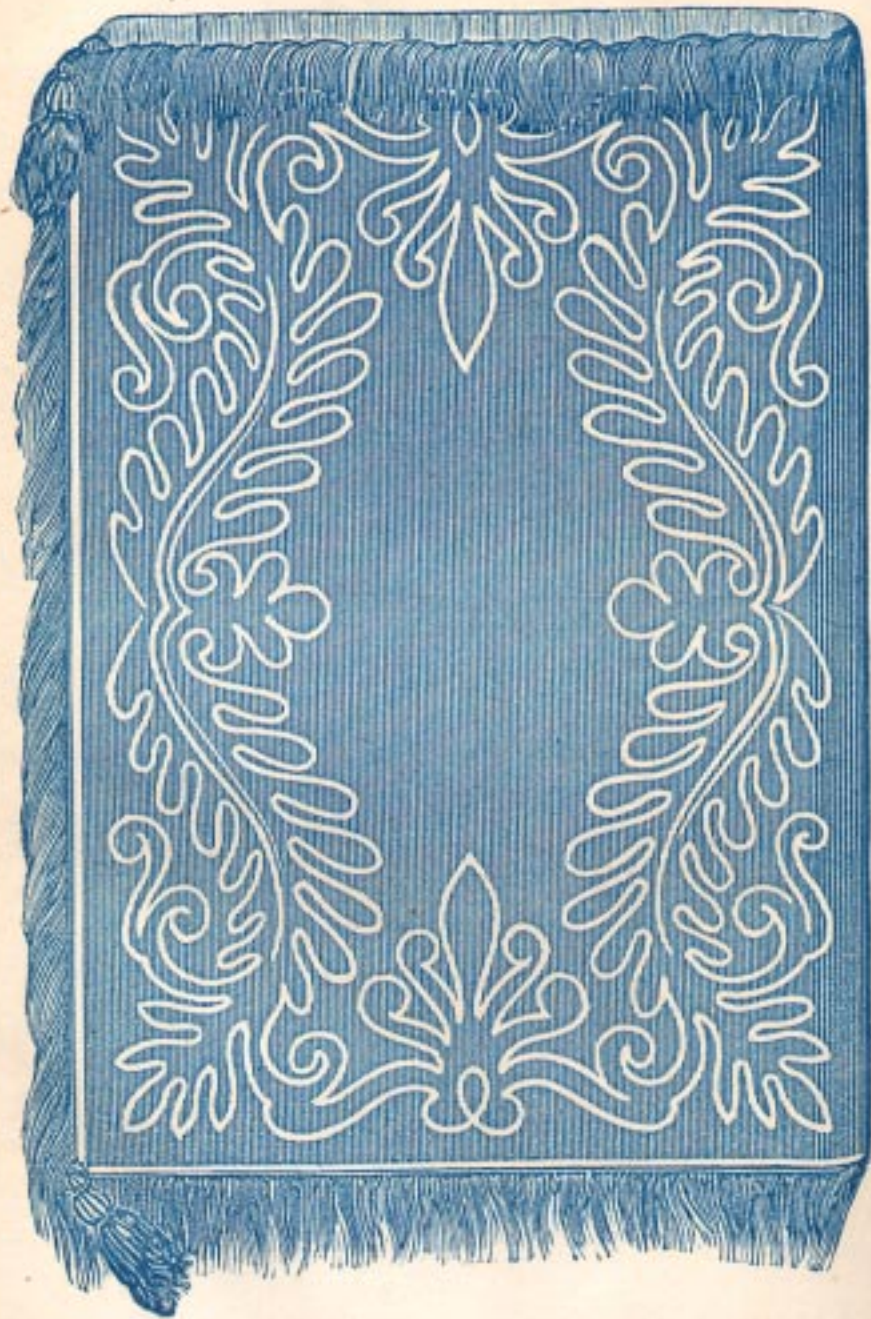




THE GLEANERS.





BRAIDED SACHET.



MISCHIEF.—TEAZING MAMMA.

# COUSIN REA!

SONG AND CHORUS.

BY O. M. BREWSTER.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano Forte, for Godey's Lady's Book, and Inscribed to Mrs. G. W. Farrington, St. Paul, Min.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a dotted line labeled '8va.' followed by the lyrics 'I. I have a pret-ty cous - in, And I'. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with the lyrics 'call her dear - est Neal, And if I have a sor - row, That sor - row she can heal.' The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature. The system concludes with a double bar line.

**CHORUS.**

*rall.* *tempo.*

**Soprano.** If you see a la - dy graceful, And tall and most gen - teel, You may come to the conclu - sion It is my cous - in Neal.

**Alto.** If you see a la - dy graceful, And tall and most gen - teel, You may come to the conclu - sion It is my cous - in Neal.

**Tenor.** If you see a la - dy graceful, And tall and most gen - teel, You may come to the conclu - sion It is my cous - in Neal.

**Bass.** If you see a la - dy graceful, And tall and most gen - teel, You may come to the conclu - sion It is my cous - in Neal.

**Piano.** *rall.* *tempo.*

**Forto.** *rall.* *tempo.*

2.

When'er I am down-hearted,  
And sad and lonely feel,  
There's no one half so cheering  
As my gentle Cousin Neal.  
CHORUS.—If you see, &c.

3.

Her ways are most bewitching  
And are sure your heart to steal,  
And there never was a cousin  
Like that pretty Cousin Neal.  
CHORUS.—If you see, &c.



### THE JAPANESE.

THIS is one of the prettiest fall styles. The material is a chocolate-color reps silk. The skirt has one small flounce at the bottom, and above it, placed at intervals, are eight rows of box plaiting, made of the silk. The body and sleeves are trimmed to match.



**DINNER OR STREET DRESS.**

**This** dress is made with a double skirt, and a very full box-plaited flounce sewed at the bottom of the dress. The material of the dress is a very rich black silk; the flounce, trimming of the body, the bows and sash are of purple moire antique.







**LA MATHILDE.**

A BECOMING and comfortable dress for the country or a watering-place. It can be made of silk, cloth, or a thin material.



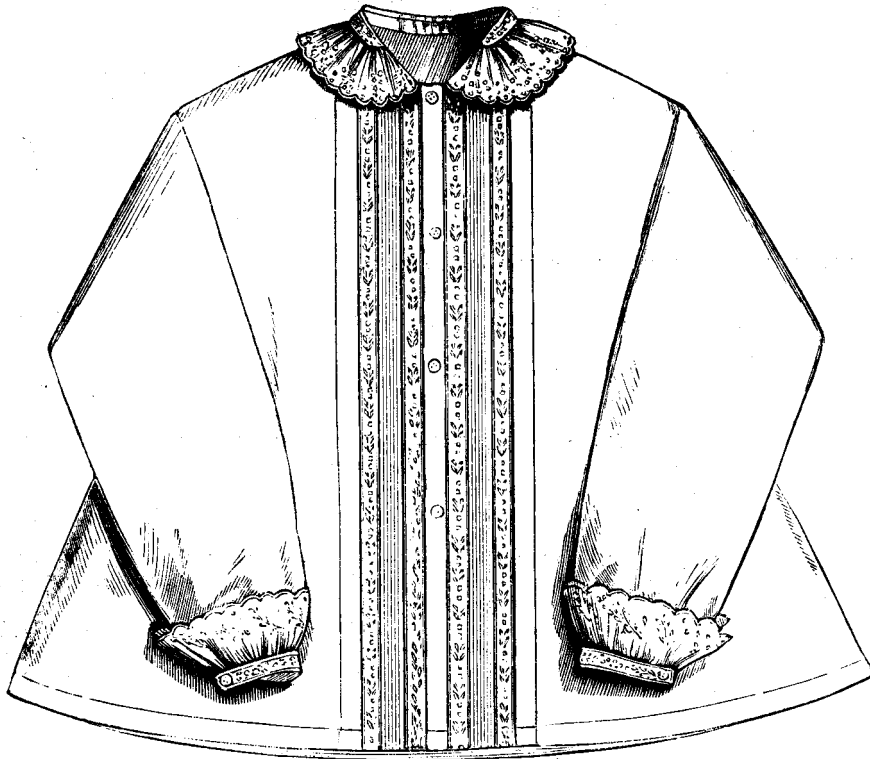
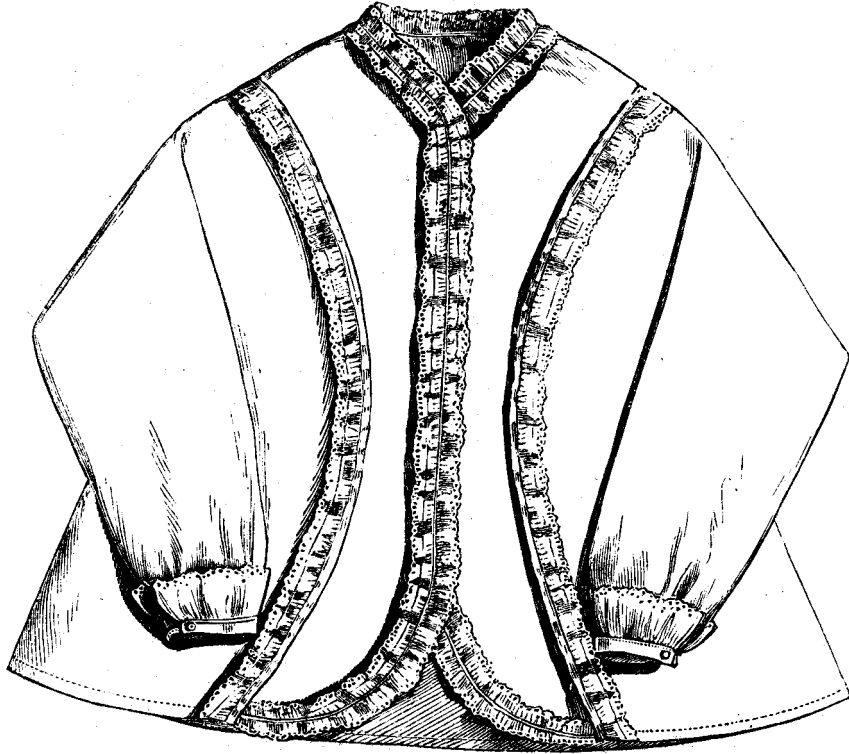
### THE RESILLA.

*(Front view.)*

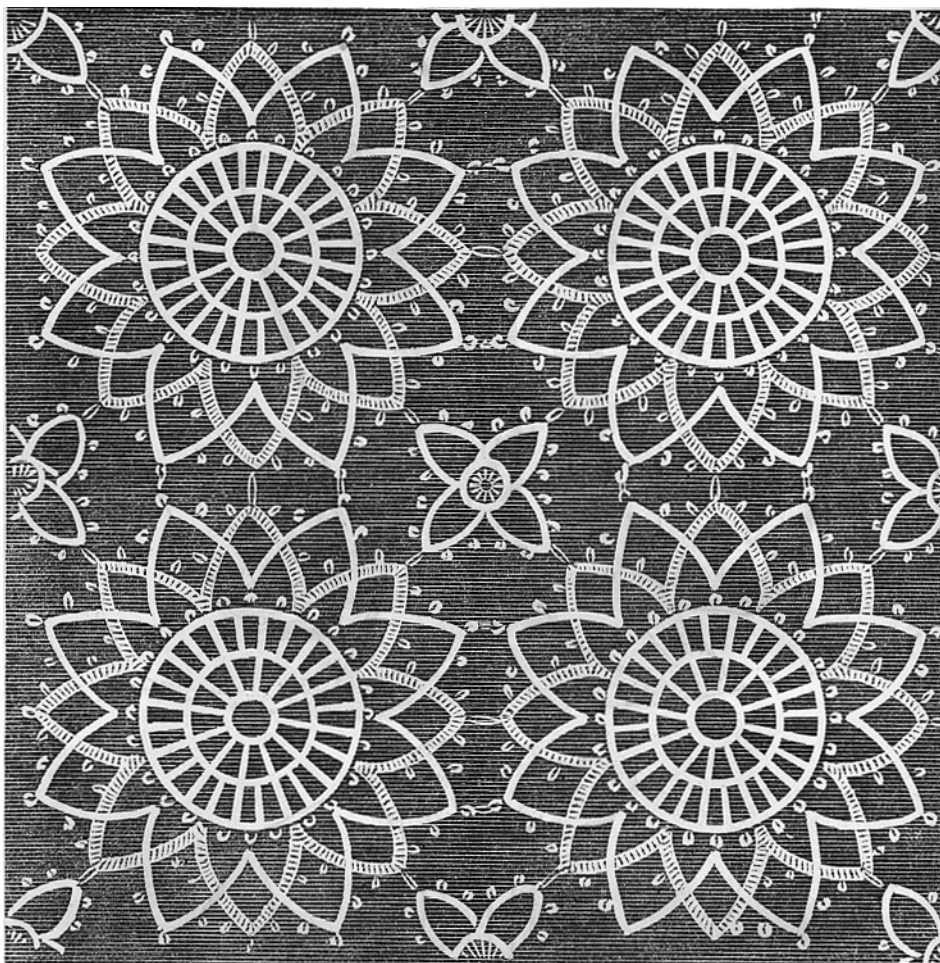
A new style of covering for the head, which, on account of its lightness, will advantageously supersede the wadded hoods worn in the carriage in going to and returning from the opera and evening parties. It will also be found very useful of a warm evening when it is pleasant to sit in a balcony or veranda, and when it is especially necessary to protect the head by some light covering against the chilly dews which fall after sunset. It forms a light and graceful covering for the head, whilst, at the same time, it shades the neck.

We give the instructions for working the Resilla in the Work Department, accompanied with an engraving showing a back view of the same.

LADIES' SHORT NIGHT-DRESSES.—(See description, page 287.)



## CROCHET TIDY.



*Materials.*—Crochet cotton, No. 8, with a suitable hook—say, No. 16.

*WHEEL.*—12 chain; close into a round.

*1st round.*—\* 1 sc, 1 ch, miss none, \* 12 times. Hold in the end of cotton, throughout this round, under a stitch.

*2d.*—\* 1 t c, 3 ch, miss 1, \* 12 times.

*3d.*—\* 1 t c on t c, 3 ch, miss 1, 1 t c on 2d of 3d chain in last round, 3 ch, \* 12 times.

*4th.*—Sc without increase.

*5th.*—Sc all round, making a picot upon the 2d of every 3 chain, that is 24 times in the round.

*6th.*—Dc under centre one of the 3 sc, between 2 picots, \* 21 ch, miss 3 picots, dc under centre of 3 sc before the next picot, \* 7 times, 21 ch, slip on first dc.

*7th.*—\* sc on each of 10 ch, 3 sc on 11th, 10 sc on the remaining 10, miss the dc stitch of last round, \* 8 times.

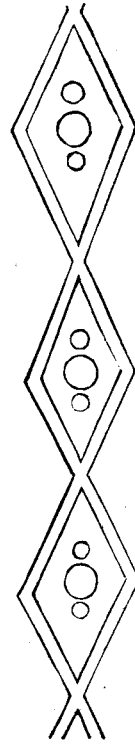
*8th.*—Miss the 1st stitch, 3 sc, large picot, 5 sc, large picot, 3 sc, the last being on the point stitch. Do another on the same, a large picot; another on the same; 3 more, picot as before; 5 more, picot as before; 2 more sc, \* 8 times. At the end fasten off.

*9th.*—To make the eight larger points of the star, begin with a t c stitch, on the centre one of the three picots, between two points, \* 21 ch, t c on the next centre picot, \* all round, ending with a slip-stitch on the first t c. In doing this round, all the other points are allowed to fall back, the eight large ones being worked in front of them.

*10th.*—Like 7th.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.

For a Shirt Bosom.



For a Pillow-case.



For Pillow and Bolster-cases.





### THE TAGUS.

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

This remarkably graceful article of attire, the first of the fall and early winter style of cloaks, owes its chief attraction to the novel arrangement of the portion which supersedes the capucin so advantageously. The garment itself is a circular; the material and color may be at the option of the wearer. The ornament consists in the quilling, which is of the same material as the cloak, and the tassels.

# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

### SOME ACCOUNT OF MODERN COACHES.

ABOUT 1750, great improvements were made in carriages, and a more commodious, airy, and comfortable summer coach appeared. This was the barouche, the upper portion of which could be turned down at pleasure, a fashion combining free circulation of air and unconfined vision with lightness of construction. It met with immediate adoption, and its form in 1767 may be seen in Fig. 19, copied from a print which satirizes the follies of the day, among which

Fig. 19.



this convenient mode of riding is classed, after the ordinary fashion of moralists, who generally contrive to be on the safe side by condemning every new thing. This group is declared to represent "British nobility *disguised*."

With regard to public conveyances for hire, whether hackney or stage-coaches, a great disregard to comfort and economy of time was shown; added to which, the number of street robberies at the commencement of this century was so great as to render them dangerous. The "Postman" of October 19, 1728, observes: "The

VOL. LXI.—18

persons authorized by Government to employ men to drive hackney-coaches have made great complaints for the want of trade, occasioned by the increase of street-robbers, so that people, especially of an evening, choose rather to walk than ride in a coach, on account that they are in a readier posture to defend themselves, or call out for help, if attacked." There were other dangers also to be apprehended from those who hired chaises, which were looked at with fear and trembling by the proprietors of the heavy hackney-coaches, as may be seen by the following curious passage in "Malcolm's Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London," quoted from "The Weekly Register" of December 8, 1733: "Those honest city tradesmen and others who so lovingly carry their wives and mistresses to the neighboring villages in chaises, to regale them, on a Sunday, are seldom sensible of the great inconveniences and dangers they are exposed to, for, besides the common accidents of the road, there is a set of regular rogues kept constantly in pay to incommode them in their passage; and there are

the drivers of what are called waiting jobs, and other hackney travelling coaches, with sets of horses, who are commissioned by their masters to annoy, sink, and destroy all the single and double horse chaises they can conveniently meet or overtake in their way, without regard to the lives or limbs of the persons who travel in them. What havoc these industrious sons of blood and wounds have made within twenty miles of London, in the compass of a summer's season, is best known by the articles of accidents in the newspapers, the miserable shrieks

205



of women and children not being sufficient to deter the villains from doing what they call their duty to their masters; for, besides their daily or weekly wages, they have an extraordinary stated allowance for every chaise they can reverse, ditch, or *bring by the road*, as the term or phrase is." The writer adds: "I have been credibly informed that many of the coachmen and postilions belonging to the gentry are seduced by the masters of the travelling-coaches to involve themselves in the guilt of this monstrous iniquity, and have certain fees for dismounting persons on single horses and overturning chaises, when it shall suit with their convenience to do it with safety—that is, within the verge of the law; and, in case of an action or indictment, if the master or mistress will not stand by their servant, and believe the mischief was merely accidental, the offender is then defended by a general contribution from all the stage-coach masters within the bills of mortality." Such a state of things as this can scarcely be credited in the present day, when

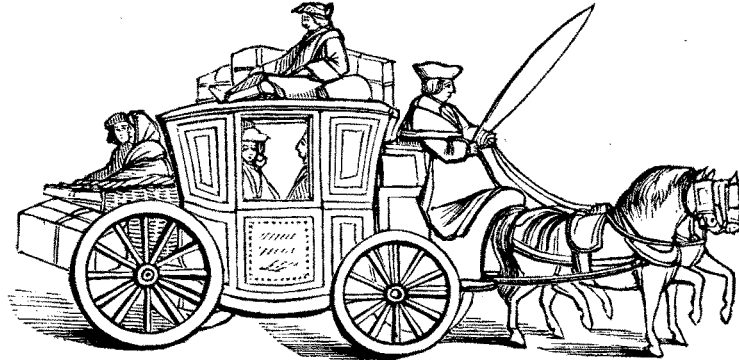
a more effective system of police is in operation; but similar insolences from persons who professed to *accommodate* the public were submitted to a century ago.

The streets, too, were occasionally left in a state of disgraceful neglect; vaults and sewers were opened, and notice of danger only given by a wretched rushlight, frequently blown out, and the coach and passengers engulfed, as thus described by Gay:—

"Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws,  
O'er the mud pavement, heapy rubbish grows,  
Or arched vaults their gapy jaws extend,  
Or the dark caves to common shores descend;  
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,  
Or, smother'd in the glimmering socket, dies,  
Ere night has half rolled round her ebon throne.  
In the wide gulf the shattered coach o'erthrown  
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,  
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke."

The old clumsy stage-coach, with its heavy lading, may be seen in Hogarth's "Country Inn Yard," and we give a copy of another (Fig. 20) from a print of 1750, which still more clearly

Fig. 20.



depicts this "leathern convenience." The heavy boot in front, and the equally clumsy coachman, buried beneath his coat and apron; the overloaded top, upon which the cheap traveller reclines in as precarious a position as possible; the basket behind, in which travellers sit as they best can, and which would make a fat farmer look like Falstaff in a buck basket, and from which hang trunks and packages of every form and size—render the stories of slow travelling perfectly credible, however monstrous they appear now to us. Forty years ago, six miles an hour was reckoned fair speed for a stage-coach; and gentry sometimes even rode in the wagon, which had also a place for travellers, and the many adventures there met with are among the most amusing scenes in the novels of Smollett and Fielding. When M. Sorbeire,

a Frenchman of letters, came to England in the reign of Charles II., for the purpose of being introduced to the King, and visiting our most distinguished literary and scientific characters, he says: "That I might not take post, or be obliged to use the stage-coach, I went from Dover to London in a wagon. It was drawn by six horses, one before another, and driven by a wagoner, who walked by the side of it. He was clothed in black, and appointed in all things like another St. George; he had a brave mounter on his head, and was a merry fellow, fancied he made a figure, and seemed mightily pleased with himself." Mr. W. B. Adams, in his already quoted "History of Pleasure Carriages," has given some curious particulars of early stage-coaches, as follows:—

A gentleman writing to his father, in 1673,

says: "I got to London on Saturday last. My journey was noe ways pleasant, being forced to ride in the boote all the way; ye company yt came up with me were persons of great quality, as knights and ladies. My journey's expense was 30s. This travel hath so indisposed mee, yt I am resolved never to ride up again in ye coach." Mr. Adams, who quotes this passage from the "Archæologia," adds: "It may be inferred from the foregoing extract that the journey from Lancashire required some days for its performance; but even this rate of travelling had its impeters amongst the objectives." The writer of a tract in the "Harleian Miscellany," 1673, deprecates "the multitude of stage-coaches and carriages now travelling on the roads," and advises Parliament to interfere to suppress them, "especially those within fifty or sixty miles of London." He recommends the others being obliged to travel with one set of horses, and to be limited to thirty miles in summer, and twenty-five in winter, *per diem*. Although the legislature was too wise to adopt the recommendation of this "slow coach," locomotive conveyance made for some time only a tortoise-like progression. So formidable an affair was the undertaking a journey reckoned, that even from Birmingham to London, a departure was a signal for making a will followed by a solemn farewell of wife, children, and household! Slow travelling, and a correspondent tardiness of other arrangements, continued to a much later period than might be imagined; and we read advertisements for "that remarkable swift travelling coach, the Fly, which leaves Birmingham on Mondays, and reaches London on the Thursday following."

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, improvements began to take place. In "Wood's Diary," mention is made of a machine which completed the journey between Oxford and London in thirteen hours! The outcry lessened, and the imperfect vehicles and bad roads were left to passengers unmolested. What the latter were may be imagined from the fact already alluded to, that when Charles III. of Spain visited England, and Prince George of Denmark went out to meet him, both princes were so impeded by the badness of the roads, that their carriages were obliged to be borne on the shoulders of the peasantry, and they were six hours in performing the last nine miles of their journey!

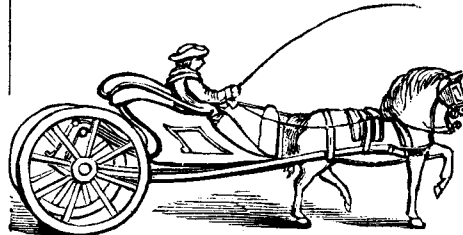
During the eighteenth century, improvements were very gradually made in carriages, and but little progress in the rate of travelling. So late as 1760, a journey from Edinburgh to

London occupied eighteen days, a part of the roads being only accessible by pack-horses.

The insolence and dishonesty of the people employed in the management of these conveyances far outdid the doings of modern cabmen. In 1733, a writer quoted by Malcolm, declares that "those Hackney gentlemen have by their overgrown insolence obliged the government to take notice of them, and make laws for their regulation. The particular saucy, impudent behavior of the coachmen in demanding the other *twelver* or *tester* above their fare, has been the occasion of innumerable quarrels, fighting, and abuses; affronting gentlemen, frightening and insulting women; and such rudenesses, that no civil government will, or indeed ought to, suffer; and above all, has been the occasion of killing several coachmen, by gentlemen that have been provoked by the villanous tongues of those fellows beyond the extent of their patience. Their intolerable behavior has rendered them so contemptible and odious in the eyes of all degrees of people whatever, that there is more joy seen for one Hackney-coachman going to the gallows, than for a dozen highwaymen and street-robbers."

It will not be within the province of our remarks to notice the many varieties of carriages that were invented or modified from older inventions towards the close of the last century; the more particularly as prints or drawings of such are to be easily obtained. The coach and chariot were the same in principle; the original one-horse gig of 1754 is seen in Fig. 21, which

Fig. 21.

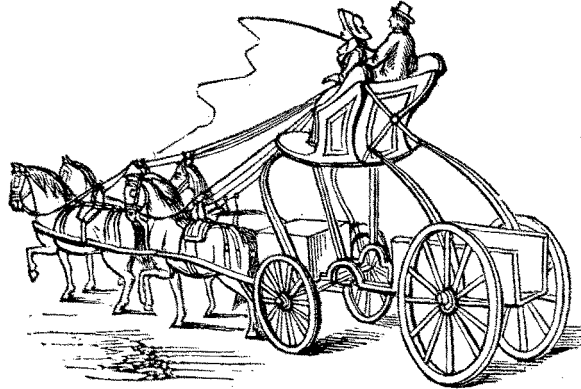


soon underwent changes both of form and name, and was called Tilbury, Stanhope, Whiskey, Dennett, and Buggy, as the case might be. The French *Désobligeant*, immortalized by Sterne, in his "Sentimental Journey," carried one person only, and was like the fourth of our illustrations. The American *Sulkies* are of the same construction. The original Barouche we have engraved, the Landau was only a variety, and the Landauet still smaller.

The original Phaeton is too remarkable a monstrosity to pass over without cut or com-

ment. Fig. 22 depicts its form. It came into use in 1760, and enjoyed great popularity with sporting young men, and "high-flyers." Mr.

Fig. 22.



Adams says of it: "To sit on such a seat when the horses were going at much speed, would require as much skill as is evinced by a rope-dancer at the theatre. None but an extremely robust constitution could stand the violent jolt-

ing of such a vehicle over the stones of a paved street." The same writer comments on its ugliness and bad construction very severely.

The height and insecurity of the springs, the ugly box in front, and the unsightly open one for servants behind, the tottering danger of the seatholders, who reached their elevation by means of a ladder, which was, in some instances, permanently fixed to the side; all rendered it inconvenient and dangerous. It was still received with much favor among the "bucks and bloods" who loved display, and thought the risk of a neck nothing in comparison with a dashing equipage, calculated to make the groundlings stare. It came into fashion under the highest auspices, and was the favorite

driving carriage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George IV. When the novelty of the thing had ceased, and common sense returned, it was gradually lowered, until the Phaeton assumed the form we now see.

## PICKING BERRIES IN THE RAIN.

BY N. W.

Do you remember, Kitty,  
One misty afternoon,  
Of a sweet, blue, laughing summer  
That passed away too soon,  
When we, with willow baskets,  
Went over hill and plain  
With John and his umbrella  
For berries in the rain?

Oh, how we laughed and shouted!  
As free as were the birds,  
Provoked to mirth, uproarious,  
By John's grave, witty words;  
And when the rain came pouring  
In torrents from the cloud,  
Crouched 'neath the old umbrella,  
We woke the echoes loud.

And when the sun was setting,  
And glory lit the hill,  
And clouds and mists were fleeing,  
We picked the berries still;  
And piled them high, and higher,  
Beneath the golden light,  
And watched the twilight armies  
Draw up the car of night.

And when, with baskets laden,  
We wandered, homeward bound,  
We heard in shadowy places  
The Katydid's weird sound;

And saw the dusky fire-flies  
Flash in the summer dark,  
And talked of Eastern glowworms,  
So like their tiny spark.

Ah, Kitty! blue-eyed Kitty!  
That day lies far away,  
And much of mirth has left us,  
Deny it as we may;  
But womanhood has brought us  
A something better far—  
That was the fire-fly's flashes,  
This is the glowworm's star.

I know not in what distant land  
Gay Johnnie rests his head,  
Or if with him as pleasantly  
The chequered years have sped;  
But, from his proud, young manhood,  
Has he e'er turned again,  
To pick in dreams the berries  
Beneath the summer rain?

I watch the golden sunsets,  
When mist and clouds depart,  
Then memory lifts the pictures  
I've treasured in my heart;  
And brightest of these pictures,  
And one that brings no pain,  
Is a gay group picking berries  
Beneath the summer rain.

## DESTINY; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LOWELL OPERATIVE.

BY BURNER BROWNER.

### CHAPTER I.

My mother was only a poor boarding-house keeper, in the manufacturing city of L—, and there were seven of us to be provided for. We were once well off and respected in the country, and it was a hard, bitter thing for my mother to be thrown upon the world with seven children to provide for. I was the oldest, and only twelve years of age, when we went to L—, and my mother took a house upon the W. Corporation, and soon had thirty men boarders. The very small sum—two dollars per week—which they paid for their board (the price was regulated by the Company) would not allow of her keeping any one to assist her; she desired to save every cent to spend upon us, and she economized in every possible way, that we might never miss the luxuries to which we had been accustomed. My mother was a very proud woman, and she was very anxious that her children (for we were all girls) should be well educated, should marry well, and be saved from the drudgery that was slowly sapping her life away.

The coarse, vulgar men that sat at her table we were never allowed to associate with; for she would be up before light to prepare their breakfast, and when they were gone she would rouse us, and some delicacies would be laid upon the snowy cloth which was always kept for us. The beautiful china which she had saved from the wreck, the nice silver, and fine napkins, were always laid upon our table, and our mother, in her fresh cap, would sit with us. She wished us never to forget our old ways, and to remember that we must all be ladies, and she judged rightly that we could not be, unless carefully trained.

We were elegantly dressed, and sent to the best schools, where we met children of wealthy parents, who, at first, looked upon us with scorn; but, when they found our manners were gentle, and that we were always in good standing in our classes, gradually came to treat us better, although, I think, they never forgot that we were only the daughters of a Corporation boarding-house keeper. I know that God makes no distinction, and that, after all, it does not matter so much *where* we live as *how*; and yet

I think never a moment of my life was I free from the feeling of disgrace I felt it to be to live upon the Corporation.

I was called very beautiful, and I know my mother's heart was bound up in me; and it is a consolation to me now that I was never unkind to my mother, but that my great affection for her was a comfort, many and many a time, when she was near sinking.

We were never allowed to assist in the drudgery of the house, and, up stairs, we had a parlor that was as handsome as any in the city. We had a piano, and harp, and plenty of books, and my mother encouraged us to sew upon delicate work, to embroider, to paint, and draw; and, after her work was done, at night, she would come up and listen to our songs, and talk about books with us, for she had a good education, and was fond of literature. She had no time to do anything but drudge, but she never complained, and I know she was happy in her children. Never but one of us gave her any pain, and that was the youngest, who was a very wild, careless child, and who seemed to be perfectly reckless, at times. She would run away, when sent to school, and spend whole hours playing with the dirty children in the street, and would, likely as not, return at night without shoes or stockings, and with her clothes in tatters. One night, at dark, we missed her, and, pitying my mother's distress, I went out myself to search for the wanderer.

Upon a large common, in the upper part of the city, a circus company was encamped, and, as I approached the place, the crowd, the shouts, and the music alarmed me so much that I wished myself back at home; but something within said: "You'll surely find Louise there;" so I pushed along to the door. My veil was tightly drawn over my face, but a rough arm pulled me back, and a harsh voice cried, "Unveil, miss!" I felt my bonnet rudely seized, and, as it fell to the ground, a coarse shout was raised, and a laugh rang in my ears. "Aha! that's the dainty daughter of the boarding-house keeper on the W. Corporation; the proud minx that lets her old mother drudge while she employs her dainty fingers upon finery!"

I was rudely jostled, vulgar jokes were banded

about, and, in my distress, I burst into a fit of violent weeping. A gentleman, passing by and seeing my situation, rescued me. I told him *why* I was there, and he drew my arm within his own, and accompanied me within the tent. When I looked at him in the glare of the lights, I saw that my companion was the son of the agent of our Company, and I knew I was safe, for I had often heard of him as a gentleman, although a very proud and haughty one. But he showed none of that to me, not even when I told him who I was, but treated me deferentially as though I had been a princess born. I was seventeen then, and had never associated with gentlemen, and the charm of his handsome presence was very great to me. His dark eyes glowed as they met mine, and the fascinating polish of his manner I could not withstand.

By and by, I began to think of what brought me there, and, after a while, on the very front seat, close upon the stage, I saw my little sister, with her dress soiled, her bonnet in her hand, and her long, dark hair, half uncurled, hanging down upon her fair, uncovered shoulders. She was evidently absorbed in the performances, and as I pointed her out, and would fain have gone for her at once, my companion drew me back, saying: "It is a pity to disturb her; let her enjoy it until it is over, and I will take you home." So I forgot all about my mother's anxiety, and sat down by his side with a thrill of pleasure, and a trembling pulsation at my heart. Mr. Fergus paid no attention to the performances, but kept talking to me about his travels, and about books, and things with which I was familiar, but which I never before had heard talked of out of our family circle. I was pleased that he treated me with so much respect, but I noticed that many of those about us looked suspiciously at me. The company was composed of operatives; and very near us were several of my mother's boarders, who exchanged sly winks and nods with each other. I felt the hot blood rush to my cheeks, and wondered *why* Mr. Fergus's kindness should cause such actions, for I didn't know then that there was anything singular in a gentleman's kindness to a poor girl.

When the performances were over, Mr. Fergus very kindly brought my sister to me, helped me to arrange her dress, and, taking her by the hand, brought us safely to my mother's door. I asked him to come in, that my mother might thank him; but he declined, and said he would "do himself the pleasure of calling some other time." But I told him that my mother never

allowed a gentleman to call upon us without her permission, and only in her presence. He looked surprised, smiled, and bade me "Good-night."

Not a moment of content was mine after that night. The hard realities of life rose up before me, and I saw the gulf that seemed impassable between Mr. Fergus and myself. Beneath my calm, and rather cold, exterior was an undercurrent of fire, volcano-like, but smouldering; and, for the first time, I seemed to feel how far above my humble lot were my aspirations and my hopes. I found no peace, even in our little parlor.

My mother, although grateful to Mr. Fergus, for she had written to tell him so, had declined his offer of an acquaintance, and had told him plainly that she did not wish him to renew his intercourse with her daughter. She was prouder than I thought, that hard-worked mother of mine. Mr. Fergus had supposed she would be delighted at his condescension; but she knew his calls at our house would never be tolerated by his parents, who were proud and arrogant, although Mrs. Fergus's father was a laboring man in the very town where my grandparents had been wealthy farmers.

I became listless and unhappy, and had no pleasure in anything, and half the pleasure of our home was gone, for I had always been a sort of teacher for my younger sisters, and had endeavored to fill my mother's place when she was working below stairs; but now I had no pleasure in anything, and I think my mother was also greatly troubled, although she never said anything to me.

## CHAPTER II.

Time passed on, and I never saw Mr. Fergus after that night, until my sister next me was married. I was then in my nineteenth year, but I had never had a lover. My sister Caroline was about to be married to a young merchant in the neighboring city of B—, and the next youngest, only sixteen, was engaged to a young clergyman; but, although others thought it strange that, with my great beauty, I should still remain single, I think my mother was well pleased, for she always, in her caressing way, called me a "queen," and I know she hoped I should make a splendid match.

I was my sister's bridesmaid, and accompanied her on her wedding tour to Saratoga, and so on to Niagara, and home through New York. I had never been out into the world,

and I knew nothing of gay society, only from books, but I had always yearned for an elegant life such as I read of, free from coarse sights and sounds, and at Saratoga the yearning became an unutterable longing. My sister had not much deep feeling, and never could understand half of what she called my "fancies." She thought her husband perfect, and enjoyed herself in the present, while I, who had made Mr. Fergus my *beau-ideal* of a gentleman, only looked upon my brother-in-law as a gay, generous, good-natured man, without much mind or intellect.

I watched carefully all whom I met, and I saw none superior to Mr. Fergus, but I longed to enter the gay world upon equal terms with those whom I saw. I knew that I was superior in beauty to many whom I met, and I saw that I attracted a great deal of attention, and I felt that Mr. Fergus even, if he saw me away from my coarse surroundings, might love me.

My sister chid me often for my reserve, for we were six weeks at Saratoga, and many gentlemen asked my brother-in-law for an introduction to his "superb sister," as they called me; but I was not born a flirt, and I could never chatter *nothings* by the hour together, so I was called scornful, haughty, and proud; and my sensitive nature was stung dreadfully, one night, by overhearing my *vis-à-vis* in the dance say to her partner, "She's only a factory boarding-house keeper's daughter, and see what airs she gives herself!"

After this, I felt *marked* at Saratoga, although my sister said, when I besought her to leave, that "we were better than half we met. There are the rich Misses C—, from New York—why, their grandmother actually sold vegetables in market for twenty years, and, notwithstanding, they are the leaders of fashion."

"Yes," I replied, "but they are *rich*, and so were their parents before them, while our mother is poor, and works to give us luxuries. Oh that we had never been educated above our station!"

I never went into the drawing-room again while we stayed, but a rich elderly gentleman made me an offer of his hand, and declared it would be the proudest day of his life, if he could ever call me wife. He was a man mighty upon 'Change, and well known in State Street; and my sister and her husband urged me to accept him, but I could not. He offered to settle a hundred thousand dollars upon me, and I knew that the factory boarding-house keeper's daughter could, if she pleased, become the *fashion* even at Saratoga; for who

refuses those stamped as golden coin? Do they not always pass current?

When we arrived at Niagara, I was enchanted. Many had told me that they were disappointed—that it was not half so grand as they imagined; but Nature unadorned, unaided by Art, here first spoke out to my soul, and I responded. The Grand Rapids awed me as much as the Fall itself; but my favorite place was upon Goat Island, where I would sit for hours, just upon the verge of the bank, as it slopes down to the rushing waters, as they pour the precipice and dash madly upon the rocks below. I used to sit there under the shade of the trees—which were turning to crimson and gold, for it was now the last of September—and listen to the mighty roar, the quivering, trembling shivers of the myriad waters, and long to sway myself over into the stream, and be swept out of time into eternity. While my sister and her husband, preceded by a guide, made the grand tour, I wandered about alone, but always, as each day closed, I sat a short time in my favorite place.

I had not been there a week before I felt that Mr. Fergus must be there. Laugh at me, call it superstition, whatever you like, I felt that I was within a singular influence; and one day, as I sat musing alone, and tossing dead leaves into the current, and watching the little eddying circles round which they swept, before being fatally engulfed, I knew instantly that he was approaching, and that he was waiting for me to look up; but I had no power to raise my head. I was afraid he would suspect that I cared for him—that he would see, by the flush that mounted even to my brow, that I knew of his approach, and had perhaps been waiting for him. "Miss Favor," at length he said, "I am happy to meet you again"—and he sat down upon the grass not far from me, and we talked and laughed as though we had known each other a lifetime, for I had great self-control, and after the first moment I crushed down all my tremulous feelings, and double-locked them in my heart. He did not speak or laugh loud, but with a gentle, murmuring sound that was in unison with my feelings, and seemed subdued in awe of the place and scene. I had never seen any one who so nearly approached my ideal of masculine perfection. In short, he seemed crowned with all manly graces, natural and acquired.

I never in my life had anything to touch my feelings so as his manner, full of deference and respect, and I saw in the admiring gaze which he cast upon me that I pleased even his prac-

tised eye and fastidious tastes. I think this feeling gave me ease and self-possession, and he drew out my powers so that I forgot—I never had before—that I was a factory boarding-house keeper's daughter.

For days, we were constantly together, and I tried at times, but faintly, to resist his captivating power, but I could not. It was a bright October morning; the dew-drops sparkled in a thousand gorgeous colors upon the brilliant foliage; and, standing in my favorite place, I heard his vows of love, and felt supremely blessed.

Carl Fergus accompanied us home, and, entering our house for the first time, asked my mother's consent to our engagement. I believe she would have had it otherwise, for she knew I could never be welcome in his family; but she had watched me closely, and had suspected all along that the change which had come over me was all through my meeting him the evening of my search for my little sister. And maybe, I have often thought so, that my mother, with her great partiality for me, might have thought it impossible any one could long resist my influence. However that may be, my mother gave her consent, and I soon saw that she was very much attached to him, and looked forward to the evenings which brought him to our house with a great deal of pleasure. He was always gentlemanly and polite to the rough men whom he often met in the passages, as he was coming up to our parlor; and many a time he would go down to search for my mother, and, taking her hand, now hard, bony, and seamed with the rough work she did, lead her up stairs, and place her in an easy-chair, while he read to her some of his favorite passages. Such gentleness and consideration quite won her heart, for, in the many long years that she had labored, he was the first one, out of her own family, who had ever treated her as other than a good-hearted drudge. Even my sister's husband had not thought it worth his while to pay her much attention, but had contented himself with making her a handsome present occasionally. How I gloried in the thought that my husband—how sweet were those words, "my husband!" how I toyed with them, and whispered them lingeringly, tenderly to myself!—knew how to appreciate my poor slave mother, for a slave she had been for many a long year. She was a handsome woman even then, although care and anxiety had left their footprints upon her countenance. She had never forgotten that she was once a lady, and for her children's sake she always,

even in her kitchen, was careful of her personal appearance.

