who had requested it. He wished to give it to some of his friends at the East, to convey to them a glimpse of the paradise he had found. She was expecting that long-looked-for and hoped-for father home in a few weeks, to go away no more; and then she was to quit school, and they were to live together, and be as happy as of old.

Thinking of all this, Myrtle could hardly wait until she got beyond the elegant residences which stretched for a mile along Lake Street, before her gayety burst forth in singing; and she went carolling along the beautiful road, rivalling the birds who warbled in every tree.

She just stepped into the house to tell the woman she should be in to dinner, and to ask for a glass of water, and then went to select a spot for her sketching-ground; for she was eager to begin the task which had been asked of her by her father.

Her peculiar gift was that of the artist; and her powers were considerably cultivated. She had already sent Mr. Fielding several drawings, which had pleased him exceedingly, both as evidences of her genius and as reminders of his long-neglected western home.

After looking about a little, she concluded there was no place more appropriate in which to begin her work than the little bower which had been her favorite seat from infancy. The stone was there, glowing with fresh emerald moss, and positively set in a sapphire ring of violets. The wild-rose tree, too, was putting forth its first blossoms. She ran down to the shore and threw pebbles in the water for a few moments, just out of excess of physical joy.

"Crystals, agates, carnelians," murmured she, "precious pebbles to throw into your bosom, silver lake. But nothing is too rich to offer you, my beautiful. I would wed you with a ring, as the Doges did the sea, if I had any rings to bestow."

Then she laughed at her own nonsense, and went back to her mossy seat. The shade of the elm was protection enough; so she flung her

bonnet to one side. Two or three roses, just out of pure love of them, she gathered and placed in her hair and bosom.

"Now, daughter, to work!" she said, addressing herself in a very affectionate voice, as she drew forth pencils and a black drawing-book and began.

Steadily she worked away for a long time, the color deepening in her cheek with the glow of satisfactory progression, utterly lost to everything but her absorbing and delightful task.

There was an exquisite atmosphere over the distant banks and hills, bringing out every feature of the scene in soft relief. For two hours she labored diligently, and paused to rest at last, as, leaning her elbow on her knee, she exclaimed: "There, dear papa; I know you will recognize that."

After resting a moment, she shook off her weariness in a long sigh, and, tossing back the bright profusion of her hair, she glanced around her to take in the whole of the beautiful prospect.

"*Ciel!*" she exclaimed, under her breath; and for an instant she almost grew pale.

She was not the only artist who was out that morning. Not forty feet from where she had sat so coolly and contentedly, for so long a time, sat a young gentleman, engaged, like herself, in sketching. He was comfortably seated upon a camp-stool, to which was attached a sliding-box, in which were all the necessary appurtenances for painting in water-colors or drawing with pencils. At the moment when she discovered him, he was sitting in such a position that he must inevitably have been sketching the very spot she occupied, as foreground to the scene which lay beyond her. Of course, he had put her in the picture.

"The impudent fellow!" she murmured.

And yet, had he not a right to go out sketching, if he chose? Were the beauties of nature to be prisoned up and shut away from people? Had he been guilty of anything more than what she had been doing?

He was looking down upon his work while these thoughts rushed through her mind; and, when he glanced up, instead of looking at her, as she expected, his clear blue eyes darted their firm rays directly upon the spire of a church which towered a little out of a mass of buildings, where a glimpse of the city was had beyond a little point of land which ran out into the lake.

"Perhaps he had not put her in after all: how she wished she knew!" and Myrtle, affecting not to have seen the stranger, tied on her bon-

net, gathered up her portfolio, and retreated to the house.

"Waal," said Mrs. Jones, as she made her appearance, "your picter and the dumplins are done at the same time. Dinner is just ready: I'll ring the bell for the men, and we'll set down."

The men! Myrtle had never known of but one man about the premises; and, as there was no farming to be done, she could not conceive of the use for another. Sure enough, the table was set for four. She asked no questions, but waited for the summons to dinner to gratify her curiosity in due time. Mr. Jones came in, presently, and shook hands with her according to his custom, hoping to find her flourishin'.

"Where's John?" asked the wife, as they drew their chairs to the table.

"Comin'," said the husband, as he lifted the cover from a platter of fried trout.

"Comin'" he was, for at that minute he entered the door, doffing his straw hat with a graceful motion, and setting his camp-stool down in a corner.

"My nephew, John Jones, Miss Fieldin'."

Myrtle made her coldest, most queenly bow. Nevertheless, she detected the slightest hint of a mischievous twinkle about the eyes of her new acquaintance, which the polite gravity of the rest of his countenance belied.

He sat down to dinner.

"You've ben a makin' picters, too, haint you, John?" asked Mrs. Jones, as she handed him his coffee. "Did you and Miss Fieldin' see each other when you was out? I reckoned you'd meet."

"I saw Miss Fielding," returned the young man, "but I cannot say whether she saw me or not."

Myrtle made no reply, being occupied with her fish.

"You've both of you such a love for rambling about and takin' likenesses, you ought to be acquainted. Two artists, as you call yourselves, at my table, I s'pose I ought to feel proud."

There was just the slightest haughty motion to Myrtle's head, as good Mrs. Jones spoke of an acquaintanceship with her nephew, which proved a little innate aristocracy; but the young girl was sweetness itself, and could not be forbidding long at a time: so she smiled at the speaker, and kept her eyes carefully from the nephew. Mrs. Jones had not the least idea but that her handsome, wild, "smart," fearless young relative was "fit for a queen's" friendship; and neither was Myrtle quite sure but that he was.

"Proud of fiddlesticks!" said her husband, testily. "If John would quit his do-nothin' ways of trying to make an artist of himself, there would be somethin' to be proud of. I've e'en-a'most give up all hope. If he'd quit pencils and papers and such little putterin' trash, and take to lawyerin' or farmin', he'd suit me better. Not that I mean to be harsh," he added, in a softer tone; "and not but makin' picters is pretty work for young gals."

Myrtle caught the young gentleman's eye, as old Mr. Jones concluded his speech, and laughed outright in her sweet, merry way.

"Do not make any apologies for being severe upon us," she said. "We know it's the fashion of the world to think there is common sense, as they call it, in nothing but in making money: so we do not expect sympathy."

"True!" responded the nephew, emphatically; and he and the beautiful girl opposite him began to feel more friendly.

"Waal, how are we to get along without money, I'd like to know?" asked Mr. Jones senior, but in that gentle tone which he always used in speaking to Myrtle.

"Oh, don't ask me!" cried she; "I know nothing about it—I have never thought. I suppose papa furnishes me with what I want: and so I have not been obliged to ask."

"About as much as women usually know!" growled her questioner, with a laugh.

A general good-humor prevailed at the close of the meal; after which, the youth—for he could scarcely have been of age—asked Myrtle if he might see her sketch.

"With pleasure," she replied, "if you will reward me with a return. You, too, have been at work."

"I find so much here that is beautiful," he said, "that I have half-filled my book already. You may see all but the one I took this morning."

Of course, that excited her feminine curiosity to see that one above all the rest; and of course she pleaded until her wish was gratified.

Myrtle took the sketch and held it in her hand without speaking. There was the smooth water, the rocky point, the glimpse of city beyond, and, in the foreground, the elm-tree, the rose-bush, and herself.

"Law, if he hasn't got Miss Myrtle in as natural as her own face!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, delightedly. "Did you set still and let him take you?"

"She sat very still," replied the artist, with a spice of enjoyment in his tone. "She scarcely stirred for two hours. Just the position I liked, too. See how exquisite the profile is, the grace-

ful bend of the head; while the pencil in her hand and the sketch in her lap give her an artistic air highly becoming to my picture."

"Thank you for flattering me through my likeness," answered Myrtle, half vexed and half amused. "I do not think I should have sat so still if I had known who was in my vicinity. I shall only forgive you for your presumption upon condition that you bestow the drawing upon me."

"I do not ask your forgiveness," said he, with that careless, proud, and yet gay manner which scarcely displeases, because of its frank independence. "I am privileged to sketch nature wherever I find her beautiful; and, if there are accessories to the landscape which render it yet more charming, am I to blame for that?"

Myrtle had no refuge except in the case of drawings. Any remark of hers about the picture only called forth compliments which it was saucy of him to pay in that manner. Still, she was not very deeply offended at his audacity. She admired his drawings, many of them done carefully in water-colors, very much, and saw that the glow of real genius had touched his pencil, and graced even his most careless sketches.

Where there is sympathy of tastes, it does not take long before interest and friendship are felt. Talking enthusiastically about the various places remarkable for beauty in the neighborhood, Myrtle found herself tying on her hat to introduce her new acquaintance to a favorite haunt of hers which he had not yet discovered. And, if John Jones could hardly appreciate the beauty of the spot, as pointed out to him by the excited young creature before him, for thinking of the clustering glory of her hair, the faultless loveliness of her features, and the expression of infantine innocence lighted with brilliancy of soul which rendered them doubly attractive, it must likewise be confessed that Myrtle caught herself at many a stolen glance at the face of the high-spirited, interesting boy.

Boy! Myrtle would have resented the term almost as quickly as he. Nevertheless, as he was not quite twenty-one, he would have had to submit to it.

"A handsomer couple were never seen nowhere," muttered his aunt to herself, as she watched them coming slowly back to the house, conversing with animated looks and sympathetic smiles. "They take to each other mightily, too, I can see. I reckon John will fall in love with her. Sakes, what a match it would be!—two such good-lookin' picterin' people: it would be like a story-book."

She kept her thoughts to herself very wisely, filling Myrtle's pockets and satchel with some cake she had baked on purpose for her while she was out walking.

Myrtle, too, was she anything but a school-girl, as she returned along the road towards the seminary, feasting upon bits of cake for which she had a double appetite, since she never got any except when she went out visiting? The satchel and the cake made her look very much like a "bread-and-butter miss;" but something deepened in her eyes and flushed upon her cheek which spoke not altogether of school-books or bonbons.

Myrtle never breathed a word of her adventure to any of her companions, who would have gone half wild with romantic sentiment to hear of it. She told Mrs. Dennison that she had had a very pleasant day, and showed her the sketch she had made for her father.

The lady praised it highly, and felt an emotion of pride in the success of her pupil, knowing that such a proof of her talent would delight Mr. Fielding, and that a part of his approval would of course fall upon her.

Mrs. Dennison was a widow of about Mr. Fielding's age; and it would not be unparalleled if some hopes of an endearing relationship to Myrtle had induced a portion of the extreme kindness she showed her.

The next Saturday, Myrtle went again to "her home," and every Saturday henceforth for weeks. This was always her custom in feasible weather; and Mrs. Dennison must never be blamed for not knowing the danger to heart and happiness her favorite pupil was incurring. Could she have dreamed that the people at the cabin had a nephew? or, if she had dreamed it, that her fastidious scholar could have been pleased with an unknown John Jones? or that the said John was an artist, and a very handsome, polite, and fascinating boy? or that, if such a person should be in existence, and stopping with the people mentioned, that Myrtle would not at once avoid the place as she would poison?

A golden mist hung over Myrtle's studies, obscuring their meaning in a haze of splendor. Perhaps the reason of her great and startling happiness, her unwonted moods of reverie, her constant thrilling anticipations, was that she was soon to see her father. This did indeed take up a large portion of her thoughts; and she looked forward to the meeting with the intensity of a four years' old anticipation.

One Saturday she was no longer left to doubt the full meaning of her late emotions. In the

bower beneath the elm, in an unexpected moment of impassioned feeling, her boy-lover had sank at her feet; and she had smiled upon his avowal.

She did not ask if he had position—if he had wealth—if her father would approve—if it was wise—if her lover was worthy of her—if she was doing her duty; for when did a young girl, for the first time in love, pause to answer such questions?

Myrtle believed as fully in the truth and worthiness of her lover as she did in her own existence. She *knew* her father would approve; and, in the mean time, she waited for him in ardent expectation.

CHAPTER VI.

AGAIN Mr. Fielding stood upon the eminence from which he first looked down upon Wak-waka. Below him lay a city of twenty thousand inhabitants; and on either side were gardens gorgeous with cultivated flowers, tree-shadowed avenues, fine mansions, and a costly, fashionable church. Beyond was the prairie upon which he had picked up the stray waif which had since become the "light of his eyes," the delight of his existence—something to love, to plan for, to make happy. That prairie waved with wild grass and unnamed blossoms no longer: it was chequered with fields of green corn and wheat just gilded with the June sun; and a railroad passed in a straight, shining line across its bosom. While he lingered and looked, the iron horse came shrieking and panting along it, in place of the majestic wild steeds which once swept in their might through the long and rustling grass.

Thoughts of the past and present stirred strangely tender emotions in Hugh's breast. He remembered the little creature he had held so closely to him as he rode over the hills; he remembered the tragic fate of her mother, that beautiful woman, who, alone of all the women in the world, had bowed down his heart, and whose weakness or whose falseness had poisoned all of his existence for the last twenty years.

Thinking of all this, he hurried on, eager to greet his long-forsaken little Myrtle—for little she still seemed to him. He knew her better in memory than in present reality. He had left the coach on the hill, that he might have a better opportunity of observing the changes in the town. As he passed along the handsome street, he saw Mrs. Dennison's door-plate on a larger building than she occupied when he left,

for her school had grown with the city. He rang, and was shown into a receiving-room, where he sent his name to Mrs. Dennison and his daughter.

He sat waiting in impatient joy, eager to see his child again, when the door opened, and she glided in. He arose to his feet instinctively, but the words he was to have spoken were unsaid.

It was all in vain that Myrtle had kept telling him in her letters how much she had grown, and that she was quite a young lady, and all that. To be sure, he had entertained a faint idea of her having put up some of her curls and lengthened her frocks a little, and that perhaps she would be a little awkward in her transition state from pretty embroidered pantalettes to dignified long dresses. But *this* Myrtle!—the word “daughter” died in his heart, and another word leaped up. It was as if the vision of his early manhood—that gloricus vision which had invested life with such a brightness, only to vanish and leave it more dark and prosaic than before—again lived and breathed before him. Here was the same slender and rounded form, elate with health and an unconscious grace, the same brown hair falling in shadowy masses touched with gold, the same fair face, the same eyes beaming their luminous sweetness upon him.

“Myrtle!” he murmured.

She hesitated a moment, as if wondering why he did not open his arms to receive her, and then flew to him, and flung her arms about his neck.

“Father! *dear* father!” she sobbed, with a little burst of joyful tears; and then she kissed his cheeks a dozen times, and leaned her head on his shoulder, laughing and wiping away the sparkling drops from her eyes.

“*Father*, indeed!” thought Hugh to himself, as those soft lips showered their kisses upon him. “Thank Heaven, though, I am *not* your father!”

“Are you not glad to see your little girl?” asked Myrtle, suddenly, grieved at the silence with which he received her caresses. “Oh, papa, you have forgotten your Myrtle!”

He yearned to take her to his heart, and kiss her with the passionate love which was struggling in his heart; but he felt that it would not be a paternal kiss, and so he gave her none. He knew that her girlish timidity would shrink from so sudden an expression of feeling, could she be conscious of its nature, and his perceptions of truth were too delicate to permit him to deceive her. But oh, what a sweet hope had

flowered into beauty in his soul! Hugh Fielding forgot that he was forty-eight years of age. He was as strong, as handsome, as full of life as ever, and he forgot that he was growing old. He did not ask himself if he was the ideal of a young girl’s lover. The surprise was too sudden, too overpowering—he did not as yet even question his own emotions.

“No, Myrtle,” he said, “I have not forgotten you—scarcely for an instant. I have been as eager as you for this meeting. But I was so surprised to find you so tall, so beautiful, so much of a young lady!”

Myrtle blushed and laughed.

“Didn’t I tell you, papa, that you would be astonished?”

At this moment Mrs. Dennison came in, having paused to arrange her ringlets and put on a new, coquettish little thread-lace cap, with lilies-of-the-valley drooping from its softness, and mingling with her still raven curls.

The beautiful and satisfactory appearance of her pupil had had the desired effect upon Mr. Fielding, for he greeted her with marked pleasure. His joy, his gratitude, tinged his manner with rosy warmth; and she being equally gratified, they were a happy trio.

“Would you think, Mrs. Dennison, papa was amazed to find me grown so tall!” cried the young girl. “He imagined I had stood still for the last four years.”

“I suppose he hardly realized that he would have a young lady on his hands, ready to be introduced into the world. Do not you think it a great responsibility, Mr. Fielding?” with a sweet smile.

“Why, yes! certainly; it presents itself to me in a new light,” was the rather hesitating reply.

“Oh, papa, I assure you I shall not be the least trouble,” laughed Myrtle. “I have never teased Mrs. Dennison *very* much, and I shall tease you still less. I feel quite competent, now, to take care of myself.”

“Your daughter says truly that she was never much trouble to me. She seems more like a child than a pupil. It will be a severe struggle for me to give her up to you. I feel like a mother to her.”

“You have been very, very kind,” murmured Myrtle, leaving her clasp of her father’s hand to glide over and give her preceptress a kiss. “But we shall live so near that I can come to see you every week, and you can spend the vacations with us. Will not that be pleasant, papa?”

“Delightful!” he replied; for whatever pleased Myrtle, pleased him.

Myrtle had to resign her new-found treasure while he went to his hotel to rid himself of the dust of travel. But he returned, by invitation, to tea, and she had a happy evening. Once Mrs. Dennison sent her from the room for a while upon some excuse, for, as she told Mr. Fielding, she had an important matter to speak of, which her interest in the dear child prompted should be said.

"You know," she said, in this confidential communication, "that Myrtle is no longer a child. She has graduated with the first honors of my school, and must now take her place in *society*, Mr. Fielding. She requires a female friend and chaperon: some relative of yours, perhaps, you can invite to reside with you for that purpose. I *wish* that Myrtle had a mother; but, as that cannot be, I think it well for you to think of what I have suggested; and more especially, as you are only her adopted father, to be sure you think of her as fondly and tenderly.—"

"I do," interrupted her listener.

"As if she were your own child; yet the *world*—since we live in the world, Mr. Fielding, we must regard its dictates."

Hugh was really much obliged to the lady for what she had said and hinted. He confessed that, since he had seen Myrtle, some idea of this difficulty had dawned dimly upon his mind, but he had not yet had time to reflect upon it. If Mrs. Dennison would consent, he should leave her pupil with her a few weeks, until some arrangements could be made.

This plan pleased her very much. She would have an opportunity of impressing upon him deeply the necessity of a mother for Myrtle.

In the mean time, as the object of this discussion came gliding in her radiant beauty back into the room, Hugh smiled at his inward thought of how little Mrs. Dennison knew of his real purposes, of how little she suspected the ease with which he could take upon himself the office of protector. Thus do people oftentimes work at cross-purposes.

Myrtle sang and played, bewitching the heart of her bachelor guardian more and more; and when at last she kissed him good-night, and he went to his dreams, they wore more the roseate hue of twenty-two than forty-eight.

The next day, he began to display that energy which had not particularly marked his character since the mainspring of hope had been withdrawn. He took Mrs. Dennison and Myrtle out to his place to select a situation for the mansion which he had already partially contracted for. Of course, the elder lady was glad

to have a voice in a matter which might hereafter be of importance to her; and she took it as a very favorable symptom that she was asked to make one of the party. Hugh was only acting upon her suggestions that he must have a chaperon for the young girl.

They alighted before the cabin door, where John Jones, the artist, came out and assisted the ladies to alight. Did Hugh mark the blush upon the cheeks of the young couple? Of course he did not. Never was there a man blinder to truth and fate than he.

After Mr. Fielding had exchanged greetings with the tenants of his house, and been introduced to their nephew, he invited the latter to accompany them, and they started out on their search.

The fine, artistic taste of the boy at once attracted Hugh's attention, and he learned that the young man was an artist by profession. It was John himself who, with becoming modesty, pointed out the spot which he would deem most desirable; and its admirable fitness striking all the rest of the party, helped to complete the good opinion Mr. Fielding had involuntarily formed of him.

"There is certainly a good deal of genius about that young fellow," he remarked to Myrtle, when John was busy talking about pictures with Mrs. Dennison. "He has a glorious eye—full of fire and frankness."

How the young girl's heart leaped up!—while she made not the least reply. Alas, Hugh flattered himself that that glowing cheek and drooping eye was an evidence of some gentle emotion for him!

Learning that the young artist had made architecture his study, Mr. Fielding gave him a commission to draw the plan for the proposed residence, giving him a summary of what he should like as to size, style, and expense. He was usually a man of piercing vision, and but few things escaped his keen apprehension; yet, all-absorbed as he was in his own dreams, he did not notice the expressive glance and stolen pressure of hands with which Myrtle and the young man parted. Mrs. Dennison, too, bewildered by gorgeous visions of a mansion over which *she* was to preside, the site for which she had just seen selected, was deaf, and dumb, and blind to everything but Mr. Fielding.

So the party drove back to town as contented with each other as when they started out.

Myrtle was impatient to get away from the seminary, as school-girls usually are. She did not know how to wait for the new house. If it would not have involved the necessity of driving

John Jones away, she would have wished the cabin immediately vacated, that they might return to their old, romantic way of living. Mrs. Dennison was so continually with them that it seemed as if she should never get an opportunity of revealing to her father the weight that was on her heart—a confidence she did not fear so much to make, since she saw how he favored her lover. When she actually found herself walking out to the farm alone with Mr. Fielding, her heart began to palpitate frightfully with anticipation. She found that what she so longed to say was very hard to put into words, after all. So they passed onward, Hugh doing most of the talking, until they reached the bower. The sight of the spot where her lover had sank upon his knee at her feet impelled her to the trial.

“Dear father,” she began, in a faltering voice, “I have wished so much for an opportunity—”

A long pause, while she stood picking a rose to pieces, the color suffusing cheeks and brow.

“Dear father—”

“*Never* call me father again!” cried Hugh, in a sudden burst of passionate energy.

She looked up amazed. *His* cheek was likewise flushed; and his dark eyes were bent upon her with an expression which she could not understand.

“I cannot endure it,” he said, grasping her hand tightly. “Every time you have uttered that word since my return, it has almost distracted me. Cannot you guess why, Myrtle?”

Her eyes fell under the glow of tender light which burned in his. She trembled with a sudden apprehension.

“It is because I love you with other than paternal love, darling Myrtle. Since the first moment of my return, I have felt how impossible it was for me to resist the torrent of passion which rushes through my heart. You are to me *my* Myrtle—the Myrtle of old, whom I once loved with the fervor of youth. It is true that your mother—for I feel that she was your mother—was false; but, in *your* heart, Myrtle, there is nothing but truth. You have not learned the ways of the world. You are my boyhood’s dream. Will you marry me?”

Poor child! how she trembled! He thought it was all with maiden timidity, and put his arm around her and drew her to his side. She leaned her head upon his shoulder, sobbing: “You are my father, Mr. Fielding. Oh, still remain so, or you will break my heart!”

“Father!” again he exclaimed, in a voice of such concentrated feeling that she involuntarily looked up into his pale face.

“I tell you I *will not* hear it. Wife is a much dearer term than daughter, Myrtle”—how tenderly he spoke the word wife!—“and, if you cannot be that, I must go away again—back to the loveless life I led before I found you, a little sleeping, helpless child, upon the prairie.”

With a great, high-hearted struggle of duty and gratitude over youthful love, Myrtle flung her arms, in the old childish way, about his neck.

“You shall not do that, fa—— Hugh, I will be whatever you wish. I will be your wife, Mr. Fielding.”

CHAPTER VII.

MR. FIELDING was reclining at his leisure upon a knoll beneath a tree, half-hidden by the long grass which rustled around him. A volume of “Shakspeare,” open at the “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*,” had nearly dropped from his hand; for he had forgotten all about the fairies and the lovers of the play in musing upon his own happiness. The clink of workmen’s hammers, as they carved and polished the stone for his new house, smote upon his ears pleasantly: for, as the hum of the bee tells of summer and summer sweets, the soft tumult of the distant work told of a home and a wife.

The first thing which roused him from his reverie was the sound of approaching voices, conversing in low but earnest tones. Looking up, he saw his Myrtle and the young artist slowly walking, arm in arm, to and fro, on the level stretch just beneath him. At first, he could distinguish no words, and, indeed, he did not wish nor intend to, though his curiosity was excited by the absorbing interest with which they appeared to listen and reply. At last, they paused quite near him, and, throwing their arms about each other, sobbed like two little children.

“A pretty scene! behold it, ye heavens and earth!” muttered Hugh, between his compressed lips, his vest-buttons ready to burst with his suppressed anger. “Is there *no* truth in woman?”

After yielding to their passionate grief for a time, Myrtle stood back, and folded her hands tightly together. He could see her beautiful face bathed in tears.

“Go, John,” she said, in that voice of forced calmness which tells most plainly of despair. “I must never see you again. You will not blame me, ever, in your thought, I know. You will not call me false. I *should* be false to every

impulse of gratitude and duty did I consult *our* happiness before that of my friend, my benefactor, my more than father. You know all that he has done for me—all the claims he has upon me. I should rather we should both be miserable all our lives than to be the one to inflict pain upon him. You do not ask it, do you, John?"

"No, no, I do not. His claims are superior to mine. But oh, Myrtle, it is killing me!"

"Don't say that, John. You will be happy some time, if only to reward you for your noble sacrifice now: I *know* you will. Heaven will bless you. Good-by."

Her companion gazed at her as if he could not tear himself away.

"Go, go, dear John. Good-by."

"Oh, God, Myrtle! Good-by."

He turned from her with a listless, weary step, and went away, leaving her leaning against a young maple-tree, looking after him with blinded eyes.

Hugh had heard and seen it all. Slowly his anger had melted away, as he heard this youthful pair bravely renouncing what was their evident happiness for *him*. For the first time, his own selfishness appeared to him. What right had he to require the love and duty of that young heart which had turned so much more naturally to a more fitting mate? Yes, he had to acknowledge, proud and conscious of his rare acquirements as he was, that John Jones, with his boyish beauty and enthusiasm and fresh feeling, was a more suitable companion than he for the fair girl who had chosen him. Yet he had not meant to be selfish. He loved Myrtle too well for that. Ah, it was always his fate to play the martyr—to see the untasted cup snatched away, to know no fruition of his hopes. He was too much of a hero to shrink from the crisis. He could not blight the happiness of two young souls for a few years of bliss for himself. He would emulate the generosity which he had just seen. He wanted to rise and call the boy to return and receive from his hands the most precious gift which he had to bestow.

While he was still debating within himself whether it was possible for him thus suddenly to immolate himself, another person was added to the scene of which he had been an unknown spectator.

A lady came along the path from the cabin, looking about as if in search of some one. When she caught sight of Myrtle, she paused a moment, and looked at her earnestly—but not more earnestly than Hugh was now regarding her. She was a fine-looking woman, of per-

haps forty—she looked thirty-five—and beautiful as in her earliest youth. Her bonnet was swinging from her arm, for the day was warm. Her hair was put up in a classic braid behind, and clustered in rich ringlets down either side of her face; her cheeks were as fair as a girl's, and flushed with exercise; her form was full, but graceful; and her step light.

"Is the dead alive?" gasped Hugh.

She heard and saw him not: her eyes were upon the face of the young girl. She threw her bonnet and scarf upon the grass, and ran and clasped her in her arms.

"My child—my own little Minnie! say, are you not?" she cried, holding the surprised girl away from her, so as to gaze again upon her countenance.

"I am Myrtle—Myrtle Fielding. What do you mean?" asked the young girl, confused by this unexpected apparition.

"Fielding!" said the lady, in a voice which thrilled to Hugh's inmost heart. "Hugh Fielding!—was it he who found you?"

"It was."

"And were you lost, fifteen years ago this day, upon a prairie? Speak, speak quickly: are you my child?"

"Are you my mother?" was the response; and the two clasped hands and clung together as if they had longed for each other since the moment they were so terribly separated.

"Myrtle, do I see you again?" said a deep voice beside them.

Both started, but it was not *our* Myrtle who was addressed this time. The lady gave one glance of those still glorious eyes into Hugh's, and sank fainting in his arms.

"Forgive," he heard her whisper, as her senses deserted her.

Myrtle ran for water to the lake, while Hugh supported that beautiful head upon his bosom with a strange emotion. She was sure she saw him kissing those pale cheeks as she hastened back with her straw hat dripping from the wave.

"It was too much," said Mrs. Sherwood, as she came back to life. "It is weak and foolish for well people to faint. But to find my child, and to find you, Hugh!"

"Whose fault was it that you ever lost me?" he asked, with bitterness, as the dreariness of twenty years returned upon his heart.

"Not mine alone," was the reply. "That I was not firm enough in resisting the mandates of a father, who had a selfish purpose in giving me to that man, that man," she added, with a slight shudder, "who perished so fearfully, and who was the father of my child; for that, I

shall remember him with respect, if not affection."

When Mrs. Sherwood was recovered sufficiently to sit upon the grassy knoll under the tree, and tell the story of the past, while holding tight to her daughter's hand, she gave a brief account, which she afterwards made more circumstantial, of what happened after they were surprised by the Indians and her husband murdered. Herself and her companion in suffering, the wife of the other murdered man, were driven off in the wagon; and, in an attempt to escape with her child from the back of the vehicle, she had been detected, and jerked back so rudely as to cause her to drop the infant. They would not pause to pick it up, but hurried on, unmindful of her agony.

She herself chanced to have a knife in her pocket, which she resolved should liberate her by death, if no other chance of succor offered; and possibly it might be of service in securing her both life and liberty.

The first day, they left the wagon, and journeyed on foot through the wilderness. Her companion sank down, and died before night. She journeyed on, urged by the speed of her tormentors, until the second night, when they bound her, hungry, weary, with bleeding feet and anguished heart, to the earth, and went off for water and food, intending to return and camp at that place. They had stopped before reaching water, because she could go no further. As soon as they disappeared down a hill-side, leaving not one to watch her, she cut the thongs which bound her, and ran for her life. She did not know, when she arose, that she could place one foot before the other; but fear and hope gave her superhuman energy. In a few minutes, she came to a stream. In this she waded to put them at fault. The cool water soothed her wounded feet and revived her somewhat. She ran for a long time down the stream, until, coming to a wild place where rocks and ravines promised places of concealment, she made her way up the bank, and, by fortune, stumbled into a cavern, over which she drew the vines which had before concealed it, and lay down in the darkness, for it was now twilight. Overcome by fatigue, she fell asleep, despite her fear of wild animals and her wilder tormentors. When she awoke, it was day.

All that day she did not dare to venture out. Some berries were growing among the moss at the mouth of the cave, and with a handful of these she cooled her thirst. Hearing nothing to alarm her, as soon as it again came night, keeping her knife open in her hand, she crept out,

and went, as rapidly as her strength would permit, still further away from the place. She walked half the night and slept the rest. The next day, she found berries; the third, she emerged from the woods into a strange country. A single cabin told of civilization. She crawled to the door, and was received by an old woman, whose husband hunted and fished for a living. There she was ill for a month, lying on a bed of buffalo-skins; but the people were as kind to her as they knew how to be. She had some money, but they would not take it. When she was able, the old man accompanied her a couple of days till they reached the edge of a settled country, and left her. She found out that she was a hundred miles from the spot where her husband was murdered. After various trifling adventures, by begging and working, she reached her own home, where every one had long given her up for dead. Her child, she had not a doubt, was dead. They told her about Mr. Fielding's letter, and she then *knew* that her little babe had perished of fright and hunger in the solitary prairie.

It was several years before she recovered entirely from the effects of her suffering and grief. She had never been a happy woman. By the merest chance she had heard, only about four weeks before, of the circumstance of a child being found and adopted by a gentleman near Wakwaka. She had come, impelled by a faint hope, to that city, and there had heard more particulars.

When she ceased her brief and hurried narrative, Hugh took the little trembling hand which lay in her lap, and pressed it between his own, as if to assure her that her troubles were over.

"Dear father," whispered Myrtle in his ear, "don't you think you could be persuaded to let me pass as your little daughter, again?"

"Go, puss," he said, laughing, "and find and bring back that boy you sent off in such a hurry, half an hour ago."

Need anything be said about a double wedding? or, how Mrs. Dennison, though an estimable lady, was not the mistress of the new mansion? or, of how the story is still told in Wakwaka of the finding of the beautiful Child of the Prairie?

WITH love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors.

Age makes us tolerant; I never see a fault which I myself did not commit.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

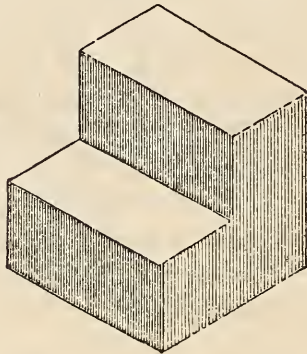
LESSON XXVII.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (Continued.)

Having thus explained the simplest modes of making isometrical cubes and squares, we shall proceed to exemplify the system of these as applicable to the delineation of various objects and forms, first showing how these are contained within circles and cubes without reference to any particular scale. Believing that the pupil will more speedily obtain a knowledge of the practice of the art by inspection and study of examples than by close attention to theoretical rules, which at the best are dry and uninteresting to the general reader, as before intimated, we shall be unsparing in our illustrations, these conveying very rapidly to the mind the nature of the principles.

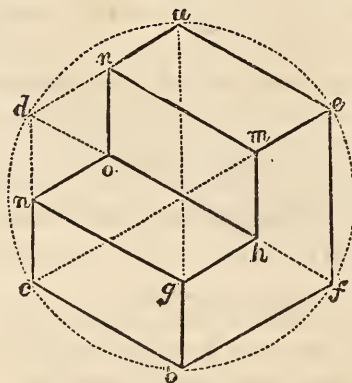
To give the representation as in fig. 48. First draw the circle of any diameter, and put in the

Fig. 48.



cube $a, d, c, b, f,$ and $e,$ fig. 49; put in the lines $b f, b c,$ and measure from b to $g.$ From g draw

Fig. 49.



a line parallel to $b c$ to $n,$ and from c a line to $n;$ next, parallel to $f b,$ draw $g h$ to $h;$ and from h draw $h m;$ draw $f e,$ and from e and m

draw lines a and n' parallel to $g n$ or $b c;$ from $n n'$ draw lines meeting in the point $o,$ and put in the line $h o:$ the drawing is complete. From

Fig. 50.

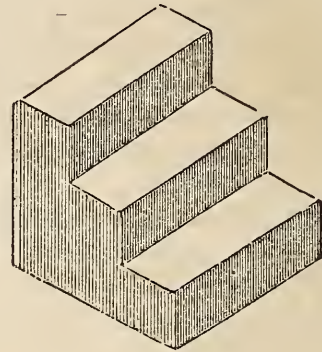
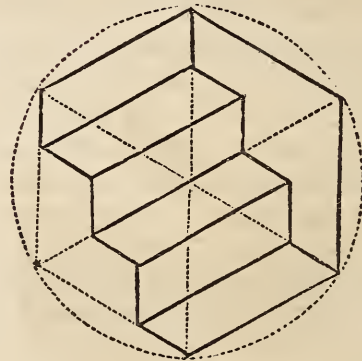
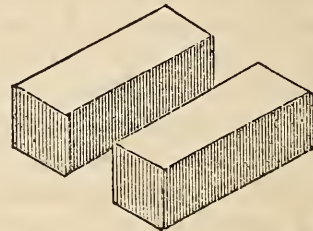


Fig. 51.



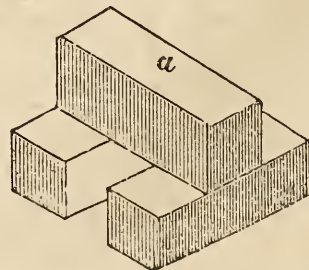
an inspection of the figures 50 and 51, the pupil will be able to draw in the representation as

Fig. 52.



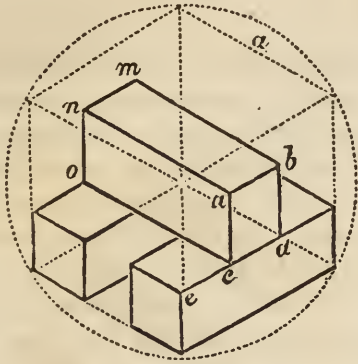
given. Fig. 52 gives the isometrical representation of two blocks of stone. In fig. 53 a repre-

Fig. 53.



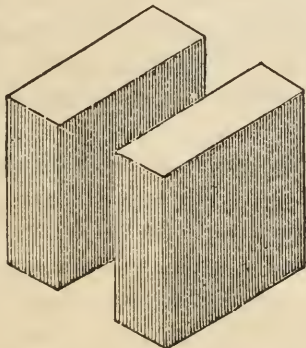
sents a block laid across two blocks placed in the position as in fig. 52. To copy this, draw the circle and cube as before, and put in the two blocks as in fig. 52; then from *e* measure to *c*, fig. 54, and from *c* to *d*; measure and put in the

Fig. 54.



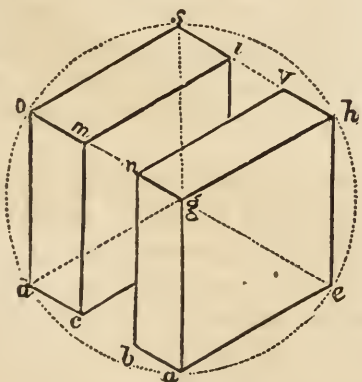
height of the block from *c d* to *a* and *b*; parallel to the side *a'*, draw from *a* and *b* to *n* and *m*, and from *c* to *o*; join *a b*, *n m*, and *n o*: the figure is complete. The two blocks on edge, represented isometrically in fig. 55, will be copied

Fig. 55.



very speedily by proceeding as follows: draw in the circle and cube as formerly; and from *a* measure to *b*, and from *b* to *c* and *a* (fig. 56)—

Fig. 56.

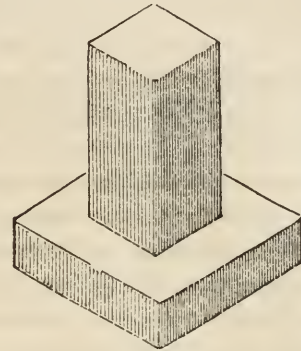


these give the thickness of the edge of the blocks, as in the copy; next measure from *a* to *e*—this gives the length; and from *a*, *e* to *g* and *h*—this gives the height of the block. From *c* and *d* and *b* draw the lines *b n*, *c m*, and *d o*, meeting

the diagonal *o e*; from *h* draw *t v s*, parallel to *o g*, the lines *h v* and *t s*; and from *g*, *n*, *m*, *o*, draw to *h*, *v*, *t*, and *s*: the representation is complete.

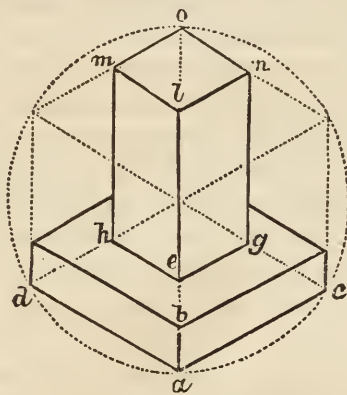
In fig. 57 is given the representation of an

Fig. 57.



oblong block standing perpendicularly on a flat stone. The method of drawing it is shown in fig. 58. From *a* draw to *d* and *c*—these give the

Fig. 58.



length of the sides of the under block; from *a* measure to *b*—this gives the thickness; from this point, parallel to *a c*, *a d*, draw lines meeting perpendiculars from *d* and *c*: the right and left hand faces of the under block are finished. From *a* measure to *e*, and from *e* to *h* and *g*, these lines being parallel to *a c* and *a d*, and give the breadth of the faces of the oblong block; from *e* measure to *l*, and put in the square *o m*, *l n*; join all the points, and the figure is complete, the distance *e l* being the height of the block.



TRUE BEAUTY.

BY DELPHINE P. BAKER.

It is a pearl—a priceless gem,
That proud Sultana may not wear;
It is not seen in diadem,
Nor e'en in queenly form so fair.
Nor does it deck the fairest brow,
Where youth and beauty are entwined;
But ah! it is the early vow
Of Christian love, within the mind.

A THANKSGIVING RECORD.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"What hast *thou*, oh heart, I said,
For which to offer thanks, canst now recall
Worthy for this rejoicing?"

WALNUT LAWN, *November 30, 1856.*

I HAVE risen earlier than usual, to-day, to number, in the silence and solitude of my own little dressing-room, some of the happiest and some of the most mournful events of the life partially chronicled in this volume.

As I took it from the inner recess of my writing-table five minutes since, how many memories were recalled by the fly-leaf at which it opened! My maiden-name is written there—"Frances Hayne"—and the date is the very day on which I promised to marry Andrew Finlay. It is commenced with a history of our acquaintance, with my foolish aversion to his unromantic name, my mother's graver suggestion that he seemed too old and staid for me, though there was, in reality, but seven years' difference in our ages; and my father's more worldly objection that he inherited no wealth, and had just commenced business for himself with a young man's vicissitudes before him.

All yielded to time and better feeling. I had been a happy wife eight years when I laid down my pen at the last sentence of this occasional record, written on my birthday, August twenty-fifth. As I locked my desk and went out upon the piazza, I did not find my husband there, as I expected. He had stayed away from business in honor of the day, and we were to have an early dinner by ourselves, and a sail upon the bay in his beautiful boat—the "Sea Shell"—towards nightfall. This was the programme of the simple pleasures we had arranged for this looked-for anniversary; and the lover-like offering of a bouquet of tea-roses and mignonette, which I found beside my plate at breakfast, was dearer to me than the costly shawl he had ordered from Calcutta, and which had arrived in time, as such things rarely do.

So I turned, and went into my own room again. It looked so neat and bright, just put in order for the day. The muslin curtains, with their pink linings, looped back by a ribbon of the same shade; the carpet, a pattern of rose-buds and foliage on a clear white ground; the toilet set with pink and gold stripes alternating

about the rim; the oaken furniture of such graceful shapes; and all was my husband's taste, that grave, practical Andrew Finlay. The guest chamber opposite was not less comfortable; and the large nursery, opening from our own room, was as bright and cheerful as any parlor. I drew in the shutters to temper the morning sunshine, with a keen sense of enjoyment that all this was *ours*, the more so because of the dark days we had known of Andrew's business anxiety and our straitened means; when our children in their babyhood pined for fresh air, and we could scarcely afford them the cheapest country lodgings; when we were crowded together in two small rooms, and I saw my husband turn from the disorderly, ill-served breakfast-table morning after morning, and go to his desk, which allowed no holidays then, to return after the brightness of the day had gone, wearied and dispirited by unvaried routine.

The last five years had been of almost unexampled prosperity, though it was all owing, through God's good care of us, to the steady perseverance of those same dark days in which Andrew was laying deep and broad the foundation of his widely extended business; and I remember that more of pride than I then recognized mingled with my happiness that morning, and I said in my heart: "My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth," with Israel of old; for were we not *one* in all things? and had he not told me again and again that it was for my sake he had toiled, my love that upheld him, and my care and industry that had cemented, as it were, his fortunes?

So I went out again upon the piazza, and thence slowly down the lawn towards the river-side, turning back now and then to notice how rapidly the climbing shrubs we had planted were creeping upwards, catching, with their rings and tendrils, the projections of the light ornamental cornices of the porch and verandas, draping the windows, and adding living beauty to the graceful proportions of our home. Two huge walnut-trees and a clump of elms cast a flickering shadow on the sheet velvety lawn; and the borders were bright with scarlet gera-

niums, crimson-tipped fuchsias, and many-hued verbenas, that had escaped the heat and drought of summer by their sheltered lowliness. But the rain had come at last, brightening the grass and foliage, calling forth the late roses, and giving deeper fragrance to my favorite heliotrope. It was now "over and gone," the sky was clearly blue, the breeze from the water fresh and cool, the gay flags on the rustic boat-house at the foot of the lawn fluttered restlessly, and mimic waves broke on the pebbly margin. Earth, air, and sky, flowers, shrubs, and home—how beautiful, how tranquil they were that morning!—a birthday omen, I said, of the lasting peace and rest we had finally attained, and the future to which I looked forward without a shadow of doubt or misgiving.

As I stood quite still, thinking thus, and listening almost unconsciously to the happy voices of our three children playing behind the screen of evergreens that shaded the west wing, my husband came hastily from the boat-house and joined me. I saw instantly that something had vexed him, for a flush was just subsiding from his face, and he involuntarily smoothed his brow as he spoke. It was nothing, he said; only a party of stragglers who had landed below the boat-house, and were drying some old clothes and bedding they seemed to have picked up along the shore on the rail of the balcony that projected over the water. He had sent them away, and they had been abusive: that was all.

I thought nothing more of it. We were often annoyed by idle boating parties, of the lowest loungers about the docks and wharves, landing at the foot of the lawn, and sometimes intruding upon the grounds and house itself. I was sorry Andrew had come in contact with any of them, for James, the man, understood how to manage the intruders, and of late we had been seldom molested.

Andrew gave me his arm, and we walked slowly back to the house, remarking all those things of which I have written; and then he read to me, I recollect, from a new English magazine, a charming household story, while I sewed, for I had not yet forgotten the habits of industry that had been of so much service in our earlier married life.

"We have been very happy, dear wife," Andrew said, as he put the book aside, and laid his hand upon mine. "You have been such a friend to me. Please God, we shall pass many years yet together!" And, when I parted the hair back from his forehead, as I rose and leaned over him and kissed that smooth white forehead,

I said "Amen" softly, though not reverently, for alas—

"We feel too strong in weal
To need THEE on that road!"

We did not have our sail, more to the children's disappointment than my own. A heavy thunder-shower came up in the afternoon, which did not clear the air, but left a murky sultriness that was oppressive even after night-fall. It was the commencement of a second week of great heat and languor, more oppressive, if possible, than that we had just escaped from. I, as an invalid, felt it severely. The wind came in fitful gusts from the southwest, but it brought no sense of freshness; and I wandered about the house, or lay upon the sofa, incapable of any exertion. It is a mistake to suppose that the rich have no daily trials. The poorer classes look on them as exempt from all mortal ills, with nothing to do but enjoy themselves from Monday till Saturday. As it was, I had never felt household care pressing more heavily. Willie, my youngest child, was sick and fretful, only satisfied when rocked or sung to by me. All the nurses in the world would not have taken "mamma's" place. The elder children, obliged to keep out of the sun and glare, rioted all day in the nursery. We had had a succession of visitors through the summer, and the servants, especially the cook, had grown complaining and even insolent; yet I was not able to replace them just then, and had to overlook it as I best could.

My birthday tranquillity had vanished; I thought no one had more care than I saw accumulating daily on my helpless hands. Even Andrew seemed tired of my despondency, and shared my moodiness, showing at times an irritation altogether foreign to his calm, genial nature. So gradually had I relaxed the watchfulness over my spirit, that I have always especially needed in time of illness, that I blamed him for what I should have charged upon myself at any other time, and growing out of the veriest trifles.

"Where is the paper?" I asked, one evening, as he stooped down to kiss me on his return from the city. I had been so annoyed by the cook's manner, when dinner was ordered, that I had almost resolved to part with her, and thought to look over some of the advertisements.

"I left it on my desk at the office. How have you been to-day, Fannie?"

The careless tone in which he replied to my question vexed me, though his voice and look softened as he asked for my health.

"I have not seen a paper this week. I wish you would think a little more of me and my amusement when you are gone, shut up as I am all day."

I felt ashamed and sorry the instant I had spoken. He must have been tried beyond endurance, for he turned away with a half groan, and threw himself upon the sofa I had just vacated, lying there with his hand over his eyes, without speaking, until dinner was announced. We had a silent meal, for I could not yet make up my mind to a concession, though my heart was heavy as lead; and we scarcely tasted the dinner that had cost me so much annoyance. It was just over when some neighbors dropped in; and I was obliged to exert myself to stifle for the time the keen sense of mortification and real grief that I was enduring.

"So the fever is here at last," was the startling announcement of Mr. Jones, whose whole conversational powers were only equal to a review of the news of the day.

Andrew started and looked towards me to see if I had heard, but I was pausing in an unfinished sentence addressed to Mrs. Jones: "What fever? Surely not the Norfolk pestilence rumor had threatened our city with the season before!"

"Ten more cases to-day, I'm told," continued Mr. Jones, entirely regardless of Andrew's attempt to change the conversation; "and it's a singular thing that so far they have been chiefly among the rich, and proved fatal in every instance. That was a sad thing—our poor friend Borland and his wife dying so near together."

A mute plea for forgiveness came instantly into my eyes as I looked again towards my husband. I understood at once that he had tried to keep all terror of "the pestilence that walketh at noonday" from my already excited nervous sensibility. The papers had been left through design, not carelessness.

"I said to Mrs. Jones, when I heard of it—didn't I, my dear?—that it was just what I had expected all along; and it was very fortunate we had not bought on that side of the island. Borland, poor fellow, was very anxious that we should have the place next to his. Don't you recollect, my dear?"

I have a very indistinct consciousness that Mrs. Jones went on with her history of the fruit she had been brandying that day, and continued to lament the predicted scarcity of "Morris Whites;" but I only know that I did not wait for Andrew's return to the parlor after he had seen them to the door, but sprang into

his outstretched arms, and begged him to forgive my long-continued petulance and injustice.

"I know how you dreaded it, Fannie, when predicted in the spring; and I thought to keep it from you as long as possible. It does no good to dwell on such things, or to talk them over. Let us pray for all who are suffering, and be thankful for our own safety."

I did pray earnestly that night, if never before, for all who were in anguish of body and mind, as I thought of those desolated homes, and tormented myself with feverish fancies as to how I should act in such a trial of love and faith, if Andrew should be stricken down with the contagion. "He would not dream of deserting *me*, and I would watch by him," I said, and overcame the sickening mortal fear of the disease with which I had read of its inroads the year before. I did not think that a still harder trial of faith and fortitude was in store.

"Are you sure that Mr. Finlay has not come in this boat?" I asked James, who had gone to the landing for his master's packages, the next evening.

"No, ma'am: he certainly has not come." And with the answer a host of undefined apprehensions started up. But I resolved on self-control, and forced myself to go back to the children, and interest myself in their histories of the day, and even to tell Willie "Little Red Riding-Hood" twice over, though I often found myself pausing for words—while my mind wandered—and the child prompting me.

"Will papa certainly come and kiss me when he comes home?" the little fellow said, turning back in the door-way, as he unwillingly followed his nurse to bed.

"Yes, darling, run away:" for the minutes went by so slowly, as I watched the mantel clock, and I longed to be alone with my fears.

It was almost dark, and I stood watching from the balcony, when the bell of the second boat rang as it neared the wharf. It came over the water like a knell to my excited imagination; but, while I shivered and clung closer to the pillar against which I leaned, I chided myself for such foolish, groundless apprehensions. James came back alone.

My heart beat faster and faster, almost to suffocation, as I made sure of this, and saw a note or letter in his hand. I thought he would never reach the house, that the light I rang for before he did so would never come; and then I tore off the envelop to read the confirmation of the worst, nay, of more than I could ever have imagined.

"Keep calm, my blessed wife. Trust in God.

He may even yet spare me. I do not think our home is in any danger. It was my own rash hastiness: I threw those clothes into the river myself when the men refused to do so. I have brooded over it the last three days. Forgive me if I have seemed less kind than usual. I have suffered so much thinking of you and the children. It is for your sakes that I am going to the hospital, that I do not come home to die. Death would lose its terror if watched over by you. God bless you! They will let you know how it goes with me. Bear up, precious one, for the sake of our children."

It was written from his dictation. He would not even peril us by his farewell. I recognized the hand of a friend who came to me an hour later and told me all there was to know. He was with Andrew when the faint dizziness came on which decided him to take medical advice. Mr. Henry heard him tell the physician that, for the past three days, he had been suffering from indescribable languor and a racking headache; and at last, as if he dreaded to speak his own death-warrant, of the incident on my birthday morning. It was his own instant proposition to go to the Marine Hospital and await the crisis, as if it had all been determined on before; and he had passed his house, going, as it were, to death, straining his eyes to catch the last glimpse of those he was leaving forever, while I sat amid the luxuries and comforts he had surrounded me with, but now denied to himself, in blind unconsciousness.

Oh, the horrid fancies, the still more dreadful realities, of that night! I was left so utterly helpless, but for prayer; and, when I tried to pray, all my pride and ingratitude rose up before me. Then, if never before, I felt man's utter dependence upon God's mercy and forbearance. He had "comforted me on every side," yet I had magnified trifling daily care into a burden. He had given me my husband's love and tenderness, yet I had claimed it as a right, and turned away from its expression, checked its fulness, by my coldness and injustice. I could be thankful for it then, when it was withdrawn from me, and most of all that we had not been suffered to part thus. A hundred little things flashed upon my recollection: that the balcony of the boat-house had been repainted the next day, though I had heard nothing of it before, and the children were forbidden to play there with this for an excuse; that I had several times seen Andrew start from his book or lounging-chair and walk hurriedly up and down the room; and that very morning's parting, he had not sent for the children, as usual, but stopped by the

nursery window and kissed his hand "good-by;" that he had turned back almost at the gate, and then, checking the impulse, walked rapidly away. To me he had been more than usually tender. I thought it was to banish all self-reproach on my part for our recent misunderstanding; and he had strained me to his heart as in the days of our early married life, and kissed my forehead again and again.

Those early days! I had called them dark; but how willingly would I have welcomed those clouds in exchange for the midnight blackness which now enveloped me. Pain, toil, privation—what were they to this utter loss that threatened? I had no hope from the first. Mad projects of seeing him once more floated through my mind. I knew that no ordinary plea would admit me to those doomed walls, even me, his own wife, who had vowed to cherish him in sickness. But they were in want of nurses: could I not offer myself as such? or, as a patient myself? My face was burning, my head throbbing with the fever of mental anguish. But, alas, my children! Could I desert those helpless little ones, his children? The wife and the mother's love battled against each other; and I lay hour after hour, my head buried in the pillows, to shut out light and sound, long after the lonely, ghastly daybreak which brought neither hope nor comfort. Was not this harder to bear than the most incessant watchfulness, of the suffering and agony which I pictured so vividly, with the power of ministering to it, with the knowledge of each variation, seeing the shadow of death before the last final stillness, pillowing the dear head, even though there was no consciousness in the rayless eyes, no murmur of love from the parched and blackened lips?

But the knowledge that the tragedy was passing in those prison-like walls, and that there was no one to whisper of home, no one to minister to the aching, longing heart, no tidings from the outer world, no message even of good cheer—this was the torture to which the resolve and power of sacrificing life, if needs be, were as nothing in the balance.

I shut myself up from the well-meant kindness of friends, even from the very sight of my own household. The prattle of my children, turning, as it ever did, towards "papa" as the centre of all their thoughts, stabbed me like steel. Twice a day our faithful James brought me such intelligence as he had managed to collect—the most meagre items. I read them for myself in the public prints. How strange it seemed to see *his* name in the list of doomed

and dying! I could not force myself to think it was my husband. I read the familiar name as if it had been a stranger's, with no interest for me save that of a common humanity. I wondered that the sun could shine, that men could go about their daily avocations, that I could still think and reason, that I did not go mad with the torture of this dumb, vacant suspense.

The end came at last. No friend or brother came to me gently, and said: "He is released;" no minister of God tempered the mournful message with heavenly consolations. My own eyes, strained by sleepless nights, by incessant weeping, read without tears then, for they were scorched and dried at the fountain.

"Andrew Finlay"—the dear name that had thrilled me with happiness so often when subscribed to some fond message of love and remembrance—headed the fatal list of the dead the third day.

I did not shriek or rave: I called my children to me, and kissed them as they looked up wonderingly in my face. I talked with James very calmly, giving him the minutest instructions for the day, and even wrote to Andrew's widowed sister—what seemed to me a lie as I read it over—that he was dead.

But God is very merciful: He sent unconsciousness in the absence of all other comfort; and days and weeks went by before I again framed a coherent thought.

When I came to myself, it was night; and I knew a long time had elapsed, for a fire was burning on the hearth, and the curtains were drawn close against a cold autumn wind that I could hear sighing through the leafless trees I had last seen shading the window with a wealth of foliage. I did not comprehend this at first, but thought I had slept heavily, and was wearied by distressing dreams. Then the fire loomed up for a moment with a red glare upon the opposite mirror, and I saw two motionless figures before it. I was too weak to recognize or question them, almost to put my hand to my forehead, which I tried to do, as if it would help me think more clearly. As it touched my temples, I found my hair was shorn closely; and then I heard the low wail of a young infant near the bed, and recognized my sister-in-law as she came nearer and stooped down to raise the puny, shrouded little weight in her arms. The deep black dress she wore, the child, my own helplessness—gradually the truth came to me. I had given birth to that fatherless little one, in the unconsciousness of delirium, and I *was a widow*.

I must have swooned then, and no wonder,

with the rush of recollection that came over me; or, I fell again into the lethargic sleep which had preceded the return of thought and reason. Nor was I thankful at first for the boon of life when I again unclosed my eyes.

"Why did I not die?" Why must I take up the burden of my lot, and awaken after such utter forgetfulness to the full measure of its loneliness? "Oh, my husband! my husband!" I said; "would God that I had died for thee!" How could I pray for comfort and resignation to One who had "taken away the desire of mine eyes at a stroke?"

But I was a mother. Again I heard the voice of that feeble life, so closely linked with mine and with my loss. Poor child! never to know a father's kiss, a father's blessing; and those children that he had so loved, whose helpless infancy he had watched over with me, for whose future life so many wise and kindly plans had been his daily thought! Oh, I had been very selfish, very blind! "Let me live," I prayed, "for them. Give me double wisdom, and watchfulness, and patience for their sake. Forgive my ingratitude when they are left me still, my Father." Could I utter it in truth, in heart, not by my mute, powerless tongue. Oh, the bitter struggle! oh, the broken, sobbing cry of my soul at last—"My father, not *my* will!" And scarcely had the calm of this utter self-abnegation stilled my throbbing, fluttering heart, when it thrilled again more wildly than before. It was only a step that I heard—not even a whisper—a gentle, guarded tread at the threshold of my room. I could not have given the slightest sign of life if my existence had even then depended upon the effort; and my eyes were fixed upon that opening door, as in the last straining gaze which takes a farewell of earth.

It was midnight. The mantle clock had just chimed the hour. A faint light from the now smouldering fire sent strange shadows reeling upon the wall; and, as I watched them, I saw my husband enter! I saw his face, thin and haggard, ghostly pale—but still his face—turned towards the fire, the sleeping nurse, then, approaching noiselessly, bend down over mine. I closed my eyes to shut out the phantom my longing heart had conjured up. No phantom, but a living presence! a warm, beating heart that pillowed my head in another moment; his own dear arms, though weakened by weary illness, and, of late, long watching by my bedside, that upheld me.

He is calling me now from our own room. How blessed a voice that has been won back from the silence of death! how clear the daily

living presence once yielded up to the terror of the grave! I have already written too long for my still feeble strength; but I could not offer up our united thanksgiving until I had set my hand to this record for my children and my children's children of our Father's goodness to

us this most eventful year. No words, no prayer, no life-long praise can utter forth this overflowing thanksgiving, not only for what we have received, but for the lesson that has taught me from whom it comes, and our utter dependence for all things upon His bounty.

MATERNAL COUNSELS TO A DAUGHTER.

DRESS. (*Continued.*)

ANOTHER point to be considered in selecting your toilet is your position as regards society. If your parents are in the habit of giving or attending evening parties, you will require suitable dresses; but should your family arrangements require daily nicety rather than occasional full-dress, you will consult comfort as well as good taste rather by selecting such articles of attire as will never look conspicuous. A plain silk dress is never out of date; you need not blush to appear in it at any chance reunion, whilst it does not look overdressed for your parents' drawing-room. But then it should not be what the French call *façonnée*: no streaming ends of ribbon, or imitation lace, or pretension of any sort. Let it *fit* well, and be free from dust or stains, and then you will always look ladylike in it. Another point of consideration to those whose purses do not allow them to buy a great variety of dresses, shawls, &c., is that no one leading or expensive purchase should be of such a character that other articles of dress will not look well with it. For instance, your best dress for the summer may be a rich Napoleon blue silk; nothing but great thoughtlessness or want of taste would make you buy a light blue bonnet to wear with it, or a mantle of another tint, or perhaps a shawl with a green ground. If such were your toilet, however rich each article might be in itself, the general appearance would be vulgar or in bad taste; and you would be known by your shawl or bonnet, as the case might be. If your purse, then, does not admit of a great variety in your toilet, buy articles of plain colors that will go well together, and not be too *voyante*. A black shawl or dress is never remarkable, and therefore can be longer worn than any colors. It is a point of economy, too, to buy everything as good as possible. One handsome shawl will look better and for a longer period than three or four flimsy mantles or visites costing the same sum. So with dresses, gloves, and every article of attire.

After all, it is the linen and the *lingerie* of a

lady's wardrobe which are the evidences of her refinement. A fine outside, with coarse or ill-made linen, is so repugnant to good taste that it stamps a vulgar mind at once; and a lady's wardrobe will be a surer index of her character than even her letters. Of course wealth or restricted means will be visible in the linen as much as in the outer garments; but as the making of this part of the wardrobe is the principal cost, and all women should be able to work well, there can be little excuse for any one wearing linen unfit for a gentlewoman. Let each article be plain if needed, but at least neatly made, and with no cheap lace or imitation embroidery to give a pretence of finery. Embellishments of this sort should be very good, or they should not have place at all. Handkerchiefs we frequently see trimmed with common lace or decorated (?) with coarse embroidery. Can anything be more vulgar? If the same sum were spent in plain fine cambric that is given for this trash, the taste of a gentlewoman would be shown. Let your wardrobe be excellent according to your means, but never beyond your means; and always study to have an *abundance* of neat if plain linen, rather than a limited supply of that which is more ornamental.

Those young ladies who are liable to be suddenly called from home on visits of pleasure or business will do well to have a complete set of linen and other articles, such as brushes, combs, &c., in a separate drawer, ready for instant use on such occasions. And a little care in the wearing, mending, and arranging of the wardrobe will greatly diminish the cost. Very often an expensive dress is put on unnecessarily when the weather is uncertain, or when it is likely in some other way to be exposed to injury, and thus perhaps it is spoiled when the wearer can ill afford to replace it. In all these matters, and in very many others in which domestic economy is concerned, we should do well to borrow a little of the wisdom of our Gallic sisters, whose toilets always look fresh and pure, and cost comparatively so little. But then a Frenchwoman would

not put away a dress, or shawl, or bonnet, with a speck of dust upon it; and dresses are folded up most carefully, so that no creases shall appear when they are taken out again; and the difference in the *wear* can only be guessed by those who have tried the plan.

The "stitch in time," too, which is often so much neglected, is a valuable auxiliary in maintaining the wardrobe of a gentlewoman without incurring great expense. To be able to mend every article neatly is quite indispensable. Not that we would recommend a young lady to darn her stockings with that curious fineness with which she might work a piece of point lace; this would be a total violation of the rule of harmony or fitness in all things, which we have already laid down. The time of that woman must be valueless indeed who can find no better employment for it than to spend an entire morning over a pair or two of stockings; but by attending *regularly* to the details of her wardrobe, and mending everything when it first requires it, a great deal of time and money may be saved. And those who have an abundance of this world's goods, or who can put their time to more profitable account, will always find some less fortunate woman who will be thankful for the employment of repairing their linen; nor should we lose sight of the fact that every hour's occupation we can give to our own sex, and pay for honestly, is so much real good done—a good more sensibly felt, and far more beneficial to all concerned, than double the amount spent in unearned, miscalled charity. Let it, however, be *honestly* paid for; let a day's work be remunerated by what will find bread for that day, or we shall be congratulating ourselves on our charity, when we should be lamenting our indolence, and fancying ourselves useful members of society when we are but amongst its incumbrances.

Have we said too much about dress, or made it of too great consequence? We think not. For a woman to profess to consider this matter as one of no importance when addressing young girls just entering life, would be an affectation unworthy the writer as well as the reader. Dress, like everything else which influences the opinion of others regarding us, is of consequence. The merest stranger is prepossessed for or against us by our personal appearance; whilst it requires the acquaintance of years to enable our friends to appreciate our hearts and minds. Dress being so essential to a pleasing appearance, is a subject which should not be considered beneath the attention of any sensible woman. On the other hand, she will not be disposed unduly to sacrifice to it either her

thoughts or her time. Indeed, those who are habitually particular in their toilet are not the women who waste time over their mirrors, but those to whom neatness is a novelty, and an elegant appearance an event. Purity and propriety, or, as we have elsewhere designated it, *harmony*, are the secrets of a pleasing toilet; and these, if properly carried out, result in good to others as well as to ourselves. Taking it for granted that it is a woman's aim as certainly as her duty to assist others, we have only to point out how great is the difference between the cast-off wardrobe of a careful woman and of a slattern, to show how much we may assist others by our neatness as well as ourselves. Clothes and linen, however old and worn, are gratefully received by many public institutions as well as by the poor who surround ourselves; but if we neglect to keep them in repair, they are of no use to any one when we have done with them.

How often, too, can we by little presents from our own wardrobe aid a servant to save part of her wages, if we are careful to keep our dress in repair; and besides the kindly feeling we encourage, we set an example that is almost certain to be imitated. On the other hand, to give faded ribbons and tawdry laces, or things unsuitable for a servant's wear, is an evil which cannot be too strenuously discouraged. This is neither wisdom nor kindness.

Let us then study harmony ourselves, and demonstrate its beauty to others, if we would deserve the praise of being well and appropriately dressed. By care and taste we may do more, with limited means, both to please our friends and benefit the poor than we could achieve by the most lavish expenditure, uncontrolled by principle and undirected by an eye for beauty.

SONNET.—PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

BETWEEN two ancient crystal rivers, where
 So merrily the Red-men danced of yore,
 Fair Philadelphia stands. Beyond compare
 Her streets—her edifices grand—and o'er
 Her still Religion waves her magic wand,
 To bid unnumbered temples joyous rise,
 Whose beauteous spires delight the stranger's eyes,
 Who come as visitants from every land.
 The Hall of Independence is her pride,
 Where sat the patriots of the days now past,
 When on his red steed war began to ride,
 And Freedom to our country came at last.
 May Heaven's best blessings still be shed on thee,
 And guardian angels watchers o'er thee be!

THE UNDISCIPLINED HEART.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

BY E. F.

(Concluded from page 421.)

"I THINK," I went on, not noticing her agitation, "I think the capacity for inspiring a grand passion rests with the one loving, not the one beloved. How often we see unworthy persons objects of the most absorbing affection! It is the ideal we form in our own minds that we worship under a visible presence—it is not really the presence itself. I fear I am very obscure."

"I understand you," she replied; "but I am sure I do not love an ideal. Is not my Harry a glorious, a beautiful reality?"

"Your husband is without doubt a most engaging person; but, dear child, your ideal is far above the attainment of imperfect human nature; and, to corroborate my opinion, Harry Vaughn is not the man ever to feel a grand passion. Nay, love, do not look disappointed. He is all you could wish him, but his is not an ardent nature. His affections are stronger than his passions; he is tender and sympathetic, but neither warm, nor energetic, nor passionate; he has a feminine loveliness of character, without being effeminate."

I was sorry I had thus spoken, for a shade rested on the sweet face during the rest of the evening.

There are few of our sex who really love such a man as Harry Vaughn other than as a friend or brother. We want some one to whom we can cling. We want a strong, brave, manly heart; not without a certain tenderness, too; but this must not be the leading trait in the character.

With all her placid, child-like simplicity, I thought Rose Vaughn felt just such a want. I found her inexpressibly lovely, and the most interesting person I ever met with. There was an undercurrent of deep feeling, of pure thought, in every sentiment she expressed that convinced one of her noble and unselfish character. Harry treated her with the pitying fondness of a father for an invalid child; and she—she loved him oh, how much! how much! Could it be weighed by words or spanned by space?

The next day, I mentioned to Gertrude my surprise at finding Mrs. Vaughn so beautiful, and how strangely prejudice had blinded her otherwise good taste.

With her usual frankness, she confessed that she looked unusually well the night before, and that she might be pretty if in good health; but her eyes—her staring eyes—"nothing could induce her to think *them* pretty."

"I knew," she added, impetuously, "you would love her. It is just my fate to be forgotten, and have strangers usurp my place in the affection of my friends. It is not enough for her to refuse me the friendship of her husband, but she must take you from me—you, also."

"You are unjust, Gertrude. Interested I assuredly am, but I never love any one without a more intimate knowledge of her character than I can obtain in a few hours' acquaintance."

I lingered at Latimer Lodge longer than my wont. I felt a strange interest in Harry Vaughn's bride; and, as the Willows was very near, scarcely a day passed without a meeting of some portion of the families. Mr. Latimer rarely made one of the party. About this time he was deeply busied with an intricate lawsuit, demanding the whole powers of his mind and the most minute investigation.

Harry Vaughn's occupation was a mere nominal one; and, after an hour or two each day, he was at perfect liberty to indulge his elegant tastes. The mornings were mostly spent at Latimer Lodge practising music with Gertrude; and, in the afternoons, when he did not drive his wife, they rode together. Gertrude was a fearless horsewoman, bold and heedless in this as in all other things. They always stopped a few minutes at the Willows—Harry thinking to give pleasure to his little wife: a doubtful kind of pleasure, I often thought, as she watched the handsome pair gallop by, and felt her own inability to participate in a recreation which gave them so much enjoyment. There was great disinterestedness, much self-sacrifice, in her

character; and, poor little thing, poor loving heart, she had built her house upon a foundation of sand, and great was the fall thereof!

I was to go home in a few days, and I walked to the Willows to say "good-by." There was to be a musical reunion at the Lodge that evening; but I wanted to see Rose alone, and in the privacy of her own house.

It was a lovely afternoon—one of those fresh, glorious days in early June, when the very beauty and brightness of earth, the serene, cloudless aspect of heaven, fill the heart with a vague sadness.

I walked slowly through the woods, drinking in the delicious fragrance of countless wild flowers, and hearing the glad carol of the black-bird and thrush from hawthorn hedge and tangled copsewood. I thought of the gay splendor of the home I was leaving, and the elegant simplicity of the one to which I was hastening, and I knew there was a canker-worm at both. "Oh," mused I, "that so much wealth, so much beauty, so many noble qualities, so many capabilities for happiness, should all be weighed in the balance and found wanting! Weighed down, overwhelmed by the unrestrained passions, the ungoverned will of one undisciplined heart!"

I found Harry and Rose in the drawing-room. He was reading to her, and she was almost buried in the crimson cushions of a huge arm-chair, and looked so wan, so pale, so pure and spiritual, with the fair hair falling about the face, and the large eyes half closed under the blue-veined lids, that I felt she was sitting even then under the shadow of thy wing, O Death!

She was very weary, too weary to talk, but insisted upon being well, and able to any exertion.

As I was leaving, I said: "Of course we shall see you this evening; so *au revoir*."

"Adieu," she replied, pulling me towards her, and kissing me tenderly. "Adieu, dear, kind friend! Oh, how I shall miss you! I am not going to Latimer Lodge to-night."

"Not going, Rose?" asked Harry, in a tone of mingled surprise and vexation. "I am astonished at your sudden change of mind. Mrs. Latimer will be angry, and there is certainly no excuse."

She colored painfully, but replied: "I never intended going. I think I shall not go to Latimer Lodge again."

"This is childish, unreasonable," he exclaimed, springing from his seat and striding about the room.

She was very pale, but there was a look of

resolution in the eyes, and a determination to express her feelings with freedom, though the effort cost her life.

I stood irresolute, not knowing how to act. She went on: "My own feelings of self-respect will not allow me to submit any longer to Mrs. Latimer's insolent patronage; and, if my husband is unwilling to uphold the dignity of his wife, she must do it herself. Mrs. Latimer's friendship gives me no happiness—it degrades and mortifies me. I cannot live in duplicity, and I shall visit her no more."

He turned to me appealingly: "Miss Danvers, is not this cruel and unjust? Mrs. Latimer has been one of my best friends; and my wife's unreasonable dislike places me in the most unhappy position."

None could be more trying than mine own, just then; yet I spoke candidly, though briefly: "I cannot blame Mrs. Vaughn. She acts as I should under the circumstances; and Mrs. Latimer knows this to be my opinion."

I turned to go. Rose was weeping bitterly, and Harry too angry to speak. As I passed through the lawn, however, I was glad to see that he was sitting on the sofa, his arms around her, and she weeping on his bosom.

Yet he was there!

I returned home, the Latimers went abroad, and Harry Vaughn was left alone with his young wife. It was the happiest period of her brief life. His was one of those gentle, sympathetic natures that find happiness in whatever circumstances surround them. He assimilated in taste, feeling, and habits to those with whom he was in daily intercourse, and was influenced by their individuality—a beautiful character to live with, but not one to appeal to in any moment of emergency, or when the soul is perplexed by the weight of life. I think he knew, for the first time, the rare excellence of Rose's mind, and was elevated and strengthened by her high standard of principle, her pure disinterestedness of character. Gertrude's absence he never felt—Rose was sufficient for his happiness. Gertrude's presence, her brilliancy, and the perfect contrast she presented to his own lymphatic being, had so marvellous a charm, that he lost his own identity in enjoyment of her piquant manner, in admiration of her uncommon qualities.

Their child was born during the summer—the little rosebud that sheds grace and beauty over my solitary life; and Harry's letters to me were full of hope and happiness. "Rose was doing so well; and the child, like all first children, the loveliest thing in life."

By and by, however, the news was less hope-

ful: "She recovered so slowly. Would I come and pay them a visit? He thought my presence would cheer and enliven them both."

He was sitting in the room, when I arrived, holding in his arms, with an awkward, half-embarrassed manner, the tiny mass of muslin and lace he was pleased to call "his child." She was gazing on both with a look of happiness; but oh how fearfully changed she appeared since last I saw her! The dark eyes were more lustrous than ever, the golden locks grown thin and faded, the cheeks sunken and hollow, whilst a bright spot glowed on them, rendering the general pallor of the face more death-like in contrast. She never complained, suffering really more from languor than actual pain; yet I knew that the autumn leaves, ere they passed away, would strew her early grave. Once or twice she passed the afternoon in the drawing-room, lying on a couch, and once or twice Harry drove her slowly through the grounds.

After a while, even these ceased, and the giving up first one little recreation, and then another, too surely told the fearful strides of the "insatiable destroyer."

At last, she could not leave her room, although she insisted upon being taken up and dressed every day.

Poor unconscious Harry thought this weakness the natural result of her confinement; and, when I gently urged the propriety of sending for her parents, his look of grieved astonishment was painful to witness.

"Did I really think there was danger? Was there anything left undone? He would have the best physicians up from London."

Alas, earthly skill was unavailing! I shall never forget the day she died. It was one of those lovely October days, so soft and balmy, with so blue a sky, with here and there a white cloud floating lazily away, that one felt mere existence was perfect enjoyment. The windows were all open, and the room was filled with the faint odor of autumn flowers, dying like herself. She had appeared so much better and brighter, the day before, that we hoped she might still rally. Alas, it was only the fitful sparkle, the last flash, before the flame went out! As usual, she had been taken out of bed and placed upon the couch by the open window. It had been her wont to lie here for hours, looking at the swaying branches of the chestnut, now graceful with its drooping flowers, and watching the pigeons flitting about in their pensive, noiseless manner.