Just about this time, my sister Eleanor, she who was engaged to the clergyman, was married, and went away, taking with her my youngest sister Louise, who still continued as wild and careless as ever. My sister in B— had taken one with her, so that now there were only three of us at home.

Weeks and months passed along; they seemed little more than a long summer day, for Carl Fergus was my constant companion. I believed that *apart* earth held no happiness for either of us. I thought how bright I would make Carl's home, how I would win even his parents to love me. I loved with all the silent, resistless might of my reserved, proud nature. Carl never spoke of his parents, but I thought, indeed I felt, that they did not sanction our acquaintance.

One day, a carriage drove to our door, and a liveried footman handed in a card—"Mrs. Fergus, for Miss Rosa Favor." She was waiting in the passage below, just as the factory-bell was ringing, and the crowd of coarse men were pushing past her, in haste to get their noonday meal. Oh, what a throb of hatred I felt towards her, that she should choose *such* a time for her call—that she should, with apparently such systematic cruelty, make the distance between us greater, even, than it really was! When I received her, and saw her start of surprise, as she glanced at the room, then at myself, I think she was for a moment irresolute. I know she felt, for I saw it in her eyes, "This girl does justice to my son's taste." She had expected to meet a coarse, blowsy country beauty, rough and unpolished, and she hesitated to speak, for I saw that she had come upon no pleasant errand.

"My son," she said, at length, "has been the object of my life, the object to whom all my thoughts have been devoted. He has repaid my affection with neglect, my confidence with deception. His love for you can never be more than a *fancy*, for he can never so far demean himself as to marry a woman of your vulgar connections."

Such a concentration of scorn and contempt as darkened her face and flashed in her eyes I could not have thought possible. Her voice, though low, was vehement, and her passion made itself felt in her whole figure.

"You condemn us unheard, Mrs. Fergus. My connections are not vulgar. My family were once rich and respectable, in the very town where your father worked as a day-laborer,

ranking with the men whom you met going to my mother's table."

An angry flush overspread her features, and she said, in an intolerant manner: "You have forced my son into an acquaintance, your arts and beauty have dazzled him; but nothing is more certain than that your marriage can never take place. What is your love to mine? What can you have in common with him? Should you marry, after his weak passion is gratified, he will toss you off as carelessly as he would a broken toy; your charm will be gone. What to him can be a mere pretty face? Can you sympathize with his pursuits, cheer him by your conversation, or amuse his idle hours? I see," she said, glancing around, "that he is trying to polish you, to educate you for his sphere, but it will never do; you have lived too many years in this house, in contact with coarseness and vulgarity, ever to be lifted above it."

"Madam," I commenced, trembling with passion, for I felt how infinitely above her vulgar pretensions we were; but she waved her hand to silence me, and said—

"My son is to choose between you and his mother. He must annul his engagement, or never more look for his mother's love. This is my *right*—I will have it so." With a stately courtesy, she turned, and, lifting her rustling silken garments, descended the stairs; and I heard the clash of the door as it closed after her, and the grating of the carriage-wheels as she drove away.

Let no one be shocked by this, and think that Mrs. Fergus was a whit more hard-hearted than others of her class. People harden as they get old; the frost of time steals on and nips their sympathies, and they forget that they have ever loved.

My mother came up very soon, and found me on the floor, in a fit of weeping, and almost inconsolable.

"Rosa, my child, what is the matter?"

I hid my face, and pushed her from me. What was life, what was my mother's love to me now, in my great sorrow! I had no philosophy that made me equal to this emergency; my pride was angry and defiant, and I asked no pity even from my mother, and—God forgive me!—I almost cursed her, that she had not died rather than become a factory boarding-house keeper, but I did not tell her so. I told her of Mrs. Fergus's visit, and of all she said to me.

There had always been something very touching to me in my mother's quiet and self-contained life. She had never spoken regretfully

of the past—never for a moment forgot her daily duties, to dally with brighter, happier reminiscences; such as her fate had been, she had accepted it, and labored faithfully. She had always been reserved about the past, even to her children; and shut up in that quiet heart of hers, I know, there were many things that troubled the current of her life. Now, she took me in her arms, and called me her "baby;" she smoothed my hair and caressed my cheek, and, laying my head upon her shoulder, she told me of her life. She told me of my father, a stately man, who had been a judge, and who won her heart when she was only sixteen. There was no reproach coupled with his name, when she told me of his sinking deeper and deeper in his cups, until property, business, *all* went from him—until his reason, too, was gone, and he was laid in his grave. And there was a glorious look of self-abnegation about her, as she told me of her weary struggles, of the battle with the pride that lingered in her heart, of the long nights of anguish she passed, and of the sorrow she felt that her children should be wounded as she had been. She said I had been nearer and dearer to her than all the others, for she knew I had an underlying current of emotions so like her own, was so like her in my pride, that she feared I must suffer bitter sorrow. She saw that I had been wounded daily, that I lived as though under a ban. "But you seemed," she said, "to me so charming in beauty, in grace, and accomplishments, that I felt, when your worth was known, you would be appreciated, and that you could never be happy with the men your sisters had married. Mrs. Fergus is angry, for she wishes her son to augment his wealth and add to his position by a marriage with the wealthy Mrs. W—. But Carl Fergus is not dependent upon his parents; his profession is even now lucrative; and, if his heart is what I think it is, he loves you too well to disdain you because your mother is poor. If he does not, he is not worthy of you."

She understood me. She had never seemed to me so good as then; the tears stood in her eyes, and her voice was low and gentle.

"My mother," I said, with a reproach at my heart, "I am not worthy of you. I will strive to overcome and be like you; only be patient with me."

That evening, Carl came not; and the next evening, with a rising fear at my heart, I watched for him. My pride was humbled, and alone I wrestled with a great and o'ermastering agony.



On the third day, Carl came to us. There was a shadow upon his brow, but otherwise he was the same as ever. I believe, in my great love for him, I had allowed him to see more of my heart than most women show previous to marriage. I was not ashamed of my feelings, and it was the one only delight of my life. He was my god, and he knew it. The reverent humility with which I approached him was wonderful, even to myself.

### CHAPTER III.

Mrs. W—— was the daughter of a lawyer, and very wealthy. She was very handsome, with an extreme softness of manner, and a gentle pliancy of touch and expression, that always reminded me of a cat. She had been a schoolmate of mine, but we had never been intimate; and her father's position in town raised her so much above myself that I had only a slight speaking acquaintance with her. She was married very young, and in three weeks was left a widow and mistress of two hundred thousand dollars. She enjoyed her freedom and independence, and was a proficient in the art of flirtation.

Not until long afterwards did I know that Mrs. Fergus paid her a visit the same day that she called on me. With a woman's intuitive perception, she had discovered that Mrs. W—— would not object to change her name to that of Mrs. Carl Fergus, and she at once launched upon the subject of love and marriage. She spoke of my family as a vulgar set, and said that, as her son had once been of some service to the eldest daughter, she had so far presumed upon this as to commence an acquaintance which he found it difficult to break; indeed, she said, I "gave myself the airs of a queen."

Not the least hint did she give Mrs. W—— of our engagement, which Carl had confided to his mother; but, with her great knowledge of social tactics, and with that touch of the old serpent which most managing women have, she contrived to influence Mrs. W——'s curiosity, and, by contrasting her *style* with my pretensions, to excite a spirit of rivalry in her breast, which might at last operate in her son's favor. She knew that the charming simplicity and unconsciousness of a young girl, apparently so defenceless and trusting, were no match for the scientific strategy of a widow—the skilful byplay, the advance, the retreat, the lures, surprises, feints, and evasions with which they

play with their victims, and which so securely fasten them in their toils forever.

I said nothing to Carl of his mother's visit, and he did not know it, or he might have been prepared for the siege which was planned for taking the outworks, and, by a grand *coup de main*, gaining possession of his heart. I was too proud to complain, or to set a mother against the son of her love; and, indeed, I did not wish to gain him by any power but that of the free, full, and voluntary love which I believed to be mine. But daily, with the most exquisite tact, the most refined and complete *finesse*, my vulgar surroundings were contrasted with Mrs. W——'s elegant belongings, until, in my defiant pride, I longed to strike down all that was choice, beautiful, or rich, and on the ruins lie down and die.

When Mrs. Fergus drove with her son, she would pass our door, and invariably she would pull the check-rein to give an order, just as the narrow street was filled with the begrimed operatives rushing in scrambling haste to my mother's door. I knew Carl's proud heart, and how it must have been cut for me. Although he was always a gentleman, yet he had as much pride as ever fell to the lot of man, and he must have chafed sorely under these inflictions.

People who regard money as the end and aim of life seldom fail, and Mrs. Fergus knew that gold could carry in its retinue a wider homage than any other power. Whatever of love or tenderness there was in her nature was garnered in her child, her only son; his aggrandizement was the darling object of her existence. Shrewd, politic, and observant, this crafty woman knew too much directly to oppose her son's engagement, or to attack us openly; but where she could shock his refined sensibility, or touch his fastidiousness, by a contrast of my position with his own, she would do it; she left no means untried.

One wet morning, Carl came to us in our little parlor. My mother was occupied with some piece of homely needle-work, and my sisters were in their rooms. I was busy watching the misty rain as it formed little pools here and there on the rough pavement, which threw back, in bubbles, the perpetual splash. The scene out of doors was dismal enough. The trees on the street looked shivering in the damp air, and the wind that soughed through the branches had a watery sound. I was in a sad reverie, for my intercourse with Carl was not what it had been; much that I have related here I knew not of until long afterwards; but I could guess what influences were operat-

ing against me. There are occasions in human life when people feel, although they cannot tell why, a strange sensation, as though some evil hung suspended over them; so I felt this morning; and when Carl told us he was about to accompany his mother and Mrs. W— upon a journey which would last at least two months, I could not summon up resolution to say anything, for a rising in my throat choked me. It seemed as though the *ghost* only of departed happiness would be left with me. Who could tell what changes might be wrought in his feelings in this short time? I could guess *why* the journey was planned, and, had I dared, I would have let the great sigh in my heart escape, and have told Carl all I feared.

Carl was more like his old self than he had been for months, and he lingered as though loth to leave and afraid something might prevent our constant intercourse by letter. He made me promise to write very often, and said he should always be sure to give me notice of his changing address. If anything could reconcile me to his departure, it was the tenderness with which he treated me, and the hope he expressed that he should soon call me his own.

He left me, and I was indeed alone. The second day, I received a letter full of love and passionate petitions for me to keep my faith with him, although he knew I never went into society except when visiting at my sisters' houses. "Only believe," he said, "that I loved you for yourself alone, and that no mean thought ever sullied my devotion, and I am happy." He spoke often of Mrs. W—, and of her high appreciation of myself, although, as she told him, "my pride had always come between us, and prevented her from showing her true feelings towards me."

This went on for some weeks, and then Carl's letters, although quite as frequent, became shorter, and Mrs. W—'s name was never mentioned.

I put my trust in my own truth, and kept the balance of my conflicting anxieties steady and to myself as long as I could; but my mother, who constantly watched me, without any apparent reason, proposed my visiting my sister Caroline, in B—. I was strongly opposed to it, as my sister was residing at the West End, and lived a gay life, receiving much company; but my mother would not be denied, and, as I found my refusal gave her pain, I prepared to go, exacting a promise that my letters should be forwarded to me immediately.

As it was my sister's wish, while in B—, I accompanied her into society, and there I

met frequently the same gentleman who, at Saratoga, three years previously, had asked me to be his wife. He was still unmarried, and resumed his attentions to me, as a friend, in a quiet, gentlemanly way that could give me no offence.

It is the easiest of all things to break the link by which two human hearts are united. Its fragility is in proportion to its delicacy; and after several weeks of silence, in which I heard nothing from Carl, and received no replies to my letters, my mother wrote to me that he and Mrs. W— were soon to be married. I wonder I did not go mad; but I did not; I looked my grief in the face, and lived through the struggle without betraying my anguish. I believe a pride and consciousness of power supported me. The heartlessness and obduracy of Carl's silence, while it racked me with bitter pangs, still, also, helped me to forget him. *Whatever* had happened, I felt that he ought to have apprised me of it; but, instead, he had treated me with a careless indifference that ruffled my pride, and then made me doubt his love.

I subsided into a tranquil state, perfectly calm upon the surface, but O how troubled beneath! As I accustomed myself to contemplate Carl's character in a new and despicable aspect, my grief imperceptibly softened, and something like scorn and resentment came to my relief. I even tried to persuade myself that, were he to return and sue again, I would reject him. Wrestling with this total blight of my hopes, I sank into a condition of utter apathy; there was nothing that pleased or disturbed me; and I went through the gay routine of life at my sister's with perfect indifference.

I was not without my conquests, and I was woman enough to feel elated at the idea that, although slighted and wronged where I loved, and looked down upon by Mrs. Fergus, yet there were others quite as wealthy, quite as aristocratic, who welcomed me as an equal.

My sister constantly urged me to accept Mr. S—, who again offered himself to me. I had loved Carl Fergus too well to replace his image in my heart by another; but I probed my soul to its utmost depths, and, desolate as I was, I resolved to hesitate no longer. Whichever way I turned, all was blank and lonely; there was nothing left to cling to. My marriage with Mr. S— would at least bring happiness to others, for he scorned me not that I was poor and humble. He wished my mother and sisters to reside with him, and I believe never, for

he had a great and noble heart, made them feel their dependence.

On the morning of my marriage to Mr. S—, I was conscious of something like a slight thrill of revenge. This was the vindication of my slighted feelings, the assertion of my outraged pride; and, if Mrs. Fergus could read the notice of my marriage, and feel that in depriving me of her son's love she had not driven me back to vulgar obscurity, but had only been an involuntary means of raising us *all* to a social position superior even to her own, I should be content. As for love in my heart, there was none; but I felt the utmost respect for my husband, and was proud of him. My mother gave up her hard life, and, with my two unmarried sisters, came to reside with me.

I hated the conventional pride that looked down with contempt upon obscure birth, its position, and its struggles, and it became a passion with me to raise myself to the utmost height of social position, and of course to place my mother and sisters there also. I made my house magnificent; but so exquisitely nice was my perception of the fitness of things, that no one was ever offended with its costliness or rare ornament. I gloried in scattering money about, and felt a sort of wonder when I saw to what a pinnacle of power and influence I was elevated, and I made the most of my advantages. I emerged from my pride, and condescended to try my powers of fascination upon the great world, until I felt I had conquered it. I was known at Saratoga and at Newport. I set the fashions, and saw myself courted and flattered by people who I knew would have spurned me with their foot when I was poor. I married my sisters in the great world, but happily, to men of their choice; and when my beautiful favorite, Mary, a perfect angel, robed in lace that was priceless, stood at the altar, and gave her hand, where her heart had long been given, to a foreign minister, I saw the dark face of Mrs. Fergus curiously gazing upon the scene, and I fixed her eye with my look of scornful, withering contempt.

My husband was proud of me, and denied me nothing. I was upon the topmost wave of popularity when I heard of Carl Fergus's marriage. Many and many a chance hour had my heart lived over its old memories, and I had often, with a shuddering doubt, thought of his estrangement and the sudden eclipse of his love, and felt that I ought to have cleared it up before I raised a barrier between us forever.

A year passed, and I heard nothing of Carl Fergus, for he had gone abroad with his bride;

and, as I lived in B—, all things appertaining to our life in L—, if not forgotten, were never mentioned.

My mother never went out into the great world, but she took the greatest delight in my success, and, I know, felt something of my own exultation at my position. I delighted to assemble at my house those who had, by their own talents and genius, worked their own way to success, and they always were my most honored guests.

After we had been married five years, Mr. S— was called away to France upon business, and, as I declined leaving my mother, who was now growing very feeble, he went alone. He was a most devoted husband, and I know he must oftentimes have thought me cold-hearted, for I could never bring myself to return his caresses, although always performing all my duties faithfully.

It was not many months after his departure, when, one night, I was roused from sleep by a distinct rap upon the wall near my bed. At first, I thought I must have been dreaming, and I raised myself upon my arm to listen. It was twice repeated, and I felt a subtle influence pervading the room, and heard the softest, most lingering strains of music, seemingly in the atmosphere, playing about me. A little startled, I sprang up, and passed to the adjoining room, occupied by my mother. She was awake, but, when I questioned her, had heard nothing. I thought of Carl Fergus, and the very same feelings came over me that I had felt before at Niagara. I knew there was something occurring in his life at that moment that brought him nearer to me. I returned to my bed without communicating my feelings to my mother, but the music continued until daylight, and was repeated several nights in succession.

My husband and Carl Fergus were upon their return from Europe, in the same steamer. On the night that I first heard the music, she took fire, and only twenty, out of a hundred and fifty, passengers were saved. My husband and Carl Fergus's wife both perished. I was stunned by the suddenness of the blow, and there was an undefined terror at my heart. I gathered up recollections of my marriage, and self-appreciation came upon me. I had never half appreciated my husband's character, I thought, and when his will was discovered, in which he had left his immense property to me without reserve, I felt that I had slighted a noble heart. The shock was very great to my mother, and she only survived it a few weeks; thus I was left entirely to myself, and it was a long and

gloomy night that settled upon me, haunted by the ghosts of many hopes, many errors, and unavailing regrets. I truly mourned for him whose noble soul had found rest in the stormy sea, and for the mother whose martyr life had at length been crowned; from the accumulated sadness into which I fell I had no hope of ever issuing again.

I left the city, and went to reside in the country, for I felt that nature soothed me, and I used to lay down my weary head upon the grass, and weep until a great relief came upon me in the shedding of those very tears. One evening, just before sunset, I came down into a little valley where often in my walks I had stopped to rest. One bright evening cloud floated midway along the horizon in the opening of the hills, and a sound of music seemed to come from it—it was the same I had heard before, and I *knew* Carl Fergus spoke to me. The quiet evening cloud grew dim, the colors faded from the sky, the shadows upon the hills became a part of the pale night sky; yet I felt the shadows were clearing from my mind, and I knew that Carl and I were one in soul.

Weeks passed, when one day I was summoned below stairs, to meet a gentleman. It was Carl Fergus, and he sank on his knees before me, and, gathering me in his arms, held me tightly pressed to his heart. He had always loved, had never resigned me until my

letters ceased, and, after numerous epistles he had written had been returned unopened, weeks of suspense passed to him, when he heard of my brilliant career in B—— and my marriage. After that, to please his mother, and because he thought Mrs. W—— really attached to him, he had married her; but, even as the husband of another, he had never ceased to love me, and had loved me unutterably.

In a week, we were married, and if there is a blessed union of souls on this earth, such is ours. I kneel down and say my prayer of thanks every night for the great blessings vouchsafed to me—a happy, luxurious home, kind friends, and two loving children. I have no longer any ambition to be the leader of fashion, but in all that is good and noble I strive to excel, and work side by side with my husband.

Mrs. Fergus intercepted our letters, through the aid of the servant who accompanied her, and Mrs. W—— was privy to it all. Carl's father, I believe, truly loves me, and is a real friend. His mother is proud of me, and for Carl's sake I receive her kindly, though I can never forget the misery she caused me. She is rejoiced at her son's second marriage, as his fortune and mine united have made her the mother of the richest man in the state—a poor ambition, but such an one only as she is capable of feeling.

## A WHISPER TO A NEWLY-MARRIED PAIR.

### A WHISPER TO THE HUSBAND.

#### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ONE of the most brilliant traits that can adorn the character of man is the quality which composes a good husband; and he who deserves a contrary appellation proclaims, in the strongest terms, his want of religion, his want of feeling, and his want of understanding. He cannot be a good man, because he violates one of the most sacred commands of God; he cannot be a brave man, because a brave man scorns to use with tyranny the power with which he is invested; and he cannot be a feeling man—O no! a man of feeling will never draw tears from those eyes which look to him for comfort, or voluntarily pain a heart that has given up so much for his sake!

Remember your wife has left her home, her parents, and her friends, to follow you and your fortunes through the world. She has unre-

servedly committed her happiness to your keeping; and in your hands has she placed her future comfort. Prize the sacred trust; and never give her cause to repent the confidence she has reposed in you.

In contemplating her character, recollect the materials human nature is composed of, and do not expect perfection. Do justice to her merits, and point out her faults; for I do not ask you to treat her errors with indulgence—*by no means!* but then endeavor to amend them with wisdom, with gentleness, and with love.

Allow me here to introduce a few lines taken from an admired little book, "The Economy of Human Life:" "Take unto thyself a wife, but examine with care, and fix not suddenly; on thy present choice depends the future happiness of thee and thy posterity. If much of her time is destroyed in dress and adornments; if

she is enamored with her own beauty, and delighted with her own praise; if she laugheth much, and talketh loud; if her foot abideth not in her father's house, and her eyes with boldness rove on the faces of men; though her beauty were as the sun in the firmament of heaven, turn thy face from her charms, turn thy feet from her paths, and suffer not thy soul to be ensnared by the allurements of thy imagination." "But when thou findest sensibility of heart joined with softness of manners, an accomplished mind with a form agreeable to thy fancy, take her home to thy house; she is worthy to be thy friend and companion." "Reprove her faults with gentleness; exact not her obedience with rigor; trust thy secrets in her heart, her counsels are sincere, thou shalt not be deceived." "She is the wife of thy bosom, treat her with love; she is the mistress of thy house, treat her with respect; she is the mother of thy children, be faithful to her bed."

#### ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

IF your wife is an amiable woman, "if," as the wise man says, "there be kindness, meekness, and comfort in her tongue, then is not her husband like other men." (*Ecclus. xxxvi. 23.*) Prize, therefore, her worth, understand her value, for great indeed is the treasure you possess. Speaking of woman, a late writer says: "I consider a religious, sensible, well-bred woman one of the noblest objects in creation; her conduct is so consistent and well regulated, her friendship so steady, her feelings so warm and gentle, her heart so replete with pity and tenderness." Nowhere does she appear to so much advantage as in the chamber of the sick; administering to the wants of the sufferer, sympathizing in his pain, and pointing the way to his heavenly rest, as the great Scottish bard says:—

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"

"Oh, how much more lovely and interesting to the heart does she appear in such scenes than in all the blaze of beauty, armed for conquest, and decorated for the brilliant exhibition of a ball-room!"

Among the many amiable qualities of woman, I cannot help noticing two with which she appears gifted in a peculiar degree—resignation and fortitude. I remember hearing an eminent physician say that he has been constantly struck with the superior quietness and resignation with which women supported bodily pain and suffering, as well as all the other evils of human

life! When I speak thus, I of course allude to the sensible and superior part of the sex. Let not, therefore, the military or naval hero suppose that fortitude is confined to his own profession; that it could only be met with on the plains of Waterloo, the waves of the ocean, or the burning deserts of Egypt—no! it may also be sought and found in the gentle breast of woman. It accompanies her to the retired and silent chamber; it supports her under pain and sickness, sorrow and disappointment; it teaches her to sympathize with her husband and all around her, and to inspire them with patience by her words and example. And while she seeks no notice, no reward but the regard and approbation of her heavenly Father, she meekly acquiesces in his divine will, and says, under every trial, "Father, not MY will, but THINE be done!"

Has it never been remarked how very superior, in point of discretion, woman is to man? Now, reader, do not mistake me. I mean not to say she possesses more *sense* than man; in this particular, man claims, and we allow him, the prerogative; though, certainly, it is not *every* instance that proves its truth. But in the quality of *discretion* woman is decidedly and undoubtedly his superior. Unless it particularly concerns *himself*, a man seldom looks to the future consequences of what he either says or does, especially in small matters or commonplace occurrences. Now a sensible woman sees at once the *fit* from the *unfit*, attends to the minutiae of things, and looks through existing circumstances to their probable result. In short, a proper definition of the word *discretion* would exactly convey a just idea of my meaning.

Miss Hannah More says: "There is a large class of excellent female characters who, on account of that very excellence, are very little known; because to be known is not their object. Their ambition has a better taste; they pass through life honored and respected in their own small but not unimportant sphere, and approved by Him 'whose they are, and whom they serve,' though their faces are hardly known in promiscuous society. If they occasion little sensation abroad, they produce much happiness at home. These are the women who bless, dignify, and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone by not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or a color; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does

not dedicate to them; but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good, and, above all, they possess His favor, 'whom to know is life eternal.'" Oh, proud lord of creation! if Heaven, in its great kindness, has blessed you with such a wife, bright indeed rose the sun on your nuptial morn; prize her, love her, honor her, and be it the study of your life to make her happy.

But the Sacred Volume places the value and importance of domestic virtues in the female character in a point of view at once more grand and elevated than any modern production, as may be plainly perceived in the following extracts: "As the sun when it ariseth in the high heaven, so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house. The grace of a wife delighteth her husband, and a silent and loving woman is a gift of the Lord. A shamefaced and faithful woman is a double grace, and her continent mind cannot be valued. Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be double. A virtuous woman rejoiceth in her husband, and he shall fulfil the years of his life in peace." (*Ecclus. xxvi.*) "Hast thou a wife after thy mind? forsake her not; and give not thyself to a light woman." (*Ecclus. vii. 26.*) "A good wife is a good portion, which shall be given in the portion of them that fear the Lord." (*Ecclus. xxvi. 3.*) "Well is he that dwelleth with a wife of understanding." (*Ecclus. xxv. 8.*) "A friend and companion never meet amiss; but above both is a wife with her husband." (*Ecclus. xl. 23.*) "He that getteth a wife beginneth a possession, a help like unto himself, and a pillar of rest. Where no hedge is, there the possession is spoiled: and he that hath no wife will wander up and down mourning." (*Ecclus. xxxvi. 24, 25.*) "Rejoice with the wife of thy youth; and let her be as the loving hind and pleasant roe." (*Prov. v. 18, 19.*) "Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity." (*Eccles. ix. 9.*) "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength,

and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." (*Prov. xxxi. 10—30.*)

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### ANGELS ARE THERE!

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

In the low cottage, away in the wild wood;  
In halls of the haughty, in homes of the good;  
Wherever a mortal is wrestling with care,  
For good or for evil—angels are there!

E'er in life's battle, on land or on sea,  
Whether in peace or in discord we be,  
Hovering over us, unseen in air,  
Guiding our wanderings—angels are there!

Visit the school-room or play-ground, where youth  
Are quaffing from fountains of wisdom and truth;  
Behold the bright smiles of the innocent fair—  
Oh, what a legion of angels are there!

Go enter the chamber where sickness and pain  
Are triumphing over health's primitive reign!  
Breathe a fond hope, your sympathies share,  
Hasten, oh quickly! Death's angel is there!

Yes, enter the mansion where darkness you see!  
'Tis alienated from pleasure and glee:  
Tread softly and gently, lest with the light air  
You crush a freed spirit!—angels are there!

Go visit yon temple where anthems arise  
On ethereal incense unto the skies!  
Then bow in submission and utter a prayer,  
God is around you! and angels are there!

Armies of angels are guarding us all,  
Lest in the path of temptation we fall;  
Then let us be thankful (and bend to the rod)  
For the goodness, the love, and the mercy of God!

## HOPE LINCOLN.

BY DAISY HOWARD.

"Look, brother, is she not beautiful?"

"Yes, Clara, beautiful as a poet's dream; but I fear this newly expressed wish, almost command, of our mother's will destroy all my pleasure in her society. I cannot, because my mother wishes her wealth in the family, coldly lay plans to win the love of this young creature. It has ever been my pride and pleasure to meet her wishes in all things; but this I cannot do, even though I am her only son, and she a widow.' Am I not in the right, Clara?"

"My noble brother is ever in the right, and yet I fear, Paul, that you will love Hope in spite of yourself."

"Why, Clara, she is younger than you are, and how should I feel to see another act in this way to my pet sister?" And, pressing his lips upon the pure brow of his young sister, Paul Vane stepped from the window out upon the colonnade.

Hope Lincoln and Clara Vane had been room-mates and inseparable friends at the same pleasant school where their mothers had been before them. They had left school at the same time, Clara to return to her home on the banks of the Rappahannock, Hope to enter upon the gayeties of a New York life. Mrs. Lincoln had been dead three years, and Hope entered upon life that saddest of all things—a motherless girl. Her father, a stern, cold man, had died a year before the opening of this tale. Hope, beautiful and wealthy, had many homes offered for her acceptance, but for the present declined making any choice of a permanent home, spending her time among her mother's many friends, for relatives she had not in the wide world. Though flattered and caressed, she was not happy; the loving heart of the orphan girl pined for sympathy and a congenial home, and when a letter came from Clara Vane, begging her, in her mother's name, to make their beautiful home her own, she left the gay city without a single regret.

Clara had been in a flutter of happiness for a week, ever since Hope's letter of acceptance came, and now that the day of her arrival had come she busied herself in loving cares for her comfort. The choicest flowers were gathered and arranged in the cheerful room which was to be their mutual sleeping apartment. She

looped the lace curtains with flowers; and, in her sweet, happy fancy, wove a beautiful wreath of fragrant roses, and garlanded the dressing-glass so soon to mirror Hope's loved face. Even yet she was not quite content, but must needs place some white violets and bright red roses upon the snowy lace-fringed pillows where in fancy she already beheld the bright head reclining. Ah, the love of our gladsome girlhood's years, how fanciful and full of poetry it is! It may be not so lasting or so strong as the love of later years, but O how beautiful, and how full of *hope!*

Mrs. Vane was a cold-hearted, scheming woman, and had already singled out Hope Lincoln, the heiress of many thousands, for her son's wife. With foolish eagerness, she revealed her plans to her children.

Paul Vane had looked forward with pleasure to the coming of sweet, childlike Hope Lincoln; but now his noble soul revolted at the mercenary plans of his mother. He had not seen Hope for two years, when, at the age of "sweet-sixteen," she had passed a vacation with his sister, where she sported a glad, free thing within his home: even then the fresh, innocent heart and artless manner of Hope had troubled the calm current of his thoughts, and through the two years of separation her memory had lingered pleasantly about his heart. But his mother had destroyed all; now he would be kind and polite, yet distant, to the lady who, he suddenly fancied, *might* have grown proud and haughty after the manner of most heiresses; and yet, little, artless Hope, she could scarcely have changed in the two short years. It was while with his sister in the drawing-room that the sound of carriage wheels attracted them to the window just in time to see Hope alight.

It is evening. In the handsome parlors of Mrs. Vane sit that stately lady, her daughter, and Hope Lincoln. Surely this bright, child-like maiden cannot be the "haughty heiress" Paul Vane is schooling himself to treat politely! She reclines on a low seat at Clara's feet, and her bright head, regardless of the dignified lady, who was never known to permit such a thing, is laid upon her friend's knee. Curls of a rich golden brown float over the glistening shoulders, and catch a new beauty from the dress of

blue satin which harmonizes so beautifully with the pure white complexion. In the purple-violet eyes there lingers a dreamy light—she is thinking now of “brother” whom Clara had been talking about, that noble, brave brother whose name was ever upon her lips. Hope sat silent and still; the crimson of the closing day lit up the young head with glory as she sat listening to the praises of Paul Vane.

Well might Clara be proud of such a brother; his was a soul noble and lofty. Being eight years the senior of Clara, he had ever been a watchful friend and gentle counsellor of the pet sister he well nigh worshipped. He was a close student, and a poet at heart. Some fancied him stern; though a shadow of sternness might linger around the rich lips when in repose, when he smiled a rare sweetness radiated his whole face. His dark and rather mournful-looking eyes were full of tenderness when mingling with those he loved, yet those same eyes could flash fire at a fitting moment. Altogether the character and appearance of Paul Vane are hard to describe. I only know with others that upon his superb brow thought sat enthroned, that brow whereon was written the record of stirring and wayward intellect. I used to think it would be a lifetime happiness to be loved by such a man as Paul Vane. Excuse the slight digression, reader; indeed I could not help it.

The deep shadows of night were trailing over the lawn, almost hiding his advancing figure from Clara's loving eyes, who, grown anxious at his long delay, had been watching from the window. The gas was lighted ere he presented himself before his mother and their guest. A cloud lowered upon the brow of Mrs. Vane.

“My son, you have tarried long to-night.”

“Yes, dear mother; but I am here at last, ready to crave your pardon. Am I forgiven, mother?”

The mother looked up with a smile to the bright, handsome face, bent over her, for in her heart she worshipped her only son. “Yes, Paul, if you are more prompt in obeying my wishes next time, you are forgiven now.”

Paul, the delinquent, raised the still fair hand reverently to his lips, and passed on to welcome Miss Lincoln to Mossdale.

“Hope, this is brother Paul,” said Clara.

“Ah, Paul, I am so happy to be once more with Clara, and so glad to see you! Will you not be *my* brother, too?” And the sweet lips were held up for a *kiss*.

The stately Paul was nonplussed; in truth, she was not changed. Was this the end of all

his resolves to be distant? But he had been more than mortal had he not pressed with his own the dewy lips held up before him. Hope, in her innocent heart, felt no embarrassment in the kiss of welcome, and soon she was talking cheerfully of the happiness in store for them all.

Thus passed that first evening. Paul sought his pillow, and a close observer could see sorrow in his deep eyes, sorrow that he had so soon forgotten his fixed resolve. But he would commence anew to-morrow; he would not have it said that his mother invited the heiress to Mossdale that her son might win her broad lands for his own—at least, it should not be said with truth. But some invisible hand had surely laid a spell upon his pillow, for, despite reason, dreams *would* come of a beautiful girl in a blue satin dress, with luxuriant brown curls, and a pair of ripe, tempting lips uplifted to his own. What business had they there at such a time?

Thus passed many weeks, Hope winding herself more closely round the heart of Paul Vane each day, till he was wretched if he missed for an hour the bright form which was fast becoming the star of his idolatry. Yet he strove to hide his feelings. “Oh, if she were only poor,” he would exclaim, “how gladly would I gather her to my heart, and cherish her as woman never yet was cherished!” Yet, after every such spell of musings, his manner would be fitful, at times almost cold; but the very artlessness and childlike innocence of Hope made such coldness almost impossible. She knew so little of the world, and had such a loving, trustful nature that she witched him out of his sadness, as she termed it, in spite of himself. Once she sought Clara, and, with eyes filled with tears, told her that brother was angry with her for something, he treated her so coldly, and would not read French with her as he had promised. Clara soothed her with the words: “You must not fancy brother cold, darling; his nature is peculiar, and when he is in a deep study, or worried about out-door affairs, he is ever so.” And Clara, not knowing her brother's secret feelings, really believed her own words. So Hope was comforted, the smiles once more brightened her face, playing at hide and seek with the tiny dimples clustered about her wee mouth, each one of which was a wealth of beauty in itself. Ah, Paul Vane, panoply yourself round about with pride, and absent yourself from the charmed presence, yet you cannot free yourself long from the restless little fairy who, all unconscious of her feelings, is



fast learning to love. Hope took a book, and was soon lost in its pages, for, though childish in manner, she had an intense appreciation of the beautiful and a thirst for knowledge. A superior mind could lead her to any height he willed; could form her mind after the fashion of his own.

Paul Vane, though not yet nine-and-twenty, was a close reader of character. Now a new fear presented itself; though not a vain man, he yet read the heart of Hope and understood her feelings better than she did herself, knew that in her young heart—all unrevealed to herself—was dawning a love for him. And, knowing this, he yet *must* turn away from this heaven of bliss, and coldly chill the young love that needed but love in return to bring to fruition. 'Twas a weary battle, and had to be fought again and again; but the mystic hour was dawning which was to awaken Hope's soul to the knowledge that she loved Paul Vane.

Clara Vane was betrothed to a young clergyman residing in a neighboring city. It was whilst he was on a visit to Mossdale that Hope first learned the secret of her own soul, awoke to the knowledge that the "thousand harp-strings of her soul" could vibrate but to *one name*. After the knowledge came upon her, she troubled brother, as she was wont to call him, no more. As woman ever does who loves unsought, she would shun him, flying if she heard his footsteps. It happened in this wise: One evening, Mrs. Vane had been remonstrating with her son regarding his treatment of Hope; an intimate friend had bantered him as to when he and the *heiress* would be made one; the two chafed him sadly; the consequence was, when he next saw Hope, he endeavored to treat her more coldly than usual.

He was sitting in his study buried in bitter thoughts; he had almost made up his mind to travel for a year, in order to weaken, if he could not *break*, the tie which bound him to Hope; he must not stay to bring sorrow to her young heart. 'Twas a lovely night, the air seemed filled with music, the air was heavy with the fragrance of the flowers, but they gave no pleasure to the sorrowing man; the musical splash of the fountain beneath his window fell unheeded upon his ear; the water, and trees, and the birds of night were together singing a roundelay; the moon, calm and gentle as she ever is, looked down pityingly upon a noble heart whose spirit conflict had been fought beneath her rays. It was over, and Paul Vane came out as pure gold from the baptism of sorrow that had bathed his brow with a clammy

sweat. As he gazed upon the starry night, and watched the clouds scudding like a ship over the blue waters, from his tried heart arose a prayer that the Father would bless and keep from sorrow his loved one, his first and only love. Ere the prayer had died upon his lips, the door opened, and Hope stood before him. The study was at all times open to Clara and Hope; therefore Hope felt no hesitation in entering.

"Clara has gone to walk with Mr. Erlswood, and I am lonely, and have come to beg you to read to me. Why, my brother, you have no light to-night! It may be the lady-moon gives you light to read." And, going to the window, she looked into his face. The deep sadness imprinted there appalled her. "Paul, what grieves you?"

"Nothing, Hope, nothing."

The sad tones brought tears to her eyes, and, sitting down upon the low seat at his side, she wept.

"What is it, Hope? Who is grieving now?"

"Ah, my brother, you are changed towards me; you do not talk to me or read to me, and you never sing with me now, and Clara, too, forgets me for whole days." And the bowed head was laid upon his knee, and Hope sobbed like a grieved child.

Paul's face grew pale and his lips quivered; he uttered no words, but he bent his bright, handsome head reverently over her till his own hair almost touched the golden-brown curls he longed to press passionately to his lips. "I am not changed, little sister, but I am ill and suffering to-night, and Hope, I am going away next week, to be absent a year. Leave me now, *darling*; I will tell you all to-morrow." And, passing his arm around her, he lifted her up, and, pressing a kiss upon the white, polished brow, said "Good-night."

Hope sought her own room, and flung herself upon her knees, striving with the agony surging through her heart, for in this hour came upon her the knowledge that she loved Paul Vane with a deep and idolatrous love. Now he was going away, and the earth would be darkened for evermore. Thus blindly do we go on making ourselves idols, and God pity the heart that wakes to the sad knowledge *too late*, or when the bitter thought will come that the heart's deep love has been lavished unsought.

Next day, Hope was pale and quiet; she kept closely within her own chamber, never once seeking Paul's society. In this way passed many days. Paul missed the sweet form flitting hither and thither, and at last his loneli-

ness became insupportable. "I will go mad," he moaned; "I must have sympathy and advice. I will seek Clara, and tell her all." He did so, and came away comforted. Clara, with her calm good sense, told him that he sinned against his own nature and against Hope in thus warring with his feelings. "Had he a right to wreck his own happiness, and blight her sweet life?" she asked. "What if Hope was an heiress, should two hearts be stranded upon a rock with shore in sight? It was wrong, decidedly wrong." So reasoned the wise little philosopher, Clara.

Meantime, poor Hope, the lonely orphan, wept with grief and shame, wept with fear lest the secret of her love should have been discovered. She drew from under her pillow her mother's Bible, and read till her heart was calmed. Sadly she thought of the loved dead sleeping under the acacia trees far away.

Paul was absent all next day on business for his mother. When he returned, Hope was nowhere to be found; she had wandered down to a secluded part of the lawn to weep alone. Blame her not, ye who have parents and friends; she was an orphan, and now her future looked so hopeless; Clara would soon leave them to gladden the home of her husband. Paul was going away; and she would be left alone with the cold and chilling Mrs. Vane. What wonder, then, that the orphan weeps? or that, in her childlike faith, she kneels beneath the stars and prays? The holy moonlight kissed lovingly the bowed head, lighting it as with glory. 'Twas thus Paul Vane found her, and listened unseen to her prayer for strength. A proud yet sweet smile radiated his face, and, stepping softly to her side, he raised her from the dampground. His words were brief: "Hope, darling, I love you, have loved you from the first hour you came to dwell in my mother's house. Can you love me? Will you be my wife?"

And Hope—she was happy, O so happy! she would be lonely never more on earth. And, O joy! Paul did not know that she had loved him long ago. Had he not asked her "if she could love him?" What a change have these few words brought about! A little while ago, the wind sweeping among the trees sounded like the sobbing of a broken heart; a little while ago, the dark lashes swept the pale cheek heavily, as though fettered by tears; now, the eyes flashed back happiness and joy; the beautiful head sank low, lower still, till it rested upon his heart, and Paul whispered: "Mine for evermore!"

Under the golden glimmer of the setting sun stands sweet Hope Lincoln; she is waiting for her lover, who has ridden over to the village. "Ah, he is coming now; I see him through the trees. Dear Paul! I shall await him here. I fancy he will join me."

Already the panting steed has reached the house. Surely, the noble animal "kept pace with her expectancy, and flew," so short a time has passed since we saw him upon yonder hill-top. Love is sharp-sighted; perhaps the fluttering of a crimson dress, and a white hand waving, drew him thitherward. "Did I tarry long, my pet? I but procured the books for my mother, and hastened home again. I wished to spend this last evening at home with you, darling. Ah, Hope, to-morrow you will be mine, all mine, my own sweet wife, my beautiful one!"