I never knew the thoughts that passed through

her mind during these hours of silent communion, for she did not speak in reference to her approaching death, of which I felt she was perfectly conscious. There was a holy peace, a look of resignation, in her sweet face, that only confidence and trust in Him ever give. Her father and mother sat weeping by her, and Harry knelt beside her, her hand in his, and every vestige of color gone from his cheeks and lips. She was very calm, only begging them, once, in almost inarticulate tones, to be comforted. The babe was brought for her to kiss; and she placed her husband's hand on its little face, saying: "Keep her with you always; promise me."

He promised her, but with such a passionate burst of tears and convulsive sobbing, that she was greatly distressed. "Don't, love, don't," she faintly murmured; and, with generous effort, he endeavored to restrain himself and comfort her until her pure spirit was at rest.

She did not speak again, but kept her eyes fixed upon his face until they grew dim and unconscious.

Ah, Rose, gentle Rose! thy beauty and worth were scarce appreciated until they bloomed in another—"a heavenly home."

Harry faithfully fulfilled his wife's dying injunctions, living at the Willows, in strict seclusion, and devoting much of his leisure to his lovely child.

Late in the autumn, the Latimers returned, and, from words occasionally occurring in Gertrude's notes, I knew the same old habits of intimacy were continued between them. She often mentioned the child in terms of fond affection; and my heart, my old-time heart, kept asking evermore, "How is this to end?"

The end was nearer than we dreamed.

One cold, bleak night in March, as I was just preparing to go to bed, a violent ring at the door startled and alarmed me, and, hastening to open it, I beheld James, Mr. Latimer's footman, standing before me, dripping with rain, pale as death, and greatly hurried and agitated.

"What is the matter, James?" I scarcely articulated.

"You must go with me, Miss, immediately. My master is very ill, and Mrs. Latimer begs you will come at once."

"How long has he been ill, and what is the matter?" I hurriedly asked, gathering up, as I spoke, various little articles to take with me.

"He went to his office," the man replied, "this morning, apparently as well as usual, but was found senseless, a few hours after, sitting in

his chair, the pen in his hand, as if in the act of writing; and the physicians, ma'am, say it is a stroke—apoplexy I think they call it.”

My poor cousin! Day was just dawning when we reached Latimer Lodge, and I was shown at once into what proved the chamber of death. My cousin could not speak, but a faint smile in his dim eyes convinced me I was recognized.

Gertrude threw herself into my arms with unrestrained emotion, and Harry Vaughn silently pressed my hand. I saw that he was dying, and Gertrude was conscious of the fact. She sat beside him, holding his hand, and weeping with her usual violent and uncontrollable emotion. There might be remorse, too, mingled with the feeling, for he had been a good husband, a gentle, uncomplaining man; and, had she appreciated his worth? was she grateful for his forbearance? Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and hers was not without reproach!

Harry Vaughn was deeply affected. It was so short a time since he stood in the shadow of that dark valley that its melancholy, its unspeakable awe, lingered around him still. He had always entertained great respect for Mr. Latimer, although so unlike him in disposition or character; and he felt, as we all must feel when a good man leaves the earth, unfeigned regret at his decease.

A short time before he died, probably an hour or two, my cousin gently raised Gertrude's hand, and, placing it within Harry Vaughn's, pressed them together, with a look of deep affection—a look that revealed the unspoken knowledge of many painful months. It seemed to say: “Now you can be happy; now the only barrier is removed—and God bless you both!”

Harry Vaughn said, in a clear, calm voice, solemn with inexpressible feeling, “Until death;” but Gertrude only threw herself upon her husband's bosom, crying out: “I cannot give you up! I cannot give you up!”

And so John Latimer died—an upright, pure-minded, honorable man; and, if any painful doubts of his wife's affection ever ruffled the current of his life, the secret lies buried in his grave.

I saw but little of Gertrude during her period of mourning, which was passed in quiet and seclusion. Harry Vaughn, with good taste, had left the Willows, and, with his child, was paying a promised visit to her grandparents.

As the shadows deepen around me, and first one faint star and then another shines forth, ah, how these memories crowd upon me!

Harry Vaughn and Gertrude were married,

and it was a blessed illness that kept me away! I could not have gone. I felt I could not, even had I had no pretext for remaining at home; and yet my absence, under any other circumstances, would have pained them both.

I could not forget thee, Rose, gentle, forgotten Rose! And yet, from thy lonely grave, thy beauty and sweetness were to haunt thy husband's heart, and fill it with a yearning love never felt in life!

They decided upon living abroad a few years, as the associations of either home were fraught with reproachful sadness to both. The Willows was “let,” and only a few servants remained at Latimer Lodge to keep the place in order.

I think they lived principally in Florence, and her first letters were pictures of exquisite happiness—Harry Vaughn being the realization of all her heart could desire. But what heart can be happy that relies solely upon itself, its wayward impulses, its uncontrolled emotions, for guidance?

I fancied I could detect, now and then, in subsequent letters, that “Harry Vaughn had occasional faults like the rest of men; he was so easily influenced, had so little strength of character, was so content in any situation. She must confess she was not so easily satisfied.”

From mutual friends I learned they were the gayest people in Florence. She, beautiful and imperious, extravagant and fashionable, adoring her husband, but exacting from him the most unremitting attention, and jealous of his admiration of any other woman. He, gentlemanly and polite as of old, but indolent and *nonchalant*, and taking no real interest in any one but his beautiful child. His wife's constant *exigéance* wearied and depressed his amiable and trusting spirit. There was no repose, no rest near her—and thou wert avenged at last, sweet Rose!

A long year passed, a dull, dreary year, without any tidings from my absent friends. At last, a letter with a black seal!—a letter from Gertrude, blotted, illegible, defaced by tears: “He was dead, her Harry, her husband, her beloved. He had been failing a long while, had gone off so suddenly at last, that she could not realize her terrible bereavement. She should always believe he had taken consumption from Rose. The seeds were lying dormant in his constitution for many years, and had germinated under this sudden cold. She was coming home, coming back to Latimer Lodge to die—for oh! what was life to her now? The child was well”—and here seemed a sudden gush

of tears, for I could scarcely read the words that followed—"was to be given to you—to Ruth Danvers. It was her mother's wish, if Harry died, that you should rear the little Rose, bringing her up to be just such a woman as yourself. Ah, Ruth, Ruth, I know I am unworthy! but I loved him, and he would not leave his child to my care. That has pierced my very heart."

Months passed and they came not, and still no more letters from Gertrude. The servants expected her, had received orders to have the house in readiness, and I had been down several times to see if everything was properly attended to, and if they had received later news.

Still no letters, and I grew painfully anxious, when, one day, a gentleman drove up to my gate, holding by the hand a little girl, about five years old, dressed in deep mourning. I knew at a glance that she was Harry Vaughn's child, the likeness was so extraordinary; and the stranger's first words assured me of the fact. It was scarcely necessary for him to add that Mrs. Vaughn was no more; that the little child had been intrusted to his care until placed under my roof. I could not help weeping for poor Gertrude. With many noble qualities, with a finely cultivated mind, brilliant beauty, and charming manners, she had destroyed the happiness of her life, and of all connected with her, by the unrestrained violence of a haughty temper, and by the indulgence of every whim and caprice of her impulsive heart. Her death was a sad confirmation of her arbitrary will. Some epidemic had been raging in Florence, and she had been repeatedly urged by her friends to leave the city; but no advice was listened to, no warnings heeded. "She could not tear herself from Harry's grave." A few hours of violent suffering, of frantic delirium, closed this proud woman's unquiet life; and the only consolation that could cheer her dying moments was the

thought that she should sleep by Harry's side—that Harry whom she loved only to make miserable. But peace to their ashes! "They were lovely in life, and in death they were not divided."

It is just ten years since the little Rose became my child; and I often wonder what life could have been to me before she came to brighten and gladden its solitude. She has Harry's eyes and her mother's gentle voice, and is one of those rare natures that go far to confute the doctrine of original sin. Her thoughts are pure, her impulses good, her actions sweet and natural. I do not think she could be guilty of one unkind thought, or utter one harsh word. There is less merit in her excellence, because she is only acting out her pure and loving nature fresh and unspotted as she received it from the hand of God.

I have known, in my musing journey through life, one other such beautiful soul, to whom I have often playfully said: "You cannot help being good, Bettina. It is not half so much credit to you, therefore, as it is to one who has to struggle and contend, as I do, with the 'old Adam' within me." I would not have my Rose otherwise. There is a beautiful blending in her of the characteristics of her father's and mother's very opposite temperaments. She possesses his gentleness, her strength; his engaging manner, her unselfish nature.

And now, gentle readers, do you wonder that the old spinster, the ancient, solitary maiden, loves to sit in the quiet gloaming, and dream of the loved and lost, whilst the silence is only broken by the sweetest voice in the world, and she is roused from these reveries only by a pair of white arms thrown about her neck, a sweet mouth covering her faded face with kisses? Wonder not, kind friends, that, thus awakened, her dreamings are over.

THE ART OF MAKING WAX FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

Fuchsia.—Every year brings us new species of *Fuchsia*, some small and with solitary flowers, others tubular and with flowers in bunches; the former are by much the easier to imitate. The leaves are in pairs of a middle shade of green, veined with purple or scarlet. From the junction of each leaf with the stem arises a flower, which must be joined at once to the stem, the flower stems of fine copper wire, that

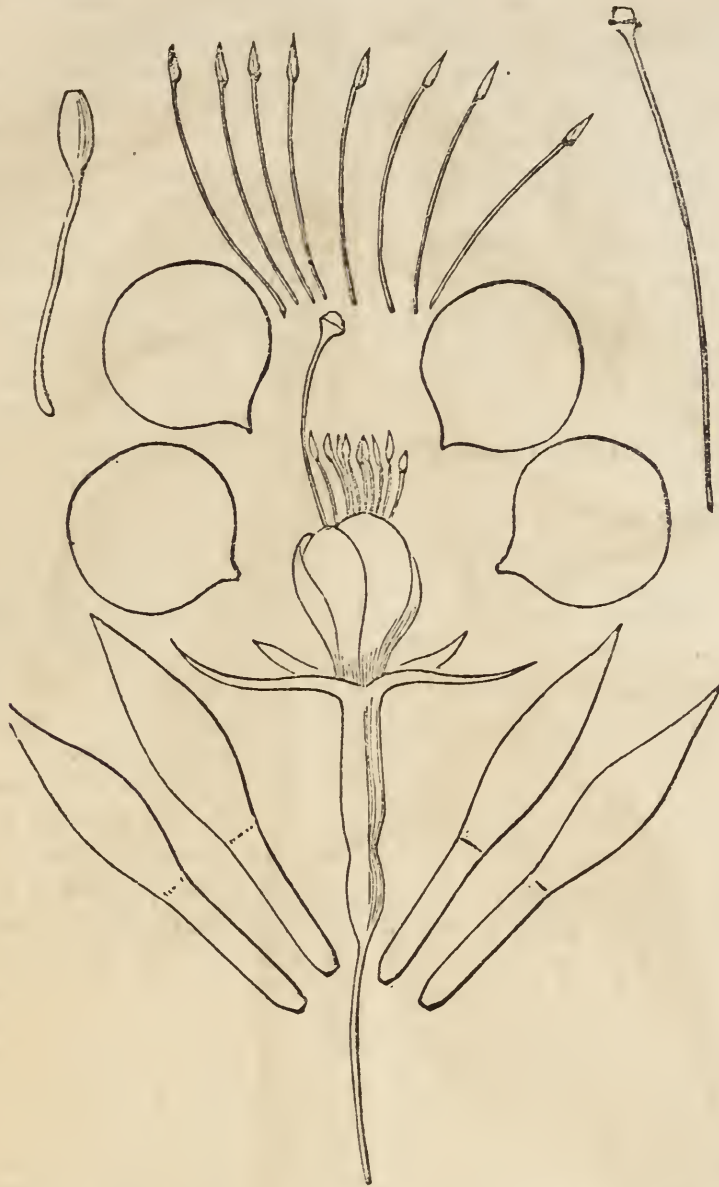
they may be weak and pendulous. All the wire used must be waxed, by rubbing it over with a piece of wax, in the same manner as a thread is waxed by the tailor. Have the leaves of different sizes, and the smaller of a lighter color than the others. Join two opposite each other on the end of the stem, then two others near to them on the opposite sides of the stem, at a little distance down, two others in the same



position as the top pair. Out of the axillæ of these, and indeed of the last pair also, may be seen little buds, with stalks of half an inch long, next an inch, and a little pendulous, then of an inch and a half, progressing to two or more inches, when full-blown flowers will be seen. In placing them on, first tie on the flowers, then put the leaves over the joints where these were attached. The flowers are made thus: They have eight stamens, four inner petals of a fine purple color, and lastly, a scarlet calyx, somewhat tubular, and with four points like petals. The fine wire itself, colored pink towards the points, forms a pointal in the centre, which extends down an inch from the flower; a minute ball is at the end of it, made by just dipping the end in melted wax. Next follow eight scarlet stamens, which extend down

half an inch, then comes the purple corolla, and finally the scarlet calyx. This last entirely hides the corolla when the flower is closed. The berry is dark purple, and of an oval shape. A beautiful variety, which looks well in wax, called *Victoria victrix*, has the calyx of a pure white, and the corolla a dark purple. Of the larger fuchsias the buds are generally cast in a mould in the same manner as for waxen fruit. The above is an engraving of a large fuchsia, in which every part is of the natural size.

The Poppy.—This flower is difficult to make, and the only kind that should be attempted is the scarlet or field poppy. First procure a wire of moderate thickness, and cover it with green worsted; at the top end place an oval lump of green wax, which you are to cut transversely, so that the top shall be nearly flat, and of the



VARIOUS PARTS OF THE FUCHSIA OF THE NATURAL SIZE, BEING DRAWN FROM AN ACTUAL FLOWER.

full size of the lump of wax; make upon this several lines or marks from the centre outwards, also a little irregularly around the edge, from line to line. Cut a strip of dark purple wax into stamens of a thread-like form, without separating the one from the other. Dip the outer ends in gum-water, and then into a black or purple powder, to represent the anthers. Place these close all around and underneath the seed-vessel, pressing them down tight and firm, so as to surround it with very numerous stamens. Then take the thinnest sheets of wax you can get, cut four petals of proper form, and paint them all over with vermilion on both sides; crumple these gently up in the hand, and then, opening them carefully, press the ends of them under the stamens, putting on first those on two opposite sides, and afterwards the other two to fold over them. No leaves are wanted; it is better to have the flower drooping.

The Passion Flower.—This is rather a difficult subject to make, but no one looks more natural, or more beautiful when complete, with its flowers, tendrils, leaves, and somewhat climbing stem; it climbs, however, not by any convolution of the stem itself, as does the convolvulus, but by the tendrils which the young stem throws out to support its growth upwards. No description can give an idea of the flower itself; the centre of it is a curiously-formed column, with three spreading club-shaped arms upon the top of it. This must all be modelled of green wax, a wire running up the centre. Out of the lower part of the central column grow five stamens; the anthers of these must be modelled of dark yellow wax, except their filaments, which may be of fine green wire waxed. A fine bright blue ring of filaments like rays are seated around the lower part, and this is supported by ten or sometimes twelve white petals; each of them is

a little hollowed, and every other one throughout is somewhat larger than the intermediate ones, and a little hooked at the end; the back of these petals is generally a little green. The tendrils are made of a thin green wire, made by twisting it round a pencil, then pulling it out loosely. The leaves are a very dark green, which may be made of wax and stamped, or they may be bought ready made. The passion flower should always be made along with its stem, &c., and hung gracefully over a vase. There is a very fine species of passion flower, often beautifully modelled. It is of a fine crimson color, with the rays partly colored with a darker tint.

The Single Rose.—The single is much more difficult to model than the double one, yet the sweetbrier and the wild rose would look unnatural if doubled. First cut a number of stamens, and tip them with knobs of yellow. Place these in a loose bunch around the end of the stem wire, rather spreading them out from the centre, but not formally or stiffly. Cut five heart-shaped petals of white wax, color them of a pinkish hue with carmine, and place them at equal distances around and under the stamens. Next cut five irregular green leaves, which place underneath them for a calyx. Lastly form of green wax a perfectly smooth longish oval ball, which pass the wire through at the bottom, and bring it up close to the calyx, which must be very smoothly and evenly joined to it. The leaves are of five leaflets of different sizes. The rosebud is of a pointed oval form, the calyx leaves inclosing all, or nearly all of the petals, more or less, according to its expansion. A small oval seed-vessel is seen beneath the bud.

The Chrysanthemum, China Aster, and other quilled flowers.—These are different from those before described. They are not, properly speaking, double flowers, but are of that character called compound flowers, the nature of which is that it consists of a great number of flowers upon one receptacle or base; the corolla of each is tubular, and being increased much in size by cultivation, the whole has a very compound or doubled appearance. The best way of making these quilled flowers is this: Procure a tin shape, such as that given in No. 7 of page 143. Stamp two or three hundred pieces of white, pink, or purple wax, of the color of the intended flower, and as many pieces of thin wire covered with silk, these last half an inch long. Fold up each floret of wax around a strong, bright knitting needle. Inserting about half the length of the small wires in each, pinch them tight.

The florets are now all prepared. The next thing is the receptacle. It may be made of refuse wax, about the size of a farthing, but a quarter of an inch thick, and rounded at the upper edge. Fasten the wire for the general stem in the centre beneath, and cover the under part with numerous small green leaves, overlapping each other, for a calyx. Then choosing first the most imperfect of the florets, stick them close together near the centre, working with them round and round, till you get to the edge, taking care to expand the cleft top of them more and more as you proceed outwards, so as to show more expanded flowers; this may be done one at a time, just before putting each one on, or more conveniently and quickly altogether at first, arranging them in this case on a table, so that they may be conveniently handled one by one, when wanted. If the expanding of them has been regular, and the placing of them on done neatly, the whole, when finished, will have a shape like a rather flat half ball, as the flowers naturally have.

The Lily of the Valley.—This flower must be made upon very different principles from those hitherto described. File to a round end a piece of bone, metal, plaster of Paris, or, still better, the end of a round slate pencil; grease this end, and dip it half an inch deep into pure white wax, so cold as to be ready to set immediately; cut it round the stick or former into five teeth. Dip it into water, when the part at the end will drop off, if assisted by the point of a penknife. This forms the bell or cut-shaped corolla. Make eight or ten of these for one branch of flowers, some rather smaller than the others; some of them also you may squeeze up into buds. Then have as many fine wires waxed with green; upon the end of each put five very small stamens of yellow. Pass up a corolla from the bottom of the stalk, and fasten it close to the stamens. Then unite the whole together into a loose bunch, the flowers drooping in the same direction. The whole must be wrapped up in a leaf of bright green wax, as if it grew from the centre of it.

MODELLING OF DOUBLE FLOWERS.

The modelling of double flowers is infinitely more easy than that of single ones, because nature here sports into a greater variety of shape and color. Double flowers are of themselves unnatural, and therefore a rigid conformity with the original is by no means requisite, unless it is to be a scientific copy of some florist's variety, a deviation from which renders it valueless for the purpose intended, however

handsome and well shaped. In forming double flowers in wax, the general form is the first consideration; you must mind also the manner of the petals lapping over each other, and that those which come nearest to the outside of the flower are always larger than the inner ones, as well as better formed, and in a striped flower they are more decidedly and correctly streaked and spotted. Another reason why double flowers are easier to form than single ones is, that the double flowers ever attempted are few in number. The chief favorites are the Rose, the Dahlia, the Camellia, the Carnation, Pink, Ranunculus, Anemone, and Primrose. Those flowers which are most difficult to make single are never doubled at all, such as the Lily of the Valley, the Convolvulus, Passion Flower, and others. Instructions to form a Dahlia will be a sufficient guide for double flowers in general.

To form a Dahlia, choose seven sheets of the proper colored wax, and Dahlias are of every color, except black, brown, green, and blue. Cut seventy or eighty shapes with the tin guides, of which a shape is given on page 143,

with some of two or three smaller sizes, keeping the various sizes separate. Coil the smallest round a wire, so as to roll them up completely. The next size must be a very little opened towards the top. The third size still more opened. The next with only the sides a trifle doubled over, and so on with the others, the outer ones being a little ribbed lengthwise, so as merely to show a waved surface, though Dahlias vary very much in this respect, most of them being somewhat quilled, even to the extreme outer row or edge. The petals being ready, take a thick wire, and place around the end of it, firmly fixing them on, some of the smallest petals; afterwards the other sizes in regular rotation: the upper surface of the whole together being of the form represented by about one-third of an orange cut the flat way, or like a portion of a flattened ball. Lastly, a calyx is required; this may be of several small green leaves folding over each other, at the same time concealing the ends of the petals, and uniting them more firmly to the stem.

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

'Tis the day after Christmas. The snow and rain which fell yesterday cover the gaunt skeleton trees with a frosting of silver, and the iceladen branches moan and shriek in the wild strong wind. The icicles hang from the shaggy eaves of our old homestead, and the loose snow whirls against the windows with a dull sort of groan. The fiend of cold and gloom is abroad upon the earth, and the ruddy fire-glow in the polished grate fails to dissipate his shadows.

I have tried to work, but the cold benumbs my fingers, and satin stitch has become confounded with eyelet. I have tried reading, but the wild rushing of the winds in the pine woods and in the great leafless elms in the garden disturbs me, and my thoughts are away from the book to dim memories of the misty past—to days when, though cold and dreary without, within all was bright and cheerful, warmed by the smile of love and lighted by the words of affection.

Years ago I was a merry school-girl, unmindful of earth's sorrow, and laughing at what worldlings call care. Like most other young girls, I had an intimate friend of my own sex, not a *confidante*, for my thoughts and emotions

have never been intrusted to the keeping of any one. Nevertheless, I had a friend; one whom I loved—one who loved me in return.

Annie Graham was exactly my opposite both in person and disposition. While I was by nature courageous, fearing nothing, and depending upon myself in all emergent cases, she was timid and fearful, doing nothing without advice, and even then trembling for the issue.

I was a brunette, with a wild, restless eye, and mouth which plainly betrayed my unfeminine firmness. Annie was a pale, fragile blonde, with mild, loving eyes, and a profusion of sunny hair, which fell in graceful tresses on her white shoulders. It was her very unlikeness to myself which bound my heart to hers. If she was frightened, I took her in my arms and soothed her; if she was sad, I laughed at her forebodings; if she was gay, I chided her for her thoughtlessness; in short, I was a perfect tyrant over her; and yet I loved Annie Graham with an affection strong and sincere.

We first became acquainted at school, where we were room-mates, and very happily our time passed: I happy that some one depended upon me; she, that she had some one to depend upon.

We had been two years at school, and the summer vacation was at hand. Annie was to go home, and I to stop at a brother's, some twenty miles from the seminary. Annie's home was in the blooming South, many leagues away; and with doting fondness she clung to my neck when we parted. I kissed her sweet lips very calmly, and put her away from me. One gentle, tearful look, and she was gone.

Two weeks at my brother's, and I received a letter from her. A transcript of her own pure heart it was—gentle and loving like herself. There was a full account of her homeward journey, the blissful meeting with her parents and brother, Philip; and then came a glowing description of a visitor at her home, a friend of her dear brother Philip. Noble, dignified, and talented, she said he was, and of high birth and liberal fortune.

I read the letter through, but I did not lay it down. A strange, undefinable feeling crept in at my heart. Annie was well and happy; what more did I ask? Shall I confess it? The whole undivided love of Annie alone could satisfy my jealous nature. I was envious of her affection even to her own relatives; how could I calmly hear her speak so warmly of one who was not allied to her by ties of blood? I knew that a fancy with Annie was but a stepping-stone to love; and I felt that but a short time would elapse ere my image would be torn from her heart's altar, and that of the attractive stranger placed there instead.

I replied to her letter, but said nothing of my unworthy feelings; and in due time her answer came, warm-hearted as ever, but breathing, unconsciously to herself, the deepest admiration for the young friend of her brother. Wallace Malcolm was his name, and he had been Philip Graham's warmest friend at the university where they had both studied.

During the vacation, I received several letters from Annie, all full of love for myself, and admiration of young Malcolm.

At last, the time for the re-assembling of the school arrived, and once more Annie and I were sitting in our own little chamber at G. Annie had drawn up the little ottoman to my feet, and laid her bright head on my knee. Lying there, with her trusting blue eyes upturned to my face, she told me all that Wallace had said to her; how he had told her that he loved her, oh, so dearly! and how he had begged for one word of hope.

"And what did you tell him?" I asked, very calmly, stroking the soft silky hair which lay in a golden shower over my lap.

"What could I say, dearest Julia? he is so noble and good, and he loves me so tenderly! What could I say?" And Annie hid her glowing face in my bosom. I pressed the dear head closer, for I felt that another would soon claim it—that other arms, stronger than mine, would soon enfold that slight form in their warm love.

I seldom weep; if I did, I should have wept then. I had been an orphan from my earliest remembrance, dependent on the charity of a half-sister of my father. Love I had never known. Those of my own age had ever avoided me, for they fancied me cold and heartless, and older people called me selfish. Is it any wonder, then, that, when one so good and beautiful as Annie Graham had bestowed upon me the boon I had so long yearned vainly for—is it any wonder that I felt a great fury at the thought of losing her undivided affection? But my will was strong to do right; and, holding her there in my arms, I analyzed my own feelings. I saw clearly my great unworthiness of her innocent, high-souled affection. I saw my own inward hideousness, my despicable selfishness; and, with one powerful effort, I cast out all bitter feelings from my heart. I conquered all my sinful jealousy; and, from the depths of an earnest soul, I cried: "God bless you, Annie, and make you happy as you deserve!"

Malcolm wrote often to his young *fiancée* letters breathing the loftiest sentiments, full of noble thoughts, such as could be generated only in a heart alive to the truest impulses of honor. Insensibly I grew to love those letters, and to look for their coming with pleasurable anticipation; for Annie had no secrets from me, and every glowing line which Malcolm had penned was open to my gaze.

Our school-days were almost over. I was to go home with Annie, to remain until after the Christmas holidays, and Wallace Malcolm was to come for us in a few days. Annie looked forward to his coming with buoyant spirits; and, though I strove to enter into her feelings, I could not drive from my heart the strange fear of meeting him which had crept in there. I feared a something without a name.

He came at last. He met Annie with a sort of tender joy, and as *her* friend he greeted me kindly. He drew us both to a seat on the sofa, and talked to us in his deep, rich voice; but I cannot recollect a single word which fell from his lips. I listened as one entranced. I no longer wondered that she loved him. I was no longer surprised at the strange power which his letters to Annie had exerted over me.

In person, Mr. Malcolm was strikingly handsome: a classically formed head, over which waved a profusion of dark, glossy hair; a broad, white forehead; Grecian cast of features, and remarkably brilliant teeth; added to a tall, elegantly proportioned form, a sweet voice and highly cultivated mind. Was it any wonder that Annie loved him?

But did he love *her*? Did he love her with that unselfish devotion which beamed from every feature of *her* face? I asked myself the question, but I dared not answer it.

A pleasant journey we had to Annie's beautiful home. It was rosy evening when we arrived at the grand old mansion which bore the name of the Evergreens, from the number of tall trees which surrounded it.

We were most cordially received by all. Mr. Graham was a widower, and his family consisted of his two children, Philip and Annie, and any number of colored servants.

Mr. Malcolm's parents resided on an estate about ten miles from the Evergreens.

Philip Graham was like his sister: the same clear complexion and love-lit eyes, the same expression of countenance, only a little more self-reliant; and the same type of gentleness was all over him. He pressed my hands very kindly, and spoke of the joyful times we should have in the coming holidays.

I had been at the Evergreens a week, when I perceived a visible alteration in Malcolm's manner towards me. With the deepest pain I saw him leaving Annie to sit by me; and, when the good-nights were said, his voice sank to a more thrilling cadence when he said the little word to me.

I discovered that Wallace Malcolm was transferring his affections from Annie to myself, and the discovery gave me no pleasure. I had admired him for what I deemed his high sense of honor; and this very change in his manners lowered him in my esteem. I could not love where respect was wanting. Had Malcolm remained true to Annie, I should have loved him; but such is the perversity of woman's heart that, when I felt that I had won him from her side, I cast him away from me as unworthy my slightest regard.

Mr. Malcolm's attentions became almost odious to me, and I avoided him by every means in my power. Annie, truthful and unsuspecting, noticed not her idol's growing coldness. Philip, with his keen perception, saw all. I knew it by the flashing eye and heightened color, by the half-suppressed scorn which beamed

from his face, when Malcolm was more attentive to me than usual.

The path of duty lay clear before me. I ought to return to my own home. I knew it, I felt it; but what reason could I assign? I feared arousing Annie's suspicions; and I hoped that by coldness and contempt I could force Malcolm back to his rightful allegiance.

Christmas came cold and clear. I had promised Annie to remain until after that important day, but had not specified the time. Duty said to me, "Go," but inclination said, "Stay." And why stay? That was known only to my own heart.

There was a grand celebration of Christmas eve at the Evergreens. The rooms were densely crowded, and the heat almost overpowered me. I stepped into a balcony for air. I had stood for some time gazing out on the spangled bosom of night, when a step at my side aroused me. It was Mr. Malcolm.

"This is very beautiful, Miss Denham; do you not think so?" he asked, bending his deep, searching eyes upon my face.

"Very lovely," I replied, briefly.

"You leave us, soon after the holidays, I believe?"

"Yes." And I would have returned to the company. Malcolm caught my hand.

"Stay a moment, Miss Denham; Julia," he said, imploringly, "stay a moment. Julia, I love you, love you as I have never loved. Once I thought I loved Annie; but oh, Julia! what was my love for *her* compared with that I bear to *you*? *She* never understood me; but in your eyes your soul is shadowed forth. You know me better than I know myself. Read me, and say if I do not speak truly. Oh, Julia, tell me that you will not cast me utterly away!" And Malcolm fell on his knees at my feet.

I drew myself up to my full height. My face burned with indignation as I replied: "Wallace Malcolm, have you a soul, that you can offer me a heart perjured at the very altar of its love? Go, miserable being, and pray forgiveness of her whom you have so basely wronged; seek by a lifetime of penitence to atone for this great sin; but trouble me no further, lest I curse you." I turned and swept proudly from him.

I saw no more of Malcolm that night. The next morning, as Annie and I were sitting in her tasteful boudoir, we were startled by a strange confusion about the house. Annie was much alarmed; but, with my customary boldness, I went to learn the cause.

Good God, what a spectacle met my eyes! There on the side table in the long hall lay Wallace Malcolm, his tall form straightened to the stiff formality of death! Philip Graham lay on the sofa, white and still, the dark blood oozing slowly from a deep wound in his temple. Reader, shall I acknowledge to you that I loved Philip Graham? loved him with all the strength of my wild, lone heart? Judge, then, of my feelings at seeing him thus. I tottered to his side. He saw me not! He opened not his eyes, but he breathed, I saw by the labored quivering of his broad breast. For even this I was thankful.

The hall was half full of strange people. Mr. Graham leaned against the wall pale and motionless. I reached him and grasped his arm. "For the love of Heaven, sir," I gasped, "tell me all!"

Mr. Graham could not control himself sufficiently to speak; but, from one of the strange men who was bathing Philip's pale brow, I learned the sad particulars.

It seemed that Philip had overheard Malcolm's declaration to me on Christmas eve, and, fired at the insult and wrong done his sister, he had immediately sent a challenge to Malcolm, which was, of course, accepted. At sunrise they had met on a sandy plain some forty rods from the Evergreens. Malcolm fell dead, shot through the breast, while the ball from his pistol had entered Philip's temple. This was all: was it not enough? And I the cause!

I went to Annie. I told her all. Her grief I cannot speak of. It would make a child of me; and I try to be very calm and composed, now.

Towards noon, at Annie's request, I went to Philip. His wound had been dressed; but I saw no hope in the sorrowful face of the old family physician.

Philip was conscious, and begged me to sit down by his bedside and tell him of Annie. Words cannot express my agony, my utter despair, as I gazed on his pale features, where I knew death would soon be at work. My great love for Philip Graham came over me with all its overwhelming force, and my heart stopped its pulsations; my brain whirled, I caught a chair for support, and all things faded from my view.

When I awoke to consciousness, they told me that I had been very ill; and, as I looked at my wasted hands, I realized the truth of what they said. My first words were of Annie and Philip.

Annie, the nurse said, bore her grief better than we had anticipated, and had gone through the funeral ceremonies over Wallace Malcolm's remains with resigned composure. Philip still

lingered, though with but little hope of recovery. Oh, how glad I was to hear even this!—I had so feared that the grave had claimed *him*.

Annie came to me. What a meeting! We lay in each other's arms for a long time without speaking, but Annie's convulsive sobs told well her inward agony. She had changed much. Her face was pale and thin, and her eyes weary with vigils over the living, and tears for the dead.

In a few days, I was able to go into Philip's chamber. He welcomed me cheerfully, and conversed on indifferent subjects with his accustomed spirit. Night and day I sat by his couch, unmindful of the physician's oft-repeated command that I should rest. Rest! How could I rest when his last moments could be made pleasanter by my efforts? Sometimes, when, in the long still watches of the night, I sat by his side counting his fluttering pulse, and smoothing back the rich brown hair from his brow, he would raise his eyes to my face with such an expression of thankfulness, that I would willingly have given half my existence to see it there again.

Annie would not consent to my leaving them, and indeed I did not wish to; so I lingered at the Evergreens until the middle of February. Philip was failing. Even Annie's hopeful eye saw the gradual but sure approach of the dread destroyer. She refrained from speaking to Philip on the subject of his death; but I had spoken to him freely of his departure. He frankly told me what I had long suspected—that remorse, rather than disease, was wearing out his life—remorse at having caused the death of one noble and good, though he had been tempted, and, yielding to his wrong impulses, had fallen. Philip spoke calmly, even cheerfully, of going through the dim shades of death to the golden portals of heaven.

One morning, quite early, while I was sitting in an easy-chair before the fire, striving to obtain a little sleep, Philip called me. I arose and went to his bedside. A change had come over him—a fearful change. I shuddered as I divined the cause. Must he go?—the only one I had ever loved with my whole depth of feeling? I almost murmured at the will of the great Infinite.

Philip took my hand in his. "Julia," he said, raising his fearfully brilliant eyes to mine, "I shall never behold another sunrise! Break the tidings carefully to Annie, poor, dear little sister. Had it not been for my rashness, a brother's hand might have strewn her path with flowers. Julia, before I go, will you not take

my head to your bosom and sing to me the hymn beginning, 'I would not live away?'"

I could not refuse him. I rested his dear head on my breast, and sang in a tremulous voice the words he loved.

When I had finished, he kissed me tenderly, and said: "Dear Julia, now that I am dying, promise me that you will no longer neglect your God; that you will think always of the glorious meeting we shall have, by and by, in heaven." He lay some time, and I knew by the motion of his lips that he was praying. Then with feeble arms he drew my head down beside his own; his icy lips kissed me passionately, and he murmured: "God bless you, Julia!" and sank back on the pillow.

I hastily summoned the family, and we stood around Philip Graham's deathbed. He spoke to each one separately, blessed and kissed all, and then lay perfectly quiet. We thought him praying; but, if so, his petition was ended in heaven.

Two months after Philip's death, I returned home. I left Annie calm, if not cheerful. Mr. Graham bore his bereavement with Christian meekness. The rod with which his heavenly Father had chastised him he shrank not from; he rebelled not against the burden laid upon him by his Saviour.

Of my own sorrow I will say nothing. I have never married. Earthly love is not for me. I do not ask it—I am only waiting for a heavenly

Annie is married to a worthy man; and I often visit her pleasant home and play with her little brown-headed boy, Philip.

Every returning Christmas brings with fearful distinctness the melancholy events of that next day after Christmas of which I have written. Long as I may live, I shall never cease to remember with anguish the day which made me a life-mourner.

HOW TO MAKE A BONNET AND CAP.

Caps.—Before you begin to make a cap, if you know the person it is to be made for, it is necessary to study what color is most becoming, and what style they are in the habit of wearing. Not one person out of fifty can wear any new fashion that comes up. Every one that wears caps or headdresses has a peculiar style of her own, which must in some measure be copied, but made as near the prevailing fashion as possible; for instance, I have known some ladies always wear their cap plain on the forehead, let what would be the fashion; others, on the contrary, must have it full all round. A becoming cap is a great improvement, and an unbecoming one very ugly. Most ladies know what suits them best. It is a very bad plan to try to persuade any one into keeping or buying a cap she does not like. It is quite a chance if ever she gets reconciled to it. Do not use heavy lace for a cap. Every sort of lace or blonde that comes near the face must be as light as possible. Caps are frequently made of wide and narrow blonde or lace; but always put the lightest or most pointed near the face. An uneven edge in blonde or lace is more becoming than a hard even border. In putting on a cap border, gather it or let the pleats be single. Double pleats are heavy and ugly. I mean by the double pleat the common ordinary way of pleating. This is too heavy for a cap. When

you are pleating a border, leave the cotton so that you can move the pleating according to the fulness you require it. In rounding the corner of your cap, it requires more fulness than either behind or round the top of the face. The head-piece of a cap round the front will measure seventeen inches long. Most persons will take it this length; some require it one inch longer. Supposing your cap length to be seventeen inches, put four inches on each side of the face as wide border, and let the nine inches that are left be quite narrow for the forehead, or else put this part plain according to taste. Before you begin to make a cap, either unpick an old one for the pattern of the head-piece, or else have a pattern provided. If you have a good pattern head-piece, you may change the look of your cap ten times by the trimmings. Take one of your little silk neckerchiefs, and cut a piece of net like the half; and now trim this half neckerchief all round with white or black blonde, and put this on your cap for a trimming. You may vary the look of your cap very much by putting the point of your half square on the forehead; and on another cap let the point come behind the ends that fall on the ears. It requires a pleat or two put in them to make it set well. You can put a bow on the outside of the ends, or under them, near the face. If you will take a little pains, you can easily make

a very nice bow. You have nothing to do but to tie a piece of ribbon just the same as if you were tying your bonnet strings, and then add a loop or two more. Ask some one to lend you her finger, and then tie a bow on it. You will soon find no difficulty. It will require that you should with your fingers pull the bow nicely into shape; but it will certainly not require so much time to do it as I have seen some young persons spend in pulling the strings of their bonnets in the right place, or making the bow set nicely. All the bows made by our best milliners are made in the way I describe. It will make no difference if your ribbon is narrow or wide. I have already told you what sort of lace to use. In choosing your flowers or ribbon, all must be light—no heavy bows near the face. Small flowers are more becoming than large ones; but, in making a dress cap, you could place a rose or a flower that size on the ear, outside the border, and this will not interfere with the front of the cap. Narrow black velvet is pretty on a cap mixed with flowers or ribbon. Many caps are now made with black and white blonde mixed. The ornaments on the crown would be black, and the blonde near the face white.

Colors suitable for Different Complexions.—Black hair—pink, red, yellow, and white; brown hair—pink, blue, grass-green, white, and dark blue; very light hair—apple-green, peach, and light blue. These colors apply to any and everything you may wear, bonnets, dresses, or shawls. It is bad taste to see persons with red cheeks wearing pink or red near the face. Too much care cannot be taken in the choice of flowers. They do not invariably suit every person; but, if you wear them, choose neat ones, and of a color that is becoming. There is nothing more vulgar than to see in a bonnet large common flowers. It is a great mistake. Ladies wearing them cannot wish their faces to be seen; for the first thing that catches the eye will be the flowers. They certainly draw attention, but it is to the flowers themselves and not to the face. Every article of the dress ought to be very neat and clean before anything approaching to smartness is put on. I really cannot help saying that it is generally on young people who are most neglectful of their dress that you see the greatest finery. Feathers and flowers require a carriage for the wearer. I trust my readers will take this hint kindly. I am always so grieved to see dirty finery. All colors are pretty in their turn, but never look well unless suitable to the person they are on. It is the fashion now, and a very pretty style it

is, to wear the different articles of dress all of one color or shade, or at least to wear two articles out of three to match. It is not necessary to have all from one piece; on the contrary, different materials may be selected, but still keeping the shades alike.

GENERAL REMARKS.

In millinery great care is required with all the things you use. You cannot throw them about as you would if you were hemming a towel. A quiet corner is necessary. And do not let your work materials be handled before you begin: it takes all the firmness and newness out of the articles you are going to use. Bonnets and caps cannot be too fresh-looking. It is part of their beauty. In putting away your work, fold all carefully up. Handle it lightly, and use small pins. You will spoil your bonnet by leaving large and sometimes dirty pin-holes. I need scarcely tell you that the quicker your work is out of hand the better. Practise on common things till you get a little quick. A tidy slow milliner is better than a quick sloven. Arrange by daylight the colors of a cap which is to be worn by daylight; and wait for candlelight to choose the trimmings of an evening cap. Colors which agree beautifully at noon sometimes fail miserably by candlelight, either producing no effect at all, or looking positively ugly. Even in matching this precaution is required. That which is a perfect match in the morning may turn out something quite different in the yellow light of the drawing-room. For all kinds of millinery you require very fine cotton and very coarse. You seldom require the middle size. Where stitches are seen, use the fine; and all that are hidden, coarse. Strong cotton helps to keep firm a cap or bonnet. Sewing twist is best to run drawn bonnets with. You can procure any color at a tailor's trimming-shop. Keep for use long and short needles and good scissors. You can hardly do without a pair of wire-nippers. It spoils all scissors to cut wire. You can buy a pair of wire-nippers at a tool-shop. You cannot work without a good inch measure; use good small pins; wear white aprons when making a light bonnet; and turn up the sleeves of your dress a little. A bonnet is easily soiled in making, unless everything is clean around you. If possible, never put your finger near your hair or in your mouth. Do not bite your cotton; this is a very dirty habit, and I am sorry to say a very common and general one with young people. All these little habits it is necessary to correct before you can turn nice millinery out of hand.

I have written all the remarks for young beginners, and I feel certain some at least will profit by them. When you are purchasing your materials, look well that all is fresh. It is best, if

possible, to deal at shops that have plenty of customers, as I need scarcely tell you that constant sale keeps things fresh.

THE CHRISTMAS LETTER.

A KETTLE sings upon the glistening hob; the fire, though small, burns very brightly; the wind blows cold and wild about the solitary house.

In this fair-sized, old-fashioned parlor, with its quaint spider-legged furniture, its faded carpet, its scrupulous neatness, are two elderly gentlewomen: one is an invalid, for she lies, covered up with shawls, upon the spider-legged sofa; the other sits beside a small round table, on which burns the very thinnest and bluest of dip-candles. This latter has been reading a newspaper to the invalid; but the listener having fallen into a doze, she has ceased now for some minutes, and sits gazing abstractedly upon the cheerful blaze. In the look is suffering—it gives expression to some hidden cause of great perplexity.

As this is thought over, the look deepens into one of agony. But the sleeper awakening—as a rustling of the pillow, a low cough, a moving of the head show—it is in an instant changed into an assumed look of cheerfulness, that proves an habitual and extraordinary power of self-command. In another instant, the careworn lady is kneeling beside the pillow, her spare hands pressing the shadowy ones of the invalid.

“I have been asleep, Margaret,” says the latter, “and now feel better than I have done for days. Only think, dear, I have been dreaming of that Ann who once lived with us!”

“What, that girl that robbed us of all our ready money, and so many other things, when we first came here?”

“Yes. I dreamed she was kneeling here before us, and asking to be forgiven.”

“Well, Nelly, that she has been, long ago. You and I, I think, have not proved that we nurse up the memory of wrongs. But come, dear, the clock has gone nine, and you must have your supper.”

“Stay, you haven’t heard all. After we had forgiven her, I dreamed that she sent us five pounds of the stolen money in a letter.”

“I wish she would,” adds Margaret, with a sigh. “It would be most acceptable this Christmas time. But come, a dream must not

lead me to forget you.” Thus saying, she takes the candle, goes forth into a very large adjacent kitchen, in which the fire, for thrift, has long died out, sets neatly on a tray the materials of a very frugal supper—some bread and a glass of milk for herself; some beef-tea, which has been stewing in a jar in the oven, for the invalid. This last she warms as she now comes back into the parlor, and gives it to Eleanor, with sippets of toasted bread. Supper thus over, and the invalid still more revived, she clears away, and comes back to her post beside the spider-legged sofa.

“Dear Nelly, as you are stronger to-night, I have something to tell you. I do this most reluctantly, as it will give you pain. Indeed I would conceal it longer, but that I need your concurrence in a step I fear I must take. Dear Nell, the last penny went to-day.”

“I half suspected it, Margaret,” weeps the invalid, “though for my sake you have been hiding all with such a cheerful countenance. But what can be done? Cannot we manage till the quarter’s income be due, or we get paid for the last needle-work we sent away?”

“Recollect, dear, the first is but seven pounds ten, and is in part forestalled, on account of our difficulty about Rose’s music-master; the other we may have to wait for, as we had the last. No, dear, I have thought over everything—till—till my brain feels sore—my heart is broken. No, it has come to this at last: our father’s beautiful copy of Sophocles’s plays must go.”

“What, to the Canon, at the miserable price he offered when you mentioned it to him three years ago? This, when it is worth four times the sum—for the edition is of extraordinary rarity—and—and—more than all to us, that papa’s dear head lay on it when they found him dead.”

“I know it, I know it,” sobs Margaret; and the aged sisters weep in each other’s arms.

But in a little while Margaret grows calm again, reasons with her feebler sister, lays all before her, points out to her their stern necessity; that, though not in debt, save in reference

to the above-mentioned little matter of the music-master, the house is utterly destitute of every available means of light, warmth, and food; that, more than all, the morrow is Christmas Eve, and that perhaps with it may come their only earthly friend—their darling niece, their pretty Rose. She is the only child of a dead brother, years younger than themselves; and, having brought her up and educated her, she is as dear to them as though she were their own daughter. So the invalid giving at length her tardy consent, it is arranged that Margaret shall set forth to the distant cathedral town early in the morning, provided that no fresh snow fall in the night, and thus render the roads worse than they are.

“But you will ride, won't you, Margaret?” asks Eleanor. “We can owe Broom, the carrier, till we get our money. The old man is very kind, and long our neighbor.”

“Yes, but he is as poor as ourselves, and talkative, too. No, I will keep our need quiet, and walk the distance. I shall get on well if it is but fair overhead, and be home earlier, too, than if I waited to return with Broom. So Mary Bradly's girl must come in, and take care of you, dear. And you must keep your heart up whilst I am gone.”

She promises she will, and the sisters retire to rest, when Margaret has made sundry preparations, inclusive of seeking for the two precious volumes, bound in vellum, and wrapping them carefully in paper. They are almost the sole relics of a once noble library.

The morning breaks dull and gray. No snow has fallen through the night, but the clouds are laden with it; and, though there has been a temporary thaw, which must have made the condition of the roads dreadful, the wind blows with arrowy keenness. The poor gentlewoman, Miss Margaret Butler, is up betimes. She effects her small household work, carries up her sister her breakfast, then helps her to rise, to dress, to come down stairs, and to take her place on the sofa, where she has passed her days for nearly fifteen years. She is a great sufferer, but patient and gentle withal. Not a thing for her comfort is forgotten by Margaret: the remnant of the beef-tea is set upon the hob, her toast-and-water made, her books and work put on a small table beside her; whilst, on the other hand, Eleanor's anxiety with respect to Margaret is extreme. She knows the dreary road, the painful errand at its end, and guesses that Margaret's scanty clothing can but ill resist the bitter cold. On this latter point the truth is worse than she suspects.

With so many things thus to do, it is between ten and eleven o'clock before Margaret sets off. At about half a mile distant from their lonely house lies a rustic village. Here she calls at a cottage, and asks the mistress to spare her eldest girl while she is gone, as Miss Eleanor is quite alone. To this the mistress gladly assents; for not only is “her little Susy” pleased to go, but the Misses Butler have been the best of friends in many an hour of poverty and sickness, and she is anxious to oblige.

“But you be not surely going to walk all the way, ma'am?” says the woman, anxiously. “My master says the roads be dreadful, and a deal more snow a-coming. I'm sure old Broom would give thee a lift, if only for the sake o' th' years thou hast dwelt amongst us.”

“I know he would, Mary; but, as I cannot afford to pay, I cannot think of trespassing on his kindness. Now good-day. The roads may be better than I expect, and the snow keep off. Please let Susy be attentive to Miss Eleanor, and keep the fire up with wood I have put ready.” Thus saying, she closes the cottage door, and plods on her weary way.

“Now, Susan,” says the woman, “be quickly off. Take a bundle o' fagots under thy arm, for I know their wood be low enough, and the coal spent three weeks ago. Ay, it's right hard for ladies like them to know such a deal o' poverty, and this through no fault of their.”

It is nearly eight miles to the cathedral town by the somewhat lengthened road Margaret Butler takes, for the sake of avoiding passers-by who may have known her in more prosperous days. In summer-time, this is very picturesque, winding amidst hills, crossed by pretty rivulets, and bordered by fields and heathy tracts; but now, these natural beauties add to its impassableness and desolation. With snow-drifts, overflowing water, and melted snow and mud, the road for the greater part is a perfect quagmire. Yet the poor gentlewoman plods on, carefully guarding her rusty silk dress from spot or blemish, though soon giving up the attempt to walk cleanly, or to save her feet from getting wet. They are soon soaked through and through, and the wind rising still higher, its snowy keenness sweeps beneath her scant and threadbare garments, numbs her limbs, as well as chills the life-blood in her veins. Still she plods on, thinking, if she does not thus strive, their hearth this Eve will be desolate and chill, and the morrow still more drear if Rose should come.

Margaret is within two miles of the town, when, the wind veering round, a mingled cloud

of rain and snow comes down, so that, there being no shelter near at hand, and her umbrella very old and frail, she is soon wetted to the skin. Still it is no use repining; so she guards the precious volumes, saves her poor dress as well as she may, and, plodding on, wet, weary, depressed, and chill, she prays low inward prayers to God that He will lay His burden lightly on her, even for the morrow's sake—so dear to all humanity!

Thus it is three o'clock or more before she reaches the cathedral town. Though it is such a dismal day, and such a storm yet pours down, the streets have many passers to and fro, intent on Christmas needs. So, unwilling to be recognized in such a drenched and wan condition, and being too poor to seek the shelter of an inn, it occurs to her to pass into the cathedral cloisters, as these lie near the house of Canon Mosley, whom she seeks. Here she will be able to rest unobserved, to squeeze the rain from her dripping garments, and compose her mind to due fitness for the duty before it.

As she thinks, she does; she passes quietly into the cloisters, feels at once soothed and comforted by the impression of their sublime silence; sits down to rest upon some old worn steps, from which she has glimpses of the mighty western window; notices the groining and tracery of the cloistered roof, the shadows which lie thereon, the solitary robin or chirping sparrow which flits up and down; and then her gaze rests at last upon the square, still plot of burial-ground, in some places uncovered by the snow, and so warm and sheltered as to show turfy greenness, and here and there a daisy on the bosom of the dead.

When rested, she wrings the water from her soddened clothes, smoothes her rumpled dress and shattered umbrella, and then prepares to go. But, just as she is rising, the organ in the choir hard by begins to play, the choristers to sing. It is the sublime music of the evening service, enriched by that of the advent of the Christmas Eve, and, melting her to tears, gives inexpressive peace to her troubled soul.

In a while, she rises, and is about to go, when she perceives that she has been observed by a stranger in the distance, who, elderly, and dressed somewhat as a clergyman, seems advancing towards her. Ashamed of being recognized in her soddened garb, she turns through an archway in the cloister, and is gone.

In a few minutes, she knocks at Canon Mosley's door. A pert stripling of a lackey answers it.

"Yes: the Canon is at home; but he is busy—

cannot see people of your kind—call again." He has viewed her soddened garments with great contempt, and is now about to close the door.

"But will you be good enough to say that it is Miss Margaret Butler; that she has come far, and wishes to speak to him?"

No answer is returned to this; and the door is about to be closed in her face, when a voice behind says: "How dare you? it is Miss Butler, a prebend's daughter." And the lackey, shrinking away, gives place to an upper servant of venerable look.

"How do you do, ma'am?" he says, respectfully, as he ushers the lady in. "I hope Miss Eleanor is not worse than usual—and the young lady well."

"Thank you, Willis; my sister is much the same. Miss Rose, whom I expect to-morrow, is well. But can I see the Canon?"

"You can, ma'am. But please step this way an instant." As he speaks thus, the Canon's servant leads Margaret into a little room, and closes the door. "You *can* see him," he repeats, emphatically; "but he is in a dreadful humor about the Captain's coming to England; for I suppose, ma'am, you know that Mr. Charles has been made a captain for his bravery."

"Indeed I didn't," answers Miss Butler. "My sister and I knew he was wounded at the storming of Sebastopol, and we have been very anxious about him; as for years he was so much up and down with us, that we love him almost as a child of our own. But this is really good news. When does he arrive?"

"Oh, he is already come, and has been for several weeks at Southampton! And old Squire Wooton has been there, and made the quarrel up, and says the Captain shall do just as he likes, if only for the sake of the brave fine fellow he is. So I guess, Miss Butler, this will make things all the better for some he loves."

Margaret makes no answer, though the blood which rushes into her pallid and aged cheeks tells how the truth strikes home.

Appearing not to heed her agitation, Willis again asks if she will see the Canon. To this she tremblingly replies in the affirmative; and she is forthwith conducted to his study. He is an obese man, with a sensual, self-indulgent countenance, and looks as if the butcher's apron or the blacksmith's anvil were more befitting to him than lettered ease or literary duty. Nevertheless, he is surrounded by a noble collection of books, and sits writing at a table worthy of a secretary of state, or the most

learned of pundits. For a minute or so he affects not to see her; then he looks up superciliously, going on writing all the time.

"Well, Miss Butler, well." He does not even ask her to sit down.

"I have called, Canon Mosley, to ask if you will purchase my father's rare copy of Sophocles.

and my sister Eleanor are very poor this Christmas time, and it would be a charity to buy it. You shall have it, sir, for the two pounds you offered when you bought the copy of Euripides."

"He-m, he-m! I'm sorry for your poverty, but it falls to the lot of many in this vale of tears—he-m! But really, at this time, I cannot afford its purchase. These are expensive as well as troublous days; and heavy burdens fall on the ministers of the church. He-m!—moreover, the price is too high. I will give ten shillings—I cannot say more."

"A London bookseller has said its worth is as many guineas. To me and Eleanor it far exceeds that sum; for on the second volume our father's head lay, when he was found dead in his house, within these very precincts."

"Ah, it is a long time ago! I think I remember something of the circumstance."

"You may, readily, Canon Mosley—our father, Prebend Butler, was a friend of yours." She is roused to say as much as this—meek lady as she is—for the man's ingratitude is flagrant, as her father reared him, educated him—led to his being what he is.

"There, please cease: I never indulge in reminiscences. Now go—my time is valuable: it is dedicated to His service, and must not be trespassed on. If your poverty be extreme, Willis or the footman can give you a shilling." Saying this, he waves his hand authoritatively towards the door.

Margaret does not trust herself to speak—only, as she lifts the books, she clasps her wasted hands: "O Lord, in Thy good time lift up the desolate, even for TO-MORROW'S sake." So praying, she goes without a further word.

Willis meets her, sees her tears, leads her into his little room, offers her wine, bids her take a seat.

"No, the wine would choke me—nor can I stay a moment in his house." Then she tells the old butler what his master said.

"It is like him. Though I say it, he is the most selfish and unfeeling of men. But keep up your heart, dear lady: a Providence watches over all."

"He had need," says the poor lady, "for there

is little to trust to in men's charity or gratitude."

She then takes her way to a small bookseller's-shop in a street near the market-place. The owner, like herself, has seen better days; but he receives her with as much respect as he did years before, when she and her sister drove up to his door in their carriage; and their father, Prebend Butler, was amongst his best customers.

She states her business: it is to ask him to sell the books.

"I fear my chance is but small, ma'am; I have so few wealthy people for my customers now-a-days. Have you tried Canon Mosley? He loves a book of the kind, especially when he can get it cheap."

She shakes her head, then tells him what has just occurred. Even he, an old man, sets his teeth, and lifts his withered hand.

"I remember the day when Canon Mosley was a charity lad in Browne's School. He owes all to your father's noble nature—yet such is your reward. But I suppose he doesn't forget or forgive his wife—Squire Wooton's sister that was—so tying up her money before she died, that at his death it must come to her nephew Charles, or, as I should now say, the Captain. He knows, too, the Captain has a great liking for you and Miss Eleanor. Well, ma'am, never mind. Leave the books, and I may be able to part with them. A clergyman has lately come to Wooton Rectory, who is one of the kindest of Christians and gentlemen. He is to call here some time this afternoon, and I will do the best I can."

"Thank you. You can say whose books they were. And, in case that the poor ladies can re-purchase them at some future time, ask if he will permit them to do so."

"I will. I hear that he is one whose heart is full of loving-kindness."

Thanking the old man for his courtesy, she goes her way, leaving the books in his care.

She has thus to retrace her steps penniless as she came. She is too depressed to seek further, to ask other aid. All she seems to care for is to be once more by Eleanor's side, and there, kneeling, die. Depression, misery, exhaustion can go no further. She prays God to hold the bitter cup no longer to her lips.

Avoiding the glittering shops and now lighted streets, she retraces her steps again past the cathedral. The service is over, but the choristers are practising, the organ playing. Something irresistible leads her in; and, as she can pass out by a door at the further end, she goes down one of the side aisles towards the magni-

fcient choir. There she stays, leaning by a pillar; for her senses are drowsy, and her exhaustion extreme. The choristers are practising one of Boyce's exquisite anthems—one of those to which the words are often varied.

"Blessed are they that give rest to the tired wayfarer;
Blessed are they that hold the cup to thirsty lips."

The words are appropriate, and bear response. For Margaret's hand is touched, and, lifting up her head, she sees an old verger beside her, carrying a lantern.

"Are you tired, madam?—are you ill? I think you are the lady who was in the cloisters early in the afternoon; if so, a clergyman has been making great inquiries after you. If you please, madam, as you seem ill, step with me into the vergers' room. There is a fire there."

She nods rather than speaks assent—such is her exhaustion—and follows the old man through divers narrow and arched passages into a low vaulted chamber, hung round with vergers' cloaks, staves, and other things, and in the grate of which burns a cheerful fire. Here he bids her seat herself on an old oak seat; and, whilst she warms her hands and feet, he goes to a curious three-cornered cupboard, and brings forth a coffee-pot, and warms what is therein, pours it out into a cup, adds sugar, and places it in her hand. She takes it gratefully, stern and self-enduring as she usually is in her pride.

"Excuse my offering this to you, Miss Butler," says the old man; "but you are ill, and it is the best I have to give. I knew you, ma'am. I am glad to see you in the old cathedral. I hope you will come again when the days are brighter."

"I will, thank you. I must always love the old place. But you practise the precepts you listen to: you have 'given the cup to the wayfarer.'"

"Well, ma'am, I think one deed worth many words, in the church especially. To-morrow is Christmas Day, and the poorest amongst us may testify to our remembrance of it on this eve, if so we will."

"We may!" And Margaret, again warming her hands, prepares to go. She feels refreshed and strengthened for the way before her. Again she thanks the old man.

"You owe me none, Miss Butler. Your father gave of his bread to many. I, amongst the number on whom his charity fell, do not forget the gift."

So he leads the way to the door of exit. The choir is singing some final music—loud—resonant—bespeaking joy and hope:—

"Be of good cheer! be of good cheer! Trust

in me and in my laws, and all shall come well in its time. Lo, when the night is darkest, is not the dawn nigh?"

Full of renewed strength, she passes on, as swiftly as she can, to the outskirts of the town. The wind is very cold, nay, keener than ever; the moon has risen; it has been freezing, so that the ground is getting hard, yet the snow comes down heavily—very heavily. Still she braves it, and gets on. At a little public-house, placed just where fields and hedge-rows begin, she inquires about the carrier, and finds that he has already gone onward, and that it is not probable that she will overtake his cart, as he has to diverge from his road to leave Christmas parcels. So she goes on as well as she can, regretting, however, she can have no help by the way, as, seeing its difficulties, she has, at last, resolved to humble her pride and ask old Broom for a seat.

For a mile or two, she progresses well enough, though the snow comes down heavily, and not only eddies around her, but hides the light of the moon. Still she gets on, though slower by degrees; she is so very tired; the snow so clings about her clothes, and stays her soddened feet. Her exhaustion is renewed, her heart dies down again, her faith grows dim. Five miles of the eight are gone, when she thinks she will rest—she is so very weary, and the stupor is returning. So, feebly brushing off the snow from a felled tree lying by the wayside, she sits down. She grows colder, more lethargic, more numb; minute by minute goes by, yet still she sits. She is just sinking into unconsciousness, when a gig drives up and stays.

"Halloa, Missis! Why be you sitting there?"

No answer—at least none that the stranger, a rough, farmer-like man, can hear—so he jumps down, shakes Margaret rather roughly, and repeats his question. She answers, very feebly, that she is resting.

"What! amidst such a snow-storm, and with such a wind? Why, if you be here another half hour, you'll rest forever, I reckon. Come, where be you going to?"

Margaret feebly names the village and her home beyond it.

"Well, I turn down a lane hard by, so I'll drive you as far. Come, rise, and let me lift you into the gig."

This she cannot do without much assistance; but the stranger is very kind, lifts her in, gives her a little brandy from a flask, and then, taking his seat by her side, drives on. The brandy and the motion of the gig together revive her presently, her numbness and lethargy subside;

and, by the time the stranger stops to set her down, she is comparatively active. She thanks him, and turns her face towards home, which she can just dimly see, now the snow-storm has ceased.

But now her heart dies down again; there is no light of any kind in any windows—no candlelight in Eleanor's bedroom—no cheerful blaze in the parlor. What can be the matter? Nelly, if something were not wrong, would surely have a fire. There was wood enough for that in the wood-house. What can have happened? Then their poverty and desolation come back upon her soul. She that set forth to seek succor has brought none: penniless—as she went, she returns!

As quickly as she can—though every step seems lengthened into ten—she makes her way along the snowy road, turns through the gate, crosses the lawn, nears the house. She thinks she sees a dim flickering through the parlor window; but the silence within and around the house is profound as that of death.

Opening the porch door, all within is still and cold; from thence into the parlor is but a step, and there is Eleanor alone—the last spark of the fire dying out—not a comfort or an appearance of nourishment! Desolation cannot be more profound. In a moment, Margaret has flung herself upon her knees, and her sister is in her arms, returning her embrace, though feebly.

"Dear, dear Nell!" says Margaret, forgetting, in the mortal agony of the moment, her habitual self-restraint, "I have come back to you as I went—penniless—destitute! This is *our* Christmas Eve. Oh, let us pray to pass away and see no morrow! For *us*, whose uncomplainingness has been in itself a prayer, no hope is left."

"Yes, yes, dear!" weeps Eleanor, though with the feebleness of a child. "We have our darling Rose left to us, and *I* have you. Oh, that you have come back safely is worth all the gold the world contains! Oh, seeing the pitiless storm, my terror about your safety has been unspeakable! Now you are come, I care for nothing—I *have you*. Oh, let us have hope—et us be comforted!"

But Margaret will not; and the sisters, in their desolation, weep in each other's arms.

A knock!—the sisters, in their deep grief, do not hear it. A knock!—Margaret hears it, but her feeble "Come in" is not heard. A knock! Then, as Margaret feebly rises, a back-door, leading into the kitchen from the rear of the house, is opened, and a voice says: "A London letter for you, Miss Butler. The post is not

long in, for the rails have been blocked up with the snow."

Margaret goes and takes the letter. She wonders who it can be from, as she has no correspondent in London, and as it is dark she cannot see the superscription.

"I was just to say, too," adds the postwoman, "that old John Broom has got a tidyish-sized hamper for thee; and that, if thee'll be good enough to sit up for a bit, he'll send the lad with it, as them as paid him for bringing it was partic'lar in saying it was to be sent to thee at once."

Closing the door, Margaret comes back into the parlor, kneels down before the fire, stirs up the dying embers of wood till they emit a fitful blaze, and then tears open the letter, from whence drops into her hand a bank-note for five pounds. The writing consists of but few words, ill-spelt and ill-indited; but they suffice to inform her that the money is from the woman named Ann, who, living in their house, robbed her and Eleanor many years before. That this sum is in part repayment, and that, if the writer live, the whole shall be sent back again. The letter is simply signed: "Your repentant servant, Ann," and bears no address but that of "London."

Her consciousness as to a want of faith checks anything like exultation in the heart of Margaret. The organ, resonant and sublime, plays again in fancy to her ear, and utters its loud reproach; so, stealing gently to the side of Eleanor, she kneels, and whispers: "Dear sister, my want of faith is rebuked. Here is your dream come true. Here is five pounds. Our hearth to-morrow will not be desolate."

Again the sisters weep—this time gentler tears.

When they have talked the subject over, Margaret rises, seeks for an ancient fragment of wax-candle, with which for years she has waxed her thread, lights it, goes to the wood-house, finds wood there, brings it in, has soon a cheerful fire, and then learns that little Susan went home at four o'clock, ostensibly to go some errand for her mother, and when done, to return. This she did not.

"Thus I was alone, dear Margaret," says Eleanor, "and, as you know, was unable to fetch wood, or prepare for you in any way. My neglect of you must therefore be forgiven."

It is—this without asking.

Just as the kettle boils, and Margaret has taken off her soddened things, the hamper arrives. It is a very large one, and Miss Butler knows by the direction that it is from Rose.

Yes! Here is their beloved thinking of them. Here a new rebuke to her want of faith.

"If you please, ma'am," says the lad who brings it, "the carriage is paid; and Mrs. Bradley said I was just to tell you that her Susan went sliding near the barn and sprained her arm, and so couldn't come again; but that she herself will be up right early in the morning, and stay with you as long as you need."

"Tell her to do so, please; and let one of her boys come with her to bear a message back to his father. Tell her not to forget me, as Miss Rose is coming."

The boy gone, the doors locked, the key of one hidden where Mrs. Bradley will find it, in order to let herself in in the morning, Margaret, tired as she is, proceeds to unfasten the hamper—the kettle, though boiling, being in the meanwhile forgotten. Eleanor holds the candle, and Margaret, bringing the hamper to the side of the spider-legged couch, kneels down before it. Raising the lid, the first thing she sees, as she expected, is a note. She opens it. It runs thus:—

"DEAREST AUNTIES: I send you a Christmas hamper, holding as many useful things as I could think of. What I forget please pardon, as I have much to occupy me just now. I shall be with you to-morrow by three o'clock. Please dine at four; and, as I shall bring company with me, let all the eatables I send be on the table. Most of these are cooked in order to save you the trouble. Besides this, dear aunties, you must be in a very charitable and loving mood, for your little Rose has been doing what perhaps you will think is very foolish; but you must and will forgive her.

With love, your sinning ROSE."

"Bless me!" says poor Eleanor, her pale face growing still more intensely pale, "what can the child have been doing?"

At once the whole truth rushes into Margaret's mind; so, bending forward, she says, very softly: "The child, I think, has been getting married."

"Married!" exclaims Eleanor. "To whom? Charles Wooton is not yet returned, and she loves him, I know; besides, she is so very young—not yet eighteen."

Miss Margaret then proceeds to tell her sister what she heard at the canonry to-day; and, putting this and other circumstances together, their conjecture amounts to certainty.

"Because," says Margaret, "the dear child has no money of her own. Ten pounds a year, as pupil-teacher in a country school, wouldn't

permit of presents such as this; besides, the dear child had no money when we sent her a trifle a while ago. No; the Squire, in his way a fine-hearted old man, though a little crochety and obstinate, has either taken Rose to Southampton, and so had her married there, or else Charles has come down to Wooton Hall, and she was fetched there from school."

In this way the sisters remain a long time conjecturing and full of surprise, in some degree vexed that Rose did not consult them, but otherwise very proud and pleased.

The search into the hamper is presently renewed. It contains an acceptable stock of grocery, inclusive of tea, sugar, and other things; then come a great plum-pudding, only partially to boil to be quite perfect; a goose to stuff and roast; a grand piece of sirloin already cooked; a pigeon-pie; a boiled ham, tartlets, mince-pies, fruit for dessert, four bottles of wine, and something a little stronger for punch.

"I'm sure," says Eleanor, "if I had nothing else to tell me, I should know that these fine filberts and golden pippins came out of the old orchard at Wooton."

"And I recognize the old cook's hand in this delicious pastry and plum-cake," adds Margaret.

When the nice things are stored carefully away, Margaret makes herself and Eleanor some tea, and, after partaking of this and other refreshment, they retire to rest.

It is late when Margaret awakes next morning, and then she finds the good woman from the village standing, with a very cheerful countenance, by her bedside.

"A happy Christmas morning to you, ma'am. If you please, Miss Eleanor says I am to make the tea, and bring you your breakfast, for you are not to get up yet. But I have been here a good while, ma'am, and so has my husband, sweeping the broad walk across the lawn. I have made the parlors neat, and lighted a fire in the best one, and taken off the sofa and chair covers, for I felt sure you would like it in holiday fashion, as you'd be sitting in it to-day." She says this so meaningly, so kindly, so smilingly, that Margaret feels sure she knows something.

"Mary," asks Margaret eagerly, "do you know anything of Miss Rose?"

"Well, ma'am, I believed it wur to be kept a secret from you, but as I've been thinking you've guessed it, why you may just as well know what news old Johnny Broom brought wi' him from the town last night. Why, that Miss Rose was married yesterday morning at Wooton

Church, and this by the new parson, that not be come there long—Mr. Hopton ——”

“Hopton?” repeats Margaret, with intense surprise, as the blood mantles to her face.

“Ay, ma’am! I reckon you ’d know the name. My maister’s old mother, that just luckily be come to us for a day or two, and so can cook th’ bit o’ dinner for the children, and leave me to be here, says it be the same Mr. Hopton as used to come up and down to the prebendary-house when thee and Miss Eleanor wur young ladies, and she wur cook there. Well, for some reason or another, folks never exactly know’d, he went, as chaplain, to a foreign country, and was away many years. But ye see, old Squire Wooton, whose friend he ’d been, had his eye on him, and when the parson o’ Wooton died off—which ye see he didn’t do till he was past ninety—why the squire sent for Mr. Hopton, who wur right glad to come to his own country, and to such a nice rectory-house and lot o’ money as there be at Wooton. Well, Mr. Hopton had only just begun to settle down, when there comes the grand news about the storming o’ that great place in the Crima and the young squire’s mighty bravery—for which he has been made a captain. So, hearing this, and of the young squire’s wounds, why the old man’s heart wur melted to the biggest pity, and a deal o’ regret wur his, that he ’d been so testy and off-hand like. ‘Why,’ says he, ‘am I to be such an old grampus and fool, as stand off from a brave lad like this, as has done such honor to the old name, and all because he loves a pretty girl, a deal younger than himself, and without money, but who, otherwise, has a power o’ riches in a good heart, a good name, and much beauty?’ So off he set at once, with Mrs. Ramble, the housekeeper, to Southampton, and there, for some weeks, they nursed the poor captain, for he wur very bad. But as soon as his dreadful operation wur over, and he could be moved—”

“What operation?” asks Margaret, breathlessly, as well as Eleanor, who listens from her bed in the adjacent room.

“Why, his right arm was shattered by a cannon-ball. At first the doctors thought they could save it, but they couldn’t, so off it had to come, right high by the shoulder. Nor is that all, for he ’d a sword-cut in the leg. Well, about a fortnight ago, down they brought him to Wooton. A few days ago, when he wur a deal better and could talk a bit cheerfully, he says merrily—when his uncle, and the housekeeper, and the doctor, were all helping to dress his wounds—‘A pretty fellow I shall be, I fear, needing a nurse all my life.’ ‘You shall have

one, my dear boy,’ says the old squire, right gravely; ‘I’ll see about one to-morrow.’

“No one thought he was serious; but he wur; for the day before yesterday he went off in his carriage to the village where Miss Rose wur, asked to speak to old Miss Grimpen, the governess, and then telled her he wur come for her teacher.’

“‘She can’t go,’ says the old missis, right crossly, ‘not till to-morrow or Christmas Day; I thought Miss Butler knew as much: for the girl has the china-closet to dust, my best cap to trim, and other equally important work to do.’

“‘I’ve some a little more important for her, ma’am,’ says the squire, drily—‘to nurse a sick and wounded soldier.’

“‘Nonsense,’ says old Miss Grimpen—for she pretended to be very shocked—‘a highly improper thing for a child to do.’

“‘Not for a wife,’ adds the old squire.

“‘Wife!’ screams Miss Grimpen. ‘A child like Rose a wife! Pray who are you, sir, and by what authority do you come?’

“‘By my own, ma’am. My name is Wooton, and I live at Wooton Hall. Rose Butler has got to marry my nephew in the morning—a brave soldier whom his queen has honored; and Rose from that hour is mistress at Wooton Hall.’

“‘Bless me!’ And Miss Grimpen proceeds to ask a lot of questions.

“‘There, ma’am, I’ve no time to make answers to your catechism. Put the dear child’s things in a box, and let her come.’

“So Miss Grimpen takes it on her to be as smiling as just before she was cross, and helps Rose wi’ her things; so that the dear young lady was soon on her way, the old squire being all the while as tender to her as her father.

“When they got to the fine old hall—which they did towards evening—the old squire left the dear young lady wi’ Mrs. Ramble, and went into the parlor where the wounded gentleman was lying on a couch.

“‘My dear boy,’ he says, ‘I’ve brought you a nurse.’

“‘Have you?’ replied the other, indifferently.

“‘As you seem careless about her, my boy, I’ll bring her in, and let her speak for herself.’ So he returns, and takes in Miss Rose, looking, as the old butler told Broom, most lovely. The wounded gentleman did not see her till she was close beside his couch, and, stooping, whispered ‘Charles.’ Then in a minute he started, and looked and saw her, and understood all, and gathered her to him as well as his feebleness would let him.

“‘My love,’ he said, when he had called her

a hundred other loving names, 'I have but one arm, now. The one gone my country had; the other is yours, to gather you in, to shield you by—if so you will.'

"Of course, Miss Margaret, the dear child did not say no; but, kneeling and kissing him again, wept like a babe.

"'She shall be yours, and in the morning, my dear boy,' says Squire Wooton, 'I have arranged everything. You shall be carried to church, and Hopton shall marry you. In the meanwhile talk it over.'

"For a whole hour the squire leaves them; and when he goes in again, there be the dear child kneeling by the couch, just as he had left her.

"'Come, my dear,' he says to her, 'I must now consign you to Mrs. Ramble. In the morning, when we have made you a little wife, you shall begin your duty of nursing as fast as you please; but not till then.'

"So just as Squire Wooton said, he did. Mrs. Ramble took care of the young lady, and got her a dress ready; and in the morning—that is, yesterday morning—Captain Wooton and she were married. As soon as the matter was over, the squire left them, and went off to the town with Mr. Hopton, taking with him the great hamper which you got last night, and which Mrs. Ramble and Rose had packed. Old Cask, the butler, was the one that gave it Broom, and paid the carriage, and told him just all I'm telling you; and which old Broom told me and my master last night."

Margaret says but little; she is too moved with what she hears.