'Twas a glorious autumn evening; Paul and Hope sat by the door of the conservatory, near enough to inhale the flowers' fragrance; outside lay the autumn leaves, inside the flowers whispered of summer time; the winds gently ruffled the fading leaves which, in the gorgeousness of their purple and gold, lay beneath their feet; the crimson maple-leaves fell thickly around them, some lighting amid Hope's tresses and lodging upon her dress; but ah! all unconscious is she of the beautiful covering, for near her own is throbbing a heart whose every pulse beats with love for her. Long they talked of coming joys in the years which seemed so bright, even till the twilight deepened and passed away, giving place to night, glorious night.

"It grows chill, Paul, and late; should we not return to the house?"

"O no, Hope, not yet; the moon has just risen, and the night is so beautiful. I will bring you a mantle."

Ere she could remonstrate, he was gone, and quickly returned with a mantle of costly white ermine lined with crimson velvet. This he wound about his betrothed wife; that done, she looked so beautiful that he must needs press kiss after kiss upon that upturned brow. We cannot blame him, for the temptation was very great. The moonlight but enhanced her beauty, falling upon the bright crimson dress, and the sweet face peeping out from the white ermine mantle made a picture worthy of a painter.

Sweet Hope Lincoln! she has made her a home in a loving heart; the free bird is caged now; but ah, how content in its glad captivity! The earth seemed brightening around her, the

flowers that yesterday looked pale and sad whispered to-night a new and loving language ere they folded their fragrance close within

their hearts, and said, "Good-night." Ah, "there is nothing half so sweet on earth as love's young dream."

## THE ROMANCE OF THE BUCKSKINS.

BY C. A. H.

"But what shall I do for shoes, mother?"

"That's what I don't know."

"I'll tell you what I'll do! I'll cut up the old buckskins!" Ruth clapped her hands, like Archimedes.

"Child of mortality! what do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, looking up at last from her apple-paring.

"I don't care! Father can't do no more than kill me, any way; and I shall have the shoes. I must have some, or how can I go to the ball?"

"That's true enough, child; and maybe he won't know. But I wouldn't be in your shoes, when he does find it out!" added the mother, half laughing, and half uneasy.

"I can't help it!" muttered Ruth, rummaging at the chest of drawers in the sitting-room, and drawing out the articles alluded to. In five minutes the buckskins were "past care, past help!"

Ruth brought her chair to the end door of the kitchen, sat down in the shadow of the sunshine, and made her fingers fly far more swiftly than the wheels of time.

"It's lucky your father's gone to the East Parish!" again said Mrs. Ellis, as if her fears would not down at her bidding, and she was trying to cultivate her hopes.

Ruth shut her mouth firmly, and spoke not. Already the shapely shoe looked as if it would dance of itself if it could only get out of her hands. The quarters were bound with narrow blue ribbon, and fastened to the pointed vamps; the pointed vamps waited impatiently for the spangles which were destined to cover them with glory. Already one could fancy the little feet, like "little mice run in and out" to the inspiring measure; already, *ex pede*, one could see that no Hercules was to spin on that fantastic toe. The smallest imagination could picture the slight figure poised on the spangled points, sparkling through the "heel and toe," or lost in the mazes of the double shuffle. Already one saw the long contre-dance, the lines of opposing forces standing and waiting for the signal for the onset. One could hear the long preparatory squeal of the violin, dying away

into lengthened silence. Then the sudden charge of Fisher's hornpipe, setting everybody on the *qui vive!* The feet that started down the outside, giving only the signal for the sympathetic blood, tripping all through the vast hall with electric rapidity. Who has not felt, as he watched the lithe figures in the intricacies of "money musk," or the abandon of the "Picture of America," that it was the most charming thing in the world to look on at a country ball?

Ruth had no notion of looking on. She was going to dance, and had her wardrobe all prepared. An easy matter, since she had but one dress; the same that the "old General" had bought for her to go to the "Walpole exhibition" in. In those days there was some limit to a lady's wardrobe, and therefore it will appear all the stranger, at first, that Ruth should not be better supplied in the article of shoes. If it is worth being disturbed about, it is worth explaining.

The ball was as far back as 1796. There was not much communication in those days between one place and another. From Westmoreland to Boston it was over seventy miles. And the transportation was carried on by means of dreary four horse teams that would often take five or six weeks to accomplish the journey there and back. To Boston went the staple productions of the country; from Boston came what our ancestors didn't do without any longer than they could help—tea and the like. The one storekeeper got his goods that way, and for many years after. As there was no encouragement among a sparse population for resident artificers, many of the conveniences and luxuries of life were brought to the doors of the inhabitants, and often exchanged for other articles. Ready money there was almost none among the early settlers. The matter of shoes was done up annually, and for all, by the travelling shoemaker, who set up his bench for a week or two at a time, and made the shoes of all the family, oftenest of the hide previously prepared on the farm in an extempore tannery. Thus it came to pass that such young ladies as exhausted the supplies from the teamster were

left to their own ingenuity and taste; and it was not unusual to see the most elegant women providing themselves with pedestrian ornamentation at the expense of their own delicate fingers.

Ruth Ellis made hers bleed several times in pricking through the hard sole, even with the aid of the awl, which she plied with the dexterity of habitual use. But she returned to her work with renewed zeal, and before the afternoon sun had gone down behind the corn-barn, held up her shoes finished and blazing with spangles before her mother.

As she ran up stairs to put them away, and to finish her skein of spinning before night, she caught sight of the General driving down the hill, returning from his visit to the East Parish. Turning back a moment to roll up the package, from which she had made such a serious and ruinous piracy, she stuffed it into the farthest recess of the deep drawer, and again went more slowly to the back chamber.

Standing at the left side of the great wheel, drawing the roll of finest and whitest wool deftly and skilfully out, she twisted, as she prolonged the thread to a wonderful fineness, and stepped slowly back and forward, partly to the hum of the tuneful wheel, partly to the tune she herself hummed. To a blind listener there would have been something very peculiar in the tune, and very indicative of her state of mind. She sung snatches from the ballad of "Brave Wolfe," and at the end of every verse gave a triumphant refrain of "la! la!" which showed her contempt of the enemy wherever he was—whether over the water, or only over the way.

Ruth deserves to be described. But nobody will believe she could be pretty, dressed as she was. So her dress must be passed over with only indications; that she was pretty she could swear to herself, and her own opinion was sustained "up and down the river." Not a young man who was worth speaking to in all the towns round, but had been at her feet repeatedly. Wives were rare articles then, and to be humbly sued for and served for. Pretty women were rarer, for the same reason that black sheep were, and also because no beauty can long answer the demands made on it by hard, out-door labor.

Ruth Ellis had four brothers, and was the last of four daughters; consequently she was the pet and idol of her parents. She was at this time seventeen years old, short and delicately made, with as much plumpness as was consistent with a girdle half a yard long. This

girdle, however, was only a full dress article, and showed the possibilities of her shape. Her usual dress was adapted to her various avocations, and to the free play of all her limbs, artistic and convenient at once. The short gown and petticoat were as fit raiment for Aurora as for our grandmothers. All the dress needed was a suitable wearer; and Ruth, as she hummed her ballad, and whirled her wheel with alternate vigor and softness, looked in this wise. Imprimis, large, bright hazel eyes; item, small even teeth; item, the complexion of a gypsy, with the relief of a buttermilk wash every night, which made it as brilliant and rich as the richest fruit, and always reminded one of it; item, abundant dark brown hair, and a small nose, just a little turned up; very pretty plump white hands (the spinning kept them white and soft), and very nice little white feet, that went pattering up and down the cool floor to the sound of "Brave Wolfe's Address to his Army."

As she finished her skein of yarn, she heard her father's loud voice below, asking where she was. It was his usual question, to be sure, but the sound thrilled her from head to foot. Instead of running down, as her custom was, to meet him and hear all the news there was to be heard from the East Parish, she hesitated, took up her reel, and began reeling off the yarn from the spindle. She listened till she heard him go into the sitting-room, and then she drew a long breath, for she detected at once the flavor of the weed which composes the temper. Was she afraid of the General? A little, not much. Her trust was not in her own great love, so much as in his. But he was a violent tempered man. Accustomed from his boyhood to a military life, and most of the time in command, his habits and speech were imperious and arbitrary. Add to this the manners of the time, which prescribed undisputing reverence to parents, and it will be clear that the General was rather a terror to evil-doers, and visited all want of discipline with the utmost severity. His four sons, "whose length he laid on the floor" without the smallest hesitation at any disobedience, and whom he visited with personal chastisement from his own sacred hand, ran in different directions, but at all events away from him. At this period they were all gone away, and rather towards ruin. He had had the sorrow and vexation of paying money for them in various channels, where money was hard to get and harder to give. But disgrace was harder to have; and he was glad when the last one, Hezekiah, had fairly gone to

Canada, and he was likely to smoke his pipe without being tormented with fear and dismay at every whiff.

Now, if the General had been in good health, there was a chance for him to have a quiet old age. No grandchildren to write his epitaph, to be sure, but peace and quietness at his own hearthstone. Unfortunately, as he advanced in years he met the dropsy, and was unable to rout his enemy. With his vigorous and healthy habits, he had however held him some years at bay, and now only looked about the size of a "fine old English gentleman all of the olden time." His six feet two was able to carry off a large bulk without being unwieldy, and he had too much to do to allow him to cultivate sedentary habits. Not only did he attend personally to his own large farm, but he had two others, let out at the halves, to which he had an eye, besides being justice of the peace, deacon of the church, and general referee in all cases where the parties were too wise to go to law. It may well be supposed that the General had very little time to be a fretful invalid, and whenever Death came, it seemed likely the General would be too much occupied to mind much about him.

Meantime, he loved Ruth with all the love that was left in him. His wife was well enough, as he said, and "kept all straight in the house." She never disputed him, and managed her own and his affairs to his satisfaction. But after Lorana had been killed by the well-sweep, and Freedom had fallen into a kettle of boiling water; after Salome died of "an inward complaint;" and Persis had been swept off in one week with the smallpox, the General took Ruth in his arms and carried her up to the breezy hills of Walpole, leaving her there to go to school and get what health and accomplishments she could. There she had stayed four years, and learned her accidence and Rollin's history at the feet of men who afterwards made their country ring with their names. Then she came back to astonish the natives, and had so far fulfilled her destiny; though the General, whose early life had been much of it passed in Indian warfare, did not scruple in his impatience to call her "a hommock," or a "yappin rewardant," if she did not always answer to suit him; yet on the whole Ruth could not complain of any want of tenderness and kindness.

This evening she didn't come down till her mother called her to supper, by the voice of black Dinah. She discussed her bowl of brown bread and milk at the long table so silently

that her father asked her if she was well. Being answered in the affirmative, he only called for a reinforcement of bean porridge, which Dinah assiduously served from the great pot in the chimney corner. At the long table were six or seven hired men, who sat and ate their bean porridge in respectful silence. The General occasionally gave them directions for the next day's work, and otherwise held faint communication with them. It was somewhat patriarchal, somewhat democratic, and all American. When the supper ended, the men went off to their sleep, and the family special ascended to the sitting-room.

The sitting-room where Ruth stood by the window and looked out was gloomy and dull. The panels with which the walls were covered were black with the smoke of years, and a tradition of green paint. The heavy beam that crossed the room almost hit her father's head as he came towards the west window and seated himself in the great chair. The furniture consisted of a mahogany desk of the shape of Louis XV. time, and a chest of drawers of the same wood, that reached almost to the ceiling. On the top of these drawers were a china tea set and a blue glass pitcher, and in the corner of the room a small beaufet, containing a silver porringer, tankard, and some rare sea shells. The floor was sanded, and white India cotton curtains were looped up at the windows. Let us look at the General as he smokes his pipe.

A coat of "hemlock-dyed" domestic cloth, breeches of black ditto, and long stockings of blue cotton yarn. Added to this costume, and refining it without inconsistency, are gold knee buckles and linen of fine Hollands. The last articles had fallen to his share in some successful military expedition, where the English gentlemen and officers had needed to fly too swiftly to be encumbered with knapsacks. At all events, the General dressed in fine Hollands to the day of his death, and had some pieces for Ruth besides. The General smoked and thought. Thought of the same old things: the Dodge farm, and whether that fellow would pay, and whether the Davis lot had better be laid down to grass a year or two. Phil Fox seemed to think best so; and Phil was a smart chap of a boy. As the last thought crossed his mind he glanced towards Ruth. Ruth was leaning out of the window a little, and answering a question, which the General had not heard, and so he dropped off to sleep thinking still of Phil Fox, and what a good match it would make for Ruth.

Phil was one of the laborers on the General's

farm, at present. He had been helping the General get in his hay and thresh his oats. As to his person, he was at this moment talking to Ruth, and shall soon be described, a good deal as she saw him; and as to his social position, and suitability as a match for the prettiest and richest girl in Westmoreland, there was no question. He was the only son of old 'Squire Fox, who had kept the Red Tavern time out of mind, perhaps thirty years. To keep a tavern in New England was not only highly respectable business, but one which guaranteed and implied something more than common ability. Philip had, therefore, the prestige of his father's name as well as his own merits to stand on; and when the General drove up in his "bellows top," and stopped at the porch where Philip was that minute handing flip to customers, he addressed him with an air not so much of patronage as respect, and received his eager assent to the request to "help him a spell about his thrashing" as just the obliging thing it was, man to man, equal to equal, the lord was not greater than his servant. Phil was the smartest mower of the whole lot, and would get in more hay than any two of them all, and as a thresher was worth his weight in gold. His having kept a dancing-school one winter was also an additional advantage, and he had been among the first to suggest the ball and carry out all its details to perfection.

During the process of eating the bean-porridge, Philip had glanced frequently towards the upper end of the table where, half hidden behind the brown loaf, Ruth took her bread and milk like a nymph, as she was; but no answering look gave him courage, and it was half an hour after supper that, having made a hasty toilet, Philip sauntered round to the front of the house if haply he might catch the eye of Ruth. As he found means to catch her eye and ear also with his first question, we will see how he looks:—

Tall and lithe, with a strong, hard-featured face, Phil had only two very handsome points about him. His figure was good enough, but his two good-looking eyes were full of roguish sparkle, and his hair clustered in chestnut curls that were nicely kept and trimmed. Powder, even for festival times, was falling into disuse, and the youths who affected most elaborate toilets did not go farther than to wear their hair in "a queue" down their backs. To plait the hair of a father or lover, and bind it closely with a ribbon, having at the termination a tasteful bow, was an occupation not unworthy the refinement of the young ladies of the time. Phil's

hair, however, refused to be dressed in this way; Nature was obstinate, and curled it close to his head. Nature was bountiful, and gave him grace of movement and the expression which is the soul of beauty. Phil had rather whispered than spoken, and that with a flush that spread to his forehead, and in a curt, decisive tone which did not look much like pleading:—

"I say, Ruth, shall I wait on you to the ball or not, say?"

"No," said Ruth; "I am engaged to go with somebody else."

"Humph! Earl Hyde, I s'pose?"

Ruth picked some hard-hack from the bush that grew outside the window, held it to her little turned-up nose, and was silent.

"I know it's Hyde!"

"Well, what if 'tis?"

Phil was not polite, nor much of a Christian just then, for he forgot himself and the young lady so far as to utter an emphatic execration, and turned abruptly away. In two minutes, Ruth saw him galloping off, and drew a little half sigh that had no pain in it.

The next day passed, and the next, and then Ruth was nearly ready for the ball by two o'clock in the afternoon. The ball was to be in 'Squire Fox's hall, of course, and began precisely at four o'clock. From four in the afternoon till four in the morning was not an unusual time to be occupied by the revellers, since they made their one orgie answer for the year.

It is astonishing how many matches were made, how many quarrels made and reconciled, how many uncertainties decided at the "Annual Ball;" that is, it would be astonishing but for reflecting on the manifold opportunities given by the amusement during twelve hours. Twelve hours well spent decided many a life; and this was so well understood in Westmoreland that the ball was the signal for much more preparation than merely fell to adorning the person. Ruth had herself thought many an hour on the subject this year; she had balanced Philip Fox and Earl Hyde time after time in her fancy without being able to come to any conclusion about either, and had left it to chance which should be her cavalier.

The windows in Fox's hall were skilfully shaded with colored paper, rolled up half way to let in the cool afternoon breeze from the broad Connecticut. The great chandeliers of bright tin were full of candles ready to be lighted. The benches that surrounded the hall were covered with bright, healthy-looking young girls and gay matrons, and all looking on

to see Philip Fox dance a hornpipe. The young men, to the number of twenty or thirty, stood about in groups, but a large part were still uncollected, and it was considered only proper to wait a while and while away the time with single dances, till the whole flower of the country could be got together, when, as the custom was, the most important gentleman selected the most charming lady to "open the ball."

"Don't he look pretty?" whispered many a rosy lip to many an answering ear.

And Philip did. The grace of movement which was the essential quality of his manly figure pervaded every limb and informed every step. As the music followed his motions, and was slow or rapid as he went, he seemed to be following no stated rules, but to abandon himself to the luxury of musical motion with the buoyant ease with which a cloud is borne by the wind. All manner of intricate pirouettes, all the embroidery of dancing, so to speak, were so executed as to be subordinate and to add a charm to his natural grace. As the last whirl brought him to his place with a firm and complete poise, and a bow to the company finished the exhibition, a spontaneous clapping of hands attested the delight of the assembly.

"It's real good natured of Phil Fox, ain't it?"

A murmur of enthusiastic assent followed, and Phil glanced pleasantly and cheerfully round at the admiring circle. No foolish scruples about making a show of himself once disturbed his self-respect. He had done what in him lay, as a host, in some sort towards occupying the dull waiting hour, and now he was anxious that two of his last winter scholars should exhibit their skill in a *minuet de la cour*. As he crossed the room to ask Mahala Dorr if she would stand up with Isaiah Longmeadow, his step faltered and his face turned scarlet. With a sudden jerk round, he brought himself in front of Mahala, and stammered his wish. Mahala was mistaken if she thought he was flushing about her, for no sooner had he set the twain opposite each other, and seen them sail forward and back, and one side and the other, after the manner of minuets, than he hastily crossed the hall and stood before Ruth. With a deep, reverential bow, and fixing his glowing eyes on her face, he asked her, formally, if she "would do him the honor to open the ball with him?"

Ruth smiled and blushed charmingly. She was so much pleased and flattered with the distinction that she forgot two things of some importance—one, that Delia Andrews, from one

of the seaport towns, who was a cousin and visitor at 'Squire Fox's, would naturally expect the position which was conferred on herself, a younger and much less important personage; and the other, that Earl Hyde would naturally and inevitably be angry that she did not dance the first dance with himself. Such was the etiquette, and she knew it; she knew it, but she had forgotten it, alas! what time she looked, herself unseen, at the graceful *abandon*, the exquisite marriage of sound and movement in the dancing of Philip. Every time the foot came lightly and firmly down, every time the swaying figure bent and rose to the music, her own little bright foot had beat responsive, and when he wound up with an obeisance in which all knightly courtesy seemed blended with all harmonious grace, Ruth stood with lips parted with admiration. It was this look which Philip had caught, and which sent the red blood to the curls on his forehead. After the two young persons had taken their places at the head of the hall, a place to which Philip was entitled as "first manager," and while the other couples were rapidly and hastily taking theirs in opposite lines, all this occurred to Ruth. She hastily looked towards Earl Hyde, but only in time to see his retreating figure, and then she knew, by the turn of his head, that he was brimful of wrath.

As Ruth stands, while "the music" is tuning, and the foot of Philip is beating, and his head curving something after the style of a pawing horse waiting impatiently to be let loose, let us look at her and her costume: Spangles all over—that is, the blue silk is spotted with them, the primp little waist is girdled with them, they sparkle on her shoulders and bare arms, and on her little feet. In those days, it was something to have spangles, spangles were things to be borrowed; but Mrs. Ellis had determined that hers should no longer be lent, since Zelotus Hall's wife had only sent home three-quarters of an ounce after the last great sleighriding ball; and thenceforth, though she did love to be neighborly, yet she was no Esterhazy, to drop sparkles on purpose for other people to gather, and Zelotus's wife must make out for herself. Happily, Ruth had come home, and it would be an understood thing that "she would want them." All the mines of Ophir and Golconda couldn't do more than those spangles—they lighted her brilliant eyes to more fervid light, they deepened the crimson roses on her face, they made her sparkle all over like a Queen of the Gnomes. There were all sorts of dresses there, of course, from

"strawberry calico" to somebody's grandmother's brocade, and plenty of homemade wreaths and feathers. But the only dress in the hall perfect in its taste and suitability to the wearer and the occasion, was waiting for that last dying squeak to expire, and then the twinkling feet would dart, like shooting stars in a summer night, "down the outside."

Crash! came the bass-violin, two fiddles, and a clarinet. There they go! the two most beautiful dancers, the handsomest couple in the hall! away down—so far! Will they get back in season for the next turn? Here they come! down the middle! up again! cast off! six hands round! right and left! again! again! yes, again! and though the line stretched to—well! they are down at last, Philip and Ruth, flushed and breathless, but making believe they are not tired at all. They have their way to work up back through thirty couples. There will be time enough to rest.

While they rest, and loiter, and wait their turn, only moving occasionally as two of the six hands round, a form of grimness and angry reproach is glooming in the doorway. Ruth caught the look of it as she finished a right and left with a most elaborate piece of fine work in a *balancez*. It struck her so suddenly that she paused on the tips of her shining feet, and a ripple of rosy color went all over her. If she felt a sensation of exceeding guiltiness, which it was evidently the intention of the grim shadow she should feel, she was far too much of a little woman to give up more than half a second to such a state of mind. She finished her *balancez*, therefore, with a perfectly composed grace, put out her right twinkler in a third position, put out her under lip like a ripe strawberry, and then, with her two eyes slowly raised to Grim, she calmly—cut him dead. Thus we see the politest social observances have their deepest foundations in the human heart.

Whether Philip saw anything of this is uncertain. His eyes glanced merrily and joyfully about, lighting up all the dark places; he helped all the awkward ones, he touched Tilpah Grant into the right place, he chased Josh Hooper into his appropriate column, he got up "Virginia reels" to please some, and "Hull's Victory" for others. When notice was given that supper was ready, which chanced at the time stupid people went to bed, Philip led Ruth down stairs. He whispered, in the long entry, a request that she would dance the next dance with him.

"But I've danced so many now!" said Ruth, bashfully.

"Only two or three, my dear."

"Six, Philip!"

"Well, you will one more; say, before we go in?"

"How you do tease! Well, one."

"You're a—well, never mind." And it was well he stopped talking, when there were so many ears within shot.

There was a table for you! Dozens of cold turkeys and chickens; hundreds of sugared cakes of all kinds, from pound to doughnuts; pies wherever there was space, and pickles of every sort. Then, for the thirsty, there were egg-pop, milk punch, and toddy, as much as heart could desire. And this was no idle parade for the hour, but stood all night long, like an enduring, beneficent fairy, pouring from her bounteous hand to whomsoever hungered or thirsted. If, by daybreak, the frequent libations led to quarrels and stupor, no wonder, and no blame; for not then, as now, was such a thing known as cold water served up as a delicacy; for once, they let the fountains run wine, and behaved as they used to at Versailles when the king gave the orders.

Eyes were brighter and lips were deeper crimson as the crowd floated into the ball-room after supper. Once more Philip claimed Ruth's hand, and led her to the head of the set. He was proud of her sparkling figure and her sparkling eyes; he thought her, by all odds, the handsomest girl in the county; he hated Earl Hyde, and he pretty much made up his mind to bring matters to a crisis in the course of one of these dances. Which one he could not determine; not this one, at all events.

Meanwhile, they are going up and down, about and about, chasseeing across the hall, and forming immense circles. In one of these, stands Ruth Ellis, while sixteen laughing dancers careen wildly around her, making a whirl of light sound and motion enough to craze an unaccustomed brain. Ruth stood self-poised and calm as a clock. A languor settled over her lovely face, and gave softness to her dark eyes. As the circle ceased its gyrations, and it became her own duty to pirouette, as it were, a courteous reply to their active admiration, she caught again the gaze of Earl Hyde, and came, consequently, firmly and squarely down on her spangled feet. Not that she had not seen him looking at her ten, twenty, ay, a hundred times that bewildering night; not that she had not perceived, with the instinct of a wild thing, his frequent and timid reproaches, his sudden turning away, his uneasiness, his rage, his mortification; all this was as plain as



a book. What if he had danced time after time with Delia Andrews? What if he had twice avoided her own hand, as she stretched it gracefully out to turn his in the *moulinette*? The third time, he had grasped it like an iron vice, and his was as cold. Ruth knew she had the reins in her hands, and she let the steed prance and curve. The road was wide, the moon was bright, what matter if he foamed at the bit, or shook his tossing mane? what matter indeed!

The clear dawn of the November morning was looking in at the hall windows, and laughing at the dim candles that faded and spluttered in their sockets. Ruth stood at the outer door, wrapped in her woollen cardinal and hood, her dark eyes only peeping out under the white fringe, and her bright little feet still keeping time with the dying strains of the musicians above stairs. Earl Hyde, with the reins in his hand, waited to hand her into the chaise into which she had stepped last night, O so smilingly! His blue eyes were dim with vexation and a proud humility, informing his usually cordial face. A very severe opinion of the young lady, and a glow of revengeful feeling together, gave a bitter and sarcastic curve to his mouth; but he stood still, with cold politeness, to fulfil his part of the contract. On the other hand, was Philip, his face beaming with delight; in one of those dances, he had evidently found the chance to say something, and hear something, too, that still rang in his ears. The two men stood still, looked at her, at each other, glowered, and were silent. Ruth waited. Forty more were crowding out; some getting into wagons to ride ten miles, some hurrying by, but many more standing round, curious to watch how Ruth Ellis went home. The brow of Earl Hyde grew darker and harsher; the brow of Philip Fox grew serener, even to smiling. The eyes of Earl Hyde glared at the smiling face. There was a limit to human patience; he turned suddenly to Ruth, without unknitting his stern expression, and said, coldly, in clear tones that all around might hear:—

“Shall I have the pleasure to wait on you home, Miss Ellis?”

It was the established formula. Nothing could be objected to the words. Ruth's eye flashed for one instant, and only for one; her face deepened with angry emotion; then she turned gayly away, saying—

“No, I thank you, Mr. Hyde!” And leaning towards him said, in a lower voice, almost a whisper: “Remember the proverb, ‘Vinegar

never catches flies!’” and before he could answer took the arm of Philip Fox and tripped gayly out to the road.

“Ruth, my dear, look at your feet! you can't walk!”

“I know it, Philip. But you have no horse, you know. You didn't take any lady to the ball!”

“That's true, Ruth; and I can't get a horse, what's more! Never mind; there's more ways than one!”

The next minute, cardinal, hood, and twinkling shoes, with all their blushing, laughing contents, were borne along on the stalwart arm and gathered to the broad breast of Philip.

“It don't tire me, I tell ye, Ruth! and it's handy, too!” said he, as he bore her on tenderly as a child in the arms of its nurse.

That was a pleasant walk, notwithstanding its difficulties. They had time to discuss a great many points before Philip placed Ruth upright at her father's door, and ran off before any body could see him from the windows. The day was fairly broken, and the General's voice could be heard within rousing the men in tones of thunder. Ruth ran up stairs, changed her dress, and was ready at breakfast as fresh and smiling as if she had slept all night.

It had been arranged between the lovers that after breakfast Philip should walk boldly up to the cannon's mouth and ask the General for Ruth.

“Don't you be one bit afraid, Philip. I can work him round!” she had whispered just before he placed her on the stoop.

After breakfast, therefore, and when the active household duties that fell to her share had been quickly and skilfully performed, Ruth strolled leisurely into the sitting-room, where her father sat smoking as usual, and began arranging some late autumn flowers in the deep blue vases on the mantelpiece. She looked as fresh as the flowers, and round her lips there played continually smiles and dimples, as if she was thinking over some of the drollest conceits. But she spoke not. It was not considered proper for young people to speak in those days till they were spoken to. Presently the General said—

“Have a good time last night, Ruth?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Dance a good many times?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Bije Flint's girls there?”

“Yes, sir.”

Another silence. The General glanced at his daughter. She stood at the mantelpiece placing

the flowers carelessly, now on this side, now on that, her eyes wandering restlessly meantime to the window. Her face was covered with a rosy flush, her lips were open, and her whole expression one of watchfulness under a veil of careless ease. Presently she shook her head positively, and then turned away towards the door. The General had been watching her pretty motions through the smoke wreaths, and stopped her from going out.

"Where now, Ruth?"

"To the buttery, sir. Mother's there, turning the cheeses."

"Wait. I want to speak to you, Ruth. Sit down." The General spoke in one of his awfulest tones, and evidently had no objection to frightening the little one, to begin with.

"What's that in the flower-pots?"

"Hardhack and gentian, sir," said Ruth, demurely.

"Hum! What else? and where did they come from?" he said, in a stern tone.

"Only aster and golden rod, sir," answered Ruth, looking a little frightened.

"Only aster! And what d'ye call it? and where d' they come from, I say?" he reiterated in a loud tone, fixing his steel gray eyes fiercely on the trembling and blushing girl before him.

A slight glance at the window, an instant gathering of the red lips into the smallest possible compass, and as instant a relaxing of them into their natural bounteous curve, and Ruth answered, piteously—

"Don't be put out, father!"

"Speak, then!" said the slightly mollified General, whose delight was in the trembling of his victims. He looked, indeed, not unlike a gigantic pussy-cat, gray and grim, and holding with his big eyes and paws the smallest, the softest, and tenderest of white mice.

"Well, then, they came from Earl Hyde, I suppose. Left here last night when he came after me."

The General was now ready for an explosion.

"Ruth Ellis! I won't have that fool hanging round here after you! So, see to it. I sha'n't speak but once. I hate the sight of the slim little serpent, and I won't have him creeping and crawling round my house."

Ruth made her eyes very wide and astonished.

"Father, seems to me you aren't willing I should keep company with any body!"

"Not with the son of a Hessian!" said the General, nursing his wrath.

"I'm sure his father's dead long ago, father!" said Ruth.

"Yes, he's dead; but it's in the blood!

Besides that, I won't have any British titles round my house, no way! Shut up! don't defend him. I'll have neither earls nor lords, stars nor garters on the Ellis farm!"

"Why, father," said Ruth, "'twas his mother was an Earl!"

"I don't care for earls nor counties! I tell you I won't have 'em a creeping around the Ellis farm. The wars are over, and the British kicked back where they belong. I don't want none of their spawn here! Ruth, I wouldn't have let you go last night, if I had dreamed of your going with that mean, time-serving Hyde. I thought you'd more taste."

The General's voice had gradually softened. He had fired off his great gun, and given voice to his habitual disdain of the British. The marriage of his daughter to Philip Fox lay very near his heart, and he determined to try for once the effect of persuasion. Women, after all, could be won over by a little seasonable flattery.

"Phil Fox, now, is something of a man! Good stock, too! good blood, and a fine disposition!"

"I'm sure he's as touchy as—as—" and here Ruth glanced at the window.

"Well, Ruth," said the General, impatiently, "what do you torment him for, then? You can't say but what he's a handsome, likely fellow, though; and he'll be well off, and is now; and I wouldn't mind giving you the Dodge farm if—"

"I think he's a great, disagreeable, hateful, ugly thing!" exclaimed Ruth, interrupting her father, for the first time in her life, to his infinite astonishment, "and I can't bear the sight of him!"

A shadow darkened the east window. One spring, and Philip was on the floor, with Ruth Ellis in his arms, stopping her mouth with kisses.

"That's right, my boy!" shouted the General, "she's an abusive jade, and well deserves punishment!"

Ruth had slipped and sidled to the floor. She stood now erect and firm; her face perfectly calm, and her manner serious and almost solemn.

"Father," said she, in a low voice, with her eyes fixed on the floor, "I have committed a great sin—"

"What—what!" said the General.

"I say I have committed a great offence against you."

"Oh!" said the General, drawing his breath again.

"But, father," continued Ruth, "don't judge me too harshly; my temptation was great; you are sometimes pretty hard judging."

"Go along, you yappin thing! What have you done? Some nonsense, I know."

"But, father, I know you will be dreadfully, dreadfully offended, when I tell you! But, father," she said again, and now in a pleading tone, "if I will promise to do everything you want me to—and whether I want to or not—" She looked sideways at Philip, and then imploringly at her father.

"Bless your soul, you gypsy, what are you talking about? You haven't done anything I won't overlook. Now, see, here's Phil Fox. What do you say, Philip? You like her, I know."

Philip was about to speak.

"Let me finish, if you please," said Ruth.

"Father, if I give up my own wish and will to please you, and marry the man you choose for me, and—and—don't have a word to say to any ears, nor—"

"Come, out with it!" thundered the General.

"You will forgive me my sin against you!" said Ruth, in a soft, pleading tone, and half kneeling at the warrior's feet.

"Yes, you silly baggage! anything you'll do, I'll forgive; that is, if you mind me now, as you said."

"And you won't reproach me, dear father?"

"No, you nonsense!"

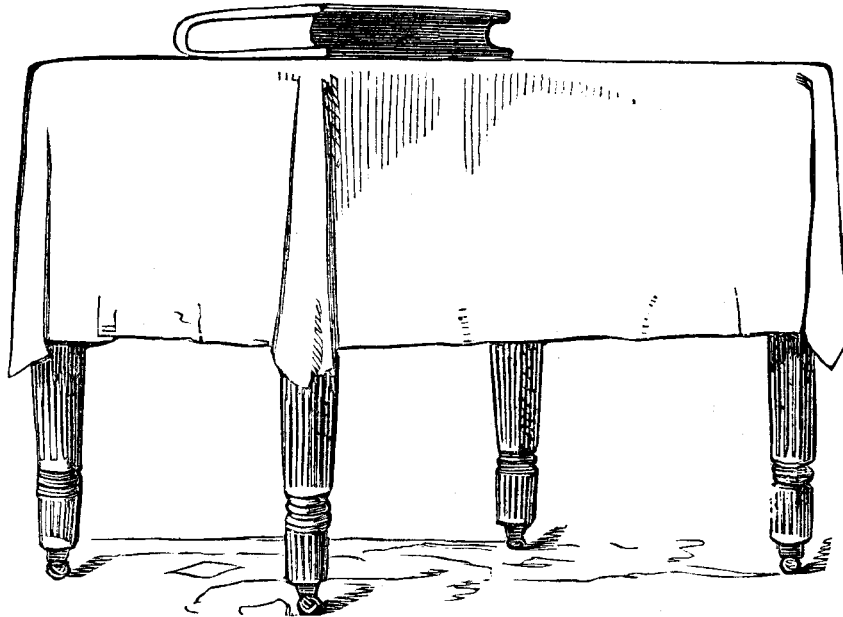
"And you freely and really forgive me!" As Ruth said the last words, she rapidly unfolded a bundle which she had before taken from one of the drawers in the chest, and held up before two pairs of astonished eyes, not the battered and riddled flag of her country, but the sacred buckskins of a revolutionary officer, sacrilegiously and irreparably ruined.

For a minute, Ruth held them up, then dropping them on the floor, she threw herself, laughing, blushing, and crying altogether into the arms of the old General. Then she put out her hand to Philip and kissed his lips.

"You see how I take my punishment, father! I know you'll forgive me!"

## BROAD LINE DRAWING LESSONS.

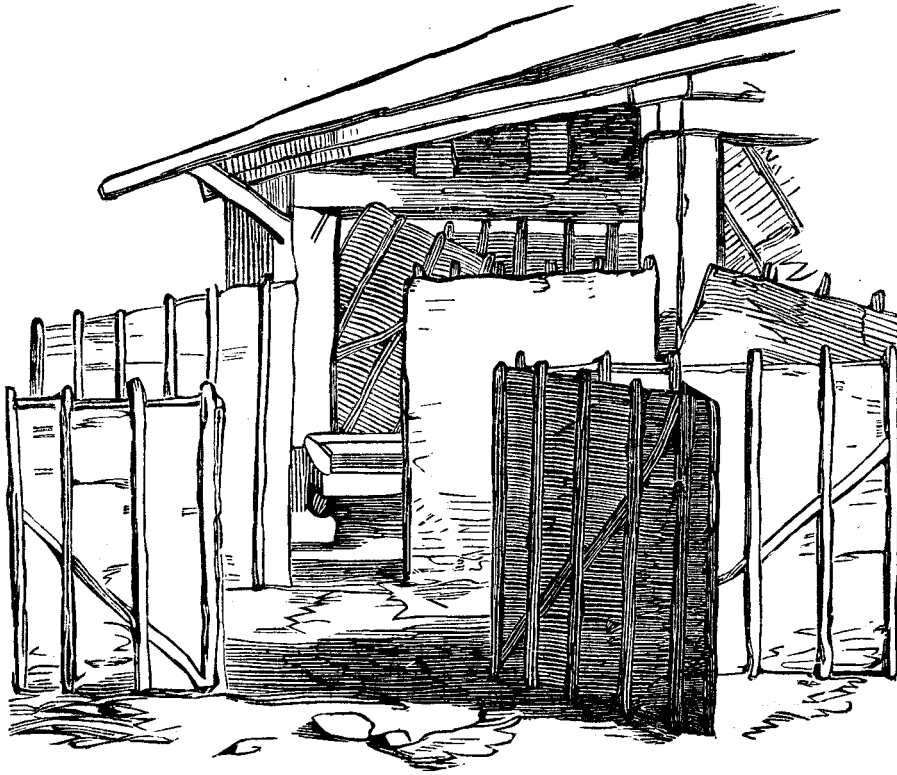
Fig. 97.



A study table covered with a table-cloth, Fig. 97, affords the pupil another rudimentary exercise in drapery. Fig. 98, a deserted barn,

with the rude fences surrounding it, forms a tolerably easy exercise. The shepherd's dog, Fig. 99, is more difficult, as a slight inaccuracy

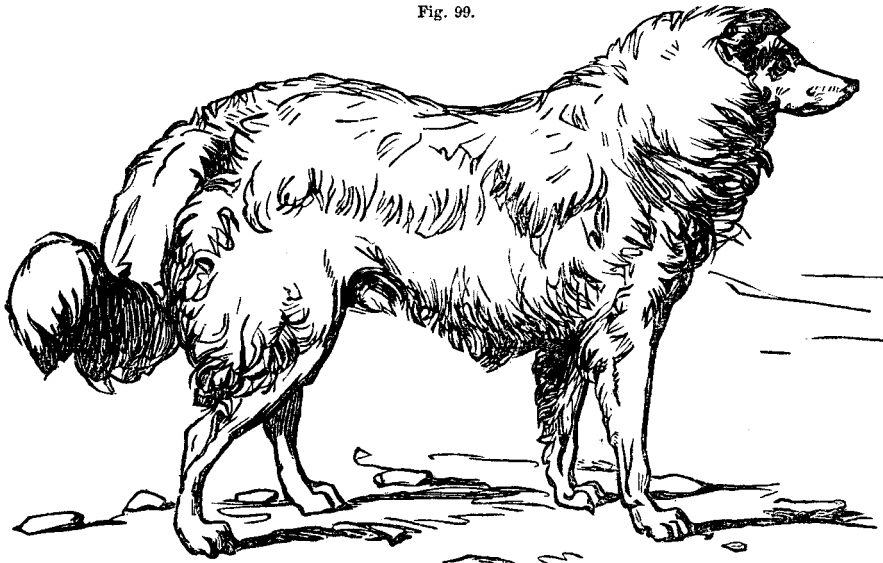
Fig. 98.



in the handling may totally ruin the expression. The pupil will not fail to observe that, even in this coarse broad line drawing, the character of

activity and vigilance which belongs to the shepherd's dog, is expressed in the countenance, limbs, and attitude.

Fig. 99.



## SPRING WINDS.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

(Continued from page 151.)

### CHAPTER II.

Young trees root the faster for shaking.—BOGATZKY.

May 21st.

It is three weeks since we came to this queer old house; since *I began housekeeping*. I pretended to it all last winter, but I did not have the least management or control. Here I have to see to everything, and do a great deal myself; many things that I never tried before. It has been hard work; it is now, and particularly to-night, I feel so utterly discouraged. Laura, dear child, says it is because I am so tired out; that I shall feel brighter in the morning. She is the greatest help to me; just like a little old woman.

Well, we said good-by to Madison Avenue the 1st of May, the Bloodgoods taking the house and most of the furniture. It made Arthur very "hateful" from the moment he knew it was going to them; but I did not care, so long as it helped papa. That was all he had left, the house and furniture, after everything was settled up, and Mr. Bloodgood offered him \$21,000 as it stood. Papa says it cost him \$25,000, and that he has done very well with it; so we have just that to live on—twelve hundred dollars a year, I believe—and Arthur will have enough to help clothe himself, with the salary he is to get. Laura has her allowance, and is quite independent, with what Aunt Laura left her for her name. Papa says that many people would consider us quite rich; but, dear me! when I think that mamma used to spend half as much on her dress, it doesn't seem as if we could get along at all. I am to have an allowance for housekeeping; little enough it is, not as much as the butcher's bill used to be in Madison Avenue; but then there were two men and five women in the kitchen, and that makes a great difference. We have only Ellen here—she was our waiter in town, and I always liked her best of the whole of them. She says she learned about kitchen work helping the cook, and as soon as she heard we were going to the country she begged to come. She knows all about the country, and doesn't mind its being lonesome at all. Mrs. Gardnier said I never would get a girl to stay.