When they have breakfasted, the sisters rise, and put on the best their scanty wardrobes allow; but this made to look better than it is by snowy laces and other nameless attributes of gentlewomen. Then Eleanor goes down into the best parlor, where her spider-legged sofa is wheeled; and Margaret, though feeling ill and weary, finds up linen and other things for the dinner-table, and helps Mary to prepare the best chamber for Rose and her soldier-husband. But Mary, the kindest of humble friends, will not let her do much; but makes her go down into the parlor, and rest there by the brightest of hearths, when she has dressed up bowls, vases, and china-plates, with holly, chrysanthemums, laurestinus, and other flowers just gathered from the garden.

"Now, dear missis," says the kind creature, "don't worry a bit about the dinner, or the coming company; but leave all to me. You know I know your ways, and how things are to be served. And there ain't much to do. No-

thing but the goose and vegetables to cook, and the pudding to warm."

So by the blazing fire—burning so brightly because of the frosty air—with the pleasant wintry sun beaming through the three lattice windows, with pyracanthus, and holly, and laurestinus, feathered with snow, dipping outside the panes; with blooming flowers within—with hearts at ease, the sisters, who were yesterday so mournful, take their cheerful rest.

It is noon. Margaret, who is worn and ill, has sunk into a little doze in her chair, when a gig drives up, an elderly gentleman alights, and, bearing a parcel, is ushered by Mary into the pleasant parlor. He is coming in, as Margaret, aroused by Eleanor, rises; so she and the stranger meet face to face.

"Mr. Hopton!" she says, faltering, and almost sinking.

"Margaret!" he replies; and, setting down his parcel, takes both her hands in his. For a minute she does not speak; only bends her head with reverence towards them.

Seeing her agitation, he moves away an instant, greets Eleanor, then refers to the parcel he has just laid down.

"I have brought back the 'Sophocles,' Margaret, and will with your pleasure make them mine; though in a manner different from your intention."

She makes no reply, only weeps bitterly. He leads her to a chair with tender homage, and draws one to her side.

"It is five-and-thirty years since we met. What was it then that divided us I never knew."

"I do," she weeps; "the sin was mine. It was that which causes so many broken hopes and broken hearts—human pride."

"Well, we'll repair the error as well as we best may, though the wine of life with both of us is running to the lees; you fifty-two—I fifty-seven. Still I love as truly as I did in the days of your youth, and have come now to offer you again what you once negatived. You must come home to me for ever, be mistress of Wooton Rectory and its income, and we'll nurse Nelly tenderly between us. This will be better than dependence on any one—even on relations so sweet as Rose, or her noble husband. In this way I will strive to make amends for the years of undeserved poverty I have been told of."

Margaret makes no reply; only, lifting up her face, gives by her grateful look her answer to the other's soul.

"I was thinking of you yesterday, Margaret, when I met you in the cloisters. I knew you, though time has so changed you. Well, we

will endeavor to make some redemption of the happiness we have lost ; for I have no belief in any old age of the spirit. That is of the Infinite, and can know no decay. The body is finite, and so falls into wrinkles and obtuseness."

So Margaret consents ; they arrange their plans, and then recur to Rose and her soldier-husband.

They are still talking, the day is waning, the goose and other things in an exquisite state of progress when the squire's carriage arrives. The sisters have been listening for its coming with beating hearts, and now Margaret would rush out, and clasp her beloved child in her arms, but Mr. Hopton restrains her.

"No, let the girl lead in her soldier-husband. She wishes so to do, and, weak as he is, any sudden agitation would be detrimental."

So Rose comes in, her husband leaning on her, his arm about her neck. She is a lovely little creature, scarcely yet in the radiance of her extreme beauty—all dimples, roundness, and flowing hair. She comes forward, her husband still leaning on her, and kneels between those who have been the tenderest of mothers to her.

"Forgive me, dearest aunts. Love Charles as you have always loved him. He wanted a nurse, and who could be so tender to him as a little wife?"

They may well forgive her, for they do not think she has sinned ; but press around her, knowing not what to say or do in their extreme joy and deep affection. They raise her up, they weep about her, they load her with caresses, and are as tender to her husband as though he were their son.

"Rose and I are come to stay a month with you, Margaret and Eleanor," he says : "and you must help her to nurse me, as well as forgive my stealing away your prize. But my uncle, an old bachelor, was quite right ; he knew none could be to me like Rose. Such reward is worth many limbs, and many wounds."

So they wheel a couch beside the fire, and lay him on it, pale and stricken as he is ; Rose kneels beside him, the arm which is left encompassing her.

Then the old squire, who has lingered behind, comes in, and is very friendly and kind, and apologizes for the past, and says what he has now done and means to do must in some way be his atonement. To this he adds that, in a month's time, he shall expect the young people home, where Rose will be mistress, and abundance be hers.

Then they draw about the fire—Mr. Hopton with them—and talk earnestly, till the day has waned, and the dinner brought in.

This is excellent, goose and pudding included ; after it comes dessert, with fine old wine, which the squire has brought in his carriage. Whilst drinking this it is settled that Wooton rectory shall be prepared, and Margaret and Eleanor go home there in some six weeks' time.

After coffee, and whilst it is yet early, the squire and Mr. Hopton go ; the former full of all imaginable kindness and generosity to Rose.

Then comes the true Christmas—the hour of peace and love—of sympathy and affection ; when the two sisters speak as to a son to the wounded soldier. They tell him of past trials—of the trial of yesterday—and of the coming of the CHRISTMAS LETTER.

Whilst it is yet early, the patient and his nurse go to their chamber ; the sisters to theirs.

It is a heavenly night, frosty and rich with silvery moonlight. When all is still—when she is the last stirring in the peaceful house—Margaret goes softly into her sister's chamber, and kneels down beside her bed.

"Throughout the blessings of this day, Nelly, one thing has still been present, and reproached me—my want of faith—my prostration before trials which were merely human."

"Sister ! for the future we will both have larger faith and hope."

We all need these. In them the recurring festivals of human life should deepen our belief. For, after all, human trials are but the phantasmagoria of an hour—one round of actions on a narrow stage, whilst beneath runs on the eternal current of spiritual life, as full of hope as it is of beneficence and good !

ORNAMENTAL LEATHER WORK.

In the operations connected with this art, it is necessary that the material should be of a suitable character, otherwise it will be impossible to produce firm and durable work. At the

present time it is difficult to procure a supply of well-strained, clear, and close Basil ; so that those who are practising the art of modelling in leather must not object to pay a good price for a

good article. For most descriptions of work, a moderate-sized Basil, weighing about one and a half pounds, close in the grain, free from grease, well strained, and hard, is generally used: the thickest part of the skin, in the centre, can be appropriated to flowers requiring the greatest substance, whilst the sides are cut into the more delicate work. There is a *faced* Basil very attractive to the eye, but unserviceable for many operations where firmness is required: it answers well for rolling into stems when the work is intended to be colored. Lamb-skins and inferior deer-skins may also be used in some parts of this work. But, in all cases, avoid a soft, woolly, flabby kind of leather.

The principal pattern in the decoration of the Console Table is that of the vine-stem, which certainly forms one of the most tasteful and elegant ornaments yet produced in leather. The superiority of the work, when the foliage and stems are cut out in one piece, is fully admitted, and consequently all the sprays, viz., *Convolvulus*, *Ivy*, *Oak*, *Holly*, *Briane*, &c., should be treated in this way; for, on the application of the work, the appearance is more free and natural than when composed of detached pieces.

Some persons have actually boiled the leather, while others let it soak for hours; and when they consider it fit for use, it very much resembles thin tripe. In some cases, baking has been resorted to, and applications have been addressed to me respecting the propriety of each plan. All these modes only tend to one result, that of rendering the material unfit for use. The less the leather is damped the better, providing it yields readily to the requisite amount of manipulation in order to bring it into form.

Having damped the leather, as advised, take the veining tool, and mark the surface of the stem in irregular indentations lengthwise; neatly roll the stem of the leaf and also the tendrils, and turn the latter over the bradawl, to give them the required form; vein the leaves after nature and mould them accordingly. Now roll up a piece of leather the length of the stem, and glue the edge; upon this place the stems after gluing, and, with the pestle of the convolvulus mould, indent it so as to form the knots opposite the leaves, working it with the fingers until a representation of the finished form is produced. When the whole is dry, it will bend into any form desired; and the leaves may be placed in positions best calculated to produce a natural effect.

To form bunches of grapes, procure some well-turned models the size of nature, cover them very carefully with the thinnest skiver leather

that can be procured; strain the leather tightly over them, and tie the gatherings up with strong thread when the leather is dry; cut off the superfluous part close to the wood, and glue on a neat patch of leather of the required size, to finish the operation. The stem of the grape is made by covering a piece of wire with thin leather, previously winding a little thread about half an inch from one end, so as to form the little knob close up to the grape; bore a hole with a fine bradawl, and insert the wire in the grape with a little glue. In making the bunches of grapes, be careful to let the fair side of the grape be seen.

THE SEPARATION OF THE APOSTLES.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

(See Plate.)

“Go ye unto all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”—ST. MARK XVI. 15.

CITY of David! glorious is thy name,
For out of thee Messiah doth appear;
From thee come forth His heralds, to proclaim
That Zion's hope hath conquered Sinai's fear.

Where wind and storm the Maker's word obey,
And stern He casts His icy morsels forth,
E'en there the radiance of the gospel day
Warms the drear coldness of the frozen North.

Where the parched South in burning ardor beams,
And panting souls for strength and comfort seek,
There, from the living fount, refreshing streams
Restore the drooping, and revive the weak.

Back to the East, where death had followed birth,
Are borne the tidings that a Son is given;
Death by the first man, earthy, of the earth,
Life by the Second came, the Lord from Heaven.

Not as the natural sun, precluding night,
Upon the West the gospel sunbeams lay;
The Sun of Righteousness, with healing light
Gives promise of a never-ending day.

World-wide and free the heavenly seed is sown:
So from the North and South and East and West,
The angel reapers, issuing from the throne,
Shall fill the happy garner of the Blest.

THE ICEBERGS.

BY BEATRICE.

FIERCE from his ebon throne
The frost-king rose in wrath,
Shaking the depths of his icy zone,
As he rushed on his wayward path.

The wild winds flew to his aid,
At sound of his bugle's blast,
And they launched the barge that their liege had made,
And the armament swept past.

On, o'er the silent deep,
The thousand fleets were free,
Unlocked from a century's frigid sleep,
By the inner open sea.

The boreal lights shone red
On each lofty glittering spar,
And the full white sails to the sea outspread
Shook their giant folds afar.

Solemn, and grand, and pale,
Like a band of spectres grim,
Their stern brows wreathed in an icy veil,
They moved through the twilight dim.

And the white gull raised her wing,
And fled from the fearful sight
Of the armament of the fierce frost-king,
As it sailed in awful might

On, till the ardent sun
Met the serried phalanx bold;
When he hung to the tall masts every one
Banners of molten gold.

Gems might not dare to shine,
Nor pearls from the dark sea caves,
By that troop that flashed on the troubled brine,
As they met on the ocean waves.

Minarets pierced the blue,
Changing to every shade
That the rainbow over the fountain's dew,
Or the storm-cloud e'er displayed.

Columns of marble gray,
Adamant architrave,
Palaces decked for a festal day,
Seemed afloat on the surging wave.

Even the palm-tree's head,
Carved by the genii hand,
Grew on the brink of the water's bed,
And towered from the crystal strand.

On, to the work of death,
Went the frost-king's armament,
Decked with the gems that his icy breath
To their sculptured forms had lent.

Bark of no mortal power
Might venture to try its wrath;
And the seaman trembled, lest any hour
He should wake in its fearful path.

Sons of the ocean saw
Their wonted prowess vain;
And gazed at the giant fleets with awe,
As they sailed o'er the trembling main.

Silent as death, afar
They shine in their beauty fair;
'Tis the frost-king's armament of war.
Ah, mariner, beware!

TO A ROSE FOUND BLOOMING IN THE GARDEN AT CHRISTMAS.

BY AMY ARDEN.

DEAR relic of the brighter hours, why lingerest thou
alone,
Where late, with gay companions, thy fragrant beauty
shone?

The daisy and the daffodil lie slumb'ring by thy side,
Their fleeting splendor withered—for long ago they died.

The bees that in the summer time would sip thy honeyed
breath
Are hid within their wintry beds, or sleep the sleep of
death;

And the robin, and the humming-bird, have sought
their southern home,
So, in the garden's desert waste, thou reignest all alone.

I'll place thee 'mongst the Christmas wreaths, that
deck the festal shrine;

Thy paler beauty shall unite with evergreen and pine.
Was it for this thou'st lingered, through winter wind
and storm,

To welcome in the blessed day on which the Lord was
born?

The violet and the hyacinth await the spring's first
breath

To call them from their snowy graves, and break the
chains of death.

Fit emblem of that wond'rous sleep we know must
come to all,

A prelude to a longer life—a waiting for the call.

Thou'rt welcome, then! thou bringest us sweet mem'ries
of the past;

For mem'ry's garden still is green, nor feels this chill-
ing blast.

I mind me of the lovely one a year ago we laid
To slumber on a little while, within the church's shade.

Dear Fanny, how we loved her, and we thought she'd
pass away

When the autumn leaves were falling, before the
shortest day;

Yet lovingly she lingered till the wintry time had come:
Then—angels gently bore her hence up to her heavenly
home.

And the winter spread its snowy shroud, above her
narrow bed,

And the cold wind whistled rudely, as the solemn
words we said;

But we knew our darling felt it not, tho' she lay beneath
the sod,

For her ransomed soul was resting in the bosom of her
God.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

BY R. N.

"That is God's shadow, mother; is it not?
Though God himself you say we cannot see."
So asked a boy beside his parent's knee,
While, through the window of their humble cot,
Its blinding glare the sudden lightning shot.

"Not so, my child; dark things alone," said she,
"When shone upon, a shadow cast, and He
Is brightest of all brightness: hast forgot
How thou wast taught that e'en archangels, when
They come before the Everlasting One,
His awful glories dare not look upon?"

The boy seemed thoughtful, but soon spoke again,
And said: "Mamma, it is the shadow, then,
Of an archangel by God's burning throne!"

TO MY ADOPTED BOY.

BY WEST.

I miss thee, boy, when bright-eyed morning throws
Her radiant crimson hues athwart the skies;
When man, and nature, waking from repose.
Answer her tuneful voices, and arise.

The snowy cloth, the tempting meal prepared,
The dear ones, with their voices tuned to joy,
Make music to the mother's ear—a chord
Is wanting; 'tis thy much loved tone, my boy.

Dusk even comes—my list'ning heart still yearning
To Fancy's ear, thy welcome footstep brings;
'Twas music, but 'tis gone, and I yet mourning
For that bright presence to which memory clings.

No mute caress bespeaks the dear good-night,
Thou art not here to say, "Why weepst thou?
Clouds pass away; life will once more look bright."
Brave heart which fears naught. Ah! I miss thee, boy.

"IT SNOWS."

BY MRS. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

(See Music.)

"It snows," cries the schoolboy, "Hurrah!" and his
shout

Is-ripping thro' parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call.
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;
Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,
Like the rapture that burns in the blood of the boy
As he gathers his treasure of snow.
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows," cries the imbecile, "Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer and nearer his soft cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame.
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame.
O small is the pleasure existence can give
When the fear that we die only proves that we live!

"It snows," cries the traveller, "Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard—
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright, through the tempest, his own home appeared,
Though leagues intervene he can see
The warm glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with their babe at her knee.
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

"It snows," cries the belle, "dear, how lucky!" and
turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:

What visions of conquests, of splendor and mirth,
Float over each drear winter's day!
But the tintings of hope, on the storm-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snow-flakes away.

Turn, turn thee to heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

"It snows," cries the widow, "O God!" and her sigh
Has stifled the voice of her prayer!

Its burden you 'll read in her tear-swollen eye
Or her cheek, pale with fasting and care.

'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But "He gives the young ravens their food"—

And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to
dread,

As she lays on her last chip of wood.

Poor sufferer! thy sorrow thy God only knows;
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows.

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES AND ENIGMAS
IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

44. A cat-a-log. 45. A wig. 46. The letter I.
47. Watch-keys. 48. A hammer.

CHARADES.

49.

My *first* for a number of ages has been
The far rover's most powerful motive, I ween;
But though constantly felt, it hath ne'er been beheld,
Now my *second* by no other object's excelled,
For its bright fascination, in all gallant eyes:
And my *two*, when united, form something men prize,
When the strength of a giant they'd instantly gain,
And a power that were else superhuman attain.

ENIGMAS.

50.

WHEN the metal on Fahrenheit's scale
Is descending below 32,
Pray how would the water avail
To explain what's respected by you?

51.

To wisdom I belong, 'tis said,
And yet I'm never coveted;
No one, albeit profoundly read,
Would wish with me to store his head.

52.

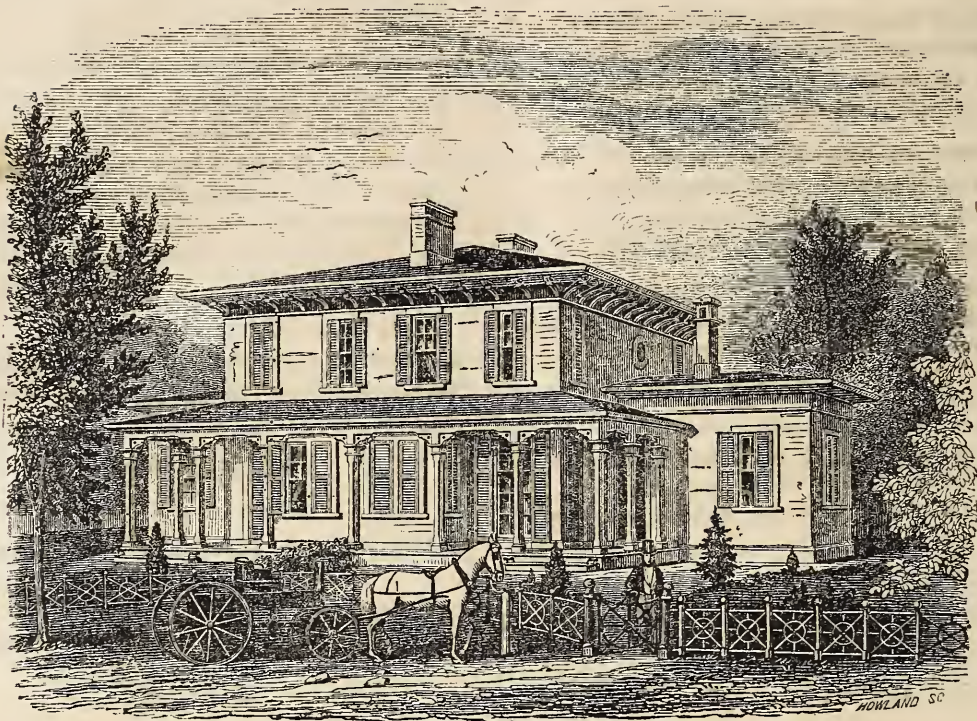
MOST usefully we serve mankind,
And rightfully stand high
Such valued services they find
We constantly supply.

Our business is to elevate
The lowly when they'd soar—
And then a good confederate
We're often found in war.

For we our gallant comrades serve
To overcome the foe,
Nor from our steadfast duty swerve
Until ourselves laid low.

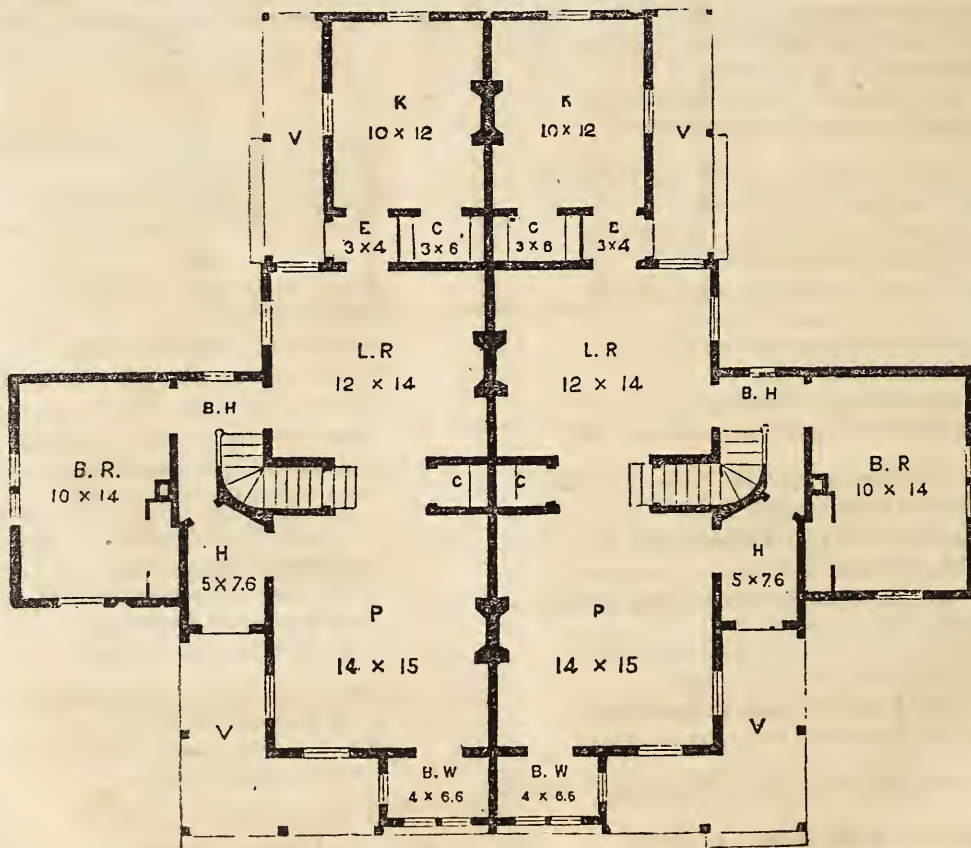
A very numerous race are we,
And vagrant one and all;
While our remote antiquity
Can Holy Writ recall.

DESIGN FOR A DOUBLE COTTAGE.



We present our readers with another design copied by permission from the elegant work of Messrs. Cleaveland and Backus, entitled "Village and Farm Cottages," already noticed in the Lady's Book.

"The objection to quite small houses of two stories, on the score of looks and proportion, is obviated when they are built in pairs. A suitable relation of breadth to height is thus obtained, and a style of exterior may be adopted



FIRST STORY PLAN.

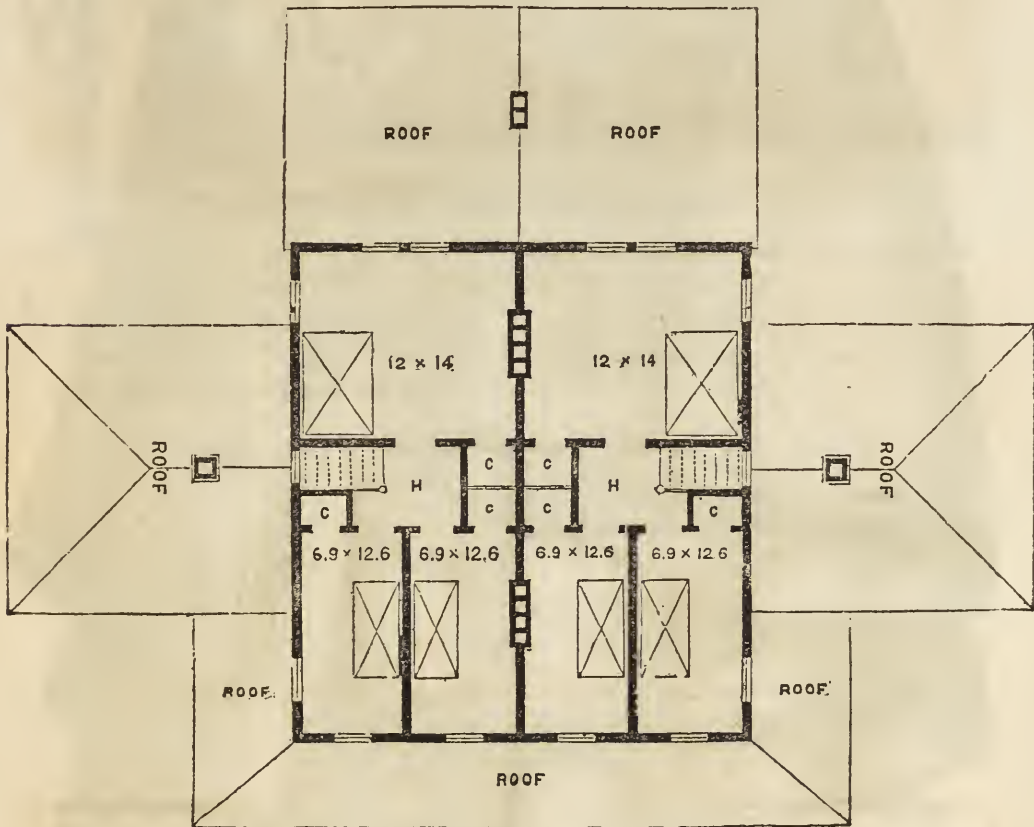
conformable to the general outline. The design here presented is an example of this sort. The main building is nearly square, divided through the centre, and containing, in each portion, two rooms, connected by broad doors. These are made in two parts, and may be hung so as to swing back, when opened, against the closet and cellar doors—or they may slide into the partitions. The side wings, one story high, contain each a bedroom, and a front and rear hall. The foot of the staircase is in the latter—the lower part being uninclosed. A rear extension, of the same character, contains the kitchens, and their closets, and is made pleasant by verandas. This may be further extended for wood-room, &c. &c.

wing, the central portion being converted into bay-windows, which occupy the entire space from post to wall. These form small apartments of themselves; pleasant recesses, where three or four persons may retire to work, or read, or talk. The opening into the parlor to be finished as the corresponding window, but without sash. A glazed door may be introduced, if needed, in winter. If the parlor be a room regularly used and warmed, these recesses will make convenient and pleasant conservatories. Externally, they relieve the plain surface of the house.

“In the upper story, the space in front of the stairs is divided into two rooms, while that in the rear forms one large chamber.

“The front veranda extends from wing to

“Though this house does not aim at much



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

richness of detail, it suggests the advantages which are derived from mechanical processes, appliances, and skill, and which are fully enjoyed only in, or near large and prosperous communities. The expression thus given makes it

a suitable edifice for some large and thriving village. It should be placed on ground elevated a little above the surrounding surface.

“Height of each story, 9 feet. Cost, \$3,000.”

EMBROIDERY FOR A CHILD'S HANDKERCHIEF.



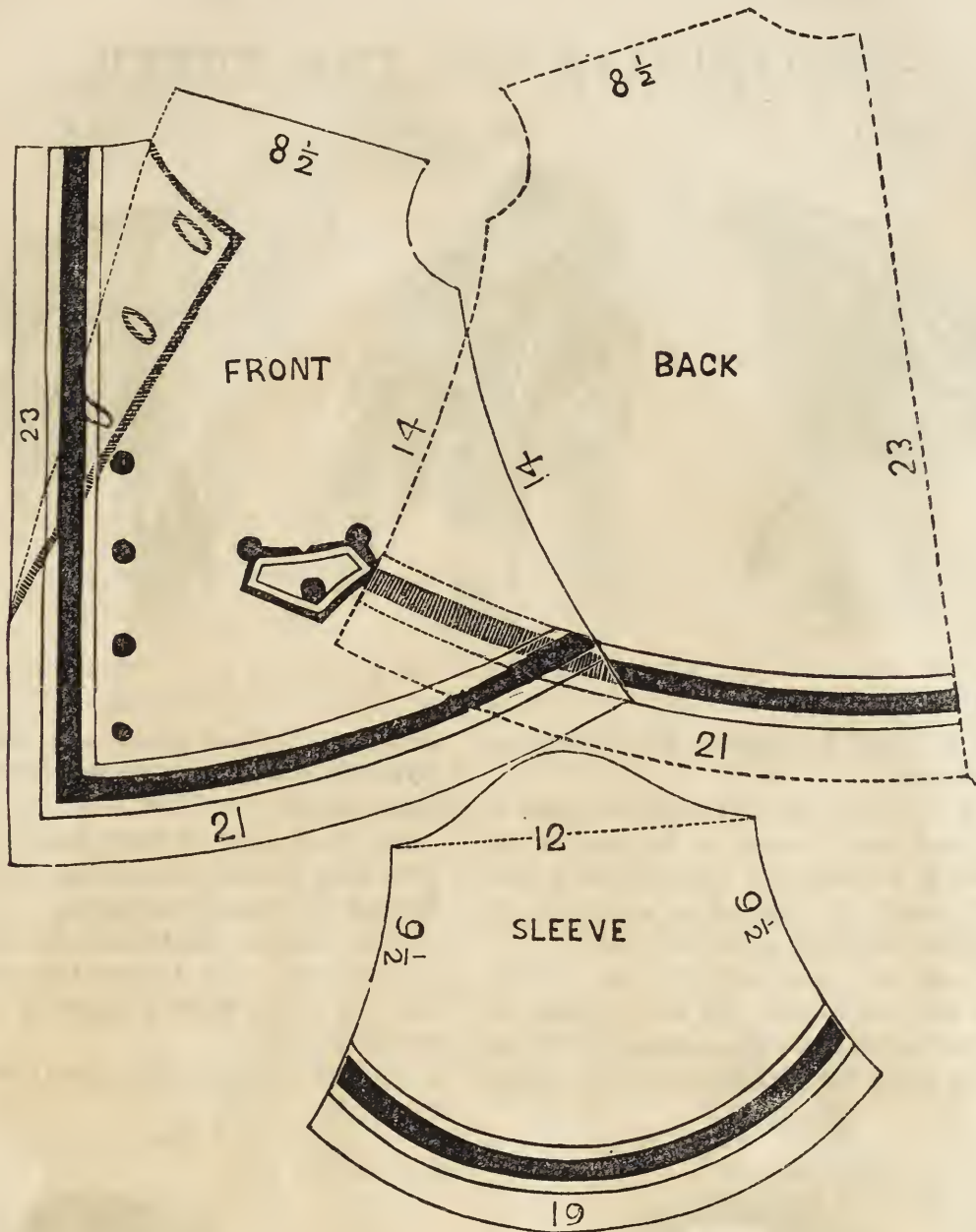
OUR PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

LADY'S SHORT PALETOT.



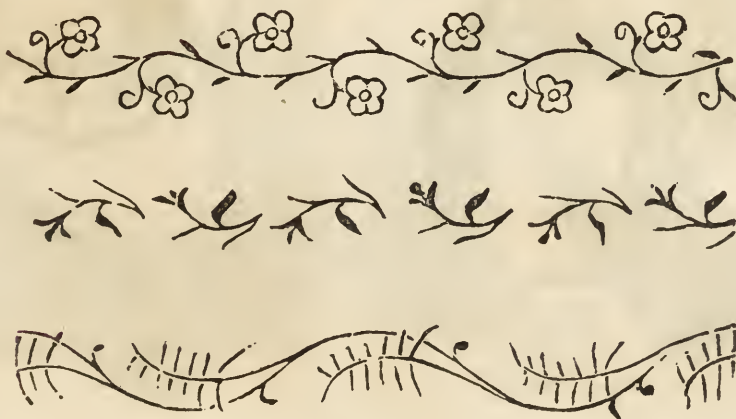
THIS Paletot is for in-door wear for the cold season. It is almost universally worn by the Parisians, and is the most comfortable of any that has yet been brought out. It is made of fine woollen cloth, of almost any color, wide, and to button over on the breast if required.

The black lines on our engravings represent a broad and a narrow velvet trimming, laid on very evenly and neatly, or it may be trimmed with broad and narrow military braid. The size we give in our working plan is the full size for a lady.



WORKING PATTERN.

EMBROIDERY FOR GENTLEMEN'S SHIRT BOSOMS.



NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Figs. 1, 2, and 3.—Bonnetts for the coming winter months.

Fig. 1 is of pink therry velvet; in shape, a direct slope from the brim to the edge of the cape, which is completely concealed by a rich fall of blonde. A bouquet of a full blown prairie rose and foliage on the right side.

Fig. 2, of tulle, crape, and silk; the puffings of the two first conceal the silk foundation. Clusters of small chrysanthemums are placed at intervals across the brim confining the widest

puffing. A fall of ribbon and black velvets gives a novelty to the crown; double cape in deep scallops.

Fig. 3.—Bonnet of drawn satin Albert blue, with deep borders of lace, and a light plume fastened by a *coqué* of the satin.

Figs. 4 and 5.—Headdress and cloak, intended for the opera. Fig. 4 shows the disposition of the lace, with a spray of eglantine falling low in each side.

Fig. 5, the reverse of the same; the hair in a

Fig. 4.

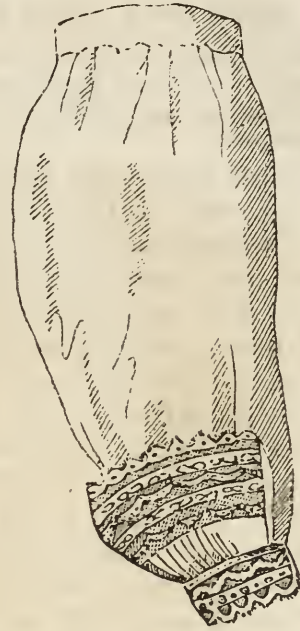


Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.



rich twist, fastened by an ornamental comb. Cloak of pink cashmere, or pointed collar, lined with ermine.

diamond-shaped, of the same, fastened by a handsome bow of mallow colored ribbon.

Fig. 6.—A habit-shirt, with rich Valenciennes collar, in points of inserted edging. Lapels,

Fig. 7.—Undersleeve, for winter, with band and cuff to correspond with No. 6; a neat and simple style.

CORNERS FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS



OPERA HOOD.

(See blue Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—Three ounces of pink or blue eight thread Berlin wool; a pair of large wooden knitting needles; two tassels, and one and a half yards of sarsnet ribbon, the same color.

CAST on 220 stitches, and knit a piece about seven inches deep. Cast off 50 stitches at each end of the knitting, and then do another piece of fourteen rows, knitting two stitches together three times at the end of every needle. After this, knit thirty rows, only decreasing by knitting two together once at the end of every needle. Now cast off ten at the beginning of each of the next two needles; knit eight rows more, decreasing one stitch at the end of each needle, and cast off. With single Berlin of the same color make a crochet lace for the back of the neck. Draw up the back; sew on the lace; add bows and floating ends for the back, and tassels at each end of the front. This front is intended

to be rolled round, and tied underneath the chin. It will be found extremely simple, and most comfortable, not only for leaving a theatre or ball-room, but for travelling. It has the further advantage of being by no means unbecoming.

LADY'S SLIPPER IN VELVET APPLIQUE.

(See Engraving in Front.)

Materials.—Cloth; gold cord, coarse and fine.

THESE slippers are made in cloth of various colors. The edges are to be finished with coarse gold cord, sewed on close to the velvet, the ends being drawn through to the wrong side. All the veinings, fibres, and the cross-bars of the thistle are done in cord of the same kind, but finer.

Dark rich colors, such as cinnamon brown, look best in this kind of work. The slippers are extremely elegant, and very quickly worked.

FLOUNCING FOR SLEEVES



WINTER OVER-BOOTS.

(See Plate in Front.)

Materials.—Three-quarters of a pound of six thread black fleecy; bone crochet hook; pair of coarse knitting needles, and a mesh, one inch wide; also a pair of cork soles, and a strip of leather to bind them.

We give the directions for a rather small foot. By making the foundation chain two or four stitches longer, and adding two or three ribs in the length and round the ankle, it can be increased at pleasure. 14 ch, miss 1, sc on the others. Work backwards and forwards in ribbed crochet, doing three in the centre-stitch of every alternate row, and making a chain at the end of each row, to turn it, until five ribs are done. Then, in addition to the increase at the centre, which is only in the alternate rows, do two stitches in the last stitch of every row, for three ribs more. Now do five stitches in the centre one of every alternate row, still increasing at the end of every row, for five ribs. Do one more rib, with three only in the centre stitch. Work the plain row after this; and when you come again to the centre, begin to form the

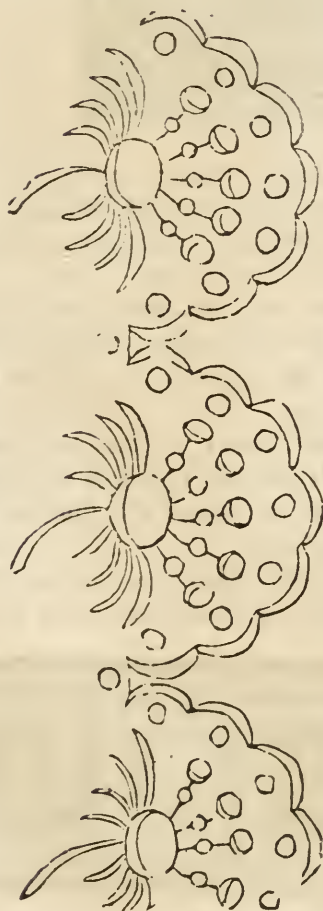
ankle, thus: 4 ch, turn, work on the chain and down the side. Then up again to the extremity of the chain; 3 ch, turn, and work down. Then back, and at the end of the next row make six, seven, or eight chain, according to the height desired round the ankle. Now do plain ribs, without increase or decrease, until enough is done for round the ankle—say from eighteen to twenty-two ribs; now miss the last five stitches at the upper part of the next rib; then two, then three. Work round the opening in front in sc, and backwards and forwards three times, to make a piece on which to set buttons.

FOR THE FUR.—Cast on ten stitches, and do, in plain knitting, enough to go round the ankle easily; then work a fur on it. Sew it on at the top of the boot.

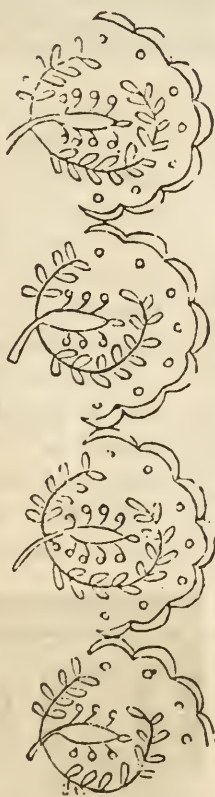
FOR THE SOLE.—Cut out a paper sole from a common boot, allowing it to be slightly larger every way, and knit a piece in garter-stitch to match it. Then sew the boot to it; bind the cork soles with a strip of leather, and add them; also put buttons and loops to fasten the front.

EMBROIDERY.

FOR DRAWERS.



FOR A HANDKERCHIEF.



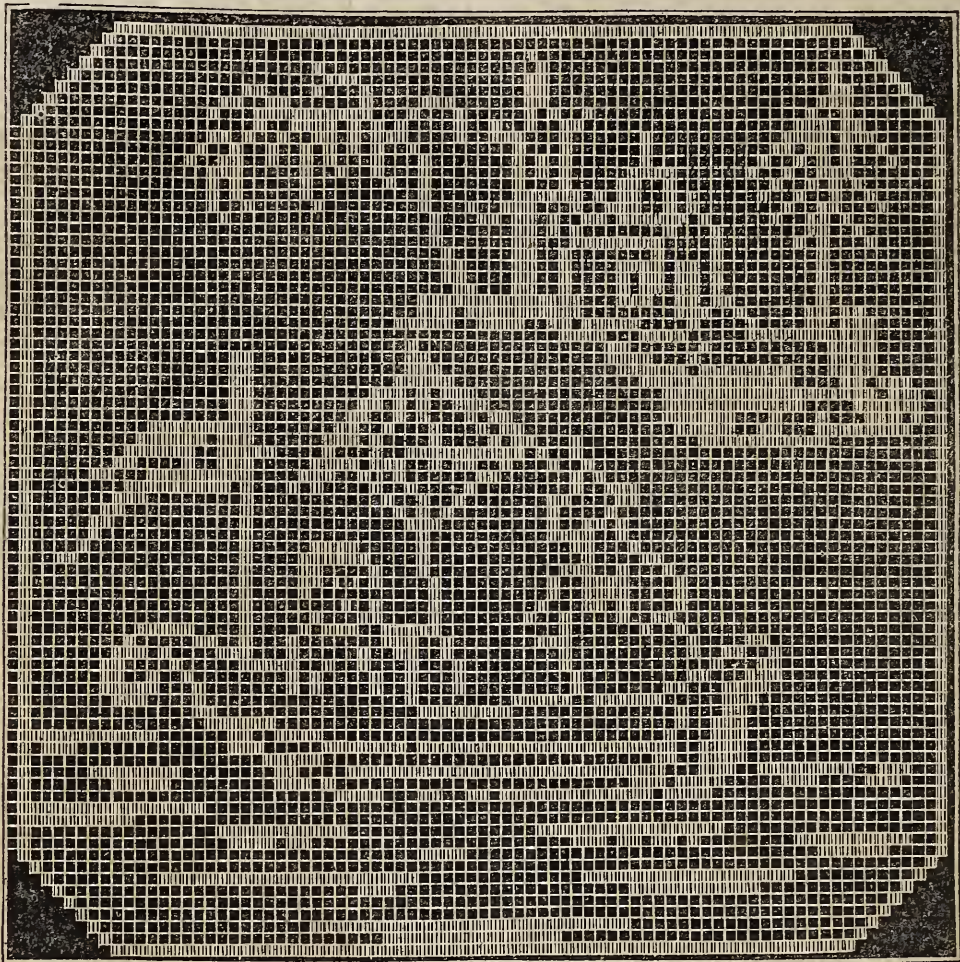
VINE FOR A CHILD'S HANDKERCHIEF.



FOR FRONT OF A SHIRT.



CHAIR COVER IN CHINESE DESIGN.



Materials.—For crochet, crochet cotton, No. 12. For netting, use No. 4 of the same cotton, and darn it with No. 8 knitting cotton. As we consider this mode of working much newer and prettier than crochet, our directions apply to it.

WITH a bone mesh, No. 9, on a foundation do nine stitches; turn, and do a stitch in every stitch except the last, in which work two; repeat this, thus increasing a stitch in every row, until there are sixty-four squares up the side. Net sixteen rows without any increase, and then take two together at the end of every row, until you have only the number of loops left with which you started.

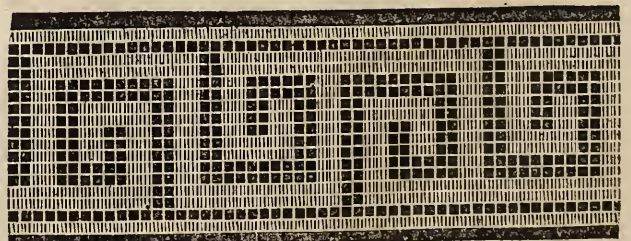
The netting thus made must be washed, starched, and carefully pinned out into shape before being darned; and it should always be placed in an embroidery frame for darning. This may be done in the ordinary way, except the faces and heads of the figures, which should be done in cloth-darning, to bring them into contrast with the rest of the design. As it is not possible to get the eyes and mouth at all right by filling up a square, there should be only a little

darning on the thread forming the side of the hole; and if the pattern is done in crochet, two successive Dc stitches must be used, and a longer space of chain left between them.

The introduction of cloth-darning with the ordinary kind, in all these designs, will be found very effective for the lighter parts, such as the branches of trees, &c.

A netted lace may trim the cover, or a fringe may be added. If worked very fine, in either crochet or netting, the design will not be too large for a dessert doyley.

The band we give is intended to go round the edge of the chair, so as to keep the cover in its



BAND FOR THE EDGE OF A CHAIR.

place. The front and sides are to be worked on the respective parts, in one line, and the back separately; then, if a piece has been allowed at each end of the side parts sufficiently long to

button to that at the back, going round the poles of the latter, the cover will be always in its place, and at the same time can readily be removed to be washed.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR AN INFANT'S SHAWL.



EDGE FOR FRONT OF GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT.

POINT LACE CROCHET COLLAR PATTERNS.

No. 4.—MAUDE PATTERN.

Materials.—No. 20 cotton; steel crochet hook.

1st row.—Make a chain of one hundred and sixty-eight stitches.

2d.—Work two long stitches into one loop of the foundation, make one chain, miss one loop, and repeat.

3d.—Work two long stitches through the one chain stitch in the last row, make one chain, and repeat.

4th and 5th.—Same as last.

This finishes the band. Crochet each end neatly in plain double crochet.

6th.—Commence at the foundation chain, working round the band, one long stitch, chain of three, one long stitch into every third of the last row, three chain, and repeat. Round the corners work the long stitch into the second instead of the third stitch of the last row.

7th.—One long stitch, three chain, one long stitch into the centre of the three in the last row, chain of three, and repeat.

8th.—One long stitch, five chain, work every long stitch into the centre of every three in the last row, five chain, and repeat.

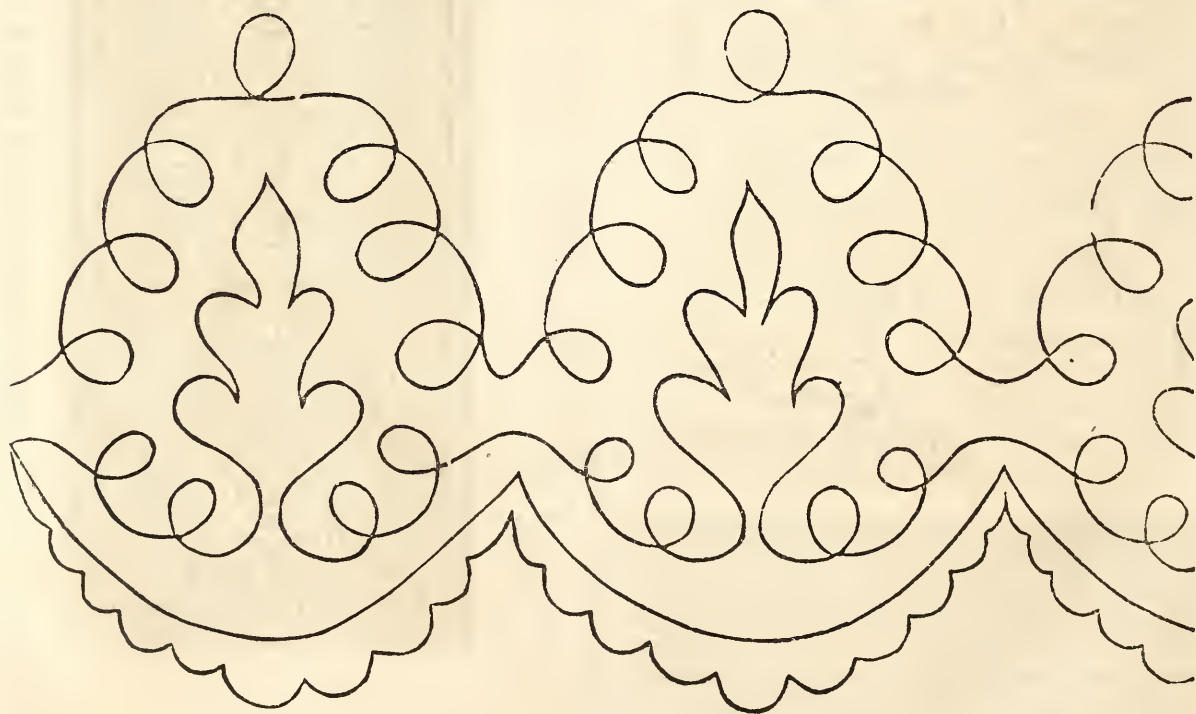
9th.—Work four long stitches successively through the chain of five in the last row, one chain, and repeat. The long stitches are to be worked not into the chain, but through it.

10th.—Two long, three chain. * Work one long stitch through the one chain stitch of the last row, one chain, work another long stitch through the same place, two chain, and repeat from *. In working round the corners work the long stitches into the centre of the four long stitches in addition to working them as above.

11th.—Two long, three chain. * Work one long stitch through the one chain stitch in last row, one chain, work another long stitch into the same place, two chain, and repeat from *.

The next four rows are precisely the same as the last, only increasing the chain stitches in every row to three, four, five, and six. Crochet the neck of the collar in plain double crochet.

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A CHILD'S DRESS.



Receipts, &c.

LAYING OUT TABLES,
FOLDING NAPKINS. (Continued.)

THE CINDERELLA. (Fig. 9.)—Fold the napkin into three parts lengthwise, then turn down the two sides as in Fig. 7; turn the napkin over, and roll up the lower part as in Fig. 10, *a, b*. Now turn the corner *b* upwards towards *c*, so that it shall appear as in *d*; repeat on the other side, and then bring the two parts *e* together, so that they shall bend at the dotted line; and the appearance will now be as Fig. 9. The bread is placed under the apron part, *k*, Fig. 9.

THE FLIRT. (Fig. 11.)—Fold the napkin into three parts lengthwise; then fold across the breadth, commencing at one extremity, and continuing to fold from

and to yourself in folds about two inches broad, until the whole is done; then place in a tumbler, and it will appear as in the illustration.

THE NEAPOLITAN. (Fig. 12.)—Fold the napkin into three parts lengthwise, then fold one of the upper parts upon itself from you; turn over the cloth with the part having four folds from you, and fold down the two sides so as to appear as in Fig. 7; then roll up the part *a* underneath until it appears as in the dotted lines in Fig. 15, at *b*. Now turn up the corner *b* towards *c*, so that the edge of the rolled part shall be even with the central line: repeat the same upon the opposite side, and turn the whole over, when it will appear as in Fig. 14: the bread being placed underneath the part *k*, as represented in the illustration.

THE FAVORITE, OR OUR OWN. (Fig. 14.)—Fold the napkin into three parts lengthwise, then turn down the two sides as in Fig. 7, and roll up the part *a* on both



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.

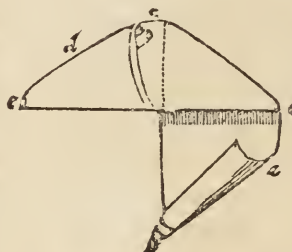


Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.

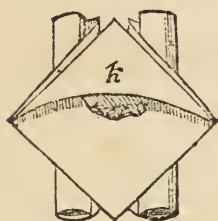


Fig. 12.

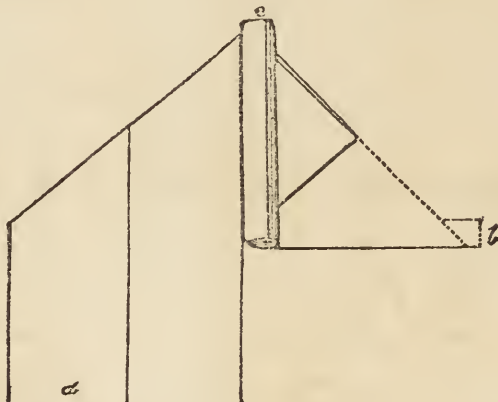


Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.

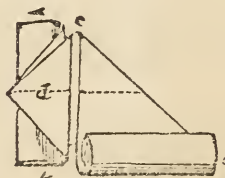


Fig. 15.

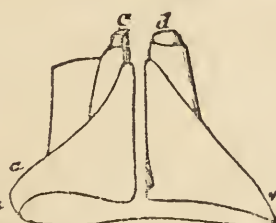


Fig. 16.

sides, until as represented on the right-hand side in Fig. 15; then turn it backwards (as *a b*) on both sides; now fold down the point *c* towards you, turn over the napkin, and fold the two other parts from you so that they shall appear as in Fig. 16. Turn the napkin over, thus folded, and raising the centre part with the two thumbs, draw the two ends (*a* and *b*) together, and pull out the parts (*c* and *d*) until they appear as in Fig. 13. The bread is to be placed as represented in *k*, Fig. 13.

CHRISTMAS RECEIPTS
THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLUM-PUDDINGS,
AND TWENTY RECEIPTS FOR MAKING THEM.

WITH the hearty good-will and sympathy, we doubt not, of a large majority of our readers accompanying us in our truly laudable undertaking, we proceed to lay before them the results of a philosophical discussion on the modes and merits of plum-pudding making. The

Chevalier d'Arvieux, having paid a visit to England in 1658, gave the following contemptuous account of this queen of English viands: "Their pudding was detestable! It is a compound of scraped biscuit or flour, suet, currants, salt, and pepper, which are made into a paste, wrapped in a cloth, and boiled in a pot of broth; it is then taken out of the cloth, and put in a plate, and some old cheese is grated over it, which gives it an unbearable smell." This superficial foreigner, however, could not even record his reminiscences of this generous ambrosial food, without having his phlegmatic indifference softened down into complacency, for he condescends to add: "Leaving out the cheese, the thing itself is not so very bad." Coming down to modern days, we have looked in vain through the unsatisfactory pages of Monsieur Ude, the ostensible head of the French department of the art, for the English plum-pudding; and, if it exist at all recorded in any part of his work, it is, we fear, in the servile and degraded condition of a subsidiary appendage to some imposed French misnomer. Even in the last edition of the German "Conversations Lexikon" just published, we find that, in lack of a foreign designation for a dish so peculiar to England, we have an account of it in a few lines under the odd-looking catch-word of "pudding," where, after stating that the pudding is "the most beloved farinaeous food of the English," it proceeds to distinguish the plum-pudding as one that is *boiled in a cloth*, and that it is also called cloth or raisin dumpling.

The following is the plan we have adopted in prosecution of our purpose, and with a view to the discovery of those fixed principles which regulate the quality of a plum-pudding, under the various modifications introduced into its manipulation. We have first collected together the most approved and tried receipts from sources (chiefly original) on which we could depend for the excellence of the directions. These amount to eighteen in number. Having analyzed their parts, and arranged their ingredients in parallel columns, we have had a comparative and synoptic glance of their agreement and their differences. We find that in these receipts no fewer than thirty-four ingredients are employed, and these we shall give under four heads:—

Binding Materials.—Fine flour, bread-crumbs, and eggs.

Lighening Ingredients.—Suet, beef-suet, beef-marrow, clarified butter, mashed potatoes, and pulped carrots.

Dried Fruit.—Raisins, Malaga raisins, currants, candied lemon and orange-peel, candied citron, and bitter and sweet almonds.

Spice, flavoring, and Liquids.—Nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and allspice; brandy, white-wine, made-wine, Madeira, and whiskey; sugar, salt, and lemon-juice; milk and cream.

Those ingredients which occur in the *majority* of the receipts, and which may therefore be regarded as essentials in a plum-pudding, are the following: fine flour, bread-crumbs, suet, raisins, currants, candied lemon-peel, nutmeg, brandy, and sugar.

The bread-crumbs are generally directed to be grated, and in one case to be rubbed fine through a colander; the suet in every case to be very finely chopped or shredded; the raisins to be stoned and chopped small; the currants to be nicely washed and picked, and in one case to be chopped; the candied peel to be cut in small slices; the nutmeg to be grated, and all the other spices to be in a finely divided state; and the sugar to be raw or loaf.

All plum-puddings have either flour or bread-crumbs, some both; those without raisins have currants and lemon-peel, those without currants have raisins, those in which no candied lemon-peel is added have fresh lemon-peel or spices; those without brandy have much candied-lemon, dried fruit, or spice; those without egg have much flour and little suet, and those not sweetened with sugar have an additional quantity of fruit and spice. In the making of plum-puddings, the following results of the examination and comparison of the receipts may be usefully studied and applied:—

Average of eighteen Receipts for Plum-Pudding.

Fine flour	half a pound.
Bread-crumbs	quarter of a pound.
Suet	three-quarters of a pound.
Eggs (yolk and white)	four.
Mixed dried-fruit	one pound and a half.
Mixed liquid	a third of a pint.

It is curious that Dr. Kitchiner's receipt is almost exactly in agreement with these average proportions, the only circumstances of difference being that he orders more liquid and a longer time for boiling; and these may be accounted for by his pudding being tightly inclosed in a cloth and boiled in a basin.

Average Deductions respecting the Composition.

A classification of the receipts gives the following independent dogmas, namely, that, when a plum-pudding contains

Less flour, it must have more egg, bread-crumbs, and fruit;

Less egg, it must have more flour and less liquid;

Less bread-crumbs, it must have more flour and liquid, and less suet;

Less suet, it must have less bread-crumbs and fruit;

Less fruit, it must have less egg and suet, with more flour;

Less liquid, it must have less egg and more bread-crumbs.

With respect to the *mixing* of the ingredients, different modes are employed. The eggs are always beat up previously in a separate state; and the milk, spice, flour, and crumbs are generally added by degrees, and beat up successively, adding the suet and fruit next, and the brandy last. In some cases, however, this process is reversed, and the eggs are added last; but, in general, the eggs and milk, the flour, suet and fruit, and the spices go together. The pudding bag is always well dredged with flour, and often tied rather loose, that the pudding may swell; and, after boiling it, about five minutes are suffered to elapse, in order that the moisture may evaporate from the outside of the cloth, and allow it to leave the pudding in a perfect state. Some are boiled in a cloth only, some in a mould only, with a cloth over the mouth, and others in both a cloth and basin. They all should have pounded white sugar sprinkled freely over them on being served on the dish for table.

Much puzzling difference is apparent in the time directed for the *boiling* of the puddings of each receipt. This appears to depend on the nature of the composition and the proportion of binding material. We have instituted a comparison of all the receipts by reducing the weight of ingredients to the average standard, and have obtained the following independent deductions:—

1. Plum-puddings require the *same* boiling, if the crumb be left out, and more flour, egg, and fruit supply its place.

2. They require *more* boiling when containing a greater proportion of flour and egg, but less crumb and suet, or when boiled in a mould.

3. They require *less* boiling when having less flour, but more crumb and fruit.

4. The average time of boiling for ingredients weighing four pounds is about four hours.

RECIPTS FOR PLUM-PUDDINGS,

AND COMPARISON OF EACH WITH THE AVERAGE PROPORTIONS OF THE WHOLE.

THE BAKEWELL PLUM-PUDDING.—(Comparison with average.—Less flour, and no solid fatty matter; more egg, fruit, crumb, and liquid. Weight of ingredients, four pounds and three-quarters.) Pour a pint of boiling milk over one pound, by weight, of bread-crumbs; cover over the vessel containing it with a plate, and let it stand for an hour. Then stir in four ounces of clarified butter, six eggs well beaten up, a pound of raisins, a pound of currants; lemon-peel, nutmeg, and sugar, to taste; and one spoonful of flour. Boil four hours.

Note.—This excellent receipt will be found to be framed on very scientific principles. By thoroughly soaking and softening the bread-crumbs, the clarified butter does not penetrate and take possession of its cellular pores; (and this mode should always be adopted when a delicate digestible pudding is required for an invalid: in such case, however, previously scalding the bread with *water* before pouring on the milk.) The permeating butter, too, will prevent the too strong setting of the egg; but, as the mass would thus be left in too loose a state of coherence, the spoonful of flour last added binds the whole together. It is perhaps the best when boiled in a cloth and basin.

THE HADDON HALL PLUM-PUDDING.—(No flour, more egg and fruit, less crumb. Weight, two pounds and a half.) Grated bread, currants, raisins, and suet, of each half a pound, the latter to be chopped small; candied-lemon one ounce, citron half an ounce, mace and cinnamon pounded as finely as possible, sugar and nutmeg, a little lemon-peel, a little salt, a small glass of brandy and five eggs; beat all well together, and put into a cloth previously buttered and dusted with flour; tie it up close, and boil three hours.

BRIDGE HOUSE PLUM-PUDDING.—(More egg and suet, less liquid, no crumb. Weight, three pounds and a half.) One pound of suet, one pound of raisins, five yolks and three whites of eggs beat well together, two spoonfuls of brandy; four spoonfuls of flour, and four spoonfuls of sugar; stir the flour and sugar together, then add the suet and raisins; having mixed well, add the eggs and brandy; boil four hours.

DORSET PLUM-PUDDING.—(More flour and fruit, less egg, no crumb. Weight, five pounds and a quarter.) Flour, suet, currants, and raisins, each one pound; candied-lemon, orange, and citron, mixed, two ounces altogether; four eggs, quarter of a pound of sugar, and half a pint of whiskey; mix the flour and suet together in a large pan, and add the remainder of the articles; pour on these the spirit, and add the egg previously beat up with the sugar. Butter a basin, and put in the mixture; tie a cloth over the mouth; put into boiling water, and boil for five or six hours; when done, and turned out of the basin, pour over it a few spoonfuls of melted butter, and sprinkle over with white sugar pounded.

HASLAND PLUM-PUDDING.—(Little flour, more egg, crumb, and liquid, less suet. Weight, four pounds.)

Beat five eggs in half a pint of new milk; and to these add a teaspoonful of salt; nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon to taste; half a pound of sugar, a glass of brandy, and a glass of Madeira, quarter of a pound of beef-marrow, quarter of a pound of suet, half a pound of raisins, and three-quarters of a pound of currants, half a pound of bread-crumbs, the rind of half a lemon, two ounces of candied-lemon, and two ounces of citron; mix all well together, and, if not sufficiently stiff, add flour; boil eight or ten hours.

DERBYSHIRE COMMON PLUM-PUDDING.—(More flour and suet, less egg, no crumb. Weight, three pounds.) Flour, suet, and currants, of each a pound; one egg beat up in milk; flavor according to fancy.

ANGLER'S PLUM-PUDDING.—(More egg and suet, less liquid, no crumb. Weight, three pounds and a quarter.) Raisins and suet, of each a pound; four spoonfuls of flour, five eggs, five spoonfuls of sugar two spoonfuls of brandy; nutmeg and a very little mace; boil four hours.

MANSFIELD PLUM-PUDDING.—(More flour, egg, and fruit, no crumb. Weight, nine pounds.) Take of flour, suet, raisins, and currants, each two pounds; twelve eggs, a small nutmeg, a little milk, and sugar according to taste; boil five hours.

CHESTERFIELD PLUM-PUDDING.—(No flour, more egg and suet. Weight, three pounds and a quarter.) Take one pound of currants and one pound of suet (shred very small), the crumbs of two penny loaves, the peel of two lemons, six eggs, two spoonfuls of cream, one spoonful of brandy, and half a pound of raw sugar.

NOTTINGHAM PLUM-PUDDING.—(No flour, more crumb, less liquid. Weight, four pounds.) One pound of suet shred fine, three-quarters of a pound of grated bread, one pound of currants, half a pound of raisins stoned, a quarter of a pound of raw sugar, four eggs, a glass of brandy, and a little nutmeg; boil two hours.

DR. KITCHINER'S PLUM-PUDDING.—(More liquid. Weight, two pounds and three-quarters.) Suet, chopped fine, six ounces; Malaga raisins, stoned, six ounces; currants, nicely washed and picked, eight ounces; bread-crumbs, three ounces; flour, three ounces, three eggs, the sixth part of a nutmeg, a small blade of mace, the same quantity of cinnamon pounded as finely as possible, half a teaspoonful of salt, small half pint of milk; sugar, four ounces; candied-lemon, one ounce; citron, half an ounce; beat the eggs and spice well together, mix the milk with them by degrees, then the rest of the ingredients; dip a fine close linen cloth into boiling water, and put it in a hair sieve; flour it a little, and tie it up close; put it into a saucepan containing six quarts of boiling water; keep a kettle of boiling water alongside of it to fill up your pot as it wastes; be sure to keep it boiling six hours at least.

CHRISTMAS PLUM-PUDDING.—(More crumb and suet, less fruit. Weight, five pounds and a half.)

VICTORIA PLUM-PUDDING.—(More flour, no egg, crumb, or liquid—but pulp, less suet. Weight, two pounds and a half.)

VICTORIA PLUM-PUDDING MODIFIED.—(More flour, no egg, crumb, or liquid—but pulp and less suet. Weight, two pounds and a half.)

PLUM-PUDDING.—(More flour and liquid, no crumb, less suet. Weight, three pounds and three-quarters.) Take half a pound of raisins stoned, half a pound of currants picked and washed, half a pound of beef suet chopped; make a batter of nearly one pint of milk, about eight spoonfuls of flour, and three eggs; beat it

very smooth, put in the fruit and suet, and add two ounces of sweetmeat, candied-lemon, orange, and citron, a glass of brandy, and half a nutmeg grated; do not tie it too tight, but allow a little room for it to swell; and boil four hours. Sugar may be added, and the quantity of sweetmeat, fruit, eggs, and brandy increased, if required richer.

RICH PLUM-PUDDING.—(No flour, more fruit and crumbs. Weight, seven pounds and a half.) Raisins, currants, and finely chopped suet, of each one pound and a half; the same quantity of grated bread, rubbed fine through a colander; mix well together, and add the peel of one lemon, one ounce of bitter and two ounces of sweet almonds, all chopped fine; a nutmeg grated, some cinnamon pounded fine in a mortar, a little sugar, and some candied-lemon, orange, and citron, about two ounces of each, cut in small slices; stir it all well together, and wet it with half a pint of milk, six or eight eggs, and a glass or two of brandy. Either tie it in a cloth and boil four hours, or divide it into two melon-moulds, and let them boil about two hours or two hours and a half. Send the pudding to table with brandy-sauce.

RICH PLUM-PUDDING—ANOTHER.—(More flour, less crumb. Weight, five pounds and a quarter.) Flour, suet, currants, and raisins stoned, of each a pound; the yolks of eight and the whites of four eggs; the crumb of a two-penny loaf grated, half a nutmeg, a teaspoonful of ginger, a little salt, and a glass or two of brandy; beat the eggs first, then mix them with some milk; add the flour and other ingredients by degrees, and as much more milk as may be necessary. It must be very thick and well stirred. Boil five hours.

COMMON PLUM-PUDDING.—(More flour and liquid, less fruit and suet, no egg or crumb. Weight, two pounds and three-quarters.) Chop six ounces of suet; mix it with a pound of fine flour, a little salt, a tablespoonful of moist sugar, one teaspoonful of finely ground allspice, and add either raisins, Malagas, or currants; mix it with milk as stiff as it can be stirred with a spoon; tie it close in a cloth and boil three hours, or, if larger, four hours. It will eat very well mixed with water, but milk is best. A glass of home-made wine mixed with it is a great improvement; and a tablespoonful of brandy may be added; but it is very good without either.

As the materials which constitute plum-puddings are of a nature highly favorable for their being kept long in a sound and fresh state, it will be found extremely convenient, especially in a large family or extensive establishment, to have the ingredients previously mixed and prepared in every respect for use except in their not having undergone the operation of boiling.

We have already remarked that the French taste in the matter of plum-puddings is totally alien from that of the English, no semblance of our substantial and generous dish existing in the code of their cuisines; but that the Germans have an imperfect feeling after our English excellence, and make attempts to thread the labyrinth of the mystery. The following receipts, given by Madame Scheibler, of Berlin, are the nearest approach:—

GERMAN RAISIN DUMPLINGS.—Cut two small loaves of bread made of milk into slices, and pour over them a sufficient quantity of cold milk to render them soft; having gently pressed the bread, then add to it the following: two ounces of the small and one ounce of the

large raisins, picked and washed, some blanched and finely bruised or grated bitter almonds, grated lemon-peel, mace, and sugar, a piece of rubbed-butter, and two or three eggs. All these ingredients to be well mixed together with two or three spoonfuls of flour, and formed into a consistent mass of dough, which is to be divided by a spoon into dumplings of the proper size; these are to be put overhead into boiling water, and when thoroughly done taken out with a skimming-spoon, and served up with cream-sauce poured over them. These dumplings furnish a beautiful supper-dish.

GERMAN ENGLISH PUDDING.—Mix together, on the fire, four ounces of milk-bread crumbs in four ounces of clarified butter, with four cupfuls of milk, and set aside to cool. When sufficiently cold, add two ounces of sugar, three ounces of raisins (small and large) nicely washed and steeped, grated lemon-peel, cinnamon, a little salt, and one ounce of bruised almonds; lastly, beat in eight eggs (yelks and whites). Scald a pudding-cloth in boiling water, and, having tied the ingredients up in it (not too tight), dip the pudding overhead into boiling water having a little salt dissolved in it. When done, untie the cloth, and turn out the pudding into a dish, and serve up with wine or milk-sauce.

The pudding-cloth, says Madame Scheibler, should in every case be scalded in hot water, and allowed to remain in it an hour to steep, both for the purpose of soaking out any remaining soap it may contain, and of causing the cloth (thus already so fully sodden with liquid as not to be penetrated by the adhesive materials) to separate afterwards more perfectly from the pudding when boiled. Next, see that the space in the neck of the cloth, between the mass of inclosed ingredients and the place where the string is tied, is left neither too great nor too small; for, in the first case, the pudding will be flat and unseemly, as well as too loosely hanging together; and, in the latter case, it would be deprived of much of its lightness and beauty from having been prevented from swelling out. The *boiling-vessel* for the pudding should be a good, clean, earthenware pot, perfectly free from greasiness. In a kettle or saucepan, the water boils away too fast, and requires to be too often replenished with boiling water; and these additional supplies never tend to the advantage of the pudding. In a saucepan, also, it settles too frequently and closely to the bottom, and thus not only burns holes in the cloth, but occasions other more disagreeable results, all which we may avoid by boiling the pudding in a high earthenware vessel. The *water* must be in a full state of boiling before putting the pudding into it; and, for the same reason, the water added to supply the waste from evaporation should also be boiling hot. Of the *salt* which the pudding requires, only a small proportion should be added to the ingredients, the remainder being dissolved in the water in which the pudding is to be boiled—for salt water takes from the fire a greater degree of heat to boil it than simple water, and thus also communicates the effects of heat in a greater degree to the materials of the pudding. Finally, it must be well considered that the vessel in which the pudding is boiled must not be too closely covered with the lid; on the contrary, the steam must have full liberty to stream out and escape, otherwise the cloth sometimes bursts with a violent report, the lid flies from the pot, and injury might easily happen to any one standing near the range.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Old Time will end our story,
But no time, if we end well, will end our glory."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

OUR first impressions of time were gained from an ancient primer that had the famous picture of John Rodgers at the stake, surrounded by his family—there were but *nine children*, including the "one at the breast."

The wood-cut representing Time displayed a dismal-looking personage, "long, lank," and bald, with a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other. Underneath was this motto:—

"Time cuts down all,
Both great and small."

Thus the idea of Time the destroyer was taught us; and this idea is, we believe, present in the minds of most people when allusion to the flight of Time is made. Yet Time is the restorer, the renovator, the builder, the perfecter, as truly. Nothing material perishes, only changes; therefore we may regard Time as a watchful friend, that removes whatever is useless from our path in life, and only takes away the old to make room for the new. It is for us to improve and beautify what he lends us while it lasts; and then, when our story is ended, the "glory" will be the more apparent, or will be added to the next page of the history.

Thus we close the *fifty-third* volume of our Book, but only to prepare for a more beautiful specimen of the new volume to be begun with the new year. Time's changes have hitherto only perfected our periodical—the friends who sustained it have never changed. Like the joy of Christmas, that rolls its tide over the isthmus connecting the old and the new year, making holidays in both, so our friends give the parting hand in December, while the welcoming one for January is extended towards us. We clasp both with warmest thanks for the past, and brightest hopes for the coming year.

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE" is the title of a new poem lately published in London, and republished in Boston. Very popular is this poem, which is proof that the heart of humanity responds to the sweet happiness of home, and sympathizes in domestic pleasures. These pleasant pictures of family felicity are the healthiest form of the novel-writer's art. Such stories are better even than moral essays in their influence on the young, because the former will be read and remembered with delight, while the latter are thrown by as "prosy and dull." Such was the glimpse of home happiness we have given in the sketches of "The Three Gifts," in our last three numbers. Now we have an example of American life that we believe will be quite as interesting. The phase of life described is really American—a life of labor, where work is respectability. The great majority of our country families, and of the city, too, keep no domestics. This picture we give of the trials of the wife in her home duties will touch many a struggling heart, and induce many a wife to strive to overcome her own tendencies to wrong-doing. The wife must be the "angel in the house," or happi-

ness will never be there. When she fulfils this heavenly office, and her *husband is worthy of her*, the lowliest home has that peace and love beneath its roof which restore to earth the idea of the lost Eden. Now for the story, by our friend, Mrs. H. E. Francis, of Ohio.

BE PATIENT AND FORBEARING.

"I SHOULD think, Ettina, we might have some toast or warm cakes once in a while for breakfast. I am sick of this plain living," said Mr. John Weston, with a fretful look, as he leaned back in his chair at the conclusion of the morning meal.

"I did intend to bake both pies and cake, yesterday," said his wife, apologetically, "but the baby was very cross, and a number of persons called in the course of the day, and took up all my leisure time."

"Always some excuse. I begin to think I shall have to hire a cook, or live like a Grahamite the rest of my days. I think it is a pity one woman can't provide decent food for two. I believe I could, even if I had three babies to take care of." And with these ungracious words he took up his hat, without a pleasant look or kind good-morning, and left for his work.

"Oh dear! oh dear! that is too bad!" thought Mrs. Weston, as his words sank deeper and deeper into her heart, and stirred up all the bitterness and unrest that are too often surging and seething deep down in the human soul. "I can't do everything. Willie cried all the time I was getting dinner yesterday, until my heart ached for him; and then those tiresome callers! I believe I never will step out of the house again, and then no one will come here, and I can live like a hermit, and work all the time. I suppose that is what husband wants." And the seething waters rose higher through the outlet of hard thoughts, until they swept over all remembrance of patient forbearance that he had often manifested towards her in the three years of their married life.

"But it won't do to sit here. I have all these dishes to wash, and pies to make, and dinner to get, and Willie to take care of too." And so Mrs. Weston wiped her eyes, and began to clear up the table; but everything went wrong; the tears that brought no relief kept coming, and blinded her, and hindered her in all she attempted to perform; one plate was broken from a valued set, and a large grease-spot made on the floor; and the fire would not burn, and no kindlings. "I should think husband had better remember some of his own shortcomings," said she, almost aloud, as she took up a knife, and tried to whittle a few shavings. "I guess I could complain if I pleased." And the lips closed tight over the white pearly teeth, spoiling a really pretty mouth that seemed made for a model of beauty.

But the dreariest hours will drag away at last. At a quarter to twelve, the table was set, and the ham and eggs ready, the puddings and potatoes baked—for he should not have reason to complain of his dinner, she had bitterly said to herself a half dozen times in the course of the forenoon—and the pies made, and she ready to receive him in a very becoming attire, with her hair banded over her white forehead in wavy folds, and

her bright eyes gleaming with a glance that stole up from the heart-fires within, that never should burn in a loving, affectionate wife's breast.

"I am sorry I spoke so," thought Mr. Weston, as he stepped off the door-step, "for Etta is a good wife, and it is seldom that I have reason to complain; but I did want a good breakfast this morning, and felt cross about it. But I'll try and not do so again. I wish I was not so quick to find fault. I will buy her that book she was speaking about the other day, and make her a present of it; and I hope it will make amends for my unkindness." And with that comforting resolution Mr. Weston threw aside the slight rankling remorse that had disturbed him, and whistled and sang at his work as cheerfully as usual, forgetful of his grieved wife, who was pondering over and resenting his harshness.

"Here is the book, Etta, that you were speaking about," said Mr. Weston, as he stepped into the dining-room punctually at twelve. "I know it is an interesting one by the looks of it."

"Thank you," said Ettina, coldly. "Dinner is ready." And she seated herself at the table, poured out the hot fragrant coffee, passed the bread and butter to her husband as indifferently as only a resentful woman can do, and commenced eating her meal in silence.