234

We have a vegetable garden, all gone to weeds, and a tumble-down stable, a front yard, with old-fashioned roses and lilac bushes, and great bunches of phlox and ragged robbins growing here, there, and everywhere; it looked dismal enough all the while it rained so, ten whole days without the sun, and I never worked so hard in all my life, getting to rights.

We had furniture enough, that we had taken from—the Madison Avenue house—I was going to say from home. It looked scanty when it was all arranged, but papa said it must do for the present. Laura knows how to contrive chintz furniture, and is working away at a lounge and some boxes for the bedrooms—she calls them divans! She proposed that we should put some curtains up to the windows, to take off the dreadfully bare look; I have found a great bundle of the shabby ones Mrs. Bloodgood did not want, and we are going to look them over to-morrow.

O dear, how tired I am! I ache from head to foot; but I am just so tired every night, and I know I never should write any more in my journal if I did not make a beginning. It's the worry that tires me most; I am so afraid I am not going to make my market money last, and it is so dreadful to see Arthur so sullen and miserable. I can't talk to him; he hates business so, and hates the country, and he has to be so regular, too, to come out and go in, just such an hour. It is new to him, and chafes him, with not a soul that he knows out here, or would care about, if he did know them. The children are running perfectly wild. Lily has torn her nicest dresses to bits, and Morton is as dirty as a little pig from morning till night. They tire me; but I am rid of Marie, at all events. She was the trial of my life, and they really begin to mind me better since we have been here.

Papa is my great comfort; he never finds fault with anything, not even when Ellen smoked the beefsteak at dinner, and it was all the meat we had, or when Morton pulled over the inkstand on his desk. I almost hope he does not cough as much as he did; I don't believe he would if it ever should come out real dry and warm.

May 27th.

We finished putting up the curtains last night, and it has given the house quite a different look. We found three white muslin ones, and papa allowed me to match them, as near as I could, when I went in town with him on Friday. They used to be at the nursery windows, but we think them quite grand now in the parlors; then there was the blue and white dimity set, from the third story back room, and some old chintz ones that belonged in the nursery in winter. Some of them were stained, and one muslin one torn right across; they came out wrapped around the pictures—mamma's, and Lily's when she was a baby; but these windows were so much lower that we cut out the spots, and Laura pieced them very neatly. I should not have had the patience; and I don't believe I could have managed any how.

I find the sewing of the family is going to be the hardest thing of all. I never thought of that, till I found Lily had scarcely a decent dress left, and Sarah said those muslins and lawns were not fit for the country any how. I took prizes two years at Madame Arnaud's for fancy work, but I don't believe I could make Lily an apron even. Laura is so handy with her needle, and, what is more, with her scissors; she can cut and arrange work just like a seamstress; but grandmamma always taught her to cut and make her own clothes, she says. It seems to be that I know everything that is no manner of use, and nothing that helps me now. As for my piano, though I know papa could hardly afford to keep it, I have opened it only twice since I have been here.

Well, to go back to the curtains; Laura's upholstery was really quite wonderful; a little puckered and awry, some of it, but we managed to put the stretched sides next to the wall, and the lounge and boxes are great additions to the dining-rooms and the bedrooms. When we got the curtains up, papa came in and hung them for us; even he saw the difference, and praised it. I believe I never was more delighted, particularly as dinner was just ready, and Ellen had made a famous veal pie, with splendid gravy, papa said, and *my pudding* (tapioca flavored with bitter almonds) turned out beautiful. We had asparagus from the village, and a dessert of stewed pie plant. I don't think I ever enjoyed a dinner more; papa said *he* never did, and he ate more than I have seen him do for a long, long time.

Dr. Clarke has helped me to conquer my dislike to seeing after the cooking. He came

out here, a week ago, and stayed to tea; after tea, he came and sat down on the step of the porch by me, and told me how anxious he was about papa. He said that most physicians would say he had the consumption. It made me turn cold when he said so, everything starts me so now since mamma's death, and I have had this same dread about papa since last winter. Dr. Clarke says he hopes everything from a quiet mind, and the country air, and *good plain food*. He talked a great deal about that, and said it would be giving papa poison to set him down to a badly cooked dinner. So I began the very next day, and I make the dessert myself, and see that Ellen does not hurry things; that is her great fault; no wonder, where there is so much to do.

June 1st.

Sunday evening! It has been such a nice day, and I have been to church for the first time since we came out here. Papa never cared about church in town, he was always so tired Sunday mornings, and breakfast was late, and mamma took so long to dress. She did dress more elegantly than any lady in Calvary Church, I think. Papa used to laugh at her "Sunday finery," and tell her the very name of her church, "Calvary," ought to put all such things out of her mind; and he thought it was the wrong name for a fashionable church, any way.

When I asked him to go this morning, he looked quite surprised, and did not answer me; but when we were wiping the cups, he came in from the porch, and said: "Yes; Laura and I ought to go, and, as we were strangers, we could not go alone."

I must go back to the day after we first came here. I was feeling very disconsolate indeed, with everything to unpack, and the house looked so small and dark. I was standing by the window, looking out, much as Lily does when she gets those terribly sullen fits, when I saw the people driving by to the depot—we are very near it; that was one reason papa took the house, because he could walk to it; for we cannot even keep one poor old horse. We came over the night before in a wretched old hack, and just as I was thinking about it, a pair of coal black horses, with arching necks and flowing manes, came dashing along with a light open wagon, almost as handsome as a carriage, and such a nice-looking party in it, a gentleman and his sons, I should say; one about Arthur's age, and one older, and two school-boys, with a strap full of books—three seats

full with the driver. A bitter, wrong feeling came over me; they seemed so happy and rich, dashing along, when poor papa and Arthur had trudged off on foot. I have noticed them very often; sometimes they drive in a *coupé*, much like ours in town, and ladies with them, always a large party, and so merry! I wondered so much who they were, till papa told me the gentleman's name, and when I tried to find out more about them from Arthur, he called them "snobs," and some other disagreeable name, and said they lived in that great brown house we can just see over the tops of the trees when we come from the depot.

Well, to-day the sexton was very civil to papa, and showed us into a nice pew, with carpets and cushions. When I looked around, who should be in the next pew but all the Waldron family. It was a great, square pew, as roomy as their carriage, and every seat full; it was just like a picture. Mrs. Waldron, I suppose it was, sat in one corner, and Mr. Waldron by the head of the pew, and a young lady, I should think about my own age, next to him; the two young men sat opposite, and all sorts and sizes of children between; they all seemed so amiable and pleasant. The young man, Arthur's age, found the places for his mother, and the other one handed papa a prayer-book; there was none in our pew, but Laura and I had ours. He is the plainest of the two, but he looked as if he was very honest and good. I hardly know how to describe it; I suppose I was looking at him very hard; I know I was, for I was thinking how unlike Arthur's behavior his was, and his eyes met mine; he did not stare rudely, but it was a friendly look. His eyes are just like his mother's. I saw her face, coming out of church; it is very sweet and kind, and so is his sister's. I am sure we should be friends, if only we were rich people, I mean; but of course we never shall know them, living in this plain—I was going to say mean way; it must seem mean to them, with their horses, and carriages, and servants.

But I never shall have another intimate friend. Virginia, and Cora, and Adelaide have behaved so unkindly! It was just like Cora, and Adelaide always follows her; but I did think so much of Virginia, and we had been so very intimate, and she had stayed at our house so often. I did not write it down, for it hurt me too much, last week. It was at Stewart's, when I was choosing those curtains, I saw her in the mirror; she was with Miss Jones, Miss Jones that is so fashionable, and she tried not

to see me; I know she did, for there was the mirror right before me. I could not have believed anything but my own eyes; and when I turned around as quick as lightning, for I was so angry, she blushed as guiltily as could be, and Miss Jones gave me such a distant bow, and moved along. I felt too angry at the time to know how much it hurt me; but I came home, and tore up all Virginia's letters, those last miserable little cold notes after papa failed, and all. I might have known from them that all *she* cared about was our house, and the way we lived. "Dear me, Augusta! is that you? Why, how are you, child? I must hurry after Miss Jones. *Au revoir!*" I can see her now, and Adelaide and Cora whispering together over the organdies. I would not see *them*, after that. I know very well they were talking about me. No, I can never trust any one else, or have an intimate friend!

June 4th.

Something so pleasant and surprising has happened. Just as we were sitting down to tea to-night, the black horses came dashing up, and stopped at our gate! I thought how mean the table looked, with only bread and butter, and no silver, and flew up and shut the dining-room door. For once Ellen heard the old knocker, and happened to have on her clean dress and apron before tea; she is generally too hard at work to dress. She showed the visitors into the parlor, and presently came back with their cards, Mr. and Miss Waldron, Mr. Charles Waldron, for all the family. Arthur growled out, "I'm not going in, for one;" but papa was quite decided, and said the young gentleman's call was meant for him, and he was to go to the parlor.

Mr. Waldron introduced his daughter, and papa me, while Arthur, who can be a gentleman when he likes, came forward in his best manner; I was quite proud of him. Mr. Waldron began talking to papa about Dr. Clarke, who is an old friend of his, and, after a while, they went out together to look at the weedy old garden, and Arthur talked "horse" to Mr. Charles Waldron, who is much handsomer than his brother, though I do not fancy him so much.

Miss Waldron is not pretty, but she is very nice, with such a gentle, homelike way, and she was dressed quite plainly, in a gray dress, with linen collar and sleeves, and a silk mantle, not at all a "reception toilet," which poor mamma always made so much of for first calls. She noticed the books and the engravings in a very pleasant way, and she likes some of

my favorites, which Virginia never did—"Amy Herbert," and "Cleve Hall," and "The Heir of Redcliff," for books, and the "Christus Consolator." Since mamma died, that has been my favorite engraving, and papa allowed me to have it in my own room; now it hangs between the windows in the parlor, opposite mamma's picture.

Miss Waldron has asked us all to tea on Friday evening—to-morrow evening. It is very informal, only a family party, or papa would not go. I shall be only too glad to see something else besides this house; I am tired enough of it, and Miss Waldron is so plain in her ways that I almost felt I could ask her to tea in our little sitting-room in return. Arthur is going; I am very glad of that. Mr. Charles is going to row him out upon the bay, and that is the inducement. As for dress, mourning is always the same, and I am always ready. Poor mamma!

*June 6th.*

How kind they all were!

After papa had promised to go, and I was quite elated, it suddenly came across me that they lived so far off, and how dusty and dragged we should look if we walked. But Mr. Waldron sent the light wagon for us in the kindest way, quite early, for it is not dark now until almost eight, and their tea hour is seven. It seemed perfectly delightful to be dashing along in a carriage again; I don't think I ever enjoyed a ride more. The foliage is so exquisite, not dusty, as it is in Madison Avenue by this time, and the fences bright with blackberry vines, and elder flowers and wild roses. Laura knows every wild flower, and bush, and vine, I believe. She was to come, too, Miss Waldron particularly said; though I told her Laura was only fifteen, and of course not "out."

There is a beautiful avenue of elms and maples leading to the house from the main road, and the house is not high or grand as it looks from the road, only built on high ground. It is very odd, with wings and additions "just as the family grew," Mr. Waldron says. There is a great hall through the centre of the house, with book-cases and pictures—no regular library, but a very cosy reading-room—on the dining-room side.

We did not go into the large parlors before tea, for Miss Waldron met us at the door, and took Laura and I up stairs to the sweetest little room, furnished with cottage furniture, white and gilt—her own room has a blue set—and we sat there quite a while, till Mrs. Waldron came out of an opposite door, looking so fresh

and sweet in a clean lawn dress and white cap, and came to be introduced to us. She kissed us both. I can't tell how it touched me; not the kiss Mrs. Gardnier always gives, or Madame Arnaud's, such a cold, matter-of-course touch of the lips, but she put her arm quite close around my neck, and said: "I am glad to see you here, my dear child."

I like Angelé Waldron, and her father, and all of them; but I like Mrs. Waldron best. I had a long, lovely talk with her after tea. The young gentlemen went out rowing with Arthur, for it was almost as bright as day, after the moon rose. Miss Waldron brought her crocheting to learn a new stitch of Laura, who understands all those things, and they went into the sitting-room, where there was a stronger light; the only one in the parlor, the drawing-room I mean now, was inclosed in a shade of lovely transparencies, as soft as the moonlight. Such a sweet, sweet summer evening it was! so still that the breath of the roses and honeysuckles made the air almost too heavy with perfume. There were cut flowers in the room, for they have a green-house; but Mrs. Waldron astonished me by saying that her sons and Angelé took care of those beautiful borders themselves; and she thought that Laura and I could make a great deal out of the front garden if we chose. She knows the house very well. The clergyman used to live there before the parsonage was built; and he was very fond of flowers, and planted the roses and many other things I do not know the names of, that are almost eaten up with weeds. That was after papa and Mr. Waldron went into the dining-room, so that we were quite alone.

I told her that, even if we knew how, we never should find time; and then, I'm sure I don't know how it came about, I poured out all my troubles to her, even to the sewing, and how I struck Lily, only that morning when she and Morton were quarreling in such a hateful way, and answered me back. I am sure I did not mean to, and if any one had told me that I *could* have talked so to a person who was almost an entire stranger, I would not have believed it. But she seemed to understand it all, every bother and worry that I have, and she helped me so much! She did not seem shocked when I told her how I had slapped Lily; but said, what I know is true, that I never could expect them to mind me when I allowed them to see me angry, and that it would be a good help to self-discipline. She says every mother who tries faithfully to do her duty learns self-control that way; and that these



worries—all the worries in life that we have not brought on ourselves by wrong-doing—are just so many helps sent by God to make us gentle, and patient, and strong. I seemed to see it all in quite a new light. I told her *how much I wanted* to do right, how hard I tried, and it seemed the more I tried the worse I grew; and about reading those books of mamma's, and how hard it was to fix my mind on them, or understand them.

She smiled so pleasantly, and said: "Milk for babes, but you have begun on strong meat." Then she asked me if I had ever tried reading the Bible for myself. I felt quite proud to be able to say I had read it all through in one year—three chapters a day, and five on Sunday, as mamma said she did when she was young; but I had to confess that I did not understand the Bible either; it was all so misty and confused. She explained that so nicely—she asked me if I supposed even Herschel or Lord Ross understood all the sky at a glance, and had known the stars by name, and had been able to arrange them in their constellations. "It is all misty and confused, the sky is now to you, my dear." I told her that I knew nothing of astronomy; but to them the whole host of heaven is marshalled into order and beauty; and so it was with the Bible, a perfect plan, all order and harmony, only waiting diligent study to comprehend it, and make it a daily joy to us, "If we have the Shepherd's Glass of Faith," she said; and I knew what she meant, for I remembered the picture in mamma's elegant copy of "Pilgrim's Progress."

When I told her so, she advised me to read the whole book, as one of the best helps I could have, and she gave me another, "The Words of Jesus," and asked me if I would not try and read them for myself in the New Testament, little by little, asking God always to help me understand what I read. She did not seem to think much of reading the whole Bible in a year. And when we were through our talk—not through, for I could have stayed by her all the evening; but we heard the rest coming in—she kissed me again, on my forehead, as I sat by her on a low ottoman, and said, "God bless you, and help you." It was almost like mamma; only mamma never talked of *such* things in that plain, simple way; but it was affectionate like her, and I was glad the light was so dim when Laura and the gentlemen came in. I feel so encouraged, and so much happier, I believe I shall never get into that miserable, fretful way again.

June 15th.

All wrong again! Oh, it is so hard to find myself break down when I am trying my best!

I was up *very* early to-day, by half past six; Laura and I had agreed we would be, and begin to work in the garden. It was very hard work to get up, and I felt as if I had made a monstrous step in self-denial. Just as we were ready to go down, the children woke, and insisted on being dressed. I dress Lily, and Laura Morton; and they set up such a scream when I told them to wait, and go back to bed again until it was time! I hate the business, at best; it is a regular drag to have to wash that child's face and hands six times a day, and I can't make her hair curl as Marie did, try all I can. She is always a perfect fright. I do not believe I love children as some people do, who say it is only a pleasure to take care of them.

I went out feeling very cross, and began cutting and pulling up the weeds, hacking away with a kitchen knife. The dirt flew up into my eyes, and over my clean white stockings and petticoat, and the earth worms crawled out and made me sick; but it was very fascinating, after a little while, and the tougher the roots were, the more determined I was to have them. I knew it was getting late, but I had made up my mind to go from the snow-ball to the white rose bush, and I worked away till the breakfast bell rung. Then I was such a figure! my shoes wet through—they were my dressing slippers—the front of my petticoat soiled, my hands muddy, and my hair all over my eyes. I hurried into the house, for there was Lily in her night-gown yet, calling out of the chamber window, and found the dining-room just as I left it last night (it was my place to put it in order), the dust an inch thick on the mantle. I flew out at Ellen for ringing the bell without calling me first, and then at Arthur, who asked me if I was going into the market garden line, and, I am sorry to write it, boxed Lily's ears, because she would not hold still and be dressed, so that she ran screaming and complaining to papa, who spoke to me quite sharply, and said he had noticed I was very unkind and overbearing to the children. It seemed too hard, with all I do for them, working from morning till night, going to bed so tired that I don't know how to get up, sometimes. I felt the most frightfully angry feeling towards him, it really did frighten me, for I never felt so before; but I said I wished I was dead, and out of everybody's way! and got up and went to

my own room without pouring papa's coffee, and stayed there until he was gone to town, without wishing him good-by. But I have suffered enough for it. What if any accident should happen to the train, and I should never see him alive again! It almost makes me wild!

Then, too, Laura is very trying at times. She is industrious and orderly, and not impulsive; she never "flies out," but she is provokingly self-willed and obstinate. Her way is always better than mine; she never will give up at all, because she is the youngest. She finds fault because I leave things around, and slops in the basin when I dress; but I have always been accustomed to a chambermaid, and it is very hard to learn to wait on myself and other people too, at the same time. She has no care either; papa does not look to her for any thing, and the care is the hardest part of all.

I read the Testament as I promised Mrs. Waldron, four or five verses every day, but so far it does not do me a bit of good. I know the whole story, and it does not seem at all different; I wish it was all made up of rules, as the Old Testament is, part of it, and told me "you must do this, and you must not do that," so I should know all about it.

Mr. Ralph Waldron is religious. It seemed so strange in such a young man, but he stayed to the communion service Sunday before last, and looked surprised when papa rose to go out, and we all followed him. I am so glad we have that nice pew next to theirs; it was the only one to let, except near the door, and I was delighted when papa told us it was ours. Somehow I feel as if I had known the Waldrons all my life, they are such friendly people; and though I never can be intimate with any one again, I like to talk to Angelé almost as well as her mother. She brought some sewing, and sat with me Tuesday afternoon, and Mr. Ralph came for her, and brought us some beautiful flowers. He reads German, and thinks it such a pity that I should give that and my music up. I really enjoyed playing that dear old *Marche Funèbre* for him last night, for there are so many people who do not enter into it. He likes Chopin's music, and I have played over several of my old pieces this afternoon, to freshen them up a little. I believe it was the music that first took away this heavy pain from my heart; it has been a real pain, every time I have thought of papa to-day.

June 17th.

I am glad now that papa was so displeas-

ed with me the other night when he came home, though it almost killed me then. I had been so restless and anxious about him all day, and so thankful to see him come home. I flew over the stairs, and said, "O dear papa, I am so glad you are safe home." I almost forgot that I was so greatly in fault, until he said, "Any one would think that you loved me, Augusta, if they did not know better." So cold and hard. His eyes looked so, too. I turned away without a single word, but I felt as if I was choking to death. When I do love him so! and try so hard to please him and make him happy. He never will know half how hard I try; nobody but God does! How hard it has been for me to learn to work, and go without things, and manage so as to make him comfortable!

I bolted the door and threw myself down by the bed, for I was so wretched that I could think of nothing but praying, just as it was when mamma died. I cried out just like a little child! "O God, please show me the right way!" Only that, but I said it over and over again, sobbing as if my heart would break, for I felt if papa began to be displeased with me, I might as well give up trying to do any thing. After a while I grew quieter, and went to the window, and leaned my head against it; and in the window-sill my Bible was lying. I remembered that I had not read my verses, so I turned to the place, and thought I could do that at all events. It was the last part of a chapter, about hiding things from the wise and prudent. So I read till I came to this—

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Certainly this was meant for me; for was I not struggling along, laboring, and heavy laden! How I longed for rest! how I have longed for it the past weary months, ever since my care came. How was I to find it? I read it over and over again, just as I had prayed, until I saw that it was by coming to Jesus to help us be like Him, that it meant that He was meek and lowly, and we must be so too.

I did ask Him to help me, the first time I had ever thought of Him as being able to, and then I thought, how can I begin? It seemed right for me to go to papa and tell him I had done wrong, hard as it was, and ask him to forgive me, because that was being "meek and lowly." He was talking with Arthur, and Laura sat in the room sewing. It made it very hard, particu-

larly as Laura had heard what papa said, and looked up at me in a very provoking way when I came in. But I went straight up to the table and said, "Papa, I was very rude and impertinent this morning. Will you please forgive me, and I will try and not offend you again."

I could not help my lips quivering, for all I tried to be so brave, and I know papa must have felt that I was really sorry, for he drew me down and kissed me without another word. I don't think any caress he ever gave me went to my heart so, and all the dreary feelings melted away. Laura went out of the room, and Arthur was much pleasanter than he had been for a long time, and did not make a single disagreeable remark. Lily was in trouble about something, and came in crying after a little while, so I proposed putting her to bed myself, though Ellen has always seen to them at night.

She seemed glad to go, for she was very tired and heated; I sponged off her little hot face, and neck, and arms, and she looked up so gratefully and gave me a loving kiss, quite of her own accord. Then I took her in my lap, and told her a little story, and after she had said her prayers, and her dear little head nestled into the pillow, she made me stoop down to give me "a great hug," and said, "I do love you ever and ever so much."

I have not felt so light-hearted in a long, long time, or so happy, as I did then, and have ever since. It woke with me to-day, instead of that miserable, tired feeling. I don't know why, but I keep thinking of Christian when he came to the cross that stood in the way, and the three shining ones met him. I almost feel as if I could "give three leaps for joy," as he did.

(Conclusion next month.)

#### BY THE BROOK.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

WHITHER away, blithe brook?  
Tell me what thou leapest after  
With such talking and such laughter,  
And such roguish look.  
Laughing, methinks, outright with glee,  
It answers with a merry shout, "To sea!"  
Once as blithe was I;  
And I know not which was proudest,  
Trying which could laugh the loudest;  
Now I sit and sigh!  
Dear brook, the flower that o'er thee beads,  
And trees, though alien now, were once my friends.  
Since youth my spirit lit,  
The leaves have often lived and died;  
And now I come with boyhood's pride  
No more, dear mate of it.

I come but now to dream the dream  
That made me haunt thy wreathed leaf-lit stream.

Friend of the years ago!  
Alas, unheeding brook, dost hear?  
Upon thy breast I drop a tear  
To hear that old, sweet song.  
Ah, childlike, I could by thee lay  
And dream a life of bitter care away.

Kind brook, thou art sobbing!  
Is 't that we once more must part?  
Thy breast, then, with my sad heart  
Responsively is throbbing.  
Still to stern duty I must yield,  
And fight my way through manhood's battle-field.

Voices forgot before—  
Familiar music echo vexes  
This wild flower me perplexes:  
I've seen it, sure, before!  
Oh, every wave but wafts down stream  
The pale, dead image of some daylight dream!

In yon swaying bough  
A voice still breathes the same old lays,  
And tells the tales of other days:  
How sad the song sounds now!  
While all the faint perfumes of the wood  
From memory's flowers my sad soul would illade.

Life wanes, and, one by one,  
The years are drifting slowly by;  
Yet thou, of immortality  
A radiant type, wilt run  
Till Time himself hath spent his breath,  
And furled his pinions on the shores of death.

#### TEN YEARS.

BY CHARLES DESMARAIS.

THE wind sang through the willows:  
The sun danced on the stream:  
But the struggle in my spirit  
Was, to be—yet not to seem.

I was! for I loved her madly:  
But alone my young heart burned,  
And I writhed to quench the passion  
That her haughty bosom spurned.

My heart but eighteen summers  
Had ripened in my breast;  
And this, its first love-blossom,  
Was to canker all the rest!

\* \* \* \* \*

The wind sang through the topmasts:  
The sun danced on the sea:  
But the struggle in my spirit  
Was, to seem—yet not to be.

For my heart was ten years older;  
And I met her once again,  
And I vowed a bitter vengeance:  
She should love me, now, in vain!

Alas for human blindness!  
I kept my vow too well;  
And my heart's last, bitter blossom  
In an open death-vault fell!

## SCENE IN "OUR" SANCTUM: OR, A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.\*

BY ONE WHO HAS "BEEN THAR."

(Concluded from page 144.)

REFRESHED by a luncheon and a cigar, Fred and I returned to our sanctum and the Herculean task there awaiting us. In spite of the many articles already taken from the pile, it looked as formidable as ever. With a heavy sigh, Fred threw himself into his chair and dragged from the pile a manuscript directed in a large, sprawling hand, to—

MR. HENRY JONES, 312 C— street.  
in philadelphia state of pensilvanier.

"This looks tempting," said Fred, holding up the paper.

"Very," said I; "open it!"

The manuscript was worthy of the direction. A few lines will serve as a specimen. The page was headed *paig furst*, then, without any title, the story began thus—

HANNER ELLIS lived in the kuntry with her Uncle and her aunt and her cousins and her little sister jane, and she was an orphan and she went to the public skule and she learnt to Read and write and cipher and she rec'd a verry Good education and ought to of been a verry Nice gurl, but hanner had no principals at all So she was not as good as she might of been.

"That is a genteel sufficiency," said Fred, as I read the last line. What is the title?"

"Where is it?" I asked.

At the end of the last page I found the following request inclosed in a crooked square of ink lines:—

"Please kall this peace *hanner ellis the orphan.*"

Fred now read aloud a letter, which ran as follows:—

Stageville may eleventh, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, dere sur, I have been onable to git a situation and want to urn a respectable livin and would like to rite for you, what waiges will you give me by the month if I come to philadelphia and ware can I bord cheep, yours respectably ann stokes. I can give good refe-

\* Of course this article is only intended to illustrate some of the difficulties of editors, and is not exactly our own experience.

rence from the places where I have been seamstriss for nine yeres.

The next effusion was poetical. Shades of Byron! to call such lines *poetry!*

*To a lock of hair in a fine tooth comb, reposing on  
Julia's bureau.*

LOVELY bunch of Raven Hair  
Sticking in a comb;  
From the head of Julia fair  
Tell us how you come!

Wert jerked out with one strong pull,  
Or was she some time combing?  
Does fair Julia know you're out,  
Where on earth are you roaming!

I would steal you, lock of hair,  
If you were not so greasy,  
But the lard or castor oil  
Would spoil my waistcoat fleecy.

Fred said something he "ought not to of said," as he tossed these exquisite lines into the pile of rejected articles.

The following letter came next:—

DEAR SIR: I have occupide the situashun of teacher in a skule at Potterstown for seven years, and during that time have had menny pupils under my kare. I wish to publish a little book called the "Experiances of a Westurn Teecher," and have written severel of the storys for it and offered it to Mr. A— of New York and Mr. L— of Filadelfia, throu a letter, but they decline printin it. Wun of my skollers says if you would by the storys wun at a tyme and print them, that I could easily sell them afterwurds, as youre name wood be good two use even I rote again to Mrs. L. and A. I send the furst story. Wen you have printed it please send me fifty coppies of the book it is in to give to my skollers for tracts.

Yours affecshunately, MARY C. L.

"Read the story, Harry," said Fred; "it is short, but sweet."

I obeyed. It was entitled—

*Little Elizer: or, The Evuls of a Furius Tempur.*

ELIZER was a little gurl who had religius parents and a very bad tempur wick kept them

in a constant stait of missury. Wun day she caim to skule with her lunch in a litle baskit and wen she opened it her muther had forgot the pie she promised to put in the baskit for Elizer's lunch. Wat did this bad gurl do but up and heaved the baskit at her unsuspushus frend Ann Gray who sat neer her, and killed her innocent frend on the spot; Elizer died at an old age the victim of remorse for this yuthful crime.

"Here's some lines to the Atlantic Cable," said Fred.

"Read them!" I said, resignedly.

*Lines to the Atlantic Cable.*

OVERWHELMING fabrication of a Gigantic Intellect!  
Spell-bound nations contemplate with enthusiastic respect!  
Thy tremendous Wonders! Engulphed in the briny deep!  
Where submarine aqueous monsters ceaseless vigils keep!  
From teeming brains and palpitating bosoms warm!  
Your genius transmits messages through the tumultuous storm!  
Amidst mysterious wrecks the prey of the remorseless sea!  
You transfer effusions of infantile glee!  
Great object of two national awes!  
Why was discovered in thee so many flaws!  
Alas, such is the consummation of human hopes!  
Especially when centred in Atlantic Cable Ropes!

LORENZO C. M——.

"Do listen to this letter!" said Fred, laughing.

DEAR MR. JONES: I know I can write good stories. Of course I can; why shouldn't I, I'd like to know? I am doing very well now in the hardware line, brass especially, and won't abandon my present business unless I am certain of bettering myself. If, however, you will make it worth my while, I will take up literature. I have got a first-rate story in my mind, but I don't want to take the time to write it out, unless I am certain of selling it. As I have heard that magazine editors think a great deal of a good title, I send a list of titles, any one of which will suit my story. If you will select the one you like best, and send me word which it is, I will for \$100 write out my story and send it to you. Yours respectfully,

J. C. R——

*List of Titles.*

The Maniac Mother: or, The Raving Rover of the Black Forest.  
The Stray Maiden: or, Blood, Fire, and Revenge.

Matrimony and Murder: or, The Love-lorn Lunatic.  
The Terrors of a Stricken Conscience: or, The Revenge of the Red Pirate.  
The Scourge of the Seas: or, The Bandit Brothers.  
The Cross of Fire: or, The Stolen Maiden of the Bloody Cloak.  
The Lunatic Lover: or, The Lawless Lazzaroni of the Limpid Lake.  
Crime and Retribution: or, The Curse of the Crippled Coward.  
The Midnight Meeting: or, The Madman of the Moors.  
The Son's Sin: or, The Frantic Father.  
The Raging Robber: or, The Impostor of the Polly Wogs.  
The Midday Murder: or, The Bloody Sword of the Gay Brigand.  
The Maiden Avenger: or, The Mad Owl of the Tombs.  
The Bleeding Finger: or, The Gory Hand of Warning.  
Love and Slaughter: or, The Unforgiving Uncle.  
The Ensanguined Shirt: or, The Bloody Burglar.  
Wild Wilfred: or, The Roaring Robber of the Riots.

"Well," said Fred, as he finished this list, "I should like to see the story that would suit all those titles."

"I hope if you order it you will calculate to pay for it out of your own pocket," I replied.

"I guess when I order it, I will," was the rejoinder.

"Poetry again!" I sighed, opening a small pink envelop, and taking out a tiny tinted sheet.

*Lines to America.*

AMERICA! Thou astounding nation  
At the head of brute creation.

"O Harry!" said Fred, "it can't be brute." I looked again. It was *bright*, but the *gh* was omitted, and it looked uncommonly like brute. I read on—

Great Republic of the world,  
Genius on thy soil is hurled!  
Stand forth in thy giant might!  
Crush the wrong, defend the right!  
Stand by the flag of stripes and stars,  
Glorious mother of one hundred thousand sons of Mars.

"Good gracious!" said Fred; "just think of it!"

"Here's another letter," I said, spying the corner of a white envelop in the pile of larger ones.

DERE MISTER JONES i am in poor sircumstances now but wish to kontinue my subskription to the magasine will you let me pay you in seckund-hand clothin I have five boys and they outgro a good menny cloes befour they are worn out if you have eny children and a handy wife she cood patch em up and they wood look very nice and cum cheeper than bying them at the stoars editors are mostly poor ante they and I am yours respectably till deth do us part.

ANN G—.

"You had better take that up to Mrs. Jones," said Fred, as I finished; "think what a lovely prospect it opens to her."

"Here is a letter with a manuscript," said I, opening a large envelop. "You take the story, while I read the epistle."

The letter ran as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR: I propose revolutionizing the whole system of modern literature ("How good he is!" said Fred). I think, and humbly submit my opinion for your consideration, that the use of commonplace incidents and words in the walks of literature sinks the noble science to vulgar uses. Why resort to books for conversations and events which occur within our every-day experience? I send a manuscript written upon *my* great plan, which must enlarge the intellect, raise the mind, cultivate the understanding of every reader. Knowing you as a man of liberal ideas and refined tastes, I have honored you by selecting your magazine as the one best suited for my first appearance as a writer. If your remuneration suits me, I shall not withdraw my patronage as long as you please me in the matters of types and other details. As I understand you publish portraits of your most distinguished contributors, I will send my photograph by the next mail, that you may have it engraved to appear in the same number as my story.

Yours truly, GEORGE S—.

I did not finish; but my voice failed me. I waved my hand to Fred, to signify that he might read the story. He accordingly read—

*Leonora; or, Love and Science.*

LOVE! In the extended intellectual researches of the refined mind, metaphysically considered—what is love? Cogitated upon, in the classical comprehension of the poet's soul—what is love? Engendered in the alert brain of the youthful aspirant to fame—what is love? Concealed, tremblingly conscious of ecstatic happiness, in the tender heart of the maiden—what is love?

"Oh, humbug!" said Fred. "I won't read any more of the stuff. Here's another effort of genius."

*The Harntid Homstid.*

IN the Hart of the Glumy forrist of rosedale Stud a Littul cottige ware Dwelt my herrowine she was a Butifool gurl With the ise and hair of Gold and willum luvd Her as his Life they stud besid Eech Uther Araminter I luv you as my Life Willum my idle a shril voice kalled Oh my willum Thare's ma ware have you Bin Araminter in the feeld ma but her Blushin Emoshun betraid her have i not Forbid yu ever to Speek to willum i Can never obay that crewel Mandate Araminter my idle ware have you lingured willum we part now Forever she Fainted as she spok and so they parted. wen to Meat again.

"That's enough," said I. "Here's a charming letter, Fred."

DEAR SIR: I see that there has been a great Time in the papers about the Heenan and Sayers fight, and I wish to make you an offer. We have had a fight in our village, and for ten dollars I will write for your magazine a Full and particular account of it. It is Better than the English fight, Because there was only two Engaged in that, and this was a Free fight, and half the men in the town joined in. Excuse the bad writing, as I have one Eye very much swelled by a back-hander I got, and I Sprained my wrist knocking a man down. If you want the Account, answer by Return of mail, as I Need the money very much just now.

Yours, SAMUEL R—.

"Here's some more poetry!" said Fred, holding up a large sheet, very much blotted.

*Sonnet to an Ankur.*

SUNK in the Bosom of the deep,  
Wile them on bord Does sekurely sleep,  
In the Hart of the Briny oshun  
Yu keep the vessel Without moshun!  
Symbem of hope! we always see  
In pictures hope Leaning upon thee.

"Here's a match for that," I said, reading from a manuscript in my hand—

*Can I Forget Thee?*

CAN I forget thee, Lucy, can I?  
Will I forget thee, Lucy, will I?  
Shall I forget thee, Lucy, shall I?  
Must I forget thee, Lucy, must I?  
Never!

Your golden locks curl round my heart,  
Soothing its anguish, healing its smart;

And when I gaze in your blue eye,  
Emotion makes me dumb, O my!  
Lucy!

"Still more poetry," said Fred. "Listen!"

*Despair.*

DESPAIR crept o'er my soul! The skies poured ink;  
The lightning shot red fire from heaven's brink;  
The ocean, rocked by fierce emotion, swayed,  
And earthquakes gaping red-hot fires displayed;  
Fierce demons yelled with fiendish, frantic mirth,  
And shuddering spasms rent the upper earth;  
The winds shrieked as they hurled from spot to spot  
The trembling victims of a wrath red-hot;  
Waves, mountain high, engulfed all navigation;  
Fierce ruin preyed upon the whole creation;  
Friends rioted unchecked in upper air;  
The blast scorched where it passed: this was Despair.

"I should think so," said Fred.  
The next manuscript was

*The Boaster.*

*A Translation from the French of M. Boitard.*

EDMUND is a man perfectly raised, good, generous, wearing with accustomed grace his noble fortune, and, notwithstanding, they him fled in the society as if he had the plague. When his friends him saw coming of one side of the Boulevards, they passed to the other side, to the end of not him being not perceived, and if he came to them in a street straight, they not hesitated not to make a half turn and to return on their steps. Edmond enters in a saloon. Follow we him.

The stroke of the eye ("Is that *coup d'œil*, Fred?") that him greeted on his arrival late, was unheeded not, and he himself excused thus: "I come this instant same from the home of the president of the Council of State who me has retained until the end of a discussion very important. Immediately that I have been able myself to withdraw I am run, and me behold."

"Well, of all the literal translations I ever saw, that is the greatest!" said Fred, tossing aside the paper. "What have you there, Harry?"

*Hints on Etiquette. By Meta Marigold.*

It is rude to enter a room on your hands and knees, true gentlemen never do it. To tell a lady she is an idiot is a mark of ill manners. For a lady to bite her nails in company is not considered a mark of elegance or refinement. A lady never puts her feet upon the mantel-piece, nor scratches her head before company. Be careful when at a party not to jump so much in dancing as to lift your partner off her feet. Never play for folks unless you are asked, and then don't, for gracious sake, play one of those

pesky, long, tiresome things that Arabella Jenks always inflicts on company whenever she has a chance. She's real disagreeable, any how; and she needn't feel so dreadfully stuck up about Jim Waters, dear knows. I don't want him.

"That's enough," said Fred. "Meta Marigold must go with the others."

The next was poetry.

"Do all the brainless people in the United States write poetry?" groaned Fred, as he opened the paper.

*Music.*

THERE'S music in the little brook  
That gushes o'er the stones,  
Prettier than is in my music book  
That I practice when alone!

There's music in the leafy trees,  
When by the breeze they're stirred;  
There's music in the pebbles mute  
That never speak a word.

There's music in the pretty lambs,  
A song in every baa;  
There's music in the spotted calf  
That frisks around its ma!

There's music in the stately hen  
That clucks to every chicken;  
There's music in the knitting needles  
That grandmother keeps clicking.

There's music, music everywhere,  
And 'taint no use to learn it;  
I hate our old piano-forte,  
And wish mamma would burn it.

If Nature furnishes a song  
For all who listen to it,  
What's the use of my learning to play,  
And giving seven hours a day to it?

ANNA MARIA.

"Unfortunate Anna Maria, she has my profound sympathy," said Fred. "My mother tried to make a musician of me, when I was about ten years old, and if I did not echo any of the rest of that lament, I did the two lines—

'I hate our old piano-forte,  
And wish mamma would burn it.'

What next?"

"Why I can't exactly tell you," I replied, looking again at the page before me. "This is spelled correctly, though the grammar in it seems to have run mad; but I can't make out why every line begins with a capital. Stop, here is a letter at the end:—

DEAR SIR: I send the accompanying sonnet in blank verse.

"Fred, it is blank verse!"

"Read it out for the benefit of the country members," said Fred.

I complied.

*Sonnei to the Japanese Embassy.*

THEY are arrived! To Washington they've come,  
The Japanese from Japan where they make the  
Waiters and blacking, and from which place  
They transport them lovely tea-caddys which is my  
Wife's delight on a summer's night—no I don't  
Mean that but to return to the Japans whom  
Are in this country.

"Well, that will do! Here's another letter," said Fred.

DEAR SIR: As I see by the daily papers that it is quite the fashion for every store in your city to have a *bard*, and advertise in poetry, I concluded to send you a poetical advertisement of my store. If you want it, accept it with my affectionate regards, and send me \$10 for it.

Yours in brotherly love, SIMON SCRAGGS.

"Read the poetry, Fred," I cried; "I am getting desperate. You can't disgust me now. Come on!"

*The Store of Stores.*

Know you the store where the coffee and sugar  
Beat all coffee and sugar that ever was seen;  
Where are also kept calicoes, pegg'd shoes and bacon  
Molasses and cider, and everything green.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! I've dropped them in the well!  
And what to say to Muca, I cannot, cannot tell.

Now go replace those ear-rings at Simon Scraggs's store,  
And don't let on to Muc that you dropped the pair you wore!

Go where glory waits thee!  
And with you take a rifle,  
Buy it at Simon Scraggs's,  
'Twill cost you but a trifle!

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
What was it that he wore?  
A pair of blue duck trowsers  
From Simon Scraggs's store.

Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,  
'Tis filled with Lager Bier,  
It came from Simon Scraggs's store,  
So 'tis the best of cheer!

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Take, oh take this locket;  
It was bought at Simon Scraggs's.  
Pray put it in your pocket!

Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
That never to himself has said,  
I'll buy my goods at Scraggs's store,  
And never deal nowhere else no more.

Here you'll find vinegar, candles, and cheese,  
Butter, fish, lard, and candy so nice,  
Woollens, bonnets, and tumblers, and needles and pins,  
And also a poison to kill all your mice.

"Go it, Scraggs!" said Fred. "Come, Harry, it's dinner time!"

"Thank the stars!" was my fervent ejaculation, as I donned coat and hat, and started for home.

RAYMOND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE adventure which I am going to relate happened to a well-known literary man, whom I shall call by the name of Raymond, though no doubt his friends will not fail to recognize him by the absence of mind which formed one of his principal characteristics.

One morning, as Raymond was much engaged with his pen, the porter of the hotel entered. He came for the quarter's rent, according to the custom of Paris, which four times in a year elevates the porters to the dignity of receivers of rent. Now Raymond was not one of those starving poets who live in a garret, with little furniture besides a bed, a table, and a chair; on the contrary, he possessed an independent fortune, but, devoted to literature, and simple in his habits, he contented himself with a parlor, and bedroom opening into it, both plainly furnished. He paid his rent, gave the porter the usual gratuity, and returned to his writing.