"Etta"—the tone was very different from the morning one—"Mrs. Neal sent word by me to you that Mrs. Carson and Mary were coming there to-morrow afternoon; and she would like to have you come over. What shall I tell her?"

"Tell her I have no time to visit; I have enough to do at home." And the lip curved a little as she said this, but closed again firmer than ever.

"Why, Etta, shall I give her that answer? Is it true?"

"Yes. I work hard as I ought, and am found fault with now; and I have come to the conclusion that I had better stay at home all the week, and not spend any time visiting. If I had some one to provide kindlings or dry wood, or was willing to eat a plain meal when the baby was so cross I could hardly get him out of my arms, perhaps I might go out; but, as it is, I think I had better make a slave of myself at once, and always stay at home and work."

"I am sorry you have such a hard time," was the pleasant rejoinder. "Perhaps you wish you were a girl again—do you?" And there was an undercurrent of earnestness in the tone that the light-spoken words could not belie.

"I wish I had a husband that thought I had done right sometimes. I might have had such a one if I had chosen," was the unwifelike reply; and it was a sentence too much; Mr. Weston was quite sensitive on that point; and he took up his hat and left the room with a feeling in his breast towards his wife almost new to him.

"I hope he will find out I won't bear everything," thought Etta, as his footsteps died away on the walk. But, after Willie was hushed to sleep, and the noon's work done, and the house all still, with the restlessness of an unquiet spirit, Mrs. Weston walked out into the garden and down the lane to the clear pebbled brook, and laved her hot brow in its cooling waters.

The wind sighed softly in the branches, and rustled the glossy leaves, then swept far away among the forest trees with voice like the murmuring ocean waves that ceaselessly beat against the shore. Such a sweet peace

seemed brooding over all of nature's works, that insensibly it soothed Etta's perturbed thoughts; and she wandered back to the house with a few wild-flowers wreathed in her hair. Her lip had forgotten its compression and firmness.

"But I must finish baby's dress," thought Etta, as she ran softly up-stairs to get the materials. They had been mislaid; and, after searching in all the drawers, she opened John's desk, thinking they might be laid in there by some mistake. A number of loose papers were scattered about; and carelessly she took up and opened one and another, until a soft ringlet of her own hair fell in the drawer. One brief sentence—"My own dear Etta's"—was all the paper contained; but, rushing back like a flood, came all the recollections of the hour that she gave it to him. It was a fair summer's night, and the bright moonlight stole in through the clinging vine, and carpeted the floor with silver lines. The whispering, sighing breeze shook the fragrant rose-leaves at their feet, and lifted the curls from her cheek wet with tears.

"Just one curl, dear Etta, to gaze upon when I am far away." And the ringlet was severed, and sweet kisses pressed upon her cheek again and again at that sad parting hour.

Again and again were they pressed upon her cheek as memory opened wide her book, and brought the past close to view. The wakeful night-watches amid the howling storm, the fitful dreams of a watery grave for him she loved better than words could tell, the anxious waiting for letters, and the joyful reunion after months of separation, all rose up before her with the vividness of life.

And had this cherished earthly treasure turned to dross—a worthless thing ready to be cast away? No! no!

The reaction had come, as it always will; and, as Ettina leaned her head low over the note, hot, blinding tears fell again, but they were not tears of anger. Her own harsh words sounded in her ears, and her unkindness and injustice to one who so seldom erred filled her heart with repentance. Could not she, who often needed forgiveness, forgive or bear meekly the least sentence of blame? Oh, if she had only governed herself in the morning, and guarded her soul, and not let the turbulent waves overflow, what a miserable day would have been blotted out of existence!

Willie's cry called her down stairs. She took him up, clasped him in her arms, and the smiles came back to her lip in answer to his smiles and playful caresses.

But few stitches were sewed that afternoon, for the walk, and the musings, and tendings of baby took up most of the time till five, the hour to prepare supper; and then baby was placed in the cradle, with the nondescript playthings of a big pan, and a spoon, and a whip; and the fire kindled, and the tea-kettle filled for tea. The table was set again, and the toast made and covered up close by the fire, and warm cakes baked—all done as the clock struck six.

"How will *he* meet me?" was her thought, as she went to the window to watch his return. Five—ten—minutes passed by, and she saw him coming on the walk, but his step was not as light as usual, and his head was bowed down, as if weary in body and mind.

Ettina stepped into the hall as the door opened, reached out her hand, and the words, "I am so sorry I grieved you!" burst from her lips.

"And I am so sorry, Etta, I did not say the same to

you after my unreasonable fault-finding; for I was sorry, dear wife, before I left the room. Next time, I will watch and guard against petulance; but, if I forget myself, I will try to make amends before I go from home, and not leave you to ponder over my words in tears until unkind thoughts throng in and fill your soul with bitterness towards me."

"I will not tell you, John, what I have resolved, for fear I may break my resolution; but I hope God will forgive me my sinfulness this time, and give me strength to overcome all evil passions, that I may 'do as I would be done by' in every act of life."

UNLUCKY DAYS.—The following list of the "evil days" in each month is translated from the original Latin verses in the old "Sarum Missal."

JANUARY.

Of this first month, the *opening day*
And *seventh* like a sword will slay.

FEBRUARY.

The *fourth* day bringeth down to death;
The *third* will stop a strong man's breath

MARCH.

The *first* the greedy glutton slays;
The *fourth* cuts off the drunkard's days.

APRIL.

The *tenth* and the *eleventh* too
Are ready death's fell work to do.

MAY.

The *third* to slay poor men hath power;
The *seventh* destroyeth in an hour.

JUNE.

The *tenth* a pallid visage shows;
No faith nor trust the *fifteenth* knows.

JULY.

The *thirteenth* is a fatal day;
The *tenth* alike will mortals slay.

AUGUST.

The *first* kills strong ones at a blow;
The *second* lays a cohort low.

SEPTEMBER.

The *third* day of the month September
And *tenth* bring evil to each member.

OCTOBER.

The *third* and *tenth*, with poisoned breath,
To man are foes as sure as death.

NOVEMBER.

The *fifth* bears scorpion's sting of deadly pain;
The *third* is tinctured with destruction's train.

DECEMBER.

The *seventh's* a fatal day to human life;
The *tenth* is with a serpent's venom rife.

COLLEGES AND INSTITUTES FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE HOWARD YOUNG* LADIES' INSTITUTE.—We learn from the circular that this school is founded by the society of Odd-Fellows of Gallatin, Sumner County, Tennessee. All honor to the society, we say; and may this good work be eminently successful!

They say "the great object of the society of Odd-Fellows is the cultivation of benevolent feelings among its members, and the dissemination of charities among men. Among the numerous charitable objects dictated by enlightened public opinion, as well as by Christian philosophy, the cause of education stands pre-eminent.

And, in regard to education, the cause of female education calls more imperatively for support than that of male. Every portion of the country can boast of its universities, colleges, and academies of high grade, where the most elevated and enlightened system of instruction is pursued. It is also true that the advanced civilization and enlightened spirit of this age have called into existence many noble institutions for the education of woman; still the number falls far short of the demands of the country. In adding one more spring from which unnumbered blessings may flow, the Order is acting strictly within the sphere of a dispenser of blessings."

FRANKLIN† LADIES' COLLEGE, at Holly Springs, Mississippi. This institution is very successful. The pupils, during the last year, numbered about one hundred and fifty. Reverend D. J. Allen, president. From the address by the Reverend S. G. Starks, ex-president of the college, we give a few sentiments:—

"Who, we would inquire, stands in need of enlarged and liberal views, of mental discipline and moral training, if woman does not? Who should be able to judge of causes, weigh motives, analyze principles, and forecast events, if woman should not? Who should have the heart and mind enlightened and imbued with the softening, refining, and elevating principles of virtue and religion, if woman should not? Who should seek to be environed and girded with those high and ennobling elements of moral character, those granite principles of human nature, basing the mighty fabric of life's acts and deeds, worthy of being rehearsed in the epic, and swelling the grandeur of the Canto, if woman should not?

* * * * *

"We announce it to-day—and we invoke your audience to the assertion—not as a new truth, or a fresh revelation, but as a well attested principle in political ethics, that woman is most emphatically the great conservative power in a nation's prosperity; and that her influence and character should be most assiduously cultivated and brought to bear in the dissemination of virtuous principles, and her plastic hand laid upon those great formative elements of a nation's weal which give stability and perpetuity to government, and crown its every department with virtue and religion."

MEDICAL COLLEGES FOR WOMEN

THE NEW ENGLAND LADIES'‡ MEDICAL COLLEGE is prospering. The last session—1855-56—there were thirty-eight students. In all, eight ladies have graduated with full degree. But the peculiar advantages of the institution have hitherto been the training of nurses for the sick, educating teachers of physiology for the common schools, and furnishing means for the diffusion of sanitary knowledge among women. For this purpose short courses of lectures have been given, and attended by large numbers of the ladies of Boston and the vicinity. The idea of woman as a physician has thus been made popular, and the college is reaping the benefit. About \$30,000 have been given or pledged in its support, and the success of the experiment is no longer doubtful. Eight lady physicians§ are now practising in Boston; and, in those departments, midwifery

† In the catalogue this is styled "Franklin Female College," but colleges cannot be *female*.

‡ In the circular termed *female*.

Doctress is the true term and the best.

* In the circular this institution is termed *female*!

and diseases incident to females only, these doctresses are eminently successful.

THE FEMALE (OR LADIES') MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA is now in session. The catalogue of students for 1855-56 numbered thirty-five. Four graduated last session. In all, we believe over twenty ladies have received a full degree at this college. It has the advantage of one professorship filled by a lady well qualified for her duties. Miss Ann Preston, M. D., has the chair of Physiology. To show the excellent tone of her instructions, we subjoin a few of her remarks from the Introductory Lecture to the class of last year:—

"Ladies, I am very jealous for the honor of my sex in its connection with the study of medicine. I would have it, as Cæsar desired to have that of his wife, clear even from the taint of *suspicion*; and you will permit me to express myself freely, even though 'I can only speak right on, and tell you that which ye yourselves do know.' Every woman who enters this department of life will be the more narrowly watched and severely criticized because she is a woman. If she bear not herself wisely and well, many will suffer for her sake. She needs prudence, which the sagacious Greeks numbered among the cardinal virtues; she needs to ponder that text which says: 'Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves.'

* * * * *

"We shrink, instinctively, from what is coarse; and the woman who fain would raise the moral tone of the profession, and teach reverence and purity to the grossness of the world, must ever wear about her the spotless robe of delicacy as her own protecting investment. Need I say, what you feel, that gentleness of manner and the adornment of a quiet spirit are as important to the physician as to the woman? Need I add that these are naturally related to that noble firmness and majestic patience which are the highest endowments of the human being?"

Such sentiments will be honored as the true and the good by all who respect the best interests of woman and of society. We are glad to record, also, that a competent and pious lady is the Demonstrator of Anatomy at this college, because we believe that women, when qualified, will be the best teachers of women in this profession.

THE INFLUENCE OF NAMES.—Plato recommended it to parents to give happy names to their children; and the Pythagoreans taught that the minds, actions, and success of men were according to their names, genius, and fate.

Surnames, which were appellations added to the original name, first came up in Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, and arose in great acts and distinctions. They also designated occupation, estate, place of residence, &c.

Surnames were introduced into England by William the Conqueror, in 1066, and first adopted by the nobility, and afterwards by the common people. "My surname is Coriolanus."—SHAKESPEARE.

The following beautiful poem, written for our Book by Mrs. E. J. Eames, is a fitting strain for the season, and worthily closes the volume on the pages of which we have endeavored to show that happiness can only be secured by a life of goodness in conformity with the laws of God.—EDS.

INDIAN SUMMER MORN.

FATHER, I recognize Thy living presence
Upon the earth, this still autumnal morn!
A heaven-sent calm, like a pervading essence,
Breathes from this Sabbath rest of nature born;
While from a thousand leaf-strown altars rise
Sweet offerings, incense laden, to the skies.

Father, I feel Thy Holy Spirit moving
In the still woods, and on the breezy hills,
In the soft airs that wander light and loving,
And in each ripple of the slumberous rills,
In the faint odor of the fallen leaves,
And in frost-blooms that thy finger weaves!

Father, I hear Thee in the many voices
That fill with praise the never-silent air,
In the sweet flower-lips, in the low leaf noises,
The tuneful streams that wander everywhere!
I hear Thy voice in the calm cool of day,
As when, of old, Thou didst in Eden stray.

Father, I see Thee in the dreamy splendor,
The golden hush of this autumnal day,
The silvery wave, the sky deep-hued and tender,
In the faint glory of the year's decay!
I see Thee in the heaven brought down to earth,
Which gives this loveliest Indian Summer birth.

Father, I recognize and feel thy presence
In everything which Thou hast made divine!
Thy gracious Spirit, with a life-fraught essence,
Thrills through this weak and wasted frame of mine.
Oh, still be this my spirit's earnest prayer,
To hear and see Thee, Father, everywhere

MOUNT VERNON LADIES' ASSOCIATION.—The following subscriptions have been received:—

Mrs. M. H. Durdy, Hillsboro', Missouri,	\$1
Mrs. W. A. Isbell, Grand Traverse Mission, Mich.,	1
Mrs. Phœbe Ann Webster, Big Prairie,	" 2
Misses P. and M. Bailey, Romeo,	" 2
Mrs. W. M. Aikman, Evansville, Indiana,	1

With the New Year we shall recommence our efforts on behalf of this association with new zeal, for we are confident of success. We hope every subscriber for the next volume of our Book will send a subscription for Mount Vernon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted the following articles: "Why I am not an Authoress"—"The White Captive"—"When the Autumn comes again"—"The White Violet"—"Leaf from an unpublished Drama"—"Voices"—"Idyl for Addie's Bridal"—"Memory's Chamber"—"To a Magnolia"—"Indian Summer Morn" (see above)—"Twilight"—"Sabbath-Day Reflections"—"A Moonlight Scene"—"Autumn Winds"—"Boat Song"—"Shepherd Life"—"The Wedding-Ring"—"The Flower of the Dell"—"To Emma"—"Our Father"—"Midnight Musings" (in part)—and "Forget thee!"

The following articles are declined: "The Haunted House"—"Morning-Glories" (good for a newspaper)—"Death"—"The Trumpet Call"—"An Arab's Serenade Song." (Spirited lyrics, but we have no room. Two by the author are accepted)—"Impromptu to my Coquettish Mistress"—"The Dying Artist"—"Guitar Picnic Song." (Too many for our Book. One only could be accepted)—"Hope"—"The Dying Girl's Lover"—"The Night came down, &c." (We have taken

one—all we have room for)—“Lines to Jeanette”—“Bury me in the Forest”—“The Return.” (No stamp was sent. We do not return articles at our own cost)—“Mists, &c. &c.”—“Love’s Labor Lost”—“War and its Wickedness”—“Song”—“The Kind-Hearted Woman.” (We do not want any articles on “Female Education”)—“I am lonely”—“Salome Carrington”—“Hope.” (Smooth lines and true rhymes, but Campbell’s “Pleasures of Hope” supersedes all need of this poem)—“There is a Syren singing, &c.” (We have no room)—“The Lost”—and “Life in a Broadway House; or, Letters to my Cousin.” (Could not make out the address. It appeared to have been purposely obscured. Have destroyed the manuscript, as we did not want it, and could not return it.) Will “Blanche Bennairde” favor us with her address?

We thank our correspondents, and only regret that our limits oblige us to refuse the aid of many of our friends.—EDS.

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 PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston:—

We have received direct from the above publishers the following works, especially designed for distribution by parents, and as gift-books among friends, during the approaching festivities of Christmas and the New-Year. (See November number for a more particular description of all Phillips, Sampson & Co.’s works.)

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN, Moral, Poetical, and Historical. By Mrs. Jameson, author of “The Diary of an Ennuyée,” “Memoirs of Female Sovereigns,” etc. From the last London Edition. Octavo, antique. Price \$8 50.

THE DIADEM. A Souvenir for the Drawing-Room and Parlor, and Gift-Book for all Seasons. By Emily Percival. Price \$6 00.

THE SOUVENIR GALLERY. An Illustrated Gift-Book for all Seasons. Quarto. Embellished with thirteen beautifully finished engravings. Price \$6 00.

THE BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR; or, Memento of Friendship. A Gift for all Seasons. Quarto. Price \$6 00.

THE AMARANTH; or, Token of Remembrance: a Christmas and New-Year’s Gift. Seven embellishments and thirty-five literary articles. Price \$2 50.

THE GARLAND; or, Token of Friendship: a Christmas and New-Year’s Gift. Besides the presentation plate and illuminated title-page, there are five illustrations, engraved by R. W. Smith. Price \$2 50.

THE KEEPSAKE OF FRIENDSHIP. Edited by G. S. Munroe. Presentation plate, illuminated title-page, and five illustrations, by Smith. Price \$2 50.

THE CASKET, a Gift-Book for all Seasons, contains thirty-seven prose and poetical articles, and four beautiful engravings, exclusive of the presentation plate and illuminated title. Price \$2 50.

THE LADY’S GIFT; or, Souvenir of Friendship.

Handsome illustrations, and contributions from the pens of the most gifted authors, make up the contents of this beautiful volume. Price \$2 50.

THE LADIES’ WREATH. A Souvenir for all Seasons. Thirty-six articles and six illustrations. Price \$2 50.

THE TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP: an Offering for all Seasons. Price \$2 50.

THE MAGNOLIA; or, Gift-Book of Friendship. Edited by Clara Arnold. The literary character of the series of annuals under the title of “Magnolia” has always been successfully and honorably sustained, while its illustrations have in like manner been creditable to the arts. Price \$2 50.

THE ROLLO BOOKS. This is a new edition of that popular series of books for children which spread their happy influences in so many families throughout the country. The fourteen volumes are prepared to fascinate new acquaintances among the juveniles. Price \$7 00.

LITTLE MARY; or, Talks and Tales for Children. By the author of “Sunny Side.” All the little Marys read this book with pleasure. Price \$1 00.

THE CHARM; or Illustrated Book for Boys and Girls. A charming story for little readers. Price 75 cents.

THE GREAT ROSY DIAMOND. A beautiful story, that will leave lasting impressions for good. Price 50 cents.

VIOLET. A Fairy Tale, delightfully told. Price 50 cents.

THE ANGEL CHILDREN; or, Stories from Cloud-Land. Touching and truthful for guileless hearts. Price 75 cents.

THE CHEERFUL HEART; or, a Silver Lining to every Cloud. Beautifully illustrated. Price 75 cents.

ESTELLE’S STORIES ABOUT DOGS. For Good Boys and Girls. With six plates and illuminated borders. Price 75 cents.

LITTLE BLOSSOM’S REWARD. A Christmas Book for Children. By Mrs. Emily Hare. Illustrated. Price 75 cents.

COUNTRY LIFE, and other Stories. By Cousin Mary. Illustrated. There is a charm here for grown-up children. Price 75 cents.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT CHESTNUT HILL. By Cousin Mary. Illustrated. A series of interesting stories. Price 75 cents.

AUNTY WONDERFUL’S STORIES. Translated from the German for all good children who have learned to think. A very amusing and instructive little volume. Profusely illustrated. Price 75 cents.

CHRISTMAS ROSES AND NEW-YEAR’S GIFT. A Present for Young People. Illustrated with three fine mezzotints. Price \$1 00.

THE FAVORITE STORY-BOOK; or, Pleasing Sketches for Youth. Edited by Clara Arnold. Illustrated. Price \$1 00.

THE YOUTH’S DIADEM. A Gift-Book for all Seasons. Prepared especially for young people. By Clara Arnold. Illustrated. Price \$1 00.

THE ICE KING AND THE SWEET SOUTH WIND. By Mrs. Caroline H. Butler, author of “The Little Messenger Birds; or, the Chimes of the Silver Bells.” Price \$1 00.

THE LITTLE MESSENGER BIRDS; or, the Chimes of the Silver Bells. By Mrs. Caroline H. Butler. Price \$1 00.

THE JUVENILE KEEPSAKE. A Gift-Book for

Young People. Edited by Clara Arnold. An amusing and instructive volume. Price \$1 00.

The six juvenile publications noticed above are bound in exquisite style, being richly gilt, and exteriorly adorned in the most tasteful manner.

UNCLE FRANK'S BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY. By Francis C. Woodworth, editor of "Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet." This truly elegant series of tales, adapted to the comprehension of little people, embraces six volumes. Price \$3 75.

COUNTRY SCENES AND CHARACTERS; or, Life in the Village. With numerous engravings. Price \$1 00.

THE GOOD CHILD'S FAIRY GIFT contains, with numerous illustrations, the well-known tales of "Cinderella," "Blue Beard," and "Little Red Riding-Hood."

EVERY BEGINNING IS EASY FOR CHILDREN WHO LOVE STUDY. Translated from the German by Cousin Fannie. An excellent book for children just beginning to read. It contains many finely colored illustrations.

THE LAST OF THE HUGGERMUGGERS. A Giant Story. With illustrations. By Christopher Pearse Cranch. A sequel to this amusing story, to be called "Kob-bol-to-zo," is in preparation, and will shortly appear. Price \$1 00.

FRANK AND FANNY. A Rural Story. By Mrs. Clara Moreton. With numerous illustrations. Price 50 cents.

AUNT MARY'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By the author of "Aunt Mary's Library." Illustrated. Price 50 cents.

UNCLE FRANK'S PEEP AT THE BIRDS. A book children will be delighted with. Price 50 cents.

Its companion volume—**UNCLE FRANK'S PEEP AT THE BEASTS**—will also find many admirers among the little folks. Each book contains forty engravings. Price 50 cents.

THE GIFT STORY-BOOK; or, Short Tales for Children. By Dame Truelove and her friends. Illustrated. Price 50 cents.

From PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

SERMONS, PRACTICAL AND DOCTRINAL. By the Reverend William Archer Butler, M. A. Late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. First Series. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author's Life, by the Very Reverend Thomas Woodward, M. A., Dean of Down. First American from the third Cambridge edition. It will perhaps be sufficient for us to say that the twenty-four sermons embraced in this beautifully printed volume have received the warmest critical approbation of the highest literary and Biblical authority in the English Church. The author was evidently not only an admirer, but a zealous advocate of Apostolic authority as acknowledged in the Episcopal system; still, he seems to have manifested a most liberal, and, in some sense, a sympathetic feeling for those who dissent from many of its doctrines and usages. There is, therefore, a pure religious and Christian spirit, charitably, eloquently, and sublimely expressed, running sweetly and calmly through all these discourses, which will not only attract, but fascinate the hearts of pious and contemplative readers, no matter to what denomination they may be attached.

We learn from the preface of the enterprising American publishers that "it is hoped that the demand for

the volume now given to the public will warrant the speedy appearance of the second series of Sermons, and encourage them in their desire to issue the magnificent 'Lectures on Ancient Philosophy.'" Price \$1 25.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y., through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY, STATISTICAL AND DYNAMICAL; or, the Conditions and Course of the Life of Man. By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Illustrated with nearly three hundred wood engravings. We have not the presumption to attempt to give anything that would bear the appearance of a critical judgment on a work of this character. But, even were we capable of such a performance in this case, the great and long established reputation of the author as a scholar, lecturer, and physician, would render the effort superfluous. We may say, however, that we have the assurance of a medical gentleman, who is also an excellent critic, that this treatise, though not entirely void of objectionable points of minor importance, is a learned, profound, and popular, but not vulgar, exposition of the mysteries of physiological science, and that it addresses its researches and contemplations with as much fervor to those who may be drawn by their simple love of the wonders of nature to the perusal of its pages, as it does to the professional student and successful practitioner. Several of the New York critics, we perceive, have been very severe upon some of Doctor Draper's views. But we must remember that neither the new discoveries, nor the new theories of professional and scientific men, are ever very readily acknowledged by their immediate contemporaries. For ourselves, we can testify, without the least favor or affection, that we have read many pages of the work referred to with great interest and much profit. Price \$4 00.

CLARA; or, Slave Life in Europe. This volume is a translation from a German work by M. Hacklander, somewhat celebrated as a graphic and powerful writer. His characters and his scenes are at times sketched in the palaces of kings, and in the saloons of princes and ministers of state, and anon the reader is introduced into all the lower grades of society, and to every conceivable species of injustice, imposture, suffering, crime, and degradation. The book is heralded by a preface from the pen of Sir Archibald Alison, the English historian, in which it is said that it was the intention of the author to prove that all classes have their own fetters—that the conventional chains of civilized life are even more galling than the rude fetters of the African, and that many a white slave would have something to envy in the lot of "Uncle Tom." The plot is almost hopelessly entangled, and the details of the narrative so minute as frequently to become tiresome. It is certain that we need not go to the palaces of Europe, or draw upon her social condition, to produce specimens of the same sort of fetters, voluntarily and conventionally assumed. The reader will nevertheless be greatly interested in the character and fortunes of Clara, a ballet dancer, and find much to admire and to lament in the author's portraiture of the lofty and the low by whom her humble pathway is obstructed.

From T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

In our last month's notices of new publications, we briefly referred to THE PICKWICK PAPERS, the ad-

vance volumes of T. B. Peterson's "Model Edition," as one of our contemporaries justly designates it, of Charles Dickens's incomparable sketches of human character. We have since been favored, by the same liberal and enterprising publisher, with NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, and DAVID COPPERFIELD, forming, in all, six beautiful and uniform volumes. It is too late to attempt a criticism of these admirable works. They have long held a place in the popular mind and heart; and their lessons of truth, wisdom, and sentiment have been so beautifully interwoven with the affairs and characteristics of common life, that they must continue to occupy a position in every well-selected library, so long as virtue and sensibility claim influence in the bosoms of intelligent and susceptible readers. The large type upon which these volumes are printed—the number, beauty, and significance of the engravings, each one presenting something worthy of study—the clearness and the firmness of the paper, the uniformity, neatness, and strength of the binding, all combine to render this edition the very best for private libraries that has ever been published; and, for his liberality and energy in producing it, the publisher merits an ample reward from the public.

WIDDIFIELD'S NEW COOK-BOOK; *or, Practical Receipts for the Housewife.* We turn again to notice this valuable publication, with the assurances of a practical housekeeper that the various receipts it contains are the most easily comprehended, and the most reliable and economical that have ever before been presented to the public in a similar form. The authoress, Mrs. Hannah Widdifield, has been celebrated for nearly fifty years as a cake and pastry-baker in the city of Philadelphia. The receipts are her own, original with herself, and on them she has established her reputation. They embrace the preparation and cooking of all kinds of poultry, terrapins, desserts, soups, beef, vegetables, puddings, meats, syrups, rolls, preserves, jellies, pickles, cakes, fish, omelets, pastries, sauces, pies, etc. etc. Besides these numerous receipts for the gratification of persons in full health, there is quite an array of delicate and nourishing preparations for invalids. After due examination, and consultation with excellent judges in all such matters, we now feel it to be a duty, as it is also a pleasure, to recommend this handsome volume of receipts to our readers. This we do as well on account of their practical superiority over those generally given in books of a similar character, but because they will be found less expensive in their preparation. Price \$1 00.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION; *or, the Mystery, Morality, and Misery of Money-Getting.* Being a Fortune for him who wants one, and a Practical Remedy for Pauperism and Crime. As this little book professes to have been written for the public good, and as its lessons are forcibly addressed to the "bosoms and business" of every man in this or any other community, it is bound to have a wide circulation.

From C. SCRIBNER, 377 Broadway, N. Y., through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND, WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS SPEECHES AND WRITINGS. By Charles K. McHarg. When we consider the author's own statement of the scantiness of his materials, and his own doubts as to the truthfulness of at least some of his authorities, we shall at once come to a favorable conclusion in regard to his ability and ingenuity as a

compiler of biography. We learn from the preface, if we did not know the fact before, that careful inquiry has failed to bring to light any complete biography of Talleyrand, either in French or English; and for this reason the author of the present work has been compelled to place his principal reliance for facts on a series of papers published in the "Dublin Magazine," soon after Talleyrand's decease. Reference is also made to a work which quoted Talleyrand's speeches in the National Assembly, and which also furnished Mr. McHarg with many facts and several anecdotes. "Revelations of the Life of Prince Talleyrand," edited from the papers of the late M. Colmache, private secretary to the prince, are next spoken of as having furnished "interesting gossip and important facts," and as peculiarly valuable in giving so much of the conversation, private traits, acts, manners, numerous apothegms, and some speeches of the ex-bishop. These, then, together with the general history of French affairs, formed the sources from which this interesting and carefully arranged record has been made up. In the performance of his difficult task, the author has evinced great judgment and sound historic discrimination, as well as an intimate acquaintance with the popular prejudices, and tact in their management, in producing a popular book. Those who cannot afford to wait until the year 1868, when a Memoir of Talleyrand will appear, authenticated by himself, had better avail themselves of the present opportunity of knowing all about him that has been deemed worthy of relation. Price \$1 25.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

THE HILLS OF THE SHATEMUC. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." This is a quiet, rural, domestic or family story, of forty-four chapters, spread over a few more than five hundred pages. But those readers who are in search of beautiful scenery, innocent amusement, good sense, honest acquaintances, sound moral instruction, and who desire to know how they manage their labors, their pleasures, their conversation, and their household affairs in the country, will experience no alarm on account of the formidable bulk of this volume, when they reflect that it is from the pen of the popular author of "Wide, Wide World." Price \$1 25.

From E. D. LONG, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

LORIMER LITTLEGOOD, ESQ. A Young Gentleman who wished to see Life, and saw it accordingly. By Frank E. Smedley, Esq., author of "Lewis Arundel," "Frank Farleigh," etc. The title of this novel is significant of its contents. The name of the principal character foreshadows the nature of his exploits and adventures. Yet, of course, Lorimer Littlegood is not all bad. He has many redeeming traits, and will introduce the reader to many of his acquaintances, who are really much worse, but to few, if any, who are positively much better than himself. It is a story of shifting, shuffling life in London, with well-drawn representatives to enforce the moral lessons which it is evidently the intention of the author to convey to the mind of the reader. Get the book, and, if unfortunately it should be necessary to do so, profit by Lorimer's experience. Price \$1 00.

From GARRET & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MAGDALEN HEPBURN. A Story of the Reformation. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Zaidee," "Adam Graeme," etc. This will prove a pleasant and acceptable volume to those who love to ponder over the religious and political disputes which engaged the people of Scotland during the first half of the sixteenth century. John Knox, Cardinal Beaton, and other prominent religionists of the persecuting and gloomy times, figure largely in the development of the plot, and not advantageously to their Christian professions. Price \$1 25.

HOW TO WOO AND HOW TO WIN. Containing Rules for the Etiquette of Courtship, with Directions, showing how to win the Favor of the Ladies, how to begin and end a Courtship, and how Love-letters should be written. Now here is a chance for beginners—just the thing for some of our bachelor editorial friends. Price 25 cents.

HOW TO DRESS WITH TASTE. Containing Hints upon the Harmony of Colors, the Theory of Contrast, the Complexion, Shape, or Height. Price 25 cents.

HOW TO BEHAVE; or, *the Spirit of Etiquette*. A complete Guide to Polite Society, for Ladies and Gentlemen. Containing Rules for Good Behavior at the Dinner-Table, in the Parlor, and on the Street; with important Hints on Introductions and the Art of Conversation. Price 25 cents.

BRIDAL ETIQUETTE. A Sensible Guide to the Etiquette and Observance of the Marriage Ceremonies. Containing Complete Directions for Bridal Receptions, and the necessary Rules for Bridesmaids, Groomsmen, Sending Cards, &c. Price 25 cents.

LIVE AND LEARN; or, *a Guide to all who wish to Speak and Write correctly*. Containing examples of One Thousand Mistakes of daily occurrence in Speaking, Writing, and Pronunciation. An invaluable book for every person. Intended as a book of reference for the solution of difficulties connected with grammar, composition, punctuation, &c. Price 50 cents.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., Boston, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

DRED. A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp. By Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In two volumes. This is a handsomely printed work, and will doubtless prove otherwise attractive to the author's friends. Price \$1 75.

From WHITTEMORE, NILES, & HALL, Boston, through T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia:—

LITTLE SONGS. By Mrs. Follen. Illustrated with above fifty pictures. There are ninety-five of these little songs, all of which will contribute to the amusement and instruction of little songsters. Price 37 cents.

From C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Arch and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT FULTON. One of the most distinguished inventors the world has ever produced. With interesting Incidents, indicating the character of the man in his youthful days, the dawning of genius then displayed; until he embarked in the voyage of life, and, by untiring industry, raised himself above the buffeting storms, erected his own illustrious name, and secured the highest distinction that mortal man can attain—the admiration, honor, and gratitude of nations

and posterity. This volume contains a simple record of facts, accompanied with copies of Mr. Fulton's Original Drawings and numerous Plates, exhibiting the leading incidents and ornaments of his private character; his elevated principles of action; his uncommon usefulness and celebrity, and his undying fame. By J. Franklin Reigart, author of "United States Autobiography," "The Inventors' and Patentees' Guide," etc. etc. We have diligently and carefully copied the entire title of this popular work. We could have wished, for the sake of the author, and for that of his principal subject, that his title had been less full and less fulsome. It seemed to us, while engaged in the duty of extracting it, that the panegyric it contains would have come in much better at the death of the untiring inventor than at the commencement of his life. Fulton was indeed a great genius, a great benefactor of the world, and a great man in every sense. All this, the numerous inventions and works he left on record—many of which, however, were not brought to their present state of perfection until long after his decease—prove him to have been. And it is for this reason that we would rather have heard him spoken of in that simplicity of style which would have so well accorded with the simplicity and independence of his character. But, after all, if we are so unfortunate as not to be able to appreciate favorably the enthusiasm of Mr. Reigart's eulogiums, we can justly bear witness to the interesting nature of his facts and practical and artistical illustrations, and to the beauties displayed throughout the entire volume. Price \$2 50.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through W. P. HAZZARD:—

"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND." A Matter-of-Fact Romance. By Charles Reade. Author of "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," etc. In two volumes. All that we could say of this powerfully written romance would probably be anticipated by those who have made themselves acquainted with the previous works of its author. The foremost and noblest character in these volumes is that of Francis Eden, a pious minister, and chaplain of an English prison. To delineate such a man, and describe the nature of his labors and the wretches upon whom those labors were bestowed, required a deep and intimate knowledge of the strength as well as of the weakness of the human heart. The Christian, humane, and benevolent efforts of *this* gospel minister in behalf of criminals and outcasts will the more readily excite the sympathies of the reader, as it is not now thought to be popular to introduce such characters into a modern romance. The whole work gives evidence that the author himself is a man of strong and generous impulses. Price \$1 75.

BOTHWELL. A Poem. In six parts. By W. Edmondstone Ayton, D. C. L., author of "Love of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Bon Gaultier's Ballads," etc. Among our notices for this month will be found a reference to a work entitled "Magdalen Hepburn." If the reader should happen to be curious to know how greatly authors can disagree on the truths of history, they would do well to place "Magdalen Hepburn" by the side of the poem of "Bothwell," and observe how differently the same events and some of the same characters are painted in prose and poetry. Without deciding between either works on their historical merits, or on the prejudices manifested by their authors, we rather prefer the poetry, not that we have a particular taste that way, but be-

cause it has received the sanction of one of the publishers, who is himself a writer, and a judge of metrical compositions. Price 75 cents.

From G. COLLINS, Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, and H. A. LENTZ, Reading:—

LITTLE KITTY CLOVER AND HER FRIENDS. Very pleasant stories and poetry for children, and nearly one hundred wood-cuts.

OF WHAT, HOW, AND WHERE CHAMPAGNE IS MADE. The wit and knowledge of James M. Sanderson shine through this little work. It is a very amusing and at the same time instructive volume, and shows great research and untiring industry.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

WE do not give our usual variety this month. Our business friends demand some of our space. As "Christmas comes but once a year," and as that is the season most favorable to their business, we are glad to lend a helping hand, and as they think that a notice from us is of some use to them we give it with pleasure.

OUR DECEMBER NUMBER.—We promised that we would not fall off in our attractions. We would now candidly ask our subscribers if we have not fulfilled every promise made in our Prospectus. Let them examine it and pronounce. We feel very thankful for the patronage bestowed upon us by the ladies, and we should be very ungrateful not to acknowledge it. They have given us this year the largest list we have ever had during the whole twenty-seven years we have been publishing the Lady's Book, and we assure them that no effort that untiring industry, a grateful appreciation of favors received, and a command of capital, will be spared to merit their support for the future. We again promise that the Lady's Book for 1857 shall be superior to 1856. Ladies, we wish you all a merry Christmas!

CLUBBING.—Our subscribers are aware that now is the time that they should be forming their clubs. There is always a great rush at the beginning of the year. 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.

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.

THE DECEMBER SLIPPER.—Our November slipper was considered very handsome; but surely we may be pardoned for saying that the one in this number is still prettier; besides, it is National. Can anything like these slippers be found in any contemporary, a fifty cent slipper pattern, with such a splendid engraving as "The Separation of the Apostles," a five figure colored fashion, one hundred pages of reading, and sixty-seven

engravings of all kinds for *twenty-five cents*? We can safely say that no magazine in any country furnishes such an abundance for so small a price as is asked for the Lady's Book.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1857.—We ask attention to our advertisement for next year. It is impossible for us to publish all or one-half that we intend to do, as new objects of interest are springing up every day, of which we immediately avail ourselves. During this year, we have given sundry articles for ladies not promised in our prospectus; for instance, the various colored slippers: but our subscribers may rest assured that nothing shall appear that we consider of interest to the ladies but shall find its place in the Book. We owe this duty to those who have so steadily subscribed and upheld us for twenty-seven years; and we should be wanting in common gratitude if we did not endeavor to make some returns for such steady fidelity. Every article that we give shall have one view only—that it shall be of interest to our lady subscribers, and tend to their instruction or amusement.

IN GOOD TIME FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER.—Ladies, look at our receipts for making Plum-pudding. There you will find receipts for the rich and the poor; every taste may be suited.

In the way of Fashions, we have WHITE & Co., 41 South Second St., where every lady may be suited to her taste with Bonnets and Furs.

C. OAKFORD & SONS have also a most excellent variety of Furs, and Caps for children, and Hats for gentlemen.

E. W. CARRYL, Chestnut St. near Seventh, has the greatest variety of housekeeping articles to be found anywhere; such as the patent Nutmeg Rasper, the patent Apple Parer, cheap but good Clocks, and everything that can interest a housekeeper. Besides all these, he has the most splendid plated ware we ever saw: full sets of Dinner and Tea Service, including full Tea Sets, Urns, Castors, Goblets, Pitchers, Butter Dishes, Cups, &c., chased with landscapes, wreaths, scrolls, and fancy designs, in sets to match throughout. The plain and engraved work consists of Forks, Spoons, Pie Knives, Crumb Scrapers, Ice Cream Knives, Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c. These are also furnished in full sets of same pattern. He has also a beautiful assortment of plated Trays and Waiters.

At TYNDALE & MITCHELL'S, in Chestnut St. above Seventh, can be found every variety of China-ware—Tea and Dinner sets for a few dollars or a few hundreds; all kinds of ornamented China from all nations; Statuettes from the manufactory of the celebrated Alderman Copeland of London, and from all other celebrated manufacturers. In fact, their large establishment is a gallery of fine arts, with its paintings on plates and cups, its groups of statuary, its pure Parian, and its endless variety of everything. In Europe, you would have to visit a dozen stores to find what is contained in this one. We recommend a walk through it. Those who are acquainted with the proprietors are aware that they are both enthusiastic lovers of art in its every branch, that they have for many years taken pride in collecting the most beautiful specimens of foreign art, and that they take a peculiar pleasure in exhibiting their collection to any one gifted with appreciative taste.

GEORGE FISCHER'S TOY-STORE, 294 Chestnut St.—At this establishment, the largest and finest specimens of toys are to be found. It is the resort "for things of use and things of sport." Any of our friends desiring a small lot for their children for Christmas or New-Year's holidays can address a letter as above, giving the age of the children, and Mr. Fischer will pick out such toys as will suit, pack them up, and forward them at once. Our own citizens know the place too well to need any recommendation from us.

CARRYL'S CURTAIN-STORE, *Masonic Hall, Chestnut Street*.—This celebrated establishment was never better supplied with curtain material than at present. Orders addressed to Mr. Carryl, giving dimensions of the room, color of the material, and the price one wishes to pay, will be promptly filled.

BRODIE'S, 51 Canal Street, New York, is the greatest establishment in the world for Mantillas, Talmas, &c. We would recommend our subscribers, when they visit that city, to give him a call.

HALL'S "Journal of Health" says of "Arthur's Home Magazine":—

"We notice that 'Arthur's Home Magazine' has a 'Health Department.' We trust that page will always be wisely filled. Not with symptoms, and doses, and hobby-horsical Tom Fooleries about vegetarianism, waterism, and the abnegation of nine-tenths of the real good things of this life, but with such general physiological views as to air, exercise, ventilation, cleanliness, &c., as educated practitioners of all countries have steadily taught for ages."

How this magazine has increased in subscription since we first knew it. It is the best of the Two Dollar magazines. It will always contain a superb steel plate and a colored fashion plate. The well-known writer, T. S. Arthur, is its publisher, and he is too well known throughout the States to need any recommendation from us. All his writings inculcate truth and morality—we club with it. \$3 50 will procure the Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine both one year.

OUR JANUARY number will appear in an entire new and superior style of type from the well-known establishment of Messrs. Collins & McLeester. The embellishments of the January number will also be rich and rare.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.—We have had occasion to pass over this road several times lately, and can bear testimony to the admirable manner in which it is conducted, the politeness of the conductors, and the good order in general throughout all its management. This road has one great advantage over most roads, and that is in having such a man at its head as W. H. Gatzmer, Esq.

"EVERY LADY HER OWN SHOEMAKER."—We are now able to present to our readers a work that we have had more inquiries for than we could find patience to answer. "Every Lady her own Shoemaker" is the title of the work. It contains six large diagrams, each one with several drawings on it explanatory of the various parts of the shoe. In fact, it is a complete guide to enable every lady to be her own shoemaker. If we have as many orders as we have had inquiries, we shall sell a very large number. The price is fifty cents.

WEIGHTS OF MEASURES.—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel may be of interest to our readers:—

Of wheat, sixty pounds.
Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds.
Of corn on the cob, seventy pounds.
Of rye, fifty-six pounds.
Of oats, thirty-six pounds.
Of barley, forty pounds.
Of potatoes, sixty pounds.
Of bran, twenty pounds.
Of clover seed, sixty pounds.
Of timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Of flax seed, forty-five pounds.
Of hemp seed, forty-four pounds.
Of buckwheat, fifty-two pounds.
Of blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Of castor beans, forty-six pounds.
Of dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.
Of dried apples, twenty-four pounds.
Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Of salt, fifty pounds.

"I THINK your patterns and fashion plates are superior to any I have ever seen, and every inexperienced person in such matters should thank you for your inestimable Book. Mrs. S., Va."

PEARL CARD CASES FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.—We have now a beautiful assortment of these very pretty and suitable presents—a great variety, and at different prices.

No. 1. Plain or beautifully inlaid with different colored shells	\$3 00
No. 2. Plain but beautifully varied engraving suitable for a bride	4 00
No. 3. Engraved and border of various colored shells	4 50
No. 4. Raised medallion cameo head, set round with colored pearl	5 00

We assure our readers that the above is a very superior assortment, and one that cannot be found elsewhere. They are manufactured to order for Godey's Lady's Book.

A PARISIAN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.—Drawn from the imagination, or else they do this kind of thing much better in Paris than we do here. We never saw an editor's room in this country that was not rather a forlorn-looking place.

"In a large velvet arm-chair, with a table before him, sits the editor himself, enveloped in a plain, dark dressing-gown. He is not immersed in any profound thought, or he may be meditating, for aught we know; but his head rests comfortably on the back of his chair, whilst he inhales oblivion from all care through the amber tube of a perfumed Narghille standing beside him. What have we on the table? A large vase full of flowers, a pile of tiny oyster shells, an empty bottle of chablis, a china dish with pears and oranges, the remains of an omelette souffle, a silver coffee pot, thick, hot cream, and—could he have foreseen our visit, and intended to invite us to breakfast? The table certainly is laid for two; and that delicious, easy, low chair, with its soft satin, wadded back, is actually placed ready for us. How charmingly considerate!"

WE have no agents for whose acts we are responsible.

THE MUSICAL EDITOR.—

To the *Subscribers of Godey's Lady's Book*: Having contributed original songs throughout the fifty-third volume of the *Lady's Book*, and fearing a continuance might be considered egotistical, a choice collection of twenty-four old national songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland has been prepared, and will commence with the January number, 1857; newly arranged in keys to suit all voices, and with original accompaniments within the capacity of ordinary performers. To the musical patrons of the *Lady's Book* this national work will be found a desideratum, inasmuch as the songs cannot be found in any other work or publication on this continent, being specifically arranged for this magazine, consequently the copyright of the proprietor; and, when the twenty-four numbers are completed, will be uniformly printed on thick paper, and sold as a distinct work, forming an elegant selection of popular national songs, produced in the most pleasing, at the same time scholastic, form.

The compiling the work, entitled "Trio juncto in Uno," has been a labor of love; as such it is respectfully dedicated to the subscribers of the magazine by their grateful servant.

The Musical Editor,
PROFESSOR CROUCH.

ANSON G. CHESTER, ESQ.—We congratulate the people of Syracuse upon having this able writer and accomplished gentleman among them. The subscribers to the "Daily Journal" have reason to be pleased, for they have one of America's best poets and versatile writers to preside over the columns of their favorite paper.

AN OLD PROVERB CONTRADICTED.—Notwithstanding the proverb that "poverty is no crime," yet a man without money is invariably set down by the world as one devoid of *principal*.

WHAT A COMFORT!—The "Greenville Courier" says: "Godey is a great favorite in these parts, not only with the ladies, but with the *old bachelors*. Even they derive comfort from the perusal of its literary pages. Every husband ought to take it. It is worth twice the amount asked for it."

INFORMATION WANTED.—A lady asks us for a well-tryed receipt to prevent the hair from coming out. Can any of our subscribers forward us such a receipt? She adds that she has tried many of the quack nostrums, and they have not been of any service.

POSTAGE.—We have received several notices from postmasters that letters to our address remained in their office unpaid, and requesting us to send a stamp and prepay our letters to them, and get the unpaid document. We shall do no such thing, as everybody ought to know by this time that payment of letter postage is required from the person who sends the letter.

WHAT NEXT?—The "New York Home Journal" says: "The costly displays of bridal presents at the numerous weddings in that city, for a few years back, have been hired from extensive jewellers for a reasonable amount."

That information is nothing new. It is often done. Many innocents suppose that the silver and other articles they see displayed are presents. No such thing!

GRECIAN PAINTING AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, of Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all the materials and directions. Our numerous inquirers will please make application to him. He is largely engaged in artists' materials and the fine arts, and we are satisfied, from our dealing with him, that he will do as he agrees. We annex his circular:—

"The subscriber will furnish for \$3 a package of twelve mezzotint engravings, and full printed directions for Grecian Painting, and a new style, originating with himself, and equal to the finest copper painting, called ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS, with a bottle of preparation. For \$2 more, or \$5, he will send the above and all paints, brushes, oils, varnishes needed for these arts, and other oil painting; receipts for varnish, &c. &c."

"He has also published a new picture, size of plate, 9 by 11 inches, expressly for Grecian Painting, &c., called 'Les Orphelins.' The paper, printing, and engraving are thoroughly fitted for it, and the effect and finish when completed or painted are fine, and superior to canvas painting. It will be sent on receipt of its price, \$1, by mail, free of postage.

Address J. E. TILTON, Salem, Mass."

AN EGG IN A PHIAL.—To accomplish this seeming incredible act requires the following preparation: You must take an egg and soak it in vinegar; and in process of time its shell will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthwise without breaking; then insert it into the neck of a small bottle, and by pouring cold water upon it, it will resume its former figure and hardness. This is really a complete curiosity, and baffles those who are not in the secret to find out how it is accomplished.

We shall be pleased to receive any useful receipts of any kind that our correspondents have tried, and know to be good.

HONG KONG, CHINA.—Last week we received three American gold dollars from the above place for one year's subscription to the *Lady's Book*.

THOSE who wish an early copy of our January number to show their friends, or for the purpose of getting up a club, will please advise us, and it will be sent.

Will those who address us please be particular and direct to Philadelphia? Sometimes letters are directed to us at New York; and do not forget to pay the postage, otherwise the letter will not be sent.

A SUPPRESSED VERSE IN GRAY'S ELEGY.—Rogers thought the stanza which Gray threw out of his "Elegy" better than some of the stanzas he retained. Here it is, and most people will agree with Rogers:—

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

WE have received many letters relating to "Beauty out West," stating that "we know of a family exactly like the one referred to in your story." In one case the resemblance was striking, and the family must have thought that they sat for the picture.

LARDNER'S ONE THOUSAND RECEIPTS UPON EVERY SUBJECT.—We will furnish copies of this celebrated work on receipt of twenty-five cents.

RAPID MOTION.—Of the rapidity with which some portions of the machinery employed in the manufacture of cotton operate, we may form an idea from the fact that the very finest thread which is used in making lace is passed through the strong flame of a lamp, which burns off the fibres without burning the thread itself. The velocity with which the thread moves is so great that it cannot be perceived there is any motion at all, the line of thread passing off a wheel through the flame looking as if it were perfectly at rest.

HOOPS.—There is no more omnipotent goddess than Fashion; she reigns undisputed among high and low, among rich and poor. Her kingdom is more extensive than that of the most powerful potentate of earth. She is omnipresent too, it seems, for we find her even within a prison's walls. In Mayhew's work, entitled "The Great World of London," it is stated that in Brixton prison, the female convicts cut the ropes from their hammocks, to give a fullness to their skirts. One enthusiastic votary of the goddess went so far as to fill the bottom of her dress with coals for the same object! This is what Sam Weller would call an "amiable weakness."

"DOLLAR NEWSPAPER."—On our November cover will be found the advertisement of this excellent paper. It is the only Dollar paper published, and it would be cheap at Two Dollars.

FROM extreme pressure of matter we have been compelled to withdraw the advertisement of our musical editor, Mr. Crouch. All orders and remittances addressed F. N. Crouch, Post-office, Washington, D. C., will meet prompt attention, and five songs returned for One Dollar. (See advertisement on cover of August number.)

SUBSCRIBERS do not seem to understand that, when we receive money for any other publication, we pay the money over to that publication. If they miss a number of Harper, Arthur, or Graham, they must address the publisher of the publication they miss. We have nothing to do with it.

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.—A correspondent, alluding to the numerous cases of death from accidental poisoning, adds: "I venture to affirm that there is scarce even a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, certain, immediate remedy for such events—nothing more than a dessert-spoonful of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and drank immediately. It acts as an emetic, is always ready, and may be used with safety where one is required. By making this simple antidote known, you may be the means of saving many a fellow-creature from an untimely end."

CLUB and single subscribers are informed that we can always furnish numbers from the beginning of the year, and will send to any post-office where the subscriber may reside. A club of six may be sent to six different post-offices. It is not too late now to make up clubs.

THERE seems to be but one opinion by the press, and therefore there is no use of our publishing the various notices, and that is that Godey's Lady's Book is the most appropriate present to be made to a lady, for, let her be ever so forgetful of favors, she must be reminded, at least twelve times in the year, of the donor.

A **NOVEL** branch of industry is now in operation at Stutgardt, namely, the fabrication of corsets, which occupies one thousand three hundred persons. The manufactory supplies annually three hundred thousand corsets, valued at from five hundred thousand to six hundred thousand florins.

"TAKE the Chronicle for the men, and the Lady's Book for the women," says the Centreville "Michigan Chronicle." That has always been our text, and in starting the clubbing system with the press we had an especial eye to that. Always take your own country paper; never neglect the man that has come among you to establish a newspaper. It will promote the growth of your place; enlighten your minds; and make you acquainted with what the world is doing. As Shakespeare says: "It is the brief abstract and chronicle of the times."

CAUTION TO THOSE SENDING MONEY.—If the amount is large, procure a draft, if possible; but, if a draft cannot be procured, send the money. Be careful in sealing your letter. Do not depend upon the sealing matter on the envelop. Always use a wafer in addition.

THE "New York Picayune" asks remarks or suggestions from its readers upon the subject of their paper. Here is one from us. It is the most sensible and best comic paper published. Cæsar Hannibal is a host, and the contributors to the Picayune are some of our best comic writers. The Nix Nax, a sort of monthly to the "Pic," is admirable.

A LESSON TO SMOKERS.—

"Learn to smoke slow. The other grace is
To keep your smoke from people's faces."

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.

"H. J. O."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 16th.

"Mrs. M. T. H."—Sent patterns 16th.

"Mrs. M. E. B."—Sent shells 16th.

"Mrs. A. S. W."—Sent pearl card-case 17th.

"Miss J. H."—Sent pearl card-case, &c. 17th.

"Mrs. W. M. W."—Sent patterns 17th.

"Mrs. J. P. A."—We cannot well name the price of patterns until we know what is wanted and what the postage will be. Sent yours 17th.

"Miss E. H."—Have handed your letter to Fashion Editor.

"Miss A. L. R."—Gentlemen on the right.

"Miss E. J. J."—Sent gold pen 18th.

"Mrs. J. H. C."—Sent pearl card-case 18th.

"M. F. B."—Go-de; accent on the first syllable.

"Mrs. C. C."—Sent patterns 19th.

"Mrs. G. A. R."—Sent infant's patterns 20th.

"Miss L. O. H."—Sent pearl card-case 20th.

"Miss E. V. A."—Sent hair necklace 20th.

"Mrs. M. J. C."—Sent hair breastpin and ring 22d.

"G. W. J."—Sent hair ring 22d.

"Miss J. M. M."—Sent hair ring 22d.

"Mrs. O. V. V."—Sent patterns, &c. 23d.

"Mrs. H. H. D."—With the hostess.

"Mrs. O. F."—Sent two card-cases 24th.
 "Mrs. M. J. K."—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams' express 24th.
 "Mrs. J. P. J."—Sent bonnet, cloak, caps, &c., by Adams' express 25th.
 "Miss D. A. L."—Some are very prudish, and give the preference to a lady.
 "Miss J."—Sent fringe, &c., by mail 26th.
 "Miss L. B. W."—Sent hair bracelet and breastpin 26th.
 "Mrs. M. H. G."—Sent patterns 26th.
 "E. M. H."—Sent hair fob chain 26th.
 "Mrs. S. H. P."—Sent patterns, &c. 26th.
 "D. B. P."—Sent carved pearl card-case 26th.
 "Miss R. P."—Sent hair ring 27th.
 "Miss E. M. M."—Sent colored cottons 27th.
 "J. C. B."—Sent patterns 27th.
 "Miss A. P."—Address L. Scott & Co., New York, for Blackwood's Magazine.
 "E. L. G."—Pronounced as if written Go-de; accent on first syllable.
 "S. W. F."—Sent pearl card-case 3d.
 "E. D. R."—Sent patterns and colored cottons 3d.
 "Mrs. A. E. D."—Sent infant's wardrobe by Wells & Fargo's express 3d.
 "Miss L. A. P. R."—Sent smoking cap and hair ring 3d.
 "Miss O. L. O."—Sent medallion card-case 4th.
 "M. R. D." Cincinnati.—\$2 25, and it must be sent by express.
 "W. F. W."—Sent pearl card-case 4th.
 "Annie."—We have as much as we can do to answer those who favor us with their names and a stamp.
 "Mrs. G. R."—Sent pattern of infant's hood, &c. 4th.
 "Miss A. A. E."—Sent Faith, Hope, and Charity, hair ornaments, 4th.
 "Miss E. M. S."—Sent basque pattern, &c. 4th.
 "Miss H. H. E."—Sent superior card-case 4th.
 "J. M."—Sent bonnet, dress patterns, &c. by Adams' express 4th.
 "Miss A. W."—Sent gold breastpin 6th.
 "Miss M. J. C."—Sent patterns 6th.
 "Mrs. A. E. J."—Sent patterns 6th.
 "Mrs. E. T. D."—Sent patterns 6th.
 "Miss D. McD."—Sent Faith, Hope, and Charity, hair ornaments, 6th.
 "Mrs. E. A. G."—Sent "Ristori" 6th.
 "Annie."—Study, and speak slow.
 "Miss S. A. B."—Sent patterns 6th.
 "Miss M. J. L."—Sent patterns 6th.
 "J. E. H."—Sent patterns 6th.
 "Mrs. N. W."—Sent patterns, &c. 6th.
 "J. M. M."—Sent hair ring 6th.
 "R. W."—Sent hair ring, &c. 6th.
 "Miss J. E. L."—Sent hair breastpin 6th.
 "L. G. C."—Sent hair cross 6th.
 "W. P. K."—Sent hair rings 6th.
 "Mrs. W. A."—Sent pearl card-case 7th.
 "Miss M. G."—Sent hair and gold rings, &c. 7th.
 "Mrs. S. C."—Sent articles 7th.
 "Mrs. M. E. A."—Sent basque and apron patterns, &c. 7th.
 "Mrs. F. A. P."—Sent hair necklace, bracelet, and pin 7th.
 "A. B. B."—Sent patterns 8th.
 "S. M."—Sent pearl card-case to M. O. M. 8th.
 "Mrs. A. G."—Sent patterns 8th.
 "Mrs. C. H."—Sent patterns 8th.

"L. P."—Sent patterns 9th.

"A. R. H."—Optional entirely. Some ladies prefer the gentlemen on one side, some the other. Yes, quite proper.

"Miss E. L."—Sent infant's wardrobe patterns 9th.

"Mrs. H. K. J."—Sent patterns 10th.

"Mrs. R. M. S."—Sent patterns 11th.

"Miss J. E. L."—Sent stamped collars, &c. 13th.

"M. C. P."—Sent patterns 13th.

"M. E. B."—Sent patterns 13th.

"M. E. K."—Sent patterns 13th.

Centre-Table Gossip.

NEW JUVENILES FOR THOSE IN SEARCH OF HOLIDAY GIFT-BOOKS.

AMONG the earliest issued, we note especially "Bread upon the Waters," by Mrs. Bradley, who has so ably filled the fireside corner of "The Schoolfellow," a children's magazine we have had frequent occasion to commend.

"Bread upon the Waters" is one of the gift publications of the Protestant Episcopal Society in New York, who issued the "Helen Morton Series," by Cousin Alice, and it is produced in much the same style of print, paper, and illustrations. The story itself is full of simple pathos, deep, religious, childlike faith and trust; and we commend it to any mother selecting a gift for her children.

The Appletons have, as a Christmas volume, "Douglass Farm," by the same author, written a twelvemonth later, and affording still more scope in the portrayal of character and incident. It is a book for brothers and sisters, ay, and for parents too, illustrating alike the divine maxims "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," and "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath," in the development of a charming tale of household life in Virginia. We regard Mrs. Bradley as one of the very best among the new writers for the juveniles.

Cousin Alice has no new "Home Book" this season, choosing to give place to Mrs. Bradley, whose volumes she introduces and commends to her own circle of readers.

"Sedgemoor," by Mrs. William Manners, whose "Stories on the Lord's Prayer," and "How to behave at Home and Abroad," make her name widely familiar to the little people and their mammas, is quite out of the common course, and valuable, apart from the interest of the story, for the immense amount of biographical information pleasantly conveyed in the fireside talks of "Sedgemoor Library." Mrs. Manners is perfectly at home on her subject, and the sprightly dialogue does not flag for an instant. As some one says of her, "she not only is wondrous wise, but knows how to post other people."

It is not generally known that the three ladies mentioned above, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Manners, and Mrs. Neal, have the near claim of sisterhood—a remarkable instance of literary taste and sympathy in one family.

PROTECTING PLANTS.

THERE are, perhaps, few subjects connected with flower-gardens less clearly understood than the protection of plants in the winter. The general idea seems to be to cover the plants closely, and to deprive them of every vestige of sun and air, as soon as the air feels

chill, and there appears the slightest danger of frost. But this is by no means a good plan, as the plants are in quite as much danger of being destroyed by damp as by frost; and wooding plants should especially be allowed plenty of sun and air as long as possible, to ripen and harden their wood. It is, indeed, only when the plant is in a succulent or growing state that it is in danger of being destroyed by frost; and consequently spring frosts are much more dangerous than the same degree of frost in autumn, as in spring the plants are more or less in a growing state, while in autumn they are more or less in a state of repose. The reason of this difference is that when plants are growing the sap is in a rapid motion and watery, whereas in autumn it is much thicker and of a more glutinous texture; consequently, in spring the sap freezes as readily as if it were pure water, and it bursts the veins of the plants just as frozen water, by its expansion, cracks a glass bottle; whereas, honey, oil, and other glutinous matters do not freeze so readily as water, and when they do their particles do not expand in the same proportion or with the same rapidity.

With regard to damp, the case is quite different; the sluggish circulation of the sap inclines the plants to a state of inactivity and incipient decay, and consequently covering them during the autumnal months, by keeping the damp about them, increases this tendency to decay; and, if the moisture is not carried off in some manner, the leaves and young stems rot as they would if thrown into water, and the whole plant becomes so weakened that it very rarely survives.

The evil effects of damp explain many apparent mysteries as to the uncertain manner in which plants suffer from the frost, as sometimes certain species will live in bleak, exposed situations, where the cold is really intense, while other plants of the same kinds will be killed in warm and sheltered valleys, where the thermometer stands much higher.

Another very important difference between plants of the same kind, as regards their hardiness, arises from the degree of ripeness which has been attained by their wood. When a branch first begins to expand in spring, it is herbaceous and succulent—that is, it is as green and brittle as the stem of any animal plant; but after midsummer the young branch becomes hard and tough, and, if the season be warm and dry, it gradually takes the appearance and color of the old wood. Later in the season, the leaves fall, and the wood becomes still more hard and dry; so that, when winter comes, the young wood has become sufficiently firm and torpid to resist any amount of cold it may be exposed to.

The above remarks will explain how it is that so many plans for protecting plants, which appear excellent in theory, fail in practice. Some years ago, some very elegant covers of basket-work were tried at the Horticultural Society's garden at Chiswick, but they failed; as, though they were quite efficacious in excluding the frost, the plants were killed by the damp.

The only sure way of preserving half-hardy herbaceous plants during the winter is to cut the stems down to the ground as soon as the leaves are touched by the frost, which will be known by their appearing blackened. The roots may afterwards be taken up if they are tuberous or bulbous, and kept in a dry place during the winter, to be replanted in spring; or they may be covered over with dead leaves or straw laid on lightly. It must be remembered that the frost very rarely goes deeper than four inches into the ground, and that, in the hardest winter in this country, it has never been

known to be deeper than ten inches. Below the depth to which the frost penetrates, the ground is as warm in winter as it is in summer; and, consequently, if the ground can be covered to a sufficient depth with a warm, light covering, sufficiently porous to admit of the evaporation of the damp, no frost can injure the roots buried in it. This is the reason that plants will live in the Alpine regions, where they are covered with snow all the winter, though the same kind of plants are killed in the comparatively mild climate of England.

With regard to half-hardy shrubs, the best plan is to ripen the wood as much as possible by exposing it to the sun and air, and cutting away any plants that may throw too much shade. The roots may also be mulched—that is, covered with dead leaves, loose litter, or straw, which may be drawn up round the collar of the plant—that is, the part between the roots and the stem. In this manner very tender plants will bear a good deal of autumnal frost; and, though the points of their young branches may be killed, these may be cut off in the spring, and the plant will be very little injured.

A WEDDING OUTFIT.

PERHAPS some among our many friends who are just now superintending this important purchase for themselves may feel interested in a list of what is considered indispensable under similar circumstances in Japan.

To commence with the wardrobe. There is first a white wedding-dress, embroidered with gold or silver; four other dresses—one with a red, a second with a black ground, one plain white, a fourth plain yellow; a number of gowns, both lined and single, and all the other requisites of a wardrobe, as girdles, bathing-gowns, under-ropes, both fine and coarse, a thick furred robe for a bed-gown; a mattress, bedclothes, pillows, gloves, carpets, bed-curtains; a silk cap; a furred cotton cap; long and short towels; a cloak; a covering for a norimon; a bag with a mixture of bran, wheat, and dried herbs, to be used in washing the face; also, a bag of toothpicks, some skeins of thin twine, made of twisted paper, for tying up the hair; a small hand-mirror; a little box of medicines; a small packet of the best columbace, for painting the lips; several kinds of paper for doing up packages; also, paper for writing letters; a *kollo* (a kind of harp); a *samsi* (a sort of guitar); a small chest for holding paper; an inkhorn; a pin-cushion; several sorts of needles; a box of combs; a mirror with its stand; a mixture for blacking the teeth (the distinguishing mark of married women in Japan, some blacking them the moment they are married); curling-tongs for the hair; scissors; a letter-case; a case of razors; several small boxes, varnished or made of ozier; dusters; a case of articles for dressing the hair; an iron for smoothing linen; a tub with handles; a small dagger, with a white sheath, in a little bag (thought to drive away evil spirits and to preserve from infectious exhalations—a quality ascribed also to the swords worn by the men); complimentary cards, made of paper, variously colored, and gilt or silvered at the ends to tie round presents; *nosi*, a species of edible sea-weed, of which small pieces are attached to every congratulatory present; silk thread; a small tub to hold flax; several slender bamboos, used in hanging out clothes to dry; circular fans; common fans; fire tureens; and—what certainly ought to form a part of the bridal outfit of our city belles—a small bench for supporting the elbows when the owner has nothing to do! Several books are also added.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MR. J. H. ESQ.," of Chestnut Grove.—To the question "Whose manufacture do you recommend? I wish to give my daughter a really good piano at New-Year's," we answer, without doubt, Boardman & Gray's, Albany. The young lady will probably wish an elegant case, brilliant tone, and all modern improvements. We know how that is. She does not wish any unfavorable comparisons drawn between her own and some favorite friend's, whose father has just been similarly generous.

In all these requisites, Boardman & Gray are sure to give satisfaction. We will give the desired explanation of their corrugated sounding-board soon. The effect is that of a grand piano. Order one by all means.

"MADELINE."—For new mourning jewelry, see the "Chitchat" for January; it is crowded out the present month.

"Miss L."—The simplest arrangements of "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore" are by James Bellak. We can send them by mail.

"ANTOINETTE S." of Lemon Hill, Alabama.—Black lace fichus or capes are very much worn with a low corsage, and are extremely becoming to a fair complexion. They are mostly of thulle and black velvet, with some pretty edge.

"MRS. J."—We gave the receipts in September number. Please refer, and save us the trouble of repetition.

"MARGIE."—We would not advise you to try, even. "First efforts" can only be given away.

"Mrs. S. E. B."—We have already answered a part of your question in our "Centre-Table Gossip." For older boys we refer you to "The Star and the Cloud," one of the most popular of Derby's publications the past season. "The Long Look Ahead" by the same author should not be set aside because time has passed since its publication. There is scarcely a more unpretending writer, as to style and incident, than James S. Roe, or one that has made a more rapid advance since his first published volume, which we characterized as diffuse and crude. People who fancy "Household Mysteries" or "Juno Clifford" might lay it aside with the first ten pages; and those whose tastes are formed to appreciate the exquisite finish of "Zaidee" and the "Athelings," or the pathos and passion of "John Halifax" and the "Head of the Family," or the high religious tone of "Miss Yonge" and "Miss Sewell," have done the same. But they are disposed to forget that there is an immense class of readers to whom "The Long Look Ahead" would appeal with twice the force; women and men, too, of sound practical good sense, simple habits of life, untrained imaginations, and warm home affections, those we are accustomed to hear called "the bone and sinew" of the country, to whom we look for freshness and activity in social life and influence, and to these we commend what Mr. Roe has written for them.

Of the more elegant gift-books, we notice English copies of "Herbert," "The Dairyman's Daughter," and "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," exquisitely illustrated by Briket Foster and others, in the style of "Gray's Elegy," "The Pleasures of Hope," etc.

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, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, Rapp's gold pens, 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.

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 Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's 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 DECEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress of black silk, the skirt in five flounces, pinked in a tasteful pattern. The waist and sleeves, which are quite plain, are quadrilled by a velvet ribbon, an inch in width. Handsome collar and sleeves of lace. Bonnet of drab-colored therry velvet, trimmed with black lace, and brightened by scarlet knots of ribbon inside the brim, and broad strings of the same color.

Fig. 2.—Walking-dress of blue cashmere. Mantle of drab cloth, handsomely embroidered, and fastened by loops and fancy buttons across the front. Bonnet of white silk, blonde, and ribbon. Straw-colored gloves.

Fig. 3.—Evening-dress of white satin. Double skirt, trimmed by a broad band of ostrich plumes, laid on flat; the same edges the berthé cape. Hair quite simple, with curled plumes, and confined by a rope of pearls. Pearl necklace. This is the richest evening-dress brought out this season, and remarkable for its novelty and simple elegance.

Fig. 4.—Dinner-dress—robe of blossom-colored silk, *châle*, with a pattern in deep rose-color and black; the flounces finished by a neat scallop; bretelles, terminating in bows at the waist, which has a flounce instead of a basque. Headdress of blonde. Rich lace collar and sleeves.

Juvenile Figure.—Dress of pink cashmere, the skirt in three flounces, trimmed by a pink ribbon coursed by black satin bars; bretelles, terminating in a ribbon bow with flowing ends. Simple bonnet of white satin, with a thulle cap inside the brim. Boots of gray cashmere.

CLOAKS AND MANTLES.

(See page 484.)

The Marian.—One of the numerous graceful travelling wraps so fashionable the present season. It is of gray cloth, with three rows of velvet ribbon, a medium width, and a fringe of mixed gray and white. It buttons over at the throat from left to right, and is especially suited to invalids.

The Braganza.—A velvet mantle for a carriage or visiting dress. It has something of the shawl shape, forming a point in front, but rounding to the figure at the back. The trimming is a deep figured velvet plush, and broad lace flounce; the same forms a yoke or collar at the throat—the lace being narrower, however.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE children, according to promise, come under our consideration the present month; and of course we take Genin's Bazaar as authority in all cases where style and novelty are concerned. Bradbrook's, nearly opposite Stewart's, is the second place in extent and variety in New York; and Mrs. Suplee, as our readers will remember, has in Philadelphia the principal establishment of the same description.

At these places a whole family of juveniles can be equipped at short notice, commencing with the baby in cambric and valenciennes, and at Genin's ending with the schoolboy old enough to tease his sisters and ruin his father in patent-leather boots. To begin with the youngest member of the family, the first wardrobe differs little from that already described in past seasons; but we repeat the list for the convenience of those ordering a whole set. It is from the "Nursery Basket" published by the Appletons:—

Eight cambric shirts, four knit worsted shirts, four flannel bands, three night petticoats, four flannel skirts, four white cambric, eight dresses, six slips, six night dresses, six bib aprons, six pair of socks—two sizes, two blankets, four colored flannel sacks, one double or flannel wrapper, one cap, one cloak.

The caps are of embroidered muslin or linen cambric, lined with soft Florence or Marcelline silk, white, pink, blue, or straw-color. These are intended for out-of-door wear; and some have a double lining with half the thickness of jeweller's cotton batting laid between for the sake of warmth. Others prefer to tie a hood of very light knit zephyr over the cap, leaving the border to shade the little face. The cloaks are not quite as long as in past seasons. They are usually of plain-colored merino, or cashmere, white, or a delicate stone, pearl, or fawn color, handsomely lined and quilted. At one time, silk embroidery was thought indispensable. Velvet, satin, and mixed galloons are now employed; and we have seen some with a deep band of plush surrounding the entire cape and cloak.

For children in short clothes the capes and cloaks of fleecy Shetland wool are beautiful, warm, and suitable. They are knit, crocheted, and woven extremely light, and may be washed with ease. They come in all colors, and cost from one dollar to twice that amount. The crocheted worsted hoods, shaded in blue, pink, crimson, and scarlet, and brightened by narrow satin ribbon of the same shades, drawn through the large eyelets or loops, will be found very serviceable as well as pretty. They also have a light thickness of cotton in the Marcelline lining, and cost from one dollar to a dollar and fifty cents, according to the size.

Dress hats for little girls are more and more ornamented—quite too close an imitation of the finery of their grown-up sisters, and costing exorbitantly. The plainest are three dollars; from that to six dollars, which, a little time ago, was considered a sufficient sum for mamma to pay for her own. The materials are velvet, satin, silk, feathers, blonde, and Tom Ponce

ribbons, in rosettes, bands, and streamers of all description.

In beaver hats for young gentlemen of the same age, the brown and maroon of the past season have given place to a dark rich shade of green—"Lincoln green," it is called—the plumes, strings, velvet binding of the rims all of the same shade. The price just equals that of the bonnets in the opposite department; and are outgrown in one season.

Children under three, whether girls or boys, have much the same dress and cloak materials. These are Lupin's merinos, which many people think economical in the end, as they can be turned or dyed. They are in every shade and variety of color. Crimson, scarlets, maroon, purple, and blue, among the darker shades, are most worn for children; among the lighter hues, pink, rose-color, apple-green, pale-blue, and maize, or corn-color. Plain cashmeres in the same shades are a little lighter and finer, but cannot be turned; and mousselines de laine, all wool, are well suited to the transition periods between cold and warm weather. There are also mousselines with a mixture of cotton, costing one-half less, in polka spots or pretty chintz figures, which look extremely well, and wear nearly as long. For real use we recommend the plaid cashmeres, some of them being almost as handsome as poplins in the deepest and richest or the most delicate shades. Those alternating with checks of white or black are the most striking. They wash like chintz, and always have a bright, clear look. The plaid flannels for outside coats and cloaks look much the same, but are heavier and more durable. They are the favorite material for that purpose, and are usually trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon or galloon, either silk or worsted, of the prevailing color.

Poplins are certainly the handsomest of all materials used for children, but they are also the most costly. Plain merinos and cashmeres are frequently trimmed with crosswise bands of plaid, poplin, or Valencia, in high colors.

Boys over three years of age usually exchange frocks for loose sacks, buttoning on the shoulder, with a fullness under the arm, cut crosswise of the material, which has an excellent effect, particularly in plaids. With this a belt, either of patent-leather or silk elastic, three or four inches wide, and fastened by a pretty clasp. The elastic may be bought in lengths, and the clasp separate. There is an infinite variety in color and clasp of these belts the present season, they are so much in vogue for ladies' morning sacks and dressing-gowns. Any dress can be matched; but for children, boys especially, we prefer plain black.

Most boys are kept in birdseye or Holland aprons of sack form until they are five or six years old. If the belt is worn over these, they are very neat and comfortable-looking. Little girls have crossbarred muslin, fine birdseye and Marseilles aprons of many different patterns, all of which may be had from Madam Demorest, Broadway, or Mrs. Suplee, Chestnut Street. For winter, a plain waist, with a short, full skirt set on with a cord or belt of insertion, is the warmest and most serviceable. The shoulders have a slope from one to three inches long, that is, according as it is wished high or low; and the sleeves, if long, are moderately wide, and finished by a hem and edge, or gathered into a band as desired. Black silk aprons made in this way are extremely convenient, and may be made to have a pretty baby look in spite of the grave material.