21\*

In a minute or two he looked up, and was amazed to see the porter still standing there, and gazing around with a bewildered air.

"What is the matter?" said he. "Have I not paid enough?"

"Yes, sir; but I see no preparations for moving, and the new tenant has come with his furniture. You know he has a right to enter at half past twelve, and it is now more than half past eleven."

Then it flashed upon Raymond's mind that he had given notice to his landlord some weeks ago that he should change his lodgings when the quarter was out, and he had never thought of it since. He rushed into the street like a crazy man; but when there he recollected that it was too late to seek a lodging and remove to it in less than an hour, and that what pressed most was to get his furniture out of the way. He was on the point of going back to the house



to ask if he could not put it into some garret, when, by one of those chances which often come to the aid of those who cannot help themselves, an empty furniture wagon happened to pass at that moment. A bright idea struck Raymond; he hailed the wagner, engaged him by the hour, and soon had his furniture placed on the wagon.

"Where shall I go?" said the man.

"Go on till I stop you. Drive slowly."

So the march proceeded; the driver went slowly, and Raymond walked along examining every house, to see if there was a notice to let on it. It was not an easy search; most of the best apartments had been taken, and of those that remained there was none that suited Raymond. One was too near the top of the house; the staircase leading to another was too narrow; in another the ceilings were too low; in another the rooms were too small; every one that he visited had some fault. Weary and dispirited, he yet continued his search till the sun was low in the west. He was tired and hungry; so was the driver; so were the horses; indeed the latter began to show signs of giving out, and the temper of the driver was not improved by the condition of his horses, and his own privations. He was put out of patience by Raymond's frequent hesitations, and Raymond himself thought he had little more time to lose; so he took the next lodging he came to, which combined most of the disadvantages of those he had rejected. The furniture was hastily put in, and Raymond sat down in the midst of the confusion to consider what was first to be done; but he came to the conclusion that he must go and refresh himself first; he therefore put the key in his pocket, inquired the way to the nearest restaurant, and went to get his supper.

After he had supped, he sat some time, not feeling inclined to renew his labors, preparatory for a night's rest, for he had not thought of engaging any assistance before he came out. But the urgency of the case soon drove him out, especially as he would not be sorry to get to bed and to sleep soon. Such, however, was not his good fortune; for on his way to his lodging he turned into a wrong street, and was soon entirely lost. What added to his confusion was that in the numerous streets through which he had passed he had completely lost the name of the one where he had taken rooms. In vain he tried to remember it; he could not betray his ignorance, and indeed what could he ask? He wandered about till a late hour, and then found himself in a part of the town he knew, not far from the residence of a friend,

and he determined to cast himself on his hospitality for a night, and renew his search in the daylight, when he hoped to be more successful.

He spent nearly the whole day in search of the street where he had deposited his furniture. He remembered, indeed, the quarter of Paris towards which he had gone, but nothing further; houses and streets danced before his sight in confusion. "I am in a pretty predicament," said he to himself; "if I should make my difficulty known to my friends, they would laugh at me, and, moreover, how could they help me? My furniture would be no great loss, but my books and papers would, and I should not like to have them fall into anybody's hands; but I have no means of discovering them. Really this would make a good episode in a novel. That idea took possession of his imagination, and he began to think over the various *denouements* which were familiar to his mind till the idea occurred to him that the police could assist his search. Accordingly, the next morning he went to the chief of the police, and said to him:—

"There is an individual named Raymond, who leads a very retired life, and writes a great deal. He professes to be only a literary man, and I do not know that he is a dangerous character; but the day before yesterday he left his lodgings without telling any person where he was going, and his most intimate friends have not been able to discover where he has hid himself, though they have spared no pains to find out. Such a departure is at least very suspicious, and I confess I am particularly interested in finding out where he is."

"He must have some sinister intentions," said the chief of police, "or else something must have happened to him. You may return in two days, by which time I will have discovered what is the matter."

The chief of police asked Raymond his name, but he did not choose to hear the question, and, saying he would call in two days, he left the office.

At the time specified, he returned, and the chief said to him:—

"We have found the residence of Raymond. It is in such a street and such a number"—naming it. "We found his apartment in great confusion, as if he had just moved his things. We examined his papers, but found nothing to implicate him. He must either have absconded on account of his debts, or something has happened to him; we will know in a few days."

"You need not," said Raymond, "for I am he."

"You!" said the chief. "Why, then, have you given all this trouble?"

Raymond told his story in so amusing a manner that the anger of the chief turned into laughter. It got about, and was a jest against him for some time.

## MISS SLIMMENS'S BOARDING-HOUSE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TALLOW FAMILY."

(Concluded from page 155.)



## CHAPTER XXI.

## SHE RECEIVES A PRESENT.

THERE goes the nose off that teapot, at last! I jest knocked the cover of the sugar-bowl against it, and off it come. These china tea-sets ain't good for nothing, 'specially in a boarding-house. There's scarcely a piece in the whole set that isn't cracked or nicked, or got the knob, or the nose, or the handle gone. I'd like to see my table better set, not so much on my own account as my boarders. You're all of you gentlemen, and I'd like to treat you to a stylish table if I could afford it; for instance, one of them plated tea-sets that look just as well as the solid silver in Robinson's window. They're only thirty-five dollars. It wouldn't be but a trifle if a number of persons were a getting it, but for one person, and she a woman with a living to get, it's considerable. Some people have the good luck to have such things given to 'em. I've known of boarding-house keepers that had given satisfaction, and whose boarders had stayed by 'em for some time, getting handsome presents of silver-ware; which is a very appropriate gift, and always acceptable. Not that I wish any of mine, even those that have been members of my family ever since I commenced, to think of

\* Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Louis A. Godey, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

taking up a subscription to make me a present of a tea-set, much as I need it; and I should feel hurt and mortified if anybody suspected me of hinting at such a thing. If my young men, after my freedom in speaking, go and buy that set at Robinson's, I shall feel positively offended; I shall refuse to accept it, or, at any rate, if I do accept it, it will be because I feel it the unprompted token of their interest and good-feeling for the woman who has endeavored to make her house their home.

Excuse me, Mr. Smith, I didn't perceive your cup was out. It's awkward pouring out of a tea-pot with a broken nose. It reminds me of those kind of people, mostly young ladies, who are forever hinting about presents from young men; and the reason they have so much jewelry and pretty things is, because they haven't the pride not to beg for them; for, begging it is, call it what they may, this hinting and hinting about, admiring everything they see, and wishing they had it, and dragging young men to concerts and into ice-cream saloons, and hitching on to their arms at fairs; and saying "How cheap this is," and "What a love that is," and stopping before the windows of jewelry-shops, and pointing out that sweet bracelet or that darling brooch, and all them tricks that I understand so well—that is, from observation. I despise such artifice! Now, there was Belinda Bell; I saw her last week, looking at and admiring and going into fits over

a pair of sleeve-buttons, gold, set with tortoisés, that Abram Smith was a-wearing; and last night, to Tuttle's party, she had them very sleeve-buttons on, and an arrow stuck in her hair that I'm certain I saw in Mr. Moss' cravat not long ago. I make no doubt she's got all her jewelry in that way; which is the reason she's got more than other handsomer girls that ain't quite so bold. I never lured a young gentleman into a jewelry-shop in my life. I've even made it a matter of conscience to return the gifts of them that I didn't mean to encourage; I've sent back nobody knows how many dollars' worth of trinkets from admirers that I didn't wish to deceive. Still, presents from *boarders* would of course be considered in a different light. Some more of the pickled salmon? No, there ain't a bit more in the house; but there's plenty of dried beef if anybody will have some. Caturah's out bringing in the clothes; but when she comes in, I'll have her bring it out of the cellar and chip some off. Speaking of salmon, especially smoked salmon, reminds me of a dozen solid silver forks, with her name on, that I saw on Mrs. Lummis's table the last time I was over. She had pickled salmon for tea, and one of the forks was on the platter; they were a present from her boarders, lovely forks they were! I declare, I envied her. "Mrs. Lummis," said I, "you do have such luck! nobody'd think of giving me silver forks, not if I sewed on their buttons for years for 'em." Howsomever, I've got forks enough. I don't stand in any particular need of anything but a new tea-set; and if my best friend should ask me, "Miss Slimmens, what would be the first wish of your heart, if anybody should say they was going to give you something?" I should exclaim, "That dear, sweet set of tea things in Robinson's window!" But dear! what have I said? I'm afraid—I'm dreadfully afraid some construction will be put upon my remarks. I beg you, gentlemen, to forget them. They all grew out of my breaking the nose off my best china tea-pot.

Dora, there's a box! Come and help me get it open: but I know what's in it, well enough. It's that splendid plated set we were looking at the other day. No matter how I knew it. It was only last evening, at the table, when I broke my china teapot, some of the gentlemen spoke of making me a present; and here it's only ten o'clock of the next morning, and it's come! There's a note along with it; I'll read it while Caturah's gone to get the hammer. My boarders are a nice set of young gentlemen.

They can take a hint of the most delicate nature, without any necessity for a person's speaking out. What a plain, handsome handwriting! let's see what it says:—

DEAR SLIMMENS: Do not consider us *of-fish-us* in making you the slight present which you will find in the accompanying box. It is the first *course* we have taken to acknowledge your *desserts*. We cannot express our *scents* of obligation in any more forcible manner than by selecting this beautiful specimen of *table-service* which we hope to see in the future (as it has been in the past) the daily ornament of your board. With emotions *grater* than we can express, and the *strongest* remembrances of the past, for your *ef-fish-ent* labors in our behalf, we beg of you to accept the inclosed. We all feel that you are very *near* to us, and very *dear*! May you live a thousand years, and never be any older than you are at present. You have been weighed in the *scales*, and not found wanting. Tenderly yours, etc.,

BOARDERS.

Isn't it queer? just like my young gentlemen! can't do the handsomest thing, without their joke about it. Caturah! come along with that hammer, will you? Now, then, the lid's off! How nice it's all done up in cotton and tissue-paper! We're coming to them now. This must be the spout of the teapot. But my, how funny it smells!

A codfish, and nothing else! Was ever a poor, unprotected female so put upon as I am? It's not enough that I must wear my feet off waiting on a parcel of sassy, provoking fellows, but they must up and ridicule me to my face, and insult me in this diabolical manner. It's a burning disgrace to them! I've a notion to dismiss every single one of 'em this very noon, without a mouthful of dinner. But they'll only go off to the public-house and have a grand time, and laugh at me. Besides, I can't afford it. That Hopkins hasn't come on from Newport yet, and until I'm married to somebody, I've got to keep boarders for a living. But they'll repent it, I can tell 'em that. They haven't made me mad for nothing. Here, Caturah! take this fish and have it boiled for dinner. Don't you put another solitary thing upon the table, except the dishes. Lay the table in good style, and put the fish in the middle of it. I'll have something sent to your room for *your* dinner, Dora; so you needn't come down. We'll see about this impertinence!

It's a beautiful day, gentlemen, beautiful.

Quite gorgeous for October. This cool weather gives us a fine appetite. Mr. Smith, I'll trouble you to carve. Won't you be helped to *more*, Mr. Johnson? Not that I wish to be *officious*, but I know you are particularly fond of cod-fish. Don't be backward, Mr. Bethuen, *don't*. No, thank you, not a bit; I'd rather talk than eat; I've had *my* dinner. You don't seem in very good spirits, the most of you. Have you heard of the death of any of your acquaintance? Mr. Smith, give Mr. Blinks some more of the cod. I was hoping you'd all feel as well as I do to-day. What! you aren't done? You haven't half finished your dinners. There be fish enough left to pick up for supper. Would you relish it picked up for supper, gentlemen? You shall have it, then, by all means. I love to please my boarders, O yes, above all things!

Goodness gracious! can I believe my eyes? An entire new tea-set, just as handsome as the solid silver, the very one I had picked out in my mind's eye, standing on my own table, before my own eyes, with sugar in the bowl and cream in the jug, and tea in the pot, and all! What does this mean, gentlemen? Another note in the sugar-bowl. Well! well! I declare I'm so agitated with pleasure and surprise that I can hardly peruse it.

BELOVED SLIMMENS: We acknowledge the corn—or, rather, the cod. At our *second dinner*, at Cronsis Hotel, to-day, we unanimously concluded, over the last cup of coffee, to take up a collection for the purpose of expressing our feelings for the lady who has so long and so ably ministered to our needs. Bury the remains of past repasts. Be good to us. Give us more sugar in our tea. Cast thy bread (and cake) upon the waters, and after many days it shall return to thee (on a silver plate). Please put a little "gunpowder" in the new teapot. Do not be afraid; it will not go off of itself. Milk is warranted not to injure the inside of the milk-jug. And ever, when you think of eggs, remember muffins, and do not forget the weakness of your confiding BOARDERS.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### DORA'S BABY.

THAT ever I should have had such a thing happen in my house! Me, a respectable single woman, with a house full of young men and gentlemen boarders, and such goings-on in it! It's shameful, perfectly shameful! She ought

to have known better than to have gone and got married. What did she go and get married for? Didn't she know it would come to this? Why didn't she firmly refuse all solicitations as I have? Thank goodness, it isn't me! But if it isn't me, it's Dora, and that's about as bad. She's been a good little thing, Dora has; she's put up with all my sayings and doings like an angel. I didn't know I did think so much of her. O dear! I wonder how she's getting along! I've a mind to go to the door and ask. But I won't; it's good enough for her! What did she get married for? that's the question. But they'll all do it—yes, every one of them—just as quick as they are asked! There hasn't a girl in this town held out till she was thirty, but myself.

I've tangled this silk, and broke my needle, and spilled my thimble. Pshaw! I can't sew; I'm too nervous. What's that? Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Little? You needn't come a sneaking into my room for pity. I despise you. Oh, she'll die, I know she will, and you'll be responsible for her death. I've had a presentiment all the time she would die. There, you needn't groan; I didn't mean to make you any more miserable than you are, poor fellow! But I had an awful dream last week; I dreamed about white roses, and they're a sure sign of death in the family, especially at this season of the year. Flowers out of season portend death, and white roses, of all others! Still, I don't wish to scare you. Maybe she'll get along. I wonder what the boarders will say when they hear the news. I sot to the dinner-table as cool as a cucumber, and didn't let a soul know what was going on in the house. It'll be time enough when they hear it squall; yes, George, *squall!* Don't think you're going to have a cherub with wings, that'll laugh and clap its hands the first day. Little babies are the ugliest things in creation. Red-faced, red-armed, red-necked, screaming, kicking, colicky, squirming—bah! And everybody will tell you it's the very picture of its father. If you ever had any vanity, as all men have oceans of it, you'll get it took down a little on this occasion. The picture of its father. O yes, the very picture! Flat-nosed, blank-eyed, crimson, squalling little bundle, the very picture of its handsome papa! ha! ha! Oh, you're in a nice scrape, ain't you? and it's good enough for— Mercy, Susan, how you frighten a person! I thought you'd come to say the nurse had sent word Dora was dead, or dying, or something, and here it's only to bother me about tea. Do get tea for once in your life, yourself, without asking any

questions. Don't you see I'm in a state of mind bordering on detraction, with boarding married people? Shut the door.

Do sit down, George, and don't make such a fool of yourself, walking around like a hyena in a cage. There! what on earth was that? Nothing but that pesky cat, got in the house again. I thought it was a baby crying. I hope this circumstance will be sufficient to warn *me* against ever getting *my* foot caught in the trap. What the female sex ever marry for is a mystery. I don't aspire to be considered a strong-minded woman, but I trust I shall ever have strength of mind sufficient to enable me to resist the inducements of a husband and children. You'll repent this day, young gentleman, the worst of any in your life. Instid of your quiet evenings, sitting reading to Dora, or playing backgammon, or singing, it'll be catnip tea and colic. All the peace you 'll get for the next six months you may put in my thimble here, and it won't run over. It's good enough for you! My best wish is that you won't have two hours' consecutory sleep in a year.

Do clear out and go in the parlor, if you can't keep still a minute. I never saw a man act so much like a fool. But I don't wonder you look like a robber or a felony. I suppose if Dora dies you'll console yourself with—Bless me! *that* was a genuine baby's squall! Just hear the little panther. Ha! ha! what makes you so red in the face, George! you've changed color all of a sudden. *Don't* you wish you knew whether it was a boy or a girl? Run up stairs and ascertain, you goose?

He! he! he went up like a rocket. Well, if I ever thought George Little would be flustered by anything! These men are too ridiculous for anything. I must go and see whether Dora's dead or alive, and whether it's a girl or a boy

He! he! gentlemen, you needn't expect Mr. Little's company at the tea-table. I don't suppose he could swallow a mouthful before to-morrow morning. He don't feel the necessity of vitals, O no! he's living on his vanity at present. A boy, *of course!* a fine, plump, healthy boy. But, he! he! gentlemen, really I beg your pardon for mentioning what has occurred. But as Dora has been like a twin sister to me, I couldn't turn her out of the house in consequence of her getting married. I don't approve of marriages, the reason I make it a rule to take only single gentlemen to board. I'm single myself, and ever intend to remain singular. Nothing in the world could tempt me to do as Dora's done—get married,

and have—but, bless me! *what* am I talking about? I blush to think it. Gentlemen, excuse my overwhelming confusion.

Seventeen apprentices have I had, in all, since I commenced the millinery business for myself, seventeen, and every one of them wives and mothers, even to Dora, the last and youngest of the lot! I declare I do feel lonesome, setting here by myself, reflecting on my fate and that little pink innocent asleep in its crib—it makes me feel dreadful lonesome. I could cry this minute. It's no fault of mine, neither; if ever a woman tried faithfully to find a pardner, it's been Alvira Slimmens. I haven't left a thing undone that could be done to bring about a different state. I've toiled faithfully from one year's end to another, I've made money, and I've spared no expense to render myself attracting; yet here I am, setting solitary in my boarding-house, my boarders wrapped in the arms of Orpheus, and Dora's baby asleep in its crib, with rose-colored curtains around it. I don't wonder George is proud of a boy like that. Somehow, when I went into the room and saw Dora lying there, looking so sweet, and pale, and pretty, and her husband so triumphant, and took that little bundle of flannel and lace in my arms, instead of being disgusted, as I expected, a great lump came up in my throat, and I felt like bursting right out a crying. Heigh-ho!

I've jest about made up my mind, setting here and thinking it over, that, sence Mr. Hopkins didn't keep his promise to pay a visit to Pennyville, but keeps putting it off and putting it off, in the undefinable manner he does, the next time I can catch Timothy Bethuen all alone by himself I'll just pop the question to him, out and out; it's leap-year, and I've a perfect right to. I'll offer to support him, and make him a good living—but I'm awful afraid he's engaged to that Philistina Podd. It won't be leap-year again for four years, and I shall take advantage of it while it lasts. I haven't had anything make me feel so lonesome and old in all my life as Dora's baby.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

At last! at last! Alvira Slimmens is a married woman! *no mistake this time.* At three o'clock this afternoon, the ceremony was performed, in the presence of creditable witnesses, by the minister of my own church; and nothing has as yet occurred to render it null and

void. No Professor's wife coming in *this* time to claim my lawful husband. I've took pains to procure the most dubious evidence that Mr. Hopkins is all that he assumes—a widower who has already buried two wives, a man of some property, and of a few children, who sha'n't bother be much, I can tell him. Fifty-six years of patient plotting and planning has at last brought me to my bridal. I will confess to myself, now, before Mr. Hopkins comes in, that this moment is not *all* that I have pictured it in years gone by; he is *ruther* old, though younger than I, and he's got young ones, and I know he married me for my property, and that I shall have to continue to keep boarders, and support *him* instead of him me. But I'm married, and *Mehitable Green* isn't, and that's triumph enough for one lifetime.

Nobody can say, neither, that Mr. Hopkins isn't a gentleman; there isn't a person in Pennyville who can compare with him in politeness. He's been to every fashionable resort in the United States, he dresses in the genteel-est, most laboratory style, wears a gold eye-glass, takes snuff, and is far from a bad-looking man. It's true he limps just the least bit in the world—*rheumatiz*, I suppose—but nobody would notice it; and his cheeks are as red, and his hair as black and shiny as though he wasn't but twenty-five, instead of forty, which he owns up to. Altogether he's a match not to be ashamed of; and I guess, when we go into church together, next Sunday, there'll be some eyes that won't be fixed on the minister. It'll be the proudest moment of my existence. I make no doubt *Mehitable Green* would love to stay to home to show she didn't care; but she *can't*; curiosity will get the better of discretion.

#### THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

For goodness, gracious sake, Mr. Hopkins, can you tell me who that carriage-load of young ones is, stopping at our door? Your family, Mr. Hopkins! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine of 'em—quite a pretty present to bring your confiding bride the morning after her marriage. I suppose I may trot round now the rest of my life, taking care of them interesting specimens, and keeping boarders to support you and your wooden leg. Oh, Mr. Hopkins, but you're a match for me! How handsome and attracting we both looked when we got off our wigs and our false teeth, and you took out your glass eye, and asked me to help you off with your wooden leg! It was quite poetical, wasn't it? But let me tell you

you haven't got so much the best of the bargain as you think; them great girls that I see trooping up the steps will have to give a little aid and assistance about keeping boarders for their father's benefit. I shall dismiss both my girls this very day. And mind, if you don't walk chalk with that wooden leg of yours, you'll find it in the fire some morning. It'll make excellent kindling wood. That leg gives me the advantage, you perceive, *my dear*; it won't do for you to quarrel with me. Take them young ones up stairs to the back attic room to take their things off, and then come down and go to market, if your *rheumatiz* don't prevent you, *my love*!

My! but doesn't he go off as meek as a lamb! I've got him under my thumb already. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." He fooled me awfully about that limb of his, but he'll repent it; I'll rule him with his own wooden leg, worse than a rod of iron. Well, well, well, this *is* a curious world; and this is what I've toiled and struggled for during thirty-five long years. Heigh-ho! Well, half a husband's better than none, 'specially if he can be got under good government. Only so's that old *Mehitable* never finds it out, that's all I'll ask. Nine children at a batch! Well, everybody must have their number, and I've got mine at last. Heigh-ho!

#### THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

THERE is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good-humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may, at times, seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content, but the difficulty will vanish when we consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. Ill comes to us as providentially as good—and is a good, if we rightly apply its lessons; why not, then, cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness

ought to be the fruit of philosophy—much more of Christianity. What is gained by peevishness or fretfulness—by perverse sadness or sullenness? If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in health; if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of better fortune; if death robs us of the dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that they are only gone before to the blissful bowers where we shall all meet to part no more forever. Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burthen better by being cheerful. It will be your consoler in solitude and your passport in society. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind.

#### SUGGESTIVE NOTES ON GRECIAN OIL PAINTING.

BY MRS. E. CUSTARD.

LANDSCAPE painting in Grecian oil requires much care and delicacy of touch, as the objects are sometimes very small. The engraving is prepared as usual. Paint the sky first, commencing at the left side of the picture, and working onward to the right. Observe closely the outlines of the clouds, and if the moon or stars are represented, they will require great care. The sky is usually painted with permanent blue and white, with pure white for clouds; but these are not always the best tints, except for a bright day or morning. Noonday skies are quiet in summer, evening scenes require varied tints. But the artist must be a close observer of Nature, and her pencillings will prove the best copies. The golden, and purple, and crimson hues of a sunset, the lurid gleams of a coming storm, the calm skies of a moonlight night, the darkness of a windy or a winter's evening, all require such different hues that it is only by looking out upon nature that any true representation can be given. Let the time, place, and character of the scene in the engraving be *well studied* before commencing, and then *follow nature*.

A soft, flat brush is the best for skies, and water, also, using it smoothly and evenly, blending finely without destroying the outline of clouds and shadows. As the painter comes towards foliage, buildings, etc., the outlines will be minute, and require care, especially where the sky appears in the openings of the foliage. Observe well the lights and shades of the various objects in a landscape, and give to each such coloring as best suits the taste. When the sky is done, paint no other part of

the lithograph till it is dry; then, if there are cracks upon it, paint over with the same colors.

#### A SEPTEMBER MEMORY.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

AGAIN the brown leaves fleck the wood  
With fading glory;  
We read in their calm solitude  
The old, old story.

When last the footprints of the year  
With leaves were covered,  
With us for comfort, hope, and cheer  
A young babe hovered.

The gift was one of untold worth,  
And in good measure;  
Our thoughts framed for our child on earth  
Long years of pleasure.

But when the snow lay on the lea,  
There fell a token,  
And—for our heart's sore agony—  
Life's cord was broken.

We kissed once more our baby's face;  
Then, 'neath a willow,  
In the cold ground we shaped a place  
His head to pillow.

The winter went, the sweet spring came,  
With her fair stories;  
And summer, too, with flowers the same  
As last year's glories.

And now once more September's sun,  
With genial glowing,  
Touches the dead leaves one by one,  
While all things showing

The signs of fading, bring again  
The hopes we treasured,  
That fell as falls the bearded grain  
By scythe stroke measured.

And we our baby's memory  
Will fondly cherish,  
Till thought in Lethe's fatal sea  
Itself shall perish.

#### SONNET.—TO MY WIFE.

BY R. P. J.

THREE months have past since we together stood  
And pledged our vows of love and truth for life,  
When I with rapture kissed my blushing wife  
And thanked the Almighty giver of all good  
For the rich blessing which I then received;  
With trembling thanked, for on thy face, adored,  
The glow of perfect health was not restored,  
For loss of which my heart so much had grieved.  
Yet, in the unhappiness which had been mine,  
Dark though it was, a hope would gleam the while,  
Which was not all delusion, but the smile  
Of coming joys, which I should not resign.  
And now with health comes higher happiness,  
For no dark fear is left to make it less.

NOVELTIES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1.—Habit-shirt, with collar and sleeves; to be worn with a Zouave jacket, or an open peignoir. It is of clear muslin, with a fluted

ruffle of the same, edged by a needle-work scallop.

Fig. 2.—Morning-cap, for hotel breakfast or

Fig. 2.



Fig. 4.

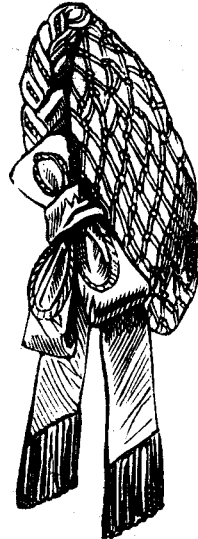


Fig. 3.



reception; it is of cambric, with needle-work flutings, and coques of ribbon with long flowing ends.

Fig. 3.—Morning-cap of cambric embroidery, a very rich and stylish pattern; the crown is a double pointed *fanchon*, the front a triple ruff.

Fig. 4 is a net for the hair, of double silk, with a braid of velvet ribbon around it, and

large flat loops and ends to the right; a gold cord is looped with the velvet ribbon, and gold fringe finishes the ornament.

Fig. 5.—An unusually simple and tasteful headdress for the evening; velvet ribbon, arranged as a net, covers the twist, and has two flowing ends with tassels to the right; to the left is placed a full blown rose, with foliage and



drooping buds; a cordon of buds and foliage on a velvet bandeau, crosses the hair.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

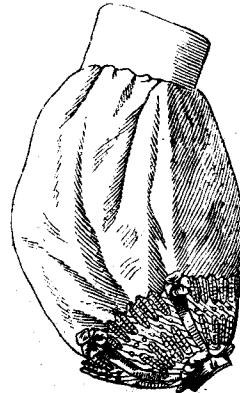
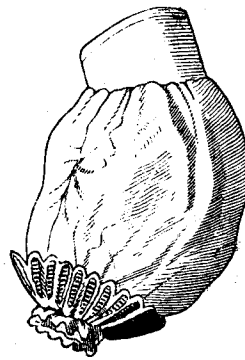
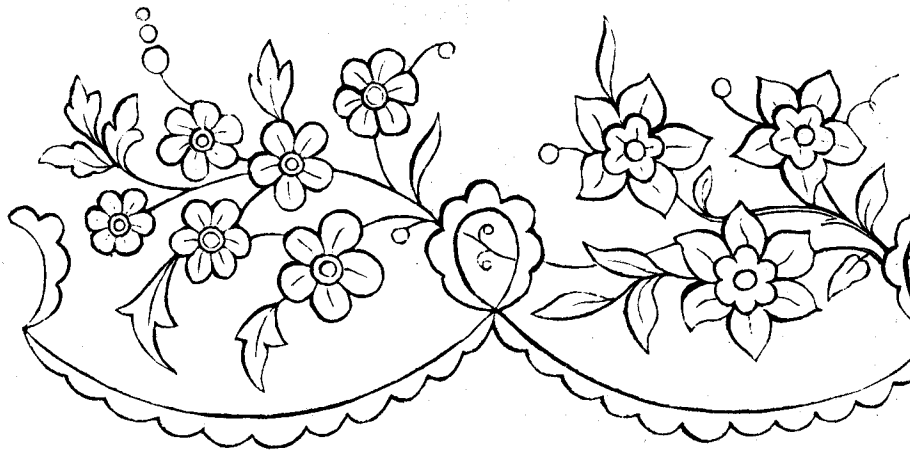


Fig. 6.—Fichu for a low corsage, or evening wear. It is of black lace, over white; the medallions and ruche being of ribbon. Two rows of good black lace surround it.

Figs. 7 and 8.—Two styles of undersleeves, closed at the wrist.

FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



THE RESILLA.

(See engraving, page 200.)

*Materials.*—Cerise-colored floss and twisted silk, and satin ribbon of the same color.

It consists of a net made of two kinds of cerise-colored silk, the twisted, or the floss, or tapestry silk. If this last-mentioned silk cannot be procured of a sufficient degree of coarseness, it may be used double or even triple. Each row of the netting is to be worked alternately with the different silks—that is to say, one row with twisted, and the other with floss silk, and the rows are to be worked on meshes of different breadths. In working the net, it is best to use two netting-needles, to save the trouble of putting the silk on and off for the purpose of working the different rows. First throw on one hundred and eight stitches with twisted silk, and work alternately with the two different silks twenty-five rows. In working the twenty-sixth row, pass the needle through two meshes of the row above, and draw them together. By this means the number of meshes will be diminished by one-half. The next row (the twenty-seventh) is worked with floss silk, and without taking up two meshes. In the twenty-eighth row, like the twenty-sixth, two meshes are taken on the needle. In this alternate way two additional rows are to be worked. At the side at which the netting is cast on, and also at both ends, work two additional rows, one with floss silk on the broad mesh.

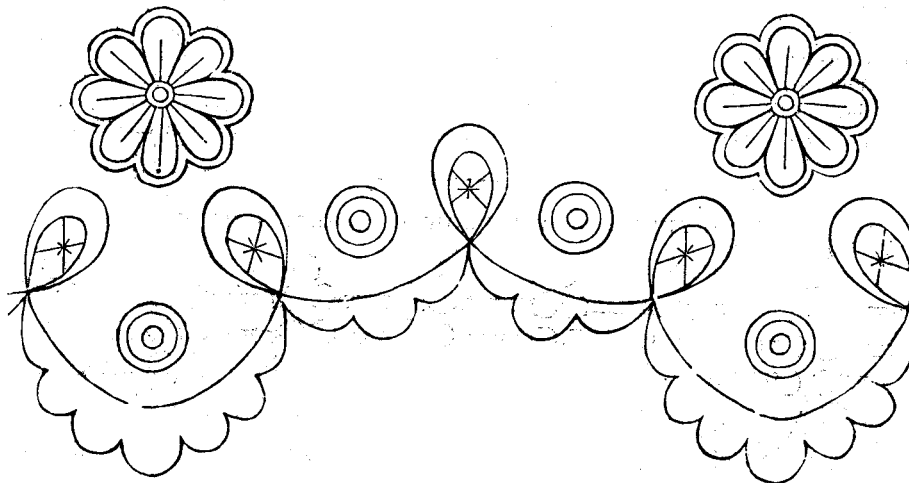
The netting being finished, the narrow side, viz., that contracted by taking up the double meshes, is drawn together and fastened by a bow of cerise-colored satin ribbon, as shown in the back view of the Resilla. A few rows of



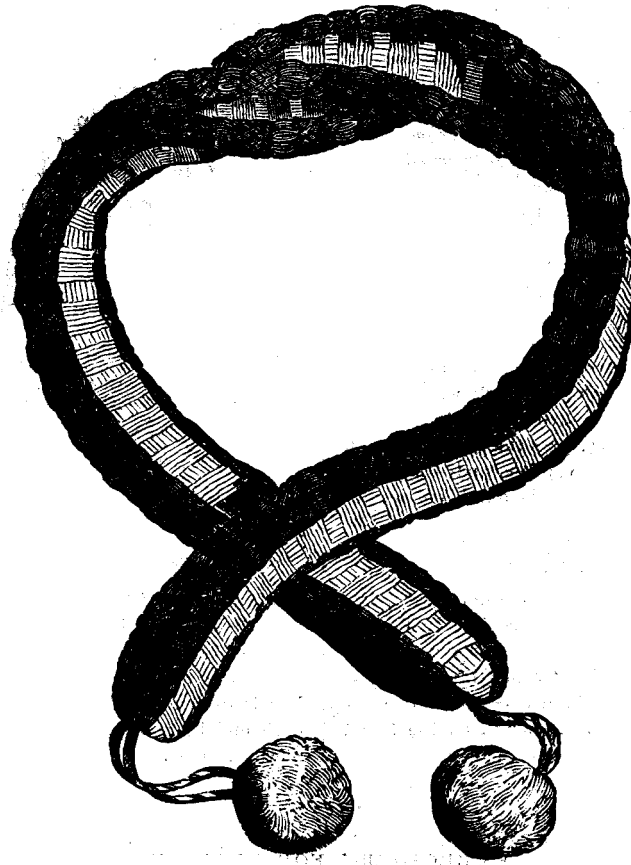
BACK VIEW OF THE RESILLA.

the front edge of the netting are drawn down over the forehead in the style of a veil, and a band of cerise-colored satin ribbon is passed across the upper part of the head. This ribbon is drawn together in the middle and at each end by a loop, and the ends are left to flow as strings.

EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.



## CHILD'S RUFF.

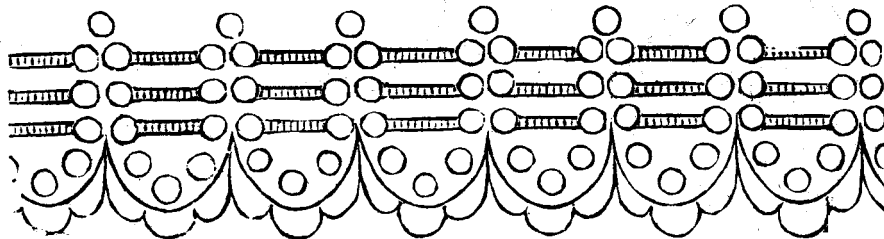


*Materials.*—Half oz. white single Berlin wool; half oz. ditto colored; a pair of ivory needles, moderate size.

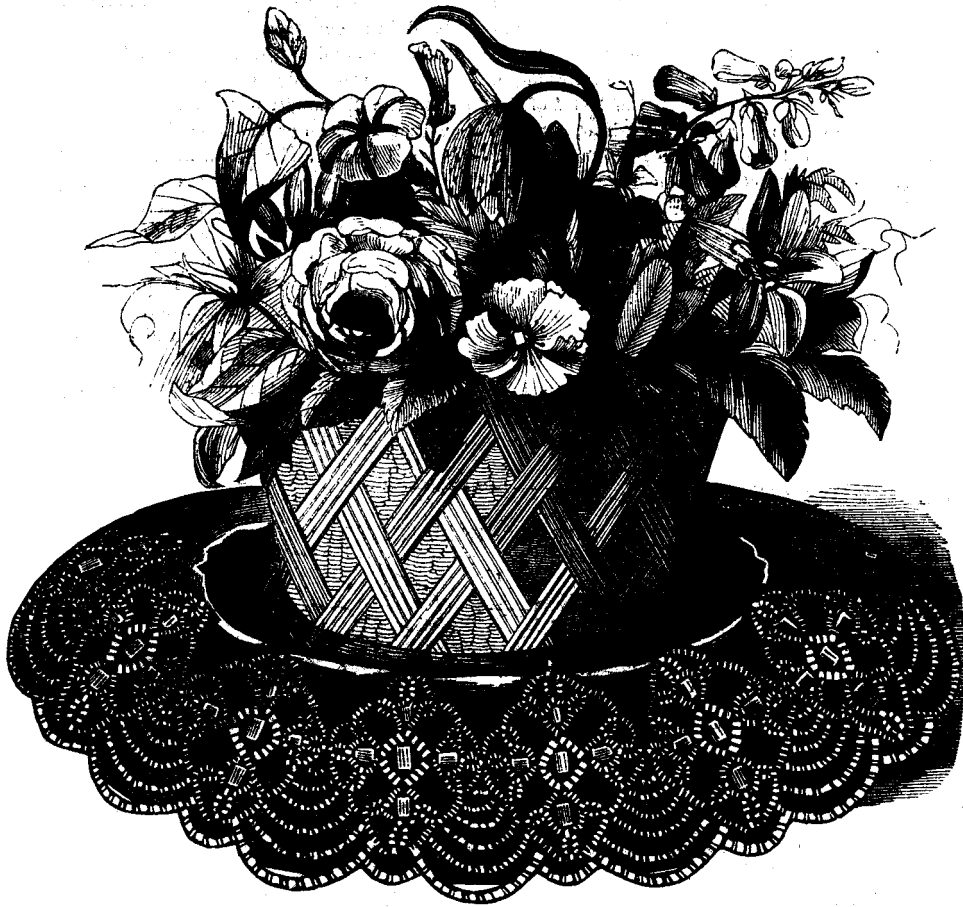
CAST ON 130 stitches. Begin with colored wool; knit purl and plain, until you have eight ribs; then do the same in white, making the plain part of the white correspond to the rib

part of the blue; repeat till you have four stripes of each cut off loosely, dropping every fifth stitch; then run your finger through each to the end. Sew it up loosely on the inside, and turn it. Make whatever wool you may have left into tassels, and sew them on.

## BRODERIE FOR A PILLOW OR BOLSTER-CASE.



## MAT FOR A BASIN OF FLOWERS.



*Materials.*—One hank each of crystal and chalk beads, of the size that a No. 6 or 7 sized needle will go through the aperture of one of the beads; one string each of amber, blue, and green German glass beads; two ounces of white bugles, the size of the white beads or a little larger; No. 20 cotton, a fine needle, mill-board, lining muslin, dark green cotton velvet, bran, and strong gum water.

Cut 2 circles of stiff mill-board, one 11 inches in diameter, the other 10 inches; cut also 2 circles in colored or white lining muslin of the same size as the largest circle; \*run these 2 circles of muslin together at the outside, but leave a space of about a finger's length for the filling with bran. Then  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches from this outer running run also another row round. Cut away the inside part of this lining, and fill this ring of lining with bran. Now sew the outer edge on the larger circle of mill-board, so as to make a raised edge; now

sew the inner edge on to the mill-board, then cover the whole of the mat with the velvet, sewing it with the same colored cotton on to the card-board at the inner circle, just where the rising caused by the bran commences, that is, from the centre, not the outside; be careful that the stitches are but scarcely perceptible. Now run the edge of covering round and draw it over the edge of card-board; then well gum the second circle of card-board, place the latter upon the mat, then place some heavy weight upon the whole.

FOR THE BORDER.—Thread 16 chalk or white beads; tie together with a knot in rather a loose ring; leave an end of cotton on; \* thread 6 Cr (or crystal beads); pass them up close to the ring of beads; then thread 8 Wt (or chalk beads); pass them up and keep them close to-

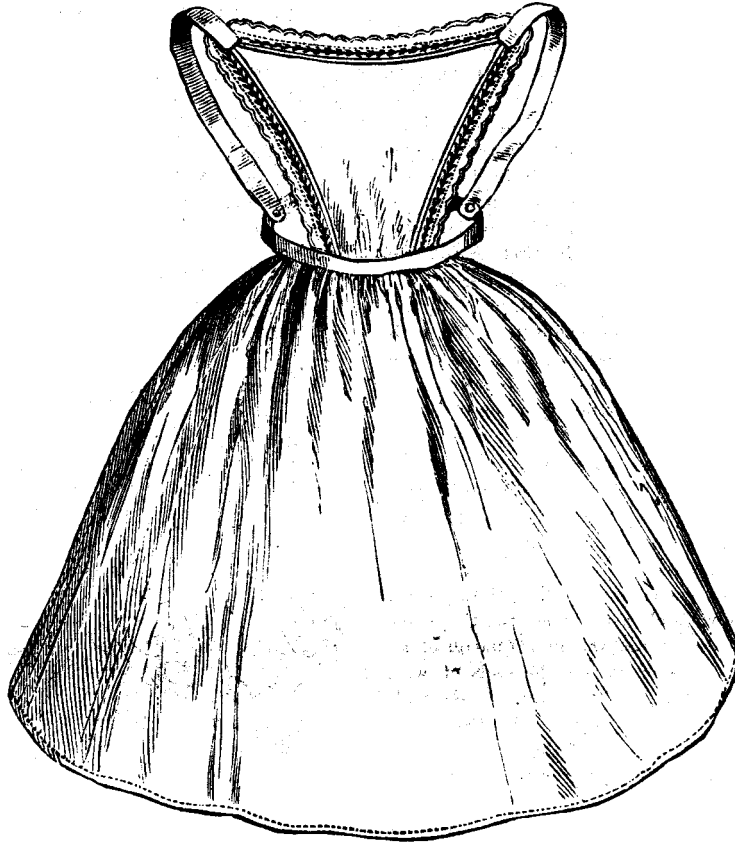
gether; slip the needle from right to left through the first bead of the 8, and draw the Wt together in a ring; thread 4 Cr and 8 Wt; draw the latter up in a ring; thread 4 Cr and 8 Wt again and draw up; then 6 Cr; slip the needle through the 1st 4 of the 16 Wt beads in the circle of beads first made; now repeat from \* three times more, then pass the needle through the last 4 of the 16, tie the cotton securely into a knot with the end which was left out at the 16 Wt and cut it off. Tie it into the 5th Wt bead of the 8, at the point of one of the 4 points; \* thread 9 Cr, pass the needle through the 5th Wt bead of next 8; thread 6 Cr, pass the needle through 5th bead of next 8; 9 Cr, pass the needle through 5th bead of the 8 at the point, repeat from \*, at the end tie the cotton securely, and cut it off. When 12 of these diamonds are made, which are requisite for a mat of the dimensions here given, with cotton of the same color as the velvet, join them together, point to point, diamond-

ways; then sew them on to the mat, one point of the diamond to come at the extreme top; then in each interstice of crystal beads sew in each diamond 1 blue bead, 4 in all, and 1 amber bead in the centre of the 16 Wt beads; in the next diamond sew 4 amber, and 1 green bead in the centre. When all these beads are sewed into the diamonds, to fill up the interstices of velvet between each diamond, thread 1 bugle, 1 Cr, 1 bugle, and make a kind of festoon close to the joining of diamonds to each other, passing the needle upwards through the velvet and down again for the next row, which of course must be increased in this and the following 5 rows of festoons, till there are 13 or 15 bugles threaded alternately with a crystal bead. Then thread another row and pass over the point of next diamond to about the position where the last row of festoons in the next interstice will come, which latter must join on to this one which is carried over the point of diamond at the edge.

FOR A PINCUSHION.



## CHILD'S APRON.



THIS apron can be made of almost any material. For young children, it is very pretty made of bird's-eye, brillante, or cambric muslin. For misses, it is pretty made of silk and trimmed with velvet.

## CROCHET FLOWERS.

## SCARLET GERANIUM.

FIVE separate petals for each flower. Make a chain of six stitches (rather tight), with a deep shade of scarlet Berlin wool, split, fasten the wool, and break it off; then take a lighter shade of scarlet, also split, make a loop on the needle, and work round the chain the first two stitches in double crochet; then nine long stitches (putting three stitches in the top loop), and two stitches of double crochet in the last loop; fasten the wool, and break it off two or

three inches from the work; twist the two ends of the wire together, and fasten off with a loop stitch. Three of the petals must be made of the same size, and two smaller ones, making the chain of only five stitches, instead of six; place five small white stamens in the middle of the flower, tie the five petals together, placing two of the large ones at the top, one at the bottom, and the two smaller ones on each side; cover about half an inch of the stalk with the end of the silk, in order to fasten the wires firmly together; cut off three of them, leaving two for a little stem, which must be covered with a bit of green wool, split.

LEAF.—Make a loop of wire, about the size of a finger ring; work in it fifteen long stitches, of a light shade of yellowish green wool, split, with a wire in the edge, fasten the wool, and break it off. Take a deeper shade of green, make a loop

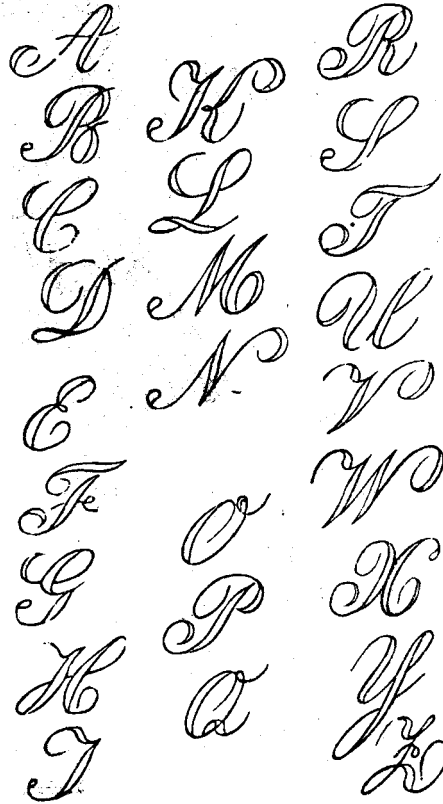
on your needle, and in the loops of the preceding row work a row of long stitches, increasing one stitch in every fourth loop (a wire must be worked in the edge); work the next row in double crochet, with a very dark shade of green, increasing one stitch in every fourth loop (a wire in the edge). For the next row, you must take a shade of green, deeper in color than the second row, but much lighter than the last. Work this row in long stitches, increasing one stitch in every fourth (wire again in the edge), and for the last row use the second shade, working it without wire, stitch for stitch in the loops of the preceding row, one plain stitch, one double crochet, three long stitches, and one double crochet; repeat these stitches throughout the row. Then take a rug needle, threaded with green split wool, sew up neatly the ends of the wool, cut them off, twist the wires together, and cut them off also, with the exception of three, which must be left to form a stalk: cover this, by twisting the remainder of the wool round it, and fasten the leaf on the stem of the flower.

Buds may be made, if wished, by cutting five or six bits of scarlet wool, about an inch long, place them across a short length of wire, and confine them by twisting the wire tightly, turn the wool down and fasten it by, twisting some green split wool round, about a quarter of an inch from the top; cut off the ends of wool closely, and cover the little stem. Green buds are made in the same way, substituting green wool for scarlet. A few of these buds placed round the stem of the flower will be a great improvement to it.

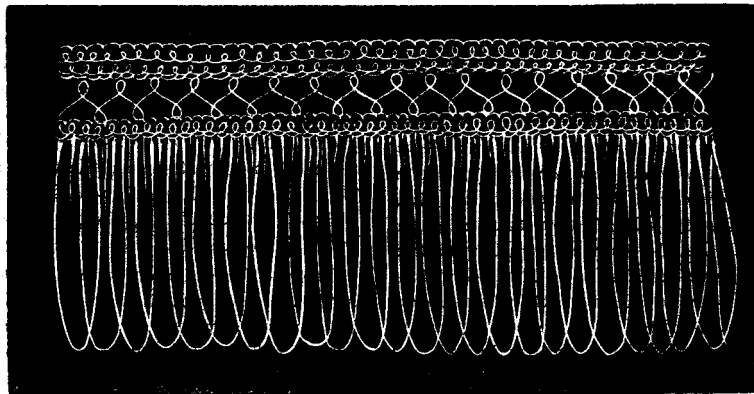
Pink geraniums can be made exactly as the

scarlet, by using two shades of pink wool, instead of red.

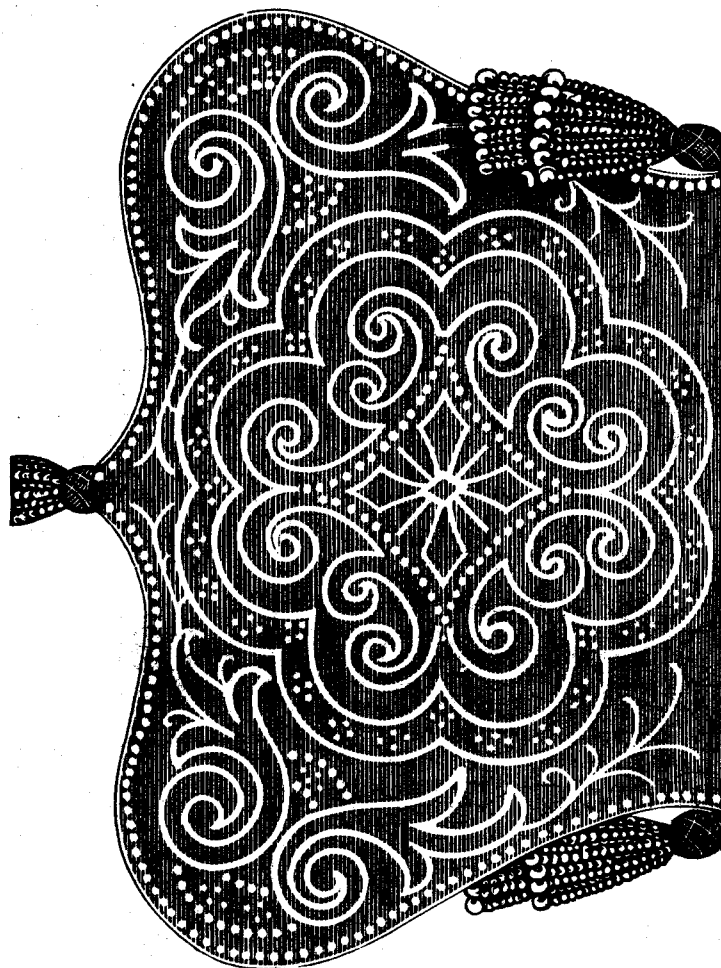
ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



FRINGE FOR CURTAINS, ETC.



## HANDKERCHIEF RETICULE.



This little article is extremely sparkling and effective when worked; it is a small bag or reticule, just sufficiently large to contain the handkerchief and scent-bottle, and is very convenient when visiting, for evening wear, or when going to any place of public amusement. The design is worked on fine canvas, in various colored wools, and gold and steel beads.

The following are the arrangements: The centre diamond is a gold star on a crimson or scarlet ground, the diamond having an outline of steel beads. The scrolls round have an outline of steel beads, filled in with gold color. The scalloped circle is also in steel beads, the

ground within being black. The remainder of the ground is a brilliant green, the scrolls being the same as those within the circle—namely, a steel bead outline, filled in with gold color. The two sides are united together, the joins being hidden either with a gold cord or a gold and steel bead alternately, nearly close to each other. A set of small gilt or steel rings must be sewn on to the top, for the cord to pass through. Three handsome tassels—one at each side and one at the bottom, selected to match in color with the bag—complete this article, which will be found a very satisfactory production of the Work Table when completed.



## BRAIDED SACHET.

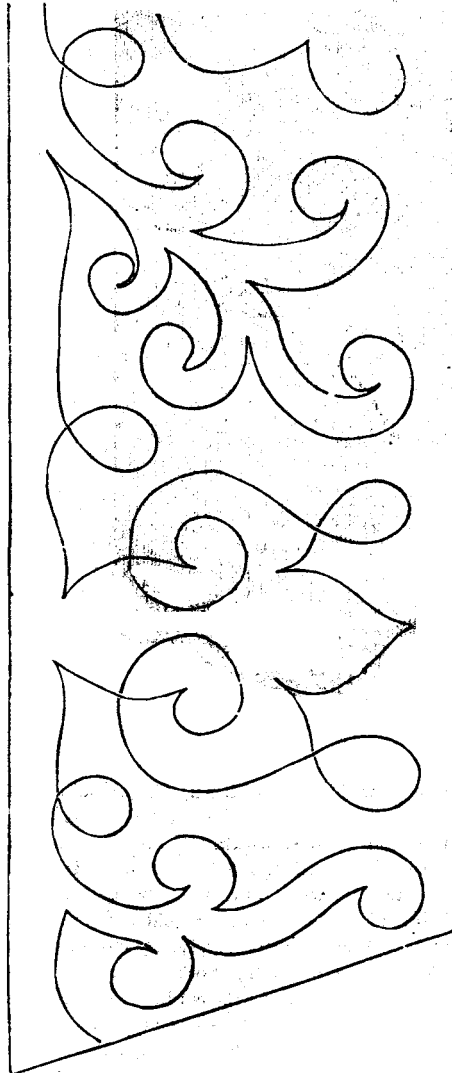
*(See blue plate in front of Book.)*

**Materials.**—Rich green velvet or satin braid just one shade darker, and gold thread. Gold tassels and fringe to match.

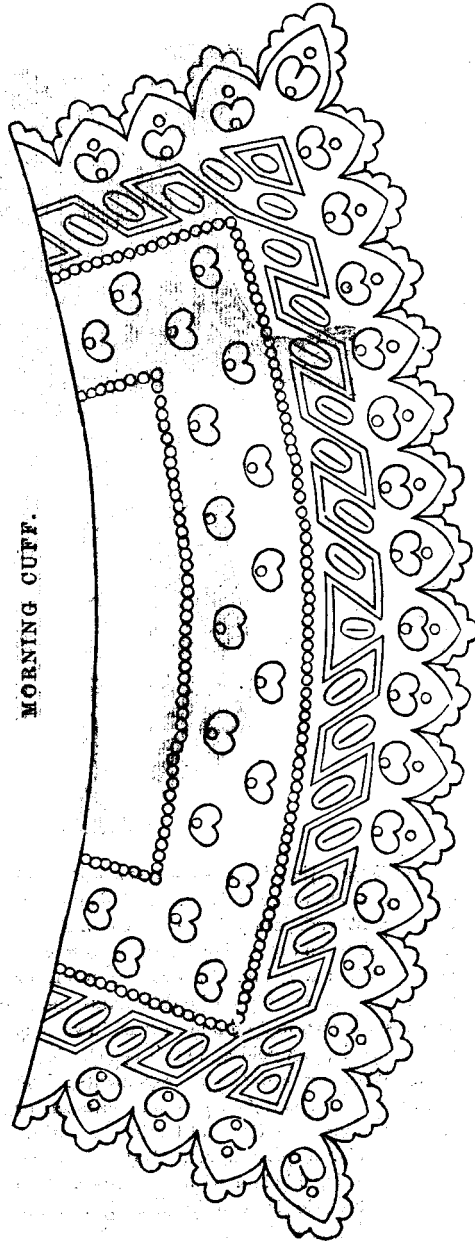
THE pattern to be braided on one side only

of the Sachet, and the braid just edged with a line of fine gold thread. White silk must be quilted (with a little scent introduced) for the lining, and pockets made of the same. Trim it with a rich fringe, and a tassel at each corner.

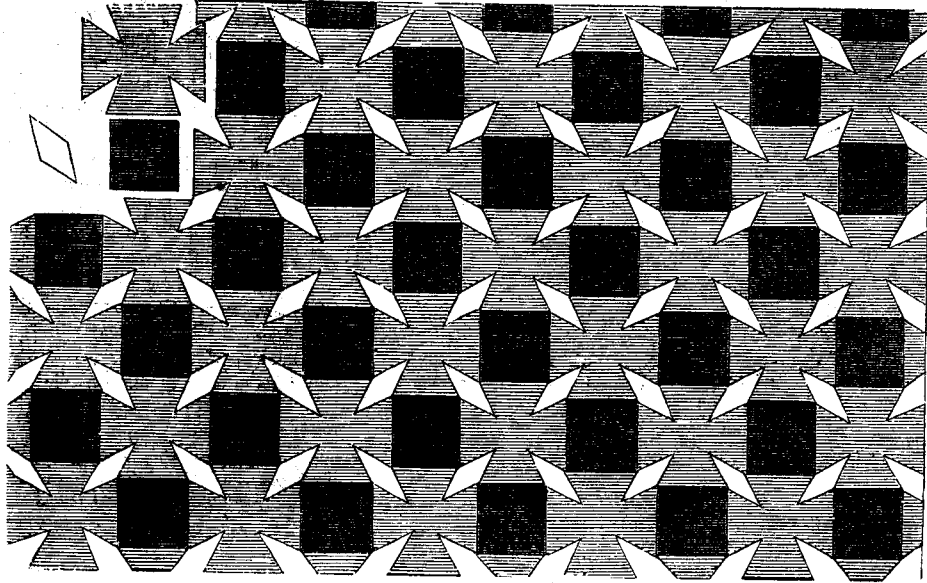
BRAIDING PATTERN.



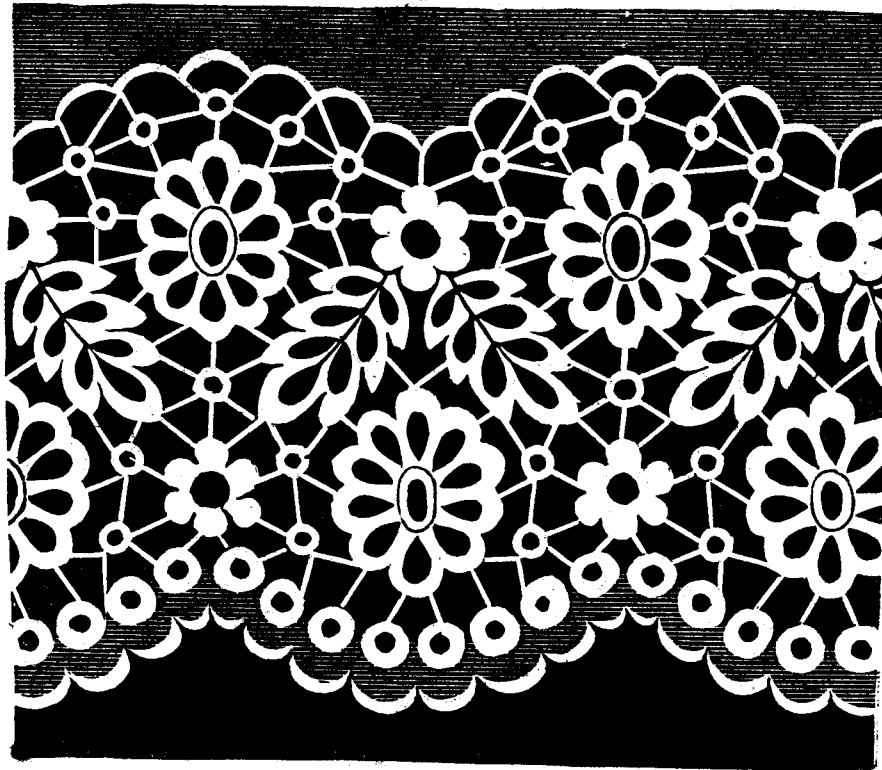
MORNING CUFF.



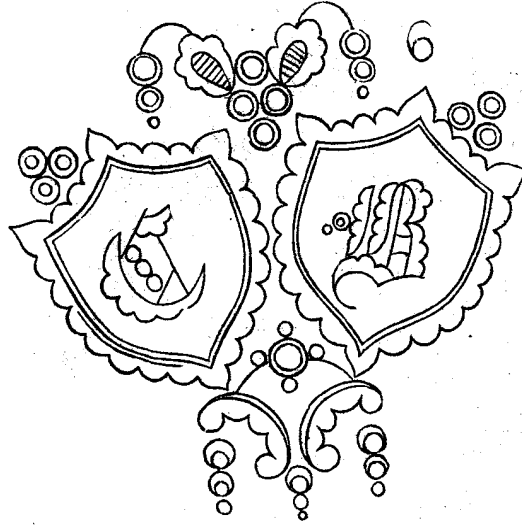
PATCHWORK.



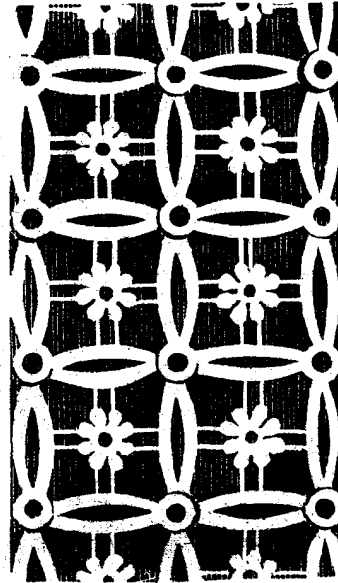
TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



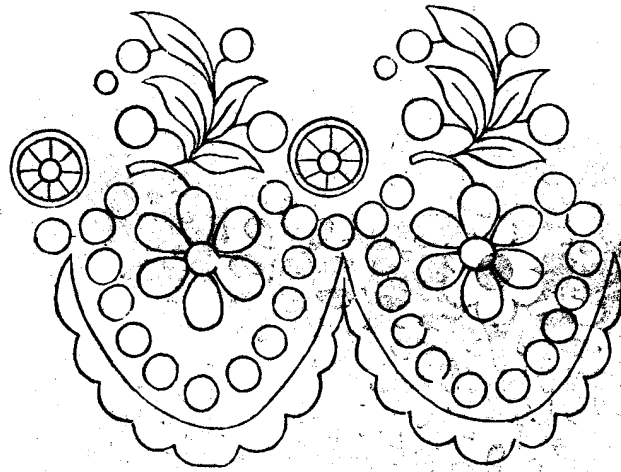
FOR A SQUARE PILLOW-CASE.



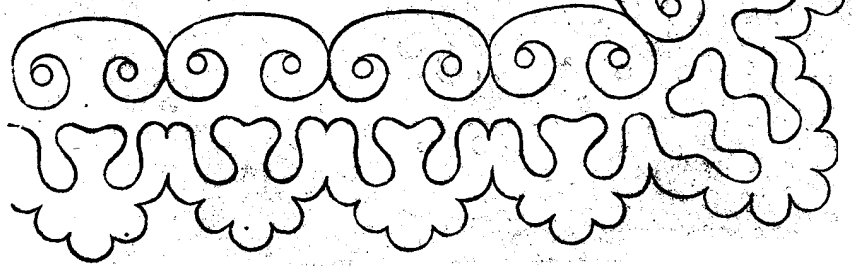
GUIPURE PATTERN FOR SLEEVES.



BRODERIE FOR A SKIRT.



CORNER FOR A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.



## Receipts, &c.

### SAVORY PIES, PATTIES, ETC.

**DUCK PIE.**—Cut off the wings and neck of a duck, boil it a quarter of an hour, cut it up while hot, save the gravy that runs from it; then take the giblets, add anchovies, a little butter, a blade of mace, six black peppercorns, two onions, a bit of toasted bread, a bunch of herbs, and a little Cayenne pepper; stew them till the butter is melted, then add half a pint of boiling water, and let them stew till the giblets are tender; then strain it, and put the giblets into the pie. Let the gravy stand till cold, skim off the fat, and put it, with what runs from the duck, at the bottom of the dish; then put in the duck well seasoned with pepper and salt and a few lumps of butter, and cover with short crust or puff paste. If geese are used instead of ducks, they must be boiled half an hour. Cold duck will do as well, if the skin is taken off.

**PIGEON PIE.**—Rub the pigeons with pepper and salt, inside and out; in the former put a bit of butter, and, if approved, some parsley chopped with the livers and a little of the same seasoning. Lay a beef-steak at the bottom of the dish, and the birds cut in half on it; between every two, a hard egg; put a cup of water in the dish, and, if there is any ham in the house, lay a bit on each pigeon—it is a great improvement to the flavor; season the gizzards and two joints of the wings, and put them in the centre of the pie, and over them, in a hole made in the crust, three feet nicely cleaned, to show what pie it is. Cover with puff paste.

**PHEASANT, PARTRIDGE, OR GROUSE PIE IN A DISH.**—Pick and singe two pheasants, or four partridges or grouse; cut off the legs at the knee; season with pepper, salt, chopped parsley, thyme, and mushrooms. Lay a veal steak and a slice of ham at the bottom of the dish; put the partridges in, and half a pint of good broth. Put puff paste on the ledge of the dish, and cover with the same; brush it over with egg, and bake an hour; or place them in a raised crust.

**VENISON PASTY.**—A shoulder boned makes a good pasty, but it must be beaten and seasoned, and the want of fat supplied by that of a fine well-hung loin of mutton, steeped twenty-four hours in equal parts of rape, vinegar, and port. The shoulder being sinewy, it will be of advantage to rub it well with sugar for two or three days, and when to be used wipe it perfectly clean from it and the wine.

*To Prepare Venison for Pasty.*—Take the bones out, then season and beat the meat; lay it into a stone jar in large pieces, pour upon it some plain drawn-beef gravy, but not a strong one; lay the bones on the top, then set the jar in a saucepan of water over the fire, simmer three or four hours, then leave it in a cold place till next day. Remove the cake of fat, lay the meat in handsome pieces on the dish; if not sufficiently seasoned, add more pepper, salt, or pimento, as necessary. Put some of the gravy, and keep the remainder for the time of serving. If the venison be thus prepared, it will not require so much time to bake, or such a very thick crust as is usual, and by which the under part is seldom done through. A mistake used to prevail that venison could not be baked too much; but, as above directed, three or four hours in a slow oven will be quite sufficient to make it tender, and the flavor will be preserved. Either in a

shoulder or side, the meat must be cut in pieces, and laid with fat between, that it may be proportioned to each person without breaking up the pasty to find it. Lay some pepper and salt at the bottom of the dish, and some butter; then the meat nicely packed, that it may be sufficiently done, but not lie hollow to harden at the edges. The venison bones should be boiled with some fine old mutton; of this gravy put half a pint cold into the dish, then lay butter on the venison, and cover as well as line the sides of the dish with a thick crust of puff paste, but do not put one under the meat. Keep the remainder of the gravy till the pasty comes from the oven; put it into the middle by a funnel, quite hot, and shake the dish to mix well. It should be seasoned with pepper and salt.

**CALF'S HEAD PIE.**—Well soak half a calf's head, and boil half an hour, the tongue longer; then cut the meat in pieces; stew the bones with a little mace, white pepper, or anything that will make it good without coloring the liquor; place at the bottom of the dish some parsley, ham, tongue, and pieces of boiled egg; then put some slices of the brains, which should be boiled rather hard; add salt, and about two spoonfuls of water, and cover with short crust. The liquor the bones are boiled in should be reduced till it is strong and of a nice flavor; strain it, and while the pie is hot pour as much in as the dish will hold; let it stand all night, and when wanted turn it out upside down, with parsley round.

**SHRIMP PIE (Excellent).**—Pick a quart of shrimps if they are very salt, season them with only mace and a clove or two. Mince two or three anchovies, mix these with the spice, and then season the shrimps. Put some butter at the bottom of the dish, and cover the shrimps with a glass of sharp white wine. The paste must be light and thin. They do not take long baking.

**LOBSTER PIE.**—Boil two lobsters (or three small), take out the tails, cut them in two, take out the gut, cut each in four pieces, and lay in a small dish, then put in the meat of the claws and that picked out of the body; pick off the furry parts from the latter, and take out the lady; beat the spawn and all the shells in a mortar, and set them on to stew with some water, two or three spoonfuls of vinegar, pepper, salt, and some pounded mace; a large piece of butter, rolled in flour, must be added when the goodness of the shells is obtained. Give a boil or two, and pour into the dish strained. Strew some crumbs, and put a paste over all. Bake slowly, but only till the paste be done.

**A REMARKABLY FINE FISH PIE.**—Boil two pounds of small eels; then, having cut the fins quite close, pick the flesh off, and throw the bones into the liquor, with a little mace, pepper, salt, and a slice of onion; boil till quite rich, and strain it. Make forcemeat of the flesh, an anchovy, parsley, a lemon-peel, salt, pepper, and crumbs, and four ounces of butter warmed, and lay it at the bottom of the dish. Take the flesh of soles, small cod, or dressed turbot, and lay on the forcemeat, having rubbed it with salt and pepper. Pour the gravy over, cover with paste, and bake. Observe to take off the skin and fins, if cod or soles are used.

**POTATO PIE.**—Skin some potatoes, cut them into slices, and season them; also some mutton, beef, pork, or veal. Put layers of them and of the meat. Cover with short crust.

**MEDLEY PIE.**—Cut slices of beef, mutton, or pork with bacon (or use bacon alone); lay them in a dish with sliced apples and a little onion chopped placed in alter-

nate layers with the meat. Season with pepper and salt, and add a tablespoonful of sugar; pour in a little stock, cover with short crust, and bake slowly.

**OYSTER PATTIES.**—Put a fine puff-paste into small patty-pans, and cover with paste, with a bit of bread in each; and against they are baked have ready the following to fill them with, after taking out the bread: Take off the beards of the oysters, cut the other parts into small bits, put them in a small toaster, with a grate of nutmeg, a very little white pepper and salt, a morsel of lemon-peel cut so small that you can scarcely see it, a very little cream, and a little of the oyster liquor. Simmer for a few minutes before filling; then serve.

**LOBSTER PATTIES.**—Make them with the same seasoning as for oysters, adding a little cream, and the smallest bit of butter.

**PODOVIES, OR BEEF PATTIES.**—Shred underdone dressed beef with a little fat, season with pepper, salt, and a little shallot or onion. Make a plain paste, roll it thin, and cut it in shape like an apple-puff, fill it with the mince, pinch the edges, and fry them of a nice brown. The paste should be made with a small quantity of butter, egg, and milk.

**VEAL PATTIES.**—Mince some veal that is not quite done with a little parsley, lemon-peel, a scrape of nutmeg, and a bit of salt, add a little cream and gravy, just to moisten the meat; and if there is any ham, scrape a little, and add to it. Do not warm it till the patties are baked.

**TURKEY PATTIES.**—Mince some of the white part, and, with grated lemon, nutmeg, salt, a very little white pepper, cream, and a very little butter warmed, fill the patties.

#### BILLS OF FARE.

The following bills of fare are introduced as a guide to housekeepers in selecting dishes for the table. They can be varied to suit themselves.

SEPTEMBER.	
Potatoes.	Stewed ducks.
	Vegetable marrow.
	Roast leg of mutton.
	Columbian pudding.
	Whipped cream.
	Plum tart.
Potatoes.	Boiled bacon.
	Stewed tomatoes.
	Beef-steak pie.
	Custard.
	Apple charlotte.

#### PRESENCE OF MIND AND COMMON SENSE.

If a man faint away, says *Hall's Journal of Health*, instead of yelling out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him at full length on his back on the floor, loosen the clothing, push the crowd away, so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone. Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting fit is a barbarity. The philosophy of a fainting fit is that the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the

brain; if the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up hill, but if lying down, it has to be projected horizontally, which requires less power, as is apparent.

If a person swallow poison deliberately or by chance, instead of breaking out into multitudinous or incoherent exclamations, dispatch some one for the doctor; meanwhile, run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water in anything that is handy, put into it a teaspoonful of salt, and as much ground mustard, stir it an instant, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, the mouth will soon fly open, then down with the mixture, and in a second or two up will come the poison. This will answer better in a large number of cases than any other. If, by this time, the physician has not arrived, make the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee, because these nullify a larger number of poisons than any other accessible articles, as antidotes for any poison that may remain in the stomach.

If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spurts or jerks, be in a hurry, or the man will be dead in five minutes. There is no time to talk or send for a physician; say nothing, out with your handkerchief, throw it around the limb, tie the two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around tighter and tighter, until the blood ceases to flow. But to stop it does no good. Why? Because only a severed artery throws blood out in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart; hence, to stop the flow, the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot—in other words, above the wound. If a vein had been severed, the blood would have flowed in a regular stream, and, on the other hand, the tie should be applied below the wound, or on the other side of the wound from the heart; because the blood in the veins flows towards the heart, and there is no need of so great a hurry.

#### THE TOILET.

##### COLD CREAM.

Among the usual variety in the Receipt department, we give this month directions for preparing the various kinds of Cold Cream used in perfumery, such as Rose, Almond, Violet, etc. etc.

*Rose Cold Cream.*—Almond oil, one pound; rose-water, one pound; white wax and spermaceti, each one ounce; otto of roses, one-half drachm.

*Manipulation.*—Into a well-glazed thick porcelain vessel, which should be deep in preference to shallow, and capable of holding twice the quantity of cream that is to be made, place the wax and sperm; now put the jar into a boiling bath of water; when these materials are melted, add the oil, and again subject the whole to heat until the flocks of wax and sperm are liquefied; now remove the jar and contents, and set it under a runner containing the rose-water; the runner may be a tin can, with a small tap at the bottom, the same as used for the manufacture of milk of roses. A stirrer must be provided, made of lancewood, flat, and perforated with holes, resembling in form a large palette-knife. As soon as the rose-water is set running, the cream must be kept agitated until the whole of the water has passed into it; now and then the flow of water must be stopped, and the cream which sets at the sides of the jar scraped down, and incorporated with that which remains fluid. When the whole of the water has been incorporated, the cream will be cool enough to pour into the jars for sale; at that time the otto of rose is to be added. The reason for the perfume being put in at the last moment

is obvious—the heat and subsequent agitation would cause unnecessary loss by evaporation. Cold cream made in this way sets quite firmly in the jars into which it is poured, and retains “a face” resembling pure wax, although one-half is water retained in the interstices of the cream. When the pots are well glazed, it will keep good for one or two years.

*Cold Cream of Almonds* is prepared precisely as the above; but, in place of otto of roses, otto of almonds is used.

*Violet Cold Cream.*—Huile violette, one pound; rose-water, one pound; wax and spermaceti, each one ounce; otto of almonds, five drops.

*Violet Cold Cream, Imitation.*—Almond oil, three-quarters of a pound; huile cassie, one-quarter pound; rose-water, one pound; sperm and wax, one ounce; otto of almonds, one-quarter drachm. This is an elegant and economical preparation, generally admired.

*Tubereuse, Jasmine, and Fleur d'Orange Cold Creams* are prepared in a similar manner to violet (first form); they are all very exquisite preparations, but as they cost more than rose cold cream, perfumers are not much inclined to introduce them in lieu of the latter.

*Camphor Cold Cream (otherwise Camphor Ice).*—Almond oil, one pound; rose-water, one pound; wax and spermaceti, one ounce; camphor, two ounces; otto of rosemary, one drachm. Melt the camphor, wax, and sperm in the oil, then manipulate as for cold cream of roses.

*Cucumber Cold Cream.*—Almond oil, one pound; green oil, one ounce; juice of cucumbers, one pound; wax and sperm, each one ounce; otto of neroly, one-quarter drachm.

The cucumber juice is readily obtained by subjecting the fruit to pressure in the ordinary tincture press. It must be raised to a temperature high enough to coagulate the small portion of albumen which it contains, and then strained through fine linen, as the heat is detrimental to the odor on account of the great volatility of the otto of cucumber. The following method may be adopted with advantage: Slice the fruit very fine with a cucumber-cutter, and place them in the oil; after remaining together for twenty-four hours, repeat the operation, using fresh fruit in the strained oil; no warmth is necessary, or, at most, not more than a summer heat; then proceed to make the cold cream in the usual manner, using the almond oil thus odorized, the rose-water and other ingredients in the regular way, perfuming, if necessary, with a little neroly.

Another and commoner preparation of cucumber is found among the Parisians, which is lard simply scented with the juice of the fruit thus: The lard is liquefied by heat in a vessel subject to a water bath; the cucumber juice is then stirred well into it; the vessel containing the ingredients is now placed in a quiet situation to cool. The lard will rise to the surface, and when cold must be removed from the fluid juice; the same manipulation being repeated as often as required, according to the strength of odor of the fruit desired in the grease.

*Pomade of Cucumber.*—Benzoinated lard, six pounds; spermaceti, two pounds; essence of cucumbers, one pound. Melt the stearine with the lard, then keep it constantly in motion while it cools, now beat the grease in a mortar, gradually adding the essence of cucumbers; continue to beat the whole until the spirit is evaporated, and the pomade is beautifully white.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**TO MAKE LIGHT MATERIALS FIREPROOF.**—Fabrics are rendered non-inflammable by being placed in a weak solution of alum. This materially reduces the usual rapidity of combustion in light apparel, and is invariably resorted to by actresses, thus obviating the great danger of ignition by contact with the foot-lights of the stage.

**MODE OF EMPLOYING SODA IN WASHING.**—Into a gallon of water put a handful of soda and three-quarters of a pound of soap; boil them together until the soap is dissolved, and then pour out the liquor for use. This mode of preparing this detergent for washing will be found far preferable to the usual mode of putting the soda into the water, or of adding, as is usual, a lump to the water in the boiler, in consequence of which so many iron-moulds are produced in many kinds of clothes. In the washing of blankets, this mode of proceeding will be found admirable, and render them beautifully white.

**HOW THEY MAKE COFFEE IN FRANCE.**—In the first place, it is scorched in a hollow cylinder, which is kept constantly revolving over a slow fire, and not a grain of it allowed to burn; secondly, it is ground very fine; and thirdly, when it is to be used, a portion of this is placed in a finely perforated pan or cup, which exactly fits into the top of the boiler, coffee-pot, or any vessel you wish to use. Boiling hot water is then poured on, and it percolates gradually through, carrying with it all the essential principles of the coffee. As soon as percolation is completed, the pan is removed containing all the grounds, and then boiling hot milk is added to the infusion, and your coffee is made. It is brought on the table in bowls, with a knife and spoon, and a little willow basket of bread. The servant then places by your plate a tea dish, on which are two or three lumps of white sugar, always of a certain size, and you sweeten to your liking. In no instance is your coffee boiled, and this is one reason the *café au lait* and *café noir* are so much admired by all who take them.

**GAME PUDDINGS.**—Game of any description can be made into puddings, and when partly boned, well spiced with minced truffle or mushroom, mace, and a clove of garlic, and boiled within a light paste, they are very rich, and the paste particularly fine, as it absorbs so much of the gravy; but the boiling deprives the game of much of its high flavor, and a woodcock or a snipe should never be so dressed, as they lose all the savor of the trail.

*Or:* Make a batter with flour, milk, eggs, pepper, and salt; pour a little into the bottom of a pudding-dish; then put seasoned poultry or game of any kind into it, and a little shred onion; pour the remainder of the batter over, and bake in a slow oven.

A single chicken, partridge, or pigeon may be thus made into a dumpling; stuff it with chopped oysters, lay it on its back in the paste, and put a bit of butter rolled in flour on the breast; close the patch in the form of a dumpling, put it into hot water, and let it boil for two hours.

**TO POLISH PLATE.**

For polishing plate 'tis essential to get  
Some whitening, and water to make it quite wet;  
Place this on the metal, and when it is dry,  
To dislodge the said powder, the hard brush apply.  
After this, take a leather—one perfectly clean—  
And rub till there is not a spot to be seen.  
Having tried many methods, I firmly maintain,  
The above is the best of the whole—being plain.

**BARLEY WATER.**—One ounce of pearl barley, half an ounce of white sugar, and the rind of a lemon; put it into a jug. Pour upon it one quart of boiling water, and let it stand for eight or ten hours; then strain off the liquor, adding a slice of lemon, if desirable. This infusion makes a most delicious and nutritious beverage, and will be grateful to persons who cannot drink the horrid decoction usually given. It is an admirable basis for lemonade, negus, or weak punch, a glass of rum being the proportion for a quart.

**TOAST AND WATER.**—The universal adoption of this beverage at our dinner-tables, or as a grateful diluent for the invalid, renders the preparation of this simple but delicate infusion an object of interest to a considerable number of our readers; and we have therefore taken pains to ascertain the simplest but most effectual method of preparing it. The mode we now communicate will produce without the chance of failure, if the directions are strictly followed, a fresh, sparkling liquor, cool and grateful to the taste, of a bright brown color, and of an almost fragrant empyreumatic flavor. Take a small, solid, square piece of bread, and place it on a toasting-fork at about half a yard distant from the fire; let it remain *two hours* at least, and as much longer as convenient, and when it has assumed a light brown color, plunge it while hot into a jug of clear *cold* water. Cover it over, and let it remain till wanted for use. The longer the bread is allowed to toast, the brighter and browner the color it becomes; and the longer the maceration of the toast in the water goes on, the better, to a certain extent, and within certain limits, the result will prove.

**HOW TO EAT AN EGG.**—There is an old saying, taken from the Italian, "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs." This appears an unnecessary piece of information, as people do not suck eggs as they do oranges; but as we believe there are few who know how to eat one properly, we shall give the secret. By the usual mode of introducing the salt it will not mix or incorporate with the egg; the result is, you either get a quantity of salt without egg, or egg without salt. Put in a drop or two of water, tea, coffee, or other liquid you may have on the table at the time, then add the salt, and stir. The result is far more agreeable; the drop of liquid is not tasted.

**TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.**—Cut off the fat, and place it upon the gridiron first, and when warmed, set on the lean, which is to be removed before the fat. This makes the fat like marrow. Serve as usual.

**TO PRESERVE APPLES IN QUARTERS, IN IMITATION OF GINGER.**—The proportions are three pounds of apples to two of pounded loaf-sugar. Peel, core, and quarter the apples. Put a layer of sugar and fruit alternately with a quarter of a pound of best white ginger into a wide-mouthed jar. Next day, infuse an ounce of bruised ginger in half a pint of boiling water. Cover it close; and on the day following put the apples (which have now been two days in the sugar) into a preserving-jar, with the water strained from the ginger. Boil till the apples look clear and the syrup rich. An hour is about the time. Throw in the peel of a lemon before it has quite finished boiling. Care must be taken not to break the apples put in the jars, etc.

**POTATO SOUP.**—Have ready two quarts of boiling water. Cut up three or four potatoes, well pared, a thick slice or two of bread, six or eight leeks, well peeled and cut, as far as the white extends, into thin slices. Turn the whole into the water, which *must* be

boiling at the time, cover, and let it come to a brisk boil after the ingredients are added, then throw in a teacupful (not a *breakfast-cup*) of rice, a spoonful of salt, and half that of pepper. Boil slowly for an hour, or till all the ingredients amalgamate. Serve. This is a savory and cheap soup, very common in France and Germany. Cabbage soup is made in the same way, omitting the rice. Onion soup the same, omitting the potatoes, and substituting bread.

**TOMATO SOUP.**—Put in five quarts of water a chicken or a piece of any fresh meat, and six thin slices of bacon; let them boil for some time, skimming carefully, then throw in five or six dozen tomatoes peeled, and let the water boil away to about one quart, take out the tomatoes, mash and strain them through a sieve; mix a piece of butter, as large as a hen's egg, with a tablespoonful of flour, and add it to the tomatoes; season with salt and pepper; an onion or two is an improvement. Take the meat from the kettle when done, and put back the tomatoes. Let them boil half an hour. Lay slices of toasted bread in the tureen, and pour on the soup.

#### CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

**A PUDDING WITHOUT MILK.**—To eight soda biscuit, pounded up fine, add eight well-beaten eggs and four teacups of water; sweeten to your taste; flavor with orange-peel, and bake as milk custard.

**DISINFECTING OR CHLORINE GAS.**—This is the most powerful and efficacious disinfectant known; was used in cholera in Great Britain and Scotland.

One part black oxide of manganese, three parts common salt. Pour over a little common vitriol. This makes the gas—a light colored smoke. Do not inhale it, but place it on a table in the hall of the house; the fumes will get up stairs and purify the whole building. A pound will purify the house for a month. It is a good preventive of typhus fevers, even in the worst localities. It is said cholera *never* came where this was used.

**GROUND RICE PUDDING.**—Take a tablespoonful of ground rice and a little suet chopped fine, and add half a pint of milk, sweeten to taste, and, having poured it into a saucepan, let it remain over a clear fire until thickened. Beat up an egg, with four drops of essence of lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of white wine; add this mixture to the ingredients in the saucepan, give it a shake or two from right to left, then pour it into a greased dish, and bake in a moderately heated oven.

**RECIPT FOR MENDING GLASS OR CHINA.**—Mix the white of an egg with flour, to form a thin paste; put it on the edges of the pieces, then join them, and leave till dry.

**DROP SPONGE BISCUITS.**—Half a pound of flour, six ounces of loaf sugar, three eggs, leaving out one white. Beat sugar and eggs together twenty minutes, then add the flour.

**GINGER BISCUITS.**—Eight ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, four ounces of sifted sugar, half an ounce of ginger, finely powdered. Mix the whole with one egg, and roll them out quite thin, and cut them with a wine-glass. Bake them in a moderate oven.

In answer to a request for a receipt for making Chow-Chow, a subscriber kindly sends us the following:—

Four pounds of cabbage cut fine, four pounds of brown sugar, one pound of white mustard seed, some horse-radish grated fine, green peppers cut up, a small piece of alum, and a good deal of salt. Cover with vinegar.

## Editors' Table.

### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S BOOK.\*

In the stillness  
Which most becomes a woman—calm and holy—  
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,  
Feeding its flame. LONGFELLOW.

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

THE falling health of Miss Nightingale has discouraged the hope, so long indulged, that she would, personally, superintend the regulations of a hospital for the sick, where the plans and reforms she had proved in the important department of nursing might be introduced and tested. Such an institution as she had intended to found and superintend, where nursing the sick would have been an honored and honorable profession for woman, equal with the profession of medicine for man—is the desideratum in the healing art. This work must now be left to the care of others; but Miss Nightingale has done a noble part in giving to the world her written experiences and plans. Her book is a wonderful monument of the power of truth when set forth by genius in the cause of humanity. This little volume of eighty pages is one of the most important works ever put forth by woman; and very few medical books, produced by the most eminent men, equal it in usefulness and in the good it must initiate and produce for the sick and suffering.

When we say the "Notes on Nursing" are worthy of their authoress, we hope to incite every lady who comes to our "Table" for counsel, to study the work and practise its precepts. The benevolence, philanthropy, and excellent sense which have distinguished the career of Miss Nightingale are apparent on every page, giving force, clearness, and simplicity to her writings. She is, eminently, a woman of genius, of genuine talent directed to the best aims. Manuals for the treatment of the sick are to be met with, but all we have seen are dull, commonplace, and unsatisfactory, because none seem the result of real, earnest, patient observation. Miss Nightingale's book is of a different sort; the enthusiasm of her mind communicates a warmth to her style. She tells truths, often new truths, of which she is convinced and has been cognizant, and her own conviction goes far to convince her reader. Here is one of her life-colored pictures of what is going on in many houses of America as well as of England:—

"I have known," says Miss Nightingale, "cases of hospital pyæmia quite as severe in handsome private houses as in any of the worst hospitals, and from the same cause, viz. foul air. Yet nobody learnt the lesson. Nobody learnt *anything* at all from it. They went on *thinking*—thinking that the sufferer had scratched his thumb, or that it was singular that 'all the servants' had 'whitlows,' or that something was 'much about this year; there is always sickness in our house.' This is a favorite mode of thought, leading *not* to inquire what is the uniform cause of these general 'whitlows,'

but to stifle all inquiry. In what sense is 'sickness being 'always there' a justification of its being 'there' at all?

"I will tell you what was the cause of this hospital pyæmia being in that large private house. It was that the sewer-air from an ill-placed sink was carefully conducted into all the rooms by sedulously opening all the doors, and closing all the passage-windows. It was that the slops were emptied into the foot-pans; it was that the utensils were never properly rinsed; it was that the beds were never properly shaken, aired, picked to pieces, or changed; it was that the carpets and curtains were always musty; it was that the furniture was always dusty; it was that the papered walls were saturated with dirt; it was that the floors were never cleaned; it was that the uninhabited rooms were never sunned, or cleaned, or aired; it was that the cupboards were always the reservoirs of foul air; it was that the windows were always tight shut up at night; it was that no window was ever systematically opened in the day, or that the right window was not opened. A person gasping for air might open a window for himself. But the servants were not taught to open the windows, to shut the doors; or they opened the windows upon a dank well between high walls, not upon the airier court; or they opened the room doors into the unaired halls and passages, by way of airing the rooms. Now all this is not fancy, but fact. In that handsome house I have known in one summer three cases of hospital pyæmia, one of phlebitis, two of consumptive cough; all the *immediate* products of foul air. When, in temperate climates, a house is more unhealthy in summer than in winter, it is a certain sign of something wrong. Yet nobody learns the lesson. Yes, God always justifies his ways; he is teaching while you are not learning. This poor body loses his finger, that one loses his life; and all from the most easily preventible causes."

And here we have a few strong touches on a very important subject:—

"It seems a commonly received idea among men, and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust or incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse. This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was 'past keeping the pigs.' Apply the above receipt for making a good nurse to making a good servant, and the receipt will be found to fail. Yet popular novelists of recent days have invented ladies disappointed in love, or fresh out of the drawing-room, turning into the war hospitals to find their wounded lovers, and, when found, forthwith abandoning their sick-ward for their lover, as might be expected. Yet in the estimation of the authors these ladies were none the worse for that, but on the contrary were heroines of nursing. What cruel mistakes are sometimes made by benevolent men and women 'n matters of business about which they can know nothing, and think they know a great deal! The everyday management of a large ward, let alone of a hospital, the knowing what are the laws of life and

\* Notes on Nursing. By Florence Nightingale.



death for men, and what the laws of health for wards (wards are healthy or unhealthy, mainly according to the knowledge or ignorance of the nurse), are not these matters of sufficient importance and difficulty to require learning by experience and careful inquiry, just as much as any other art? They do not come by inspiration to the lady disappointed in love, nor to the poor workhouse drudge hard up for a livelihood." (p. 73.)

"It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female ink-bottles are perpetually impressing upon us 'woman's particular worth and general missionariness,' to see that the dress of women is daily more and more unfitting them for any 'mission' or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitted for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles; only a man can cross the floor of a sick room without shaking it! What has become of woman's light step? the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"The fidget of silk and of crinoline, the rattling of keys, the creaking of stays and of shoes, will do a patient more harm than all the medicines in the world will do him good. The noiseless step of woman, the noiseless drapery of woman, are mere figures of speech in this day. Her skirts (and well if they do not throw down some piece of furniture) will at least brush against every article in the room as she moves. Fortunate it is if her skirts do not catch fire, and if the nurse does not give herself up a sacrifice, together with her patient, to be burnt in her own petticoats." (p. 26.)

Miss Nightingale pleads, most eloquently the cause of humanity. She tells you how to abate sufferings, and tells it in language so nervous, so simple, so forcible, that the manner must interest even those who may, naturally, be indifferent to the matter. She says:—

"If a patient is cold, if a patient is feverish, if a patient is faint, if he is sick after taking food, if he has a bed-sore, it is generally the fault, not of the disease, but of the nursing." (p. 6.)

After describing four ways by which patients are starved to death by mismanagement, Miss Nightingale says:—

"I cannot too often repeat that patients are generally either too languid to observe these things, or too shy to speak about them; nor is it well that they should be made to observe them; it fixes their attention upon themselves. Again, I say, what is the nurse or friend there for except to take note of these things, instead of the patient doing so." (p. 62.)

"All hurry or bustle is peculiarly painful to the sick. And when a patient has compulsory occupations to engage him, instead of having simply to amuse himself, it becomes doubly injurious. The friend who remains standing and fidgeting about while a patient is talking business to him, or the friend who sits and pros—~~the one~~ from an idea of not letting the patient talk, the other from an idea of amusing him—each is equally inconsiderate. Always sit down when a sick person is talking business to you, show no signs of hurry, give complete attention and full consideration if your advice is wanted, and go away the moment the subject is ended.

"Always sit within the patient's view, so that when you speak to him he has not painfully to turn his head round in order to look at you. Everybody involuntarily looks at the person speaking. If you make this act a

wearisome one on the part of the patient, you are doing him harm. So also if by continuing to stand you make him continuously raise his eyes to see you. Be as motionless as possible, and never gesticulate in speaking to the sick.

"Never make a patient repeat a message or request, especially if it be some time after. Occupied patients are often accused of doing too much of their own business. They are instinctively right. How often you hear the person charged with the request of giving the message, or writing the letter, say half an hour afterwards to the patient, 'Did you appoint twelve o'clock?' or 'What did you say was the address?' or ask perhaps some much more agitating question, thus causing the patient the effort of memory, or, worse still, of decision all over again. It is really less exertion to him to write his letters himself. This is the almost universal experience of occupied invalids.

"This brings us to another caution. Never speak to an invalid from behind, nor from the door, nor from any distance from him, nor when he is doing any thing. The official politeness of servants in these things is so grateful to invalids, that many prefer, without knowing why, having none but servants about them." (p. 28.)

We need not recommend the work; these details are the best advertisement. Who of us has not, occasionally at least, sickness to tend? And even the most healthy may get valuable counsel from Miss Nightingale's "Notes."

#### MEDICAL COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

THESE are as yet peculiar to our country; though institutions for the instruction of women in Midwifery and Nursing are found throughout the world; civilized and barbarian, Christian and pagan alike giving the care of woman in her hour of sorrow to her own sex, excepting the people of Great Britain and the United States.

The female Medical Colleges of our land will, we trust, before many more years are passed, restore the practice of Midwifery where it belongs (both by nature and revelation), to woman. Miss Nightingale's success in her curative mission will have a mighty influence in awakening our Anglo-Saxon friends over the water to the necessity of medical instruction for the sex; hospitals are now preparing where women are to have more opportunities of testing their talents for the healing art, and proving that they are capable of performing the duties, which, as physicians for women and children, devolve on them.

THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA has been very successful. We take the following from its last circular:—

"The eleventh annual session of this institution will commence on Wednesday, the 17th of October, 1860, and continue five months. In issuing this Announcement, the Faculty congratulate the friends of the cause on a new and very important means of success. Through the active exertions of our Board of lady managers and the noble benevolence of liberal friends, a fund has been secured which insures the opening, at an early day, of a Hospital for Women. The College has, at present, ample means of imparting thorough scientific instruction on the various branches of medicine, the lectures and demonstrations being aided by an excellent museum of Papier Mache Models, Drawings, Natural Preparations, Microscopes, and other apparatus. The opening of a Hospital under the auspices of the College will afford to students

facilities not heretofore possessed for the acquisition of practical knowledge, and the means of obtaining that familiarity with disease and skill in its treatment, so necessary to the young physician. It will indeed mark an auspicious era in the history of our enterprise. The united facilities afforded by the College and Hospital will be invaluable to ladies seeking a medical education, and will, we hope, meet the wants of students, and leave but little further to be desired."

Two of the Faculty in this College are ladies; and the friends of the institution are highly gratified with the result of the enterprise.

THE NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE is also flourishing. Three of the Faculty are ladies. The prosperity of the institution has been steadily on the increase, and the purchase of a College building and a Hospital for women and children, valued at \$50,000, places the institution on a permanent foundation. *The education of Nurses for the sick* is one of the objects of this College. Several generous bequests have been made, and scholarships instituted. Altogether the friends of woman have much reason to be grateful for the prosperity of this College.

We may yet see an American woman emulating the example of Florence Nightingale in her zeal and energy to ameliorate human sufferings.

THANKSGIVING—the *new National Holiday*.—We must advert once more to this grand object of nationalizing Thanksgiving Day, by adopting, as a permanent rule, the *last Thursday in November* in all the States. Last year, 1859, *thirty States and three Territories* held Thanksgiving on the same day—the last Thursday in November. This year we hope that every State and Territory will be included in the list. Last year this Thanksgiving was observed by the American residents in Paris, Berlin, and Bern; in the last two cities the American ministers to Switzerland and Prussia took the leading part in the festivities. Thanksgiving was also held on board two of the American squadrons, that of the Mediterranean and the African; and, moreover, several of the American missionary establishments in foreign lands have signified their willingness to set apart the day named.

This year the *last Thursday in November* falls on the 29th. If all the States and Territories hold their Thanksgiving on that day, there will be a complete moral and social reunion of the *people of America* in 1860. Would not this be a good omen for the perpetual political union of the States? May God grant us not only the omen, but the fulfilment is our dearest wish!

SEWING MACHINE CLUBS.—In country places these clubs might be formed with much advantage, as few families need the entire aid of a good Sewing Machine.\* Suppose *ten families* unite; the cost of a good machine, without a case, which would be an incumbrance in removing from house to house, a box covering the top is sufficient—would be from \$50 to \$75, say six or seven dollars per family. For this sum each family would have the use of the machine during thirty-one working days of the year, which would be sufficient to do all the sewing needed. The time might be so divided as to give each family two and a half days per month. Should five

\* Wheeler & Wilson, 505 Broadway, New York. Agent, Henry Coy, 628 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

families unite, then double time for double cost of the machine would be insured. There are advantages besides the mere labor and time saved. A popular writer has well said of these Sewing Machines:—

"Their general introduction would do more to diffuse knowledge of mechanical powers, than could be accomplished by any other possible method. Not only would wives and daughters become enlightened upon a subject now dark to them, but the boys under their charge, the men in miniature, would have their curiosity aroused in contact with the finest and most effective species of machinery of modern times. Who has not observed the desire of children to see the inside of a watch or clock, the mechanism of which is too delicate for exhibition? They are philosophers in embryo, and the Sewing Machine, combining as it does many of the mechanical powers, would be to them as a study, and in this respect only, of a value greater than that of pictures, statuary, etc., for the cultivation of taste."

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE PICTORIAL MOUNT VERNON.—The following names have been received since our last report:—

Mrs. Mary Chesnut, \$12, Camden, S. C.  
L. E. Barney, \$1, Elmira, N. Y.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 922 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. An accomplished French teacher resides in the family, and also an excellent teacher of music, who gives her personal attention to pupils while practising. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

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

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "What the World Said"—"Autumn Rain"—"To M. G."—"A Night of Terror"—"Crochet Work"—"A Story for Wives"—"Oh, where's the spell, etc."—"A Memory of Godey's Lady's Book" (we shall select a few passages from this)—"The Father's Prejudice" (when we have room)—and "Heaven."

The following articles are declined: "Night"—"To a Youth"—"O Earth is bright, etc."—"Seeking Truth"—"Song"—"The Great Eastern"—"The Steam King"—"Japan and our Guests"—"A Trial"—"Let me weep"—"I saw her not"—"The last and the best"—"Voices"—"Old Stories in a new dress"—"Life" (the writer had better try again)—"The way I would not go"—"Sleeping and Waking"—"Night"—"Harvest Home"—"Mistakes of the Press"—"My Mother's Story"—"The Tornado"—"Home at Last"—"A Hospitable Invitation"—"Autumn"—"A Mother's Song" (we have not room for the whole; the conclusion is tender, and will find a response in maternal hearts.)

"There! thou art nearer to my breast,  
My heart is close to thine;  
Let all thy little troubles rest  
Upon this love of mine.

I would that I could always shield  
Thy soul from grief and care;  
But life its sorrows will not yield,  
And thou must have thy share.

It may be that thou 'lt bravely stand  
Before the coming blast,  
And hold, within a conquering hand,  
A victor's crown at last.

But ah! along the path of years  
O'er which thy feet must tread,  
Thou 'lt find that joys are mixed with tears  
That hopeful eyes have shed.

Then, when the way seems long and drear,  
Thou 'lt want a place of rest;  
Ah, darling, if thy mother's near,  
That place will be her breast!

The silver moon points out the way  
The shining sun will take;  
Sleep, baby, sleep, while yet you may;  
Full soon thou 'lt have to wake!"

## Healthy Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

**FOOD FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.**—Milk is the only natural and proper food for infants and young children; Nature does not afford, nor can art supply, a substitute. As a general rule, the mother's milk should be the only food of an infant until the teething is completed, or, in other words, until Nature indicates her readiness, by the appearance of a full set of teeth, to dispose of more solid nutriment. And let it not be supposed for a moment that milk is *drink only*, and not food; for by reason of the butter, casein, and other solid ingredients that enter into its composition, it, when in a natural condition, contains all the elements necessary to the growth and development of every part of the child; it contains everything requisite for building up the nervous, muscular, and every other tissue, and also earthy matters and salts to give solidity to the bones; and Nature, in her wise arrangements, has not neglected to furnish this highly compound nourishment with heat-generating materials for the purpose of warming the bodies of her tender charge, through the chemical changes that occur in the act of respiration.

The mistaken notion that Nature does not understand her business, that the food furnished by her is not sufficiently nutritious, and that we can improve on her handiwork, has been largely influential in originating and in perpetuating the ruinous practice of stuffing young children with all kinds of vile compounds of flour, meat, wine, etc., in the form of pap, panada, soup, gruel, and—what not? Under this absurd and unnatural process of feeding, the little unfortunate, whose stomach is entirely incapacitated for such things, gets sick with a bowel complaint; has gripings, disturbed sleep, watery discharges; loses flesh, becomes jaundiced, and dies, a poor, pitiful, emaciated skeleton, notwithstanding—or rather because of—all the nourishing compounds with which it has been so diligently plied; and, alas! the evil is not traced to its proper source, but is laid on teething, worms, cold, "thrush," or the deluded mother, in her mistaken piety, consoles herself with the idea that it is a "mysterious dispensation of Providence," for

which she is in no way responsible, and to which she must submit with Christian resignation. And thus do the little innocents perish day after day and year after year, and thus are one-half or more of the children who come into the world every year removed that same year.

It appears to us that reason and observation would convince every one that we do not exaggerate on this point; and we trust that many will be induced to abandon the practice on which we have animadverted; but we fear that there are some who are so blinded by the prejudices of education, and by a false process of reasoning, that they will still persist in their errors. Some will be ready to exclaim: "Why, the man is mad; my mother fed me on fat meat, and gave me whatever I wanted, and I am alive and well even to this day; and more than this, I am the mother of children, and these have been raised after the same fashion, and they, too, are alive and hearty."

But, my dear madam, have you never known men to drink spirits and use tobacco all their lives, and yet, by virtue of a vigorous constitution, be able to resist for a long time the influence of these destructives, and live to an old age? And what does all this prove? Certainly not that alcohol and tobacco are not injurious. These cases only show that some constitutions can withstand destructive influences better than others, while there is every probability that those who long resist them would in their absence live to a very great age. In short, they only prove that some people are harder to kill than others. So of your children; because your stuffing and improper feeding do not kill them, it is no proof that such things are not wrong; and though the children may have survived and gradually become accustomed to the unnatural excitement to which you have subjected them, we venture the assertion that in most cases Nature violently rebelled against such a course, and that she was conquered through great tribulation.

In proof of this, we ask you to cast your minds back on the past, and to review those sad days and nights of weary watching, when you hung over the couch of little Johnnie, and Charlie, and Susie, when they had that "dreadful bowel complaint," or when they writhed in convulsions, or sunk in the deep stupor of brain fever. And let me ask, Why all this? *Are convulsions, and bowel complaints, and brain fevers natural to children?* Must they have them as a matter of course? Surely not—and yet how few escape these diseases, or some others!

These questions and answers lead us inevitably to the conclusion that the vast majority of the diseases of infancy are the result of mismanagement, and among the numerous errors that exist, improper feeding is perhaps of all others the most destructive. Of this more anon.

**SLEEP OF INFANTS—OPIATES.**—Infants require more sleep than older persons, because their tender frames could not bear without injury the various exciting influences to which they are necessarily subjected during the waking state; and, besides this, while all the voluntary organs rest in sleep, Nature is able to concentrate all her energies on the great internal nutritive processes, by which the growth of the body is hastened; for it is so arranged in the wise economy which regulates the human system that the vital organs of repair and nutrition are more active when all the other organs repose in sleep. It being true, then, that young children need a great deal of sleep, it follows that restlessness and wakefulness are injurious, and they are indications that there is something wrong. The difficulty in these cases can

generally be traced to improper feeding, tight clothing, excessive warmth, or confined air. Most of these subjects have been already noticed, but some of them may again engage our attention.

When a child is restless and sleepless, it is a too common practice to resort to opiates instead of inviting sleep by attention to those external surroundings, those *hygienic agents* which may generally be made effectual, and which are natural, healthful, and far safer than any stupefying drug. These may be admissible in some rare cases of disease, when administered by the advice of a very prudent physician, but we say without hesitation that such means should never be resorted to without such advice. And yet how common is it at the first appearance of restlessness to fly at once to paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, soothing syrups, and the thousand and one child-slaughtering compounds that may be found in almost every household! And, as incredible as it may appear, the administration of these dangerous articles is sometimes committed to an ignorant and careless nurse, who is but too ready to deal them out freely in order to prevent her own repose from being disturbed. And we have even heard of mothers who, in their desire to attend some place of amusement, have been so thoughtless, or so heartless, as to give a large dose of laudanum or some other potent narcotic to their babes, in order that they might sleep while these mothers were absent!

Surely such people as these, and all who resort to opiates on every trivial occasion, know not what they do; for we cannot believe that any mother, who is properly informed would pursue such a murderous course. No! mothers could not, would not thus act if they knew the dangers attending the administration of opiates to children; if they knew how exceedingly susceptible are the brains of children to such impressions; if they knew that those brains are naturally prone to inflammation and congestion; that opiates, in all forms, increase this state of things, that the smallest dose will sometimes produce a fatal depression, and that the frequent use of such agents will inevitably result in a state of chronic or habitual engorgement of the vessels of the brain, that will, from the slightest cause, give rise to fatal convulsions, dropsy of the brain, or some more obscure but no less fatal disease. Yet all this is true, and *more*; for opiates spend their force on the brain and nervous system, which may well be considered as the main-spring and fountain of life, the great regulators of the whole vital machinery; and, therefore, it is just as impossible for the human machine to perform its functions properly when under the depressing influence of any kind of narcotic as it is for a watch or a clock to run properly when the main-spring is deranged in its action.

By the habitual use of opiates, the stomach is deranged, and thus all healthful supplies are cut off; from the same cause, the action of the heart is interfered with, and thus the blood is not properly distributed to the system; the breathing is also rendered slow and laborious, and thus the poisoned and sluggish stream of blood is not properly purified and vitalized in the lungs; and, as a consequence of all this, the poor overdosed and narcotized infant wastes in flesh, pales in color, becomes bloated and dropsical, or shrinks to skin and bones, and thus does the unfortunate victim of folly sink to the tomb under a multiplied train of nameless disorders, if it is not cut off earlier by some acute disease.

*Columbus, Ga.*

## 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.

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Look at the plate in this number, and say whether you have ever seen as pretty a one. This is a new style entirely, engraved, printed, and colored by a process peculiar to the Lady's Book; and such will be our future plates, and we challenge competition. We avail ourselves of everything that is new, and this, our present fashion, is an evidence of it, and all our succeeding ones will be in this style; excepting, perhaps, we may, on one or two occasions, improve even on them. We ask the ladies to examine this fashion. They are the best judges, and upon their verdict we rely. The Lady's Book will be ahead in everything that is new and beautiful.

CLUBS FOR 1861.—Would it not be as well for those who intend to make up clubs to commence at once looking around, and engaging their subscribers? Next year will be a great year for Godey's Lady's Book.

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WE WILL NOT undertake to return MSS. unless stamps are sent at the time. We cannot have our time so taken up, hunting up MSS., many of which are not applied for until several months have elapsed from the time of sending.

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

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

DR. WILSON'S "Home Book of Health" we can furnish at \$1 25, and pay the postage.

PLEASURE JAUNT OVER THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

THROUGH the courtesy of the officers of the Baltimore, Wilmington, and Philadelphia Railroad Company, and of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, we enjoyed, in company with other invited guests, a railroad ramble, which, for completeness of arrangement in regard to comfort, could not be excelled.

Leaving Philadelphia at noon on Monday, the city of Baltimore was reached at 4 P. M. Soon after, we made the western connection, at which point were waiting private cars, neatly divided into parlor, dining-room, and sleeping apartments. The train soon sped on its rapid way. Almost on leaving Baltimore the railroad dips into mountain scenery, and follows the Patapsco River, whose banks are dotted here and there with extensive flouring and cotton mills, and whose valley is more thoroughly cultivated than almost any other portion of the State. Slipping by Fredonia Junction, forty-eight miles from Baltimore, the Catoctin station comes into view, and we near the romantic "Point of Rocks," a gigantic Druidic-looking pulpit of solid rock, which juts out from the mountain side, and overhangs the railway track. Harper's Ferry was reached by night-fall, and here the excursion party stopped for rest. The moon lit up the scene of enchantment; the interest in the far-famed surroundings of this historic point was strangely intensified. It was not difficult to appreciate the force of Jefferson's remark that "the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge was one of the most stupendous scenes in nature, and well worthy of a voyage across the Atlantic to witness." The town lies around the base of a hill, exactly at the confluence of the Shenandoah ("Daughter of the Stars" in the significant vernacular of the Indian tribes) and of the Potomac, where the united stream breaks through the mountain barriers of the Blue Ridge.

The National Armory and grounds, the rural cemetery perched on the summit of the high ground overlooking the town, and Jefferson's Rock are the principal points of interest, and are familiar to all travellers who have ever touched here. The bridge which crosses the Potomac is a handsome wooden structure of some seven spans, bifurcating near the western bank into two sections, one to carry forward the main stem of the Baltimore and Ohio, and the other for the accommodation of the Winchester Railroad. The point of bifurcation was selected by John Brown and his men as the proper place to arrest the trains, and a better military point could not have been devised. The buildings adjacent to the railway station are riddled with balls; the bullet holes being plainly visible still. The bridge bears the marks of the blood of Thomson, one of the insurgents, whose life was first protected by a daughter of one of the citizens, but was finally sacrificed to the vengeance of the people.

The next place of interest reached was Martinsburg, the county seat of Berkley County, on the Tuscarora Creek. Here the Company have extensive repair shops, this being the end of the first division of the road. In addition to the present accommodations, the Company are now erecting a large circular engine house, intended to contain twenty stalls for locomotives. The foundation walls of this immense amphitheatre measure one hundred and seventy feet in diameter, are four feet in thickness, and capable of sustaining almost any conceivable weight that may be put upon them. The scenery beyond Martinsburg is particularly striking, the

"North Mountain," on the Maryland side, casting its huge shadows, like a mighty giant, over the waters of the Potomac. Crossing the Great Cacapon River, the road pierces a mountain spur by means of the Doe Gully Tunnel, twelve hundred feet in length. The Lesser Cacapon, the southern branch of the Potomac, and Patterson's Creek are crossed, and in the approach to Cumberland the Knobly Hills are first seen, a long mountain group of regular peaks covered to the tops with verdure, and resembling a series of exaggerated Indian mounds. The Potomac, at Cumberland, makes a deep bend, and the railroad, in following its course, sweeps around almost the entire extent of the town, passing within a few feet of the site of old "Fort Cumberland," now more peacefully possessed by a modern Protestant church, built of handsome cut stone. Wills' Mountain and Wills' Creek, both of historic memory as connected with General Washington, meet the eye as the train passes through and beyond Cumberland. Another parting view of the Knobly Hills is again caught, and the traveller soon gazes upon the wonderful panoramas of the Alleghany region.

At Piedmont, 206 miles from Baltimore, the second division of the road terminates, and at this point are extensive machine shops belonging to the Company. From this station westward, the ascent of the mountain range begins in good earnest, the upward grade continuing seventeen miles at a proportionate rise of one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile. The sublimity of this upward flight truly baffles all description, the soul itself feeling awed into mute amazement at the grand and weird elements of the wild and wonderful. The "Savage Mountain, with its gloomy masses of foliage, towers upon the right; the eastern slopes of "Meadow Mountain" rise in gentler impressiveness on the east; whilst the Savage River, with its fringe of silvery light, is seen winding away in the distance, like the memory of a meteor over a dark sky. We finally reach, by dint of climbing, Altamont, 2700 feet above the Atlantic level, a point where the brooks, gushing from the mountain side, part company, and send half their waters to the Atlantic, and half to the Gulf of Mexico. Passing further on, we come to Oakland (232 miles from Baltimore), situate on the Alleghany plateau of table land. Trout and venison are the essential food of the inhabitants of this rural retreat, and our company did full justice to the excellent qualities of both. The temperature is often here 50 degrees at midsummer, and the fact seemed credible enough from noting that the trees had barely commenced to put on their spring livery.

Beyond Oakland, still greater marvels are in store for the western-bound traveller. At Crauberry Summit the first glimpse is obtained of the "Western World," as the descent is made from the Alleghany heights toward the region of the Ohio and its tributaries. The descent is made rapidly, through tremendous excavations, two tunnels, and several viaducts, until the Cheat River, with its dark waters, is reached, the road following the tortuous windings of the stream at a high elevation above its surface, at times seeming almost suspended in mid-air, so precipitately frowning on the high embankments which sustain it. At Tray Run, one of the tributaries which pitch down from a mountain gorge into the Cheat River, a viaduct is thrown, which may be regarded as the very acme of railroad engineering. The length of the viaduct is six hundred feet, the base work being of solid masonry, seventy feet in height, on



top of which is heavy iron trestle work, eighty feet in height, making the total altitude to the road-bed one hundred and fifty feet. The miracle seems to be how the mind of man could ever conceive such gigantic works, much less execute them.

Beyond this point, we pass through the Kingwood tunnel, 4137 feet in length, and walled with solid masonry throughout. It occupied the incessant labor, night and day, of a thousand men, for over three years and a half. A few miles beyond is Grafton, the end of the third division of the road, and the point where the branch to Parkersburg diverges. The Tygart valley river region is next entered, the scenery partaking less of sublimity, though richer in the elements of quiet beauty.

The Valley Falls is a strikingly picturesque point, the water here pouring down in broad masses over several successive rocky ledges, making a descent of from seventy to one hundred feet. Not far from this point, Tygart River and the West Fork unite to form the Monongahela, which, a quarter of a mile below the junction, is spanned by an iron viaduct, 615 feet long, the largest iron bridge in America, and due to the engineering skill of Mr. Albert Fink. There are three spans of 205 feet each, supported on immense piers of cut stone masonry, wide enough for a double roadway, the total cost of the structure reaching over \$300,000. At Fairmount a suspension bridge of 500 feet in length crosses the river. It was the work of the celebrated Charles Ellet, the constructor of the Wheeling and Niagara suspension bridges. Beyond this we reach the Board Tree Tunnel, the completion of the work, which is 2400 feet long, dispensing with the dangerous Ys, which were previously used to cross the mountain summit. Two more tunnels are passed, the Ohio stretches far before the eye, and the city of Wheeling, with its smoky atmosphere, is finally attained, the point of destination, and the western terminus of the main stem of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

In this notice, which we have extended much further than we had intended, we have barely hinted at the most prominent themes of interest. To appreciate the road fully it must be seen. The pleasure of our trip was much enhanced by the admirable arrangements of the officers of the Company. To the President, John W. Garrett, Esq., and to his assistants, Wm. Prescott Smith, Esq., Master of Transportation; John L. Wilson, Esq., Master of Road; B. L. Jacobs, Esq., Supervisor of Trains, especial acknowledgments are due. They left nothing undone to make the jaunt full of the most pleasant memories.

As a pleasure jaunt, we recommend all to go over this road. The courtesy of Wm. Prescott Smith, Esq. we can never forget.

#### THE NEW CENSUS AND THE FAIR DISSENTER.

"Rude querist! my feelings your question enrages,  
To ask a young woman like me what her age is!  
Thirty-five, sir, it may be about that or less!"  
"And what the religion, ma'am, which you profess?"  
"Sir, I shall not on any persuasion decide  
Till I know what is his who will make me a bride."

SHREVEPORT FEMALE INSTITUTE, BY MRS. M. B. HAY.—  
This Institute, under the superintendence of the talented lady who conducts it, we understand is very prosperous. She is assisted in the various branches by the Rev. Jos. Hay and the Rev. A. L. Hay.

J. E. TILTON & CO., 161 Washington Street, Boston, publish, for Grecian and Antique Painting, the following elegant pictures, which they will send, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price. New pictures constantly being published.

Each is prepared on suitable paper, with tints, etc.; and full directions to paint, to mix each color, frame, etc., without extra charge. There are no other publishers of such pictures, nor can any other pictures be made to so fully resemble a canvas oil painting, or remain perfect as these. The coarse and cheap pictures are not suitable, and disgust people of taste with these beautiful arts.

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They are the originators of several of the most popular new styles of painting, and publish the valuable book, ART RECREATIONS. Their careful experience of several years is given in this book, with that of Professor Day, the pioneer teacher, who has successfully taught in Europe and the best seminaries in New England.

Its value to teachers will be obvious, and to those living at a great distance, for it gives instructions how to make all materials used, valuable receipts, etc. Some of the branches taught are

Pencil Drawing, Oil Painting, Crayon Drawing and Painting, Paper Flowers, Moss-work, Papier Mache, Cone-work, Feather Flowers, Hair-work, Potichimanie, Leather-work, Theorem Painting, Gilding and Bronzing, Taxidermy, or the Art of Preserving Birds, Grecian Painting, Antique Painting, Oriental Painting, Wax Flowers, from the crude wax to the beautiful and perfect flower, fruit, etc.; Sign Painting, Shell-work, Painting on Ground Glass, Magic Lantern, Imitation of Pearl, Sealing-wax Painting, Panorama Painting, Embroidery, Coloring Photographs, Water-coloring, the Aquarium, etc.

The work is elegantly illustrated, large 12mo. Price \$1 50. This and all our pictures and books sent, post-paid, by mail.

Young writers and those who have not acquired a literary reputation must remember that the mere insertion of their articles in the Lady's Book is quite a compensation in itself. It is useless for them to ask us what price we pay; it would be better to ask if we will insert their productions.

HOW TO MAKE A BED.

We commence this month another very instructive article for the amusement of our young readers. Our previous one, "How to Dress a Doll," met with much favor.

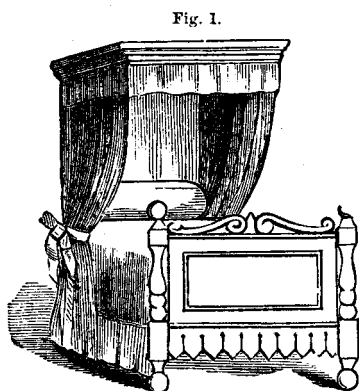


Fig. 1.

The frame-work must be first cut out of card-board according to the following directions, the size, of course, must depend upon your own taste and fancy. If, however, you wish to make it complete, it ought not to be less than four times as large as the patterns here given, taking care to keep the various parts in proportion.

Commence by cutting out Fig. 2; this will form the

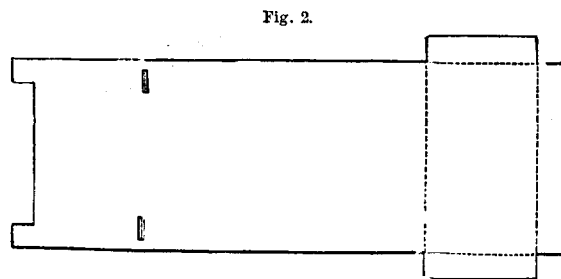


Fig. 2.

legs, back, and canopy. The small holes must be cut out with a penknife, and the dotted lines *half through* on the back of the card, and turned over to the shape.

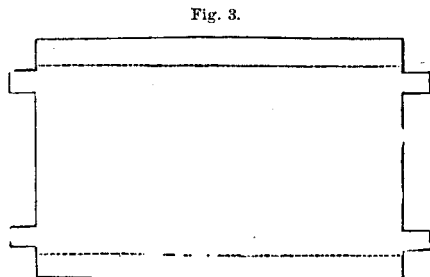


Fig. 3.

Fig. 3 being cut out will make the bottom and sides, the end pieces being cut out with a penknife, and the dotted lines being cut *half through* on the front of the card, and the sides turned downwards. Fig. 4 is the footboard, which must be cut out in the usual manner, using a

penknife for the small holes. Before putting the whole together it will be as well to make a cornice for the top, which will give a finish to the bed. Cut out the shape, Fig. 5, and quite through the black lines in the

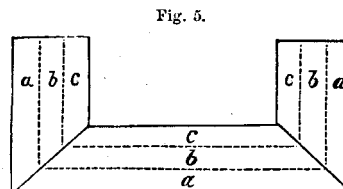


Fig. 5.

corners, and *half through* the dotted lines at *a* on the front of the card all round, and at *b* on the back the same, bending each over the reverse way; then gum or paste the ends, *c*, on to the front and sides of the top of the bed. If you wish to paint the card-board it should be done before fixing the various portions together. Having completed and joined the whole of the frame-work, you can proceed with the furnishing. Take some

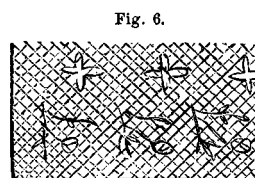


Fig. 6.

pink glazed calico, and cut a covering for the inside of the top of Fig. 2, and shape of Fig. 6; cut out, the same size and form, a piece of lace, put it over the pink, and tack them together in-



Fig. 7.

side the top of the bed. The same must be done for the lining and covering for the inside of the shape of Fig. 7, and tack them on to the back of the bed, Fig. 2. Cut out

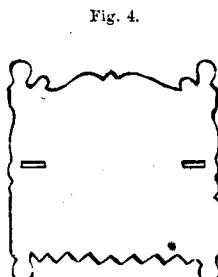
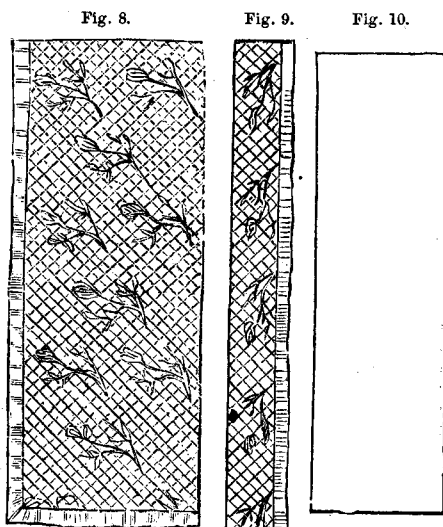


Fig. 4.

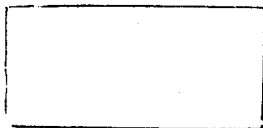
another piece of glazed calico for the curtains to the shape of Fig. 8, cover this with lace the same as the top, put down one side, and at the bottom a piece of lace, frill it on as in Fig. 7: this will make one curtain. Make another exactly the same. Gather each up at the top, and tack them on, one at each side of the canopy. Then take a strip of pink glazed calico and of lace the same size as Fig. 9, frill on this a piece of narrow lace, the same as the curtains,

putting it round the bottom, gather it up at the top, and tack it round the sides and front of the canopy of the bed. For the valances round the bottom, take a piece of white dimity, and cut it the shape of Fig. 10; hem it round neatly at the foot and sides, gather it up at the



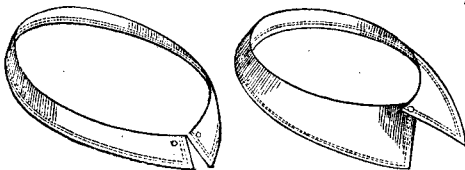
top, and sew it upon one side of the bed; the other side must be done in the same manner. For the foot of the bed cut out in the same material the shape of Fig. 11,

Fig. 11.



hem, and gather it in at the sides, and tack it inside the foot of the bed; this will complete the furniture.

SOMETHING NEW, and the Lady's Book, as usual, the first to proclaim it—PATENT ENAMELLED COLLARS AND CUFFS FOR LADIES. These are made of the same material which has become so popular for gentlemen's collars. For ladies travelling, they are inestimable, the price being so low that it would cost twice as much to get linen collars and cuffs washed as would pay for new



enamelled ones; and they are so beautiful, fitting the neck and wrists so admirably, and defying the closest scrutiny to detect any difference between them and the finest linen article. Some are plain, and others of different patterns of material.

Two young ladies would like situations as teachers in a healthy locality, or in an institution or family, provided the remuneration is ample. The English branches, music on piano and guitar, Latin, German, and French, with leather-work and wax flowers, will be taught; Grecian oil, water colors, Oriental, antique, monochromatic, polychromatic, and enamel painting, and pencil drawing, in the best style. Address M. J. N. E., Box 64, New Lisbon, Columbiana County, Ohio.

FRIEND GODEY, I have long been looking  
At your receipts, and views of cooking,  
Delighted, in the main;  
I truly like an interchange,  
Of varied ways for dishes strange,  
To common folks made plain.

But then, it really seems to me,  
In this wise age that there should be  
Less thought bestowed on eating—  
That those who live for this one end  
Vainly their time and money spend—  
Life's higher aim defeating.

I like to see a table shine,  
Served in good taste, and set out fine,  
Always—besure!—provided  
That nobody is wronged, to pay  
The bill, to make all this display;  
Now that's my mind, decided.

Yet I would have for this parade,  
The dishes of such simples made,  
That one might eat securely,  
Without dyspepsia, grinning wide,  
Or apoplexy at one's side—  
Unwelcome guests most surely!

Now, every mixed up, fixed up mess  
Is poison, nothing more or less—  
Thousands this truth can tell;  
But still (what silly sheep we are!)  
We follow lead, no matter where,  
And bring up not so well!

Do, Mr. Godey—if you can  
Devise a more judicious plan,  
The wealthy mass to suit—  
Get up a meal of bread and cheese,  
Costing a thousand, if you please—  
They'll save *themselves* to boot.

The only gain a man can urge  
Is, in this way you make a splurge,  
And give the poor employment;  
You scatter thus abroad your wealth,  
And in return you lose your health  
And relish for enjoyment.

No Esculapian can give  
A better recipe to live  
Than this (who will, may read it),  
For all your bilious ills 'twill cure;  
Cook your food plain, and then, besure,  
*Eat not! unless you need it.*

And now, will you please let me say,  
In this my plain and homely way,  
What will the evil mend?  
Spend all the money that you can,  
And *save yourself*, should be your plan;  
So thinketh an old friend.

A YOUNG LADY desires a situation as music teacher in a school or seminary. She has been educated with this in view, and has a good instrument (Boardman & Gray's), which she could place in the school if desired. Address Mrs. Alice B. Haven, Mamaroneck, Westchester County, New York.

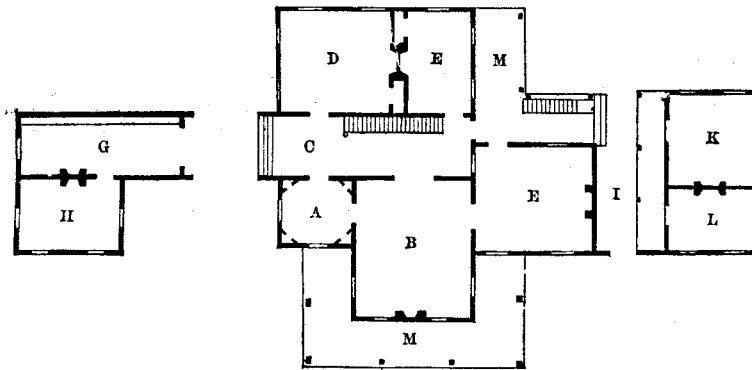
"GODEY gives his readers no second-hand plates,"  
says the *Green Bay Advocate*.  
No, we leave that to others.

DESIGN FOR A SOUTHERN HOUSE IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.

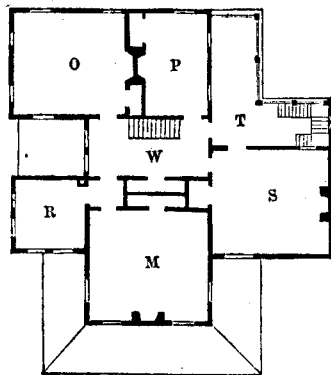
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



GROUND PLAN.



SECOND STORY.

A DESIGN that may readily be constructed of wood, if desirable, and so arranged that it may readily be increased or diminished in its dimensions.

*Ground Plan.*—A represents the library, 14 feet square, with book-cases constructed in the four angles, thus presenting an octagon form; B is the drawing-room, 20 feet wide by 28 feet long; C the entrance hall, entered beneath the carriage drive; D is the reception-room, 18 feet square; E chamber, 14 by 18 feet; F dining-room, 20 feet square; G ten-pin alley; H billiard-room; I open passage; K the kitchen; L store-room; M M porches.

*Second Story.*—M O P R S are chambers of large size; T is a gallery, with private stairs; W the hall, containing the main stairway. All the chambers are provided with ample closets, and all necessary conveniences requisite to perfect a first-class dwelling.

A TITLE is frequently nothing more than the crest stamped on a silver spoon.

## ELLA MOORE'S LETTERS FROM THE CITY.

## LETTER III.—PROVERBS.

DEAR SUSY: This is actually the third letter I have written to you this week, so do not accuse me of a lack of interest in your evening pleasures this winter.

We met last evening a party of young folks at Mrs. Paul's, and, as our previous efforts had won us quite a name in our own set, as actors, we were invited to give impromptu charades again. We took the liberty, however, of varying the performance, and gave proverbs instead. How? I am going to tell you.

The first one was

*A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed.*

The scene was a mean room, where I, as a poor widow, with Minnie for a sick child, sewed by a faint light for bread. Enter Walter, as landlord, demanding the rent. Cold, cruel speeches were the answers to my petitions for a short delay, and Walter left promising to return in half an hour to seize the furniture. Then Minnie woke to cry for bread (we piled on the pathos strong, Susy). After a short scene of crying, with moans over future roofless starvation, visions of almshouse, hints at better days gone by, and mutual comfort between mother and child, Graham entered. He announced himself as an old friend of my husband's, paid the rent, and insisted upon it that his wife expected Minnie and I at his home, to stay until brighter prospects opened.

At this point, the audience were requested to give the proverb.

The second one chosen was

*Money Makes the Mare go.*

You know the old story, Susy, do you not, of the farmer who wished to borrow his neighbor's mare? The mare was sick, the saddle torn, the roads bad: a thousand mishaps prevented the loan of the mare until the borrower hinted that he meant to pay for it. Graham and Morris acted this scene between the two farmers, with their own conversation, and it was very well done. The excuses were ready and witty, and when the payment was hinted there was much fun, punning, and wit in the sudden discoveries made of the mare's flourishing state, the slight damage to the saddle, etc.

The next proverb was

*All's Well that Ends Well.*

Gracie was the heroine of this scene. She played the coquette with great spirit, and, to give variety to the opening flirtation with Walter, gave the audience the song, "I've something sweet to tell you," which she sang with an arch spirit which was irresistibly winning and coaxing. Of course Walter lost his heart. Then followed a wooing, ending in an engagement of marriage. Exit Walter. Enter Graham. He announces himself as Grace's brother, absent for ten years, supposed to have been drowned. Caresses, explanations followed, and Walter entered to find his betrothed in the arms of a stranger. Then there was a fuss! Storms of reproach were poured upon Gracie. Walter refused to listen to any explanation, and finally struck Graham. Coffee and pistols for two! Blood must wipe out the affront, and exeunt the pair to fight it out; Gracie fainted. Enter Mary. Gracie revives, tells the story, and Mary rushes out to send the other brother to prevent bloodshed. Gracie had then a pathetic scene of suspense all to her-

self, after which re-enter the duellists, and Gracie forgives Walter his "cruel (sob), unjust (sob) suspicious (sob)."

The next proverb was

*Charity Begins at Home.*

In a shabby dress, with the room in direful disorder, I took the character of a woman who has a "mission." Graham took the part of my poor husband, who, sick, suffering, poor, in vain looks for relief from his rich, charitable wife. Gracie and Minnie, the shabby children, are suffered to drudge in housework, uneducated and half starved, that mamma may build homes for friendless children, put her name to all the public charity lists, and save at home to spend ostentatiously in charity abroad.

Another proverb was

*Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.*

Hattie, in a rich evening-dress of blue silk, personated the "fair lady." Harvey took the bashful lover, the "faint heart," and Morris the bold, impudent, careless, dashing fellow, who wooed by storm, and won the prize. The acting was very good, and the proverb won much applause. It is impossible for me, in the space of a letter, to give you more than the outlines of these charades, proverbs, and tableaux; you, Susy, must imagine the dialogues. These seem difficult to perform if you have never tried them, but if you once get a party of people interested, they will soon become good actors. Of course there must be ready wit and tact for the conversations, or else the dialogue drags, and the audience weary.

Another proverb we used at Mrs. Paul's was

*It Never Rains but it Pours.*

Harry Bates was alone upon the scene when the doors opened. He soliloquized over a lot of unpaid bills until Mary, as his landlady, knocked at his door. The rent was demanded, not paid, and Mary warned him from the premises. Then came Graham, a collector, with various bills. Harry laid the blame of his poverty upon a miserly old uncle, who wanted him to marry an heiress, while his heart "owned no queen but Glorianna." Next comes a note from said uncle, refusing a dollar for rent. Then Hattie came in with dinner, and a message from the restaurant that "this is the last dinner until the bill is paid." Just as she is going to put it on the table, she trips, upsets and breaks all the dishes, and loses the dinner. He attempts to write to his uncle, and upsets the ink over his last sheet of paper, and, to crown the whole, a letter is handed in from Glorianna, reproaching him for a broken engagement to take her to the opera, when he could not raise the cash to buy the tickets. Then the tide turned. Walter came, as the uncle, leading Grace (Glorianna), who turns out to be the very heiress Harry refused to marry. The rent is paid, dinner ordered, and the rain of felicity pours as fast as that of adversity had done.

The next proverb was

*There's no Rose without a Thorn.*

Gracie personated Miss Laura Matilda Simpson, a lovely young lady in search of a husband. I was her mamma, and Walter the young man who was destined to win Miss Laura Matilda. The first part of the scene goes on smoothly, Walter assuring me that Laura Matilda is *perfection*, without a fault. The enthusiastic

lover leaves us, to cull a bouquet for his lady-love, and returns with a bunch of roses. In admiring and arranging them, Laura Matilda unfortunately finds a thorn. Then comes the fault in perfection—a furious temper. Such a torrent of abuse as Gracie poured upon Walter for his offering, while mamma endeavored in vain to stop the angry vixen. The thorn in his rose being too sharp, Walter took his leave.

Our next proverb was

*When the Cat is Away the Mice will Play.*

The scene was a young ladies' boarding-school. Grace, Mary, Hattie, Minnie, and I were the scholars, and Aunt Harriet the teacher. She (Aunt Harriet) informed us that business called her away for the day, and portioned out studies to be coned in her absence, then left. As soon as she was gone, the books were put away. Minnie took a doll to dress, and the rest of us stood near the window, chatting. Soon Mary's admirer was seen in the street, beckoned up, and Harry Bates entered. Walter, Harvey, and Graham soon followed, one at a time, and last of all Morris, who struck up a flirtation with Minnie. Mary proposed dancing, Harry took a seat at the piano, and played a polka, to which music we all danced. In the midst of it, Aunt Harriet returned. Like a flash, the beaux vanished, some by the windows, some by the doors; books were out again in an instant, and the scene closed on perfect order and silence.

The next proverb was

*A Stitch in Time saves Nine.*

I was the wise aunt of this scene, and Gracie my niece expecting her lover. A small rent in Gracie's dress I discovered and pointed out. Never mind; John was coming to take Gracie to the opera, and she could not stop to mend the tear. Enter John (Graham), and, after a little chat, the lovers start for the opera. In a few moments, they returned, Gracie's dress fearfully torn by catching the tiny rent upon a nail. It is too late to dress again, and the audience are asked to tell what proverb applies to the predicament.

Again, Susy dear, my letter has reached an unpardonable length. I do sincerely hope that my hints will aid you in arranging your parties pleasantly this winter, and introducing some variety upon the dancing and eating that have reigned so long. Adieu. ELLA.

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.

Miss A. L.—Sent three hair rings, June 16th.

Mrs. M. E. H.—Sent hair ring and cross 16th.

Miss B. B. B.—Sent hair ring 16th.

Miss A. H.—Sent hair ring 16th.

Mrs. C. J. H.—Sent hair bracelet and charms 16th.

Mrs. Dr. D. C. M.—Sent pattern of boy's blouse 16th.

Mrs. A. V. Du B.—Sent ear-rings and yokes 16th.

Mrs. C. A. F.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Kinsley's express 16th.

Miss M. L.—Sent hair necklaces 19th.

Mrs. B. J.—Sent pattern boys' clothes and embroidery silk 19th.

Mrs. J. S. H.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 19th.

Miss C. C. L.—Sent article 21st.

Miss M. S. L.—Sent headdress and patterns by Harnden's express 21st.

L. O. G.—Sent black, blue, and cherry-colored silk braid 22d.

E. S. B.—Sent gloves and mitts 22d.

Mrs. S. R. S.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 22d.

M. N. G.—Sent article 22d.

Mrs. R. A.—Sent headdress 22d.

Mrs. R. R. H.—Sent blouse pattern 25th.

Mrs. G. S. T.—Sent pattern of infant's wardrobe 25th.

Mrs. J. McC.—Sent pattern of Alba mantle 25th.

Mrs. J. B.—Sent infant's shirts and patterns 25th.

Mrs. H. S.—Sent patterns, &c. 25th.

Mrs. I. S. V.—Sent hair ring 25th.

Miss A. J.—Sent hair ring and patterns 25th.

M. R. S.—Sent hair vest chain by Adams's express 25th.

Mrs. M. B. D.—Sent mantle by Harnden's express 25th.

J. J. S.—Sent pattern 28th.

Miss B. B. C.—Sent patterns boys' clothes 28th.

J. N.—Sent pattern 30th.

Dr. N. C.—Sent pattern Zouave jackets, &c. 30th.

B. F. B.—Sent net for hair 30th.

E. F.—Sent Panama hats for boys by Harnden's express, July 3d.

J. S. P.—Sent infant's clothes by Adams's express 3d.

M. N. C.—Sent working cotton 3d.

Mrs. J. M.—Sent patterns for boys' clothes and needles 3d.

Mrs. J. Y. M.—Sent hair breastpin 3d.

Dr. G. T. R.—Sent hair fob-chain 3d.

Miss J.—Sent beads 5th.

Mrs. L. P.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Harnden's express 7th.

Miss A. W.—Sent narrow thread edging 9th.

Miss J. P.—Sent India-rubber gloves 9th.

S. M. W.—Sent skirt and curl clasps by Kinsley's express 10th.

Mrs. P. E. C.—Sent ribbon 10th.

Mrs. N. H.—Sent materials for paper flowers by Adams's express 10th.

Miss M. S. D.—Sent pattern of nightcap 10th.

Mrs. M. C. G.—Sent waist pattern and ear-rings 10th.

M. L. P.—Sent mantle, &c. by Adams's express 11th.

Mrs. M. K. McG.—Sent bonnet, &c. by Adams's express 11th.

Miss M. L. N.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 12th.

Mrs. M. L. S.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 12th.

Mrs. J. McA.—Sent patterns and nursery-basket 12th.

R. L. P.—Sent hair fob-chain 12th.

W. T. B.—Sent hair necklace 12th.

Mrs. E. D.—Sent hair necklace and cross 12th.

Mrs. M. S. B.—Sent infant's Marseilles bonnet by Adams's express 12th.

Mrs. S. G.—Sent flower-seed and tissue paper 12th.

Mrs. F.—Sent article 13th.

H. A.—Sent shawl by Adams's express 13th.

Miss A. S.—Sent slipper pattern and chenille 17th.

Mrs. M. F.—Sent comb, wire, &c. by Harnden's express 17th.

Mrs. B. B.—Sent hair ring 18th.

Mrs. E. S. T.—Sent hair charms, Faith, Hope, and Charity 18th.

Miss E. G. C.—Sent hair ring 18th.

Miss B. B. C.—Sent hair necklace and breastpin 18th.

Mrs. J. W. B.—We received a letter from you dated

"Anderson," and sent the needles to "Anderson, Texas." We have received a second letter from you. In neither case is there any *State* mentioned in your letter. This only shows to ladies how necessary it is to mention what *State* they live in. We do not mean married or single, but the *State* of the Union.

Miss N. S.—Sent hair sleeve buttons and needles 19th.

S. P.—Sent bonnet by Adams's express 19th.

Mrs. S. A. S.—Sent pattern of baby's apron 19th.

Mrs. W. J. W.—Sent pattern of child's dress 19th.

## Chemistry for the Young.

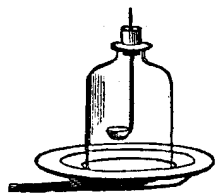
### LESSON XVII.—(Continued.)

358. Advocate as I am for self-manufactured apparatus, nevertheless, in the present case, I will recommend the purchase of some gas-receivers of this kind.

Very small ones—say those having a capacity of half a pint—will be sufficient for our purpose, and the mouths need not be furnished with a stopper, inasmuch as a flat glass valve, greased, and laid flat upon them, will be amply sufficient for all purposes of security. Nevertheless, if such receivers cannot be procured, their substitutes may be made by cutting off the bottom of a wide-mouthed bottle, as described in paragraph 103.



359. Procure or make some little copper ladles, with copper wire attached (by rivetting, not soldering) for handles, thus. Procure also, or make, some disks of tin or zinc plate, about two inches in diameter, with a hole in the centre of each large enough to take the wire. Then, running the wire through the disk, and then tightly through a cork, form an apparatus of this kind. The intention of the disk is to prevent the cork being set fire to; and the use of the cork is to



enable the operator, by sliding the wire up or down to any required extent, to regulate the distance at which the ladle shall be situated from the plate, as represented in the above diagram.

360. Make a helix of steel piano wire, by winding it round the barrel of a quill or cylinder of equal size. Slightly open the helix, straighten one end, and pass it through a disk into a cork, and affix to the other end a minute chip of wood; the end of a brimstone match, with brimstone attached, answers very well. It should not be attached by merely thrusting the wire *through* it, but by carrying the end of the wire around it once or twice. These directions having been attended to, the appended combination will be made.



361. Take a piece of charcoal, small enough to enter readily one of the glass jars; bore a hole through it large enough to admit a copper wire. Pass the wire

through it, and form the end of the wire into a kind of knot, so that the charcoal shall not slip off. To the other end of the wire attach a disk and cork. We are now in a position to investigate some of the leading properties of oxygen.

362. We will commence our investigations on oxygen in a bottle, not in a jar. Take a slip of wood, ignite one end of it, and, when a coal has been formed, blow out the flame, and plunge the still incandescent end into the bottle of gas. Immediately the wood will burst into flame. Thus we learn that the oxygen gas is a remarkably good supporter of combustion, although not a combustible. You will remember that in this respect it is the very reverse of hydrogen.

363. Into a bottle containing oxygen gas pour lime-water (262), and agitate. No perceptible change results.

364. Into another bottle immerse a moistened slip of litmus paper, and again observe no change results.

365. Take now the charcoal attached, as directed, to the copper wire (361), and, holding the charcoal in a spirit-lamp flame, ignite it. When distinctly ignited—no matter how small the area of ignition may be—plunge it into one of the jars filled with oxygen and standing in a soup-plate holding a little water, remark how beautifully the combustion goes on. When it has ceased, remove the copper wire and appendages, and secure the mouth of the jar with a glass valve.

366. Into one of the ladles put a small bit of brimstone (sulphur), and, having ignited the sulphur by touching its surface with the end of a hot wire, plunge it into a jar of oxygen gas. The sulphur will burn with a pale, lambent, blue flame, and vapors will pervade the glass jar. Remove the ladle and appendages, close the jar with a glass valve, and set the whole aside.

367. Instead of sulphur, repeat the experiment with a small bit of phosphorus not larger than a peppercorn; and, in order to avoid accidents, attend well to the following instructions: Phosphorus is a substance which readily bursts into flame by the application of friction, or a temperature slightly above that of the human body. Hence it is invariably kept under water, must be cut under water, and when removed from the water, for experimental purposes, it should be used almost immediately. Having thrown a stick of phosphorus into a saucer or soup-plate, cover it well with water, and cut off a piece as directed. Replace the stick with water in its bottle, and absorb all the water from the little piece by enveloping it for an instant in blotting-paper. Place it now in a copper ladle, and, all being ready, ignite it by touching its surface with a hot wire—*not by holding it in the spirit-lamp flame*. When ignited, plunge it into a jar of oxygen, and observe how brilliant is the result. Combustion being over, remove the ladle, and secure the jar with a glass valve as before.

368. Take another jar of oxygen gas, and plunge into it the helix of iron wire, the chip of wood attached to its end having been previously ignited. The wire will burn with great brilliancy, throwing off combinations in all directions, and scattering little globules of oxide. Some of these will strike, most probably, against the sides of the jar, and burn holes in it; others will probably sink into the substance of the soup-plate, even though they have been partially cooled by passing through a layer of cold water, so intensely are they heated. If all these little globules were to be collected and *accurately* weighed, they would be found heavier than the original iron by the exact amount of oxygen gas having entered into combination with them.

## Centre-Table Gossip.

We have no authority but internal evidence for saying that these gay, but sadly true rhymes are by the author of "The Angel in the House." Whoever may have set their easy rhythm, all will acknowledge the force and purpose flowing beneath them.

### ONLY FOR SOMETHING TO SAY.

"Not engaged? I'm so glad. Will you talk with me, then?"

An oasis for me in this desert of crowd:  
Blest be the blindness of dancing men,  
And Laurent for playing so loud!  
And so you came with the Ardesley set?  
Do you talk with them as you talk with me?  
Do those men listen and never forget,  
And never again be in fancy free?  
I scarce remember'd you, fair as you are,  
And you'll beam as brightly when I am gone—  
Careless that thoughts of a vanished star  
Make a starless night so lone.  
I may take one flower before I go—  
One little bud to tell of the giver?  
O yes, it will die in a day, I know,  
But the memory—never—never!  
An innocent spirit that knew not pain,  
A sweet sunny brow that was stranger to sorrow,  
May ponder and dwell on such words again,  
Half glad, half sad, to-morrow.  
Nay, bonny bird, never pine. Among  
The fairest and gayest be fair and gay,  
Spite of homage wrung from a flattering tongue,  
Only for something to say.

"That last valse yours, sir? Certainly, no.  
Have I not kept the very next two?  
And should I have kept and remember'd them so  
For any one else but you?  
Oh, I'll not praise you for dancing in time,  
And talking better than all the rest;  
But because it is so I think it no crime  
To like you for a partuer best.  
Why did you look, when I danced with Sir John,  
With a look as black as a storm of thunder,  
And now put your drawing-room manners on,  
And your brightest face, I wonder?  
Well, will you take me to have some tea?  
Dear, how fresh it is on the stair!  
You're not too engaged to stay with me  
A minute or two in the air?"  
A look that had scorned the tenderest guise,  
A heart that deem'd itself stern and strong,  
Is bent to the light of a Psyche smile,  
And chain'd by a syren-song.  
Ho, there, Sir Knight! unconquered yet—  
Rover so long, are you caught to-day  
In the soft snare set by a clever coquette,  
Only for something to say?

'Tis a glorious prowess, in sooth, with a word  
To wound the trusting, and tame the proud,  
Even as a leaf by a breath is stirr'd,  
A spray by a dew-drop bow'd.  
And so the battle goes bravely through,  
And heart gets harden'd as tongue flows free,  
And swells the blazon, "I conquer you,  
Lest you should conquer me."  
Fight on, brave souls, 'tis a noble strife—  
Play on, rosy lips, 'tis a merry game—  
Tourney for tourney, and life for life,  
Weapons and lists the same.  
Since language was framed but to hide the thought  
(Moral as deep as the proverb is old),  
Since daily the delicate miracle's wrought,  
Hourly the legend told,  
You will surely own it an idle creed,  
Frivolous gallant and faithless maid,  
That forbids the victim to suffer and bleed,  
For one vain hour's parade;  
You will surely deny by the evident token  
Of trophy on trophy won day by day,  
That hearts may be broken by light words spoken—  
Only for something to say.

### BLEMISHES.—No. 1.

In that admirable book, "Wilson on a Healthy Skin," which ought to be in every family library, and as familiar to mothers as Florence Nightingale's notes on nursing, we find a chapter on blemishes, or "birth-marks," which even educated people will insist on accounting for by a start, or a deprivation. They are thus described by Dr. Wilson:—

"The simplest form is the spider-mark (or, as many people call it, spider-cancer), a small red point, from which a number of little straggling vessels radiate on all sides; sometimes it resembles in size or color a red currant, sometimes a cluster of currants, a strawberry, or raspberry, and sometimes is uniform and of considerable extent, and compared to a lobster.

"They are nothing more than an excessive dilatation of the capillary vessels on a spot of skin, varying in size from a mere point to a patch of several inches square, and are therefore subject to much variety in tint of color, in accordance with the quantity of blood flowing through them. Thus, when the circulation is unusually active, or the individual is excited by exercise or moral causes, the marks are bright red in color; while, on the other hand, in cold weather, or under a depressed state of the mental powers, they become claret-colored, or blue, or livid.

"Again, there are some which are permanently livid and dark-colored, and fancy styles them black currants, blackberries, etc. etc. These blue marks are such as have a more dilated state of the vessels, and a slower current of blood than the red kind, and consequently afford time for the transition of the blood from its scarlet arterial tint to its venous and dark-colored hue.

"The notion of these marks having any connection with the imagination of the mother is perfectly fabulous. Mothers never need worry themselves by idle reproaches, from supposing that any unchecked desire on their part became a cause of deformity to their offspring. They have merely to attend to the four cardinal rules of health, and cultivate a calm mind; nature will do the rest."

Dr. Wilson goes on to say that the attention of a physician should be called to such a development at once, for these marks are apt to enlarge until they are beyond relief; for there is a partial if not an entire relief to be obtained. The best domestic remedy is a "gentle pressure made by a piece of soap plaster spread on leather, which has the additional advantage of keeping them out of sight and observation."

We shall continue to note the different blemishes, freckles, moles, etc., and Dr. Wilson's wise explanation and advice with regard to them.

### FRESH HINTS FOR FLOWER GARDENING.—No. 6.

BEAUTY OF THE GARDEN LAWN.—The great beauty of this ornament of the garden consists in having it soft to tread on and a beautiful bright green color; this can be effected by mowing frequently, at least once every three weeks during the growing season; and, in a very few years, by this operation, the roots become so close and thick that the rays of the sun will scarcely have power to turn it brown. After each mowing, the lawn must be neatly swept, and then rolled with a roller of iron. The edges of the walk should be kept trimmed, so as to present a clean, unbroken line. Such a lawn is improved by occasionally sowing a little dwarf Dutch clover, and, if to be obtained, a little "chaunomie anthemis." This latter, when pressed beneath the foot, exhales a most delicious perfume, is thick, soft, and



velvety to the tread, the color being a darker and more beautiful green than the grass—it spreads and thickens by the constant use of the scythe. A lawn kept in this style is certainly always an object of delight to the eye and preferable to the finest carpet for the foot; but if not neatly kept, it would better be omitted altogether from the garden. The form of lawns must depend on the extent, the surface, or on individual taste.

ORNAMENTING THE LAWN.—Single specimens of plants on a lawn ought to be disposed with the greatest nicety and care. For the most part they should be attached to the plants in groups, by being put at some of their prominent points, to carry out and soften off the swells in them. The more prominent the projection of a mass, the better will it be fitted for receiving one or more specimens as an adjunct or extension. In the openings between the masses, single plants should be very sparingly inserted, as they will lessen their size. Still, where an opening extends beyond a walk, and is not very narrow, a specimen plant or two, not exactly in the middle of the opening, in the hollow part of the curve of the walk, may often gratify the eye and the fancy. On lawns of any considerable breadth, one or two small groups, and a few scattered specimens, will sometimes be necessary in other parts than merely at the sides, to communicate length as well as breadth, and a larger share of variety. In arranging these groups and specimens, regard should be had to several points at which the lawn extends most nearly to the margin of the place, that, by very irregular and broken files of plants, the eye may be thrown into these farthest recesses, and have, in the plants on either side of the view, the means of measuring its full length. A lawn that has its glades flanked with something like rows of low trees or shrubs will seem considerably larger than it is, and will, of course, present more variety of view. By rows and files, however, is not meant literally what the words express, but an ingenious disposal of the groups and specimens, so as to have some of the effect which rows would produce.

#### NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. "Egging Season."—It is a phrase which in this part of the States we cannot fully understand, though we, too, have our "egging season," when fresh eggs shine like gigantic pearls in our storerooms, and there is no puzzling about desserts or breakfast for our city friends. The phrase is used by a California correspondent of the *New York Times*, who thus explains it:—

"Doubtless you have an impression that the city of San Francisco is bounded on the west by the Golden Gate. Not so. The city limits reach twenty-five miles west of that gorgeous setting for our matchless sunsets, and embrace certain rocks known as the Farallones, and which, just now, are in all our mouths, for it is the egging season. The most northerly of the group is a cluster of five rocks. Then there is a 'Central Farallone,' a solitary rock, and south of this a barren granite island, known as the 'Southern Farallone.' Its circumference is a good two miles; its area is crowned with a light-house, which, when illuminated, is visible to the naked eye from Lone Mountain. The Fresnel light is 360 feet above the surface of the sea. There is no shrub or tree about these jagged rocks, yet they are, on every inch of their superficies, green as a pasture-field in early autumn. The green and amber-mottled eggs of the *murre* completely pave them, and will continue to for the next four weeks. The 'foolish Guillanots' are with difficulty roused to

flight by the egg-hunters, and how thick they hover over the rocks may be imagined when it is remembered that, according to Audubon and to the Farallone visitors, each bird deposits but a single egg each year. Yet millions of their eggs have been brought to our market within a few years past. When hens' eggs were a dime a piece in San Francisco, these great murre-eggs came in so plenty that they sold half a dozen for a dime, and nothing so exquisitely dainty was ever tasted before. But now, with hens' eggs at only half a dollar a dozen, though they furnish a fine scramble or a tolerable omelette, they seem to me to mix good flavors a little too intimately. I have no objection to the savor of shad, but prefer not to have it in custards or confectionery."

2. *Tribute to Mrs. Hemans*.—A beautiful tribute to the memory of Felicia Hemans has just been completed in St. Ann's Church, Dublin, where her remains repose, being a "Memorial Window," of painted glass, the cost of which was contributed by her admirers. It is of Renaissance glass, and the success of the artists is complete. The architectural features of the window comprehend two principal lights, with a bold circle and two curved spandrels above them. In each light, two groups of figures in panels appear between as many smaller medallions. The subjects of the four groups are—Miriam singing her Song of Triumph, the Presentation of the youthful Samuel by his mother, Deborah judging Israel, and the Salutation of the Virgin Mary by Elizabeth. The upper circle contains a fifth group, representing another Mary, seated at the Saviour's feet, and receiving from His lips the happy assurance that she has chosen the good part which should not be taken away from her. These figures are all carefully drawn, and they produce exactly the right pictures to be painted on glass. Architectural borders, designed after the manner of Raffaellesque decorative works, complete the window, and bind together its parts into a single whole.

3. *Climate of Japan*.—The winter is extremely mild, the *Camelia Japonica*, which is there a tree blooms all through it. In April, a missionary writes to his friends, "The wheat is in the ear, the rape seed in full bloom, the peas in blossom, the face of all nature gay, and all of Japan, but what is human, a Paradise."

## Fashions.

#### NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor 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, 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 tainas, 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.*—White silk dress, covered with illusion, and trimmed with ruchings of blonde lace, and blue flowers. The corsage is pointed behind and before, and the berthas corresponds with the trimming of the skirt. The wreath is of blue forget-me-nots.

*Fig. 2.*—Dress of white silk, with seventeen small fluted flounces; angel sleeves. The overdress is of illusion, caught up on the left side with a bunch of very bright flowers and grass. Light headdress of flowers, to match those on the skirt.

*Fig. 3.*—Dress of very rich violet silk, three flounces on the skirt; the upper one being twice the width of the lower ones, and each flounce being edged with three very narrow pinked ruffles, the centre one green. The corsage is trimmed *en bretelle*, with puffings of violet silk, edged with a frill of green. The waist is made without points, and is worn with a sash of the violet silk, bound with green. The headdress is a violet chenille net, finished with a thick plait of black velvet, which comes quite far over the head.

*Fig. 4.*—Tarletane dress, flounced over silk: each flounce has on it a narrow fluted ruffle, and the berthas is made of these ruffles. Bouquets of rose-color flowers trim the dress, and the headdress is formed of the same colored flowers.

#### THE LATEST FASHIONS.

(See engravings, page 198.)

##### OUT-DOOR DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY.

Robe of white *piqué*, sprigged with small bouquets in brown and pink. The skirt is very full, and fastened up the front by a row of buttons. On each side there is a pocket covered by a pate or flap, scalloped at the edge. The corsage is high behind, and open at the upper part in front, with revers, which are closed lower down by two buttons. The corsage is not pointed at the waist, but has a ceinture of striped ribbon. The sleeves are shaped to the elbow, set in at the armhole without fullness, and finished at the lower part by turned-up cuffs, scalloped at the edge. The top of the corsage, the revers, the pattes over the pockets and the cuffs, are all edged with white braid. Small turning-down collar of fine lawn; the ends are elongated, crossed one over the other, and fastened by a gold button. Bonnet, having the front composed of white straw, and the crown and the curtain of black silk. The crown is without stiffening, and is formed of two puffs separated by a band of pink ribbon, and a bow in the centre behind. A ruche of pink silk, pinked at the edges, passes round the edge of the front and the curtain, and upon the ruche on one side of the bonnet there is a bow of pink ribbon. A band of pink silk crosses the top of the bonnet, between the front and the crown. Strings, pink ribbon.

##### EVENING-DRESS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

Dress of clear muslin, worn over a slip of green silk, having the corsage low, and *en cœur* in front, demi-low

at the back, and short sleeves. The corsage of the dress has the right side crossed over the left, and it has revers in the shawl form, lined with green silk and trimmed with narrow lace. The corsage is rather short-waisted, not pointed. Ceinture of green ribbon, with flowing ends, fastened in a bow on one side. The sleeves consist of four puffs of muslin, separated by rows of green ribbon. The lowest puff is finished by a band of green ribbon, beneath which is a frill of white lace. In the inner part of the arm, a row of green ribbon passes up the whole length of the sleeve. The skirt is full and gathered in at the waist. A full and deep flounce, surmounted and edged by a *bouillonné* and a narrow flounce, trims the lower part of the skirt at the back and sides. The two ends of this flounce, gradually diminishing in depth and fulness, pass up each side of the front as far as the waist. Between them is a space, forming a tablier front, trimmed at the lower part with six narrow flounces, edged with green ribbon, and disposed in the form of a festoon.

#### LADIES' SHORT NIGHT-DRESSES.

(See engravings, page 201.)

*Fig. 1* is a very stylish night-dress, surplice at the neck, and rounded in front. The trimming is narrow worked ruffles.

*Fig. 2* is a more simple and easy style. It has rows of tucks and inserting down the front, and the sleeve is confined at the waist by a band of inserting, with a worked ruffle turned over on the sleeve. The collar is merely a band of inserting and a worked ruffle.

Patterns of both night-dresses can be furnished by our Fashion Editress.

#### CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR SEPTEMBER.

The principal changes observable in the street are in the matter of bonnets and mantillas, though in Philadelphia and the regions south of it, lace, tissue, *barège Anglais*, and all thin draperies will be worn until near the end of the month. In New York, the heavier silk casaques and mantles of the early spring are again revived, and Brodie is busied in manufacturing those graceful wraps, in light cloths, which are always demanded at this season of the year. In black silk, his favorite style is the long *pardessus*, reaching nearly to the hem of the dress, and fitting to the figure. The skirt is, however, full and flowing, and the whole style of the garment and of its wearer depends on the grace with which the ample drapery below the waist expands, to allow for the crinoline beneath it. *Pelerines* added to the casaque, which can be worn or removed at pleasure, and reaching just to the waist, are, to our eyes, a great improvement to this garment. The favorite trimming is guipure, Italian, or Brussels lace, ornamented with *pendeloques*, or hanging buttons of silk, with a powdering of jet to lighten the whole. It is said that steel, silver, and even gold braid and ornaments will be used later in the season.

There is also a wide, flowing mantle, set in on the shoulder in large plaits; its only ornament a delicate *pelerine* or hood of lace, and a deep trimming of the silk around the bottom. Elegant mantles, the present season, depend more upon the richness of the silk and the quality of the lace than upon variety or showiness of decoration.

As to bonnets, they are chiefly summer or spring straws retrimmed and freshened. The ribbons are very

rich, both in color and design, as are the fall flowers, which are used in abundance. The latter are mixed with *chiffonnies* of the ribbon on the outside. This term means, strictly speaking, a *ruffling* of ribbon, and the ornament is what we should call a cockade, or semi-cockades in groups; berries and fruit are freely introduced, all coral berries and grapes particularly. These are often tipped with gold, and mixed with gold-powdered foliage, which has a bright cheerful effect, and is not at all too showy for cool weather; and we may expect a great popularity for this style of floral manufacture, the present season. Speaking of gold ornaments, the *Montieur* says:—

"This precious metal now plays a very conspicuous part in nearly all evening headdresses, as well as in silk and cashmere ball cloaks, and even some garments for visiting toilet. The *Mantchou*, a charming model brought out by Gagelin, is ornamented with gold also; but only in the form of a small fillet passing through the openings of the gulpure trimming."

As to evening-dress (see also our designs the present month) it describes some tasteful models.

"A white dress covered with ruches and feather fringe, and a headdress, also of feathers, gracefully mixed with small flaxen curls, and fastened by diamond agrafes."

"A thulle dress over a mauve silk slip, and all the way up the skirt wreaths of convolvulus, forming festoons, fastened at intervals by a large bouquet with drooping branches. The sleeves were entirely surrounded with drooping branches, and the body was decorated, between its smooth crape draperies, with small wreaths of foliage, flowers, and long trails. The headdress was round, but light slender branches hung down on all sides, and on the left there was a bow of gold cord ending in two tassels."

"A thulle dress, with a blue satin slip under it, was puffed all over, and on each puff fell a narrow flounce, decorated by two very narrow blue velvets separated by a narrow silver lace, and trimmed with white blonde. The sleeves were composed of a puff and narrow flounce, decorated in the same manner; and the body, which was draped, and cut away low in front, had a similar trimming at the bottom of the drapery, forming a bertha. The headdress was composed of tufts of myosotis and rosebuds, in the form of a diadem, rather high on the forehead, a cordon at the sides, and a rounded *cache-petite* behind, all intertwined with silver thread."

"Sleeves for evening-dress are all made wide and open, but for day wear they are nearly all closed either plain and with elbows, or puffed at top and close-fitting in the lower part. Dresses continue to be trimmed only at bottom, either with several very narrow flounces or two deep ones. Sometimes these flounces are covered by a double skirt, looped up by large bows at the sides. Dresses of fancy silk are generally worn with a sash tied at the side, sleeves puffed in the upper part, surmounted by jockeys formed of three small flounces, plain at bottom, and ending in a turned-up cuff trimmed with three small frills."

This will probably still prevail in the making up of the rich fall silks and mixed stuffs, which are now being opened in the wholesale departments of Levy, Evans, Stewart, Arnold, and other of our best importers.

To return to evening-dress, which this month includes nearly all of novelty, we give some plainer models from a different source.

"A dress of white tarletane has thirteen flounces, each bordered with a row of narrow rose-color velvet. The corsage, low and pointed in the centre of the waist, is

covered by a bertha, forming a point before and behind, and trimmed with rose-color velvet. The sleeves are short, and formed of two frills edged with velvets. A canezou of white thulle has been selected for wearing with a dress of mauve-color *barège*. This dress has a low corsage and short sleeves. The corsage of the canezou is composed of *bouillonnés* crossed at regular intervals by rows of very narrow black velvet. The sleeves consist of nine puffs, extending from the shoulder to the wrist, where they are finished by a small mousquetaire cuff; the puffs on the sleeves are separated by rows of black velvet.

"Robe of white thulle over a slip of groselle-color silk. The skirt has nine *bouillonnés* of thulle, dropping slightly one over another. Each *bouillonné* is covered by a narrow frill of thulle, edged with narrow blonde, and with three rows of narrow groselle-color velvet. Above the nine *bouillonnés* there is a broad flounce of white thulle, edged with blonde and with three narrow rows of groselle-color velvet. The corsage is low, and with a long point in front of the waist, and has a drapery formed of plaits of white crape; below the plaits there is a frill of white blonde edged with thulle. In front of the corsage there is a large bow of white thulle edged with blonde, and with rows of groselle-color velvet. The sleeves are formed of two small frills of thulle surmounting two puffs of the same. The frills are trimmed to correspond with the other parts of the dress. The headdress consists of a wreath of the foliage of the service tree, intermingled with festoons of coral beads."

Fans ornamented with spangles of steel and gold continue to be fashionable. The material usually employed for mounting these fans are thulle and crape, either colored or white.

Several new coiffures, suitable for full evening-dress have just appeared. One consists of a very souple gold net. It droops, loose and flowing, over the back of the head, somewhat in the *fanchon* form, and it is edged round with small light tassels and pendeloques of gold. At the top, in front, there is a small bouquet of roses without foliage, and a bow of black velvet. A headdress just received from Paris, where it is styled the *Coiffure Eugenie*, is in the form of a diadem or coronet, and consists of green velvet foliage, daisies white and colored, with ornaments of gold intermingled. The coiffure *Louis Treize* is a toque of mauve-color velvet, ornamented with amethyst and a white ostrich feather. One of the prettiest of these headdresses is composed of blue velvet, with a large agrafe of silver, and small silver chains disposed in festoons and pendant ends. Another consists of crimson velvet, an aigrette of white feathers, and tassels of gold. The *Coiffure Zouave* is in green velvet and gold, with a bandeau formed of white ostrich feathers twisted together.

In lingerie, plain linen cuffs on cambric or Nansook sleeves continue to be worn, with collars to correspond, finished only by a row of very fine stitching, or a cord stitched in near the edge. We have been shown some sets of French cambric embroidery, an entirely new shape, the collar crossing in narrow lappets in front, where it is fastened by an ornamental button, gold, coral, or cameo; lappets in the same style form the back of the cuff; they are richly embroidered in an extremely neat and delicate pattern. The Zouave habit-shirt continues to be imported, which is a prediction that this graceful jacket will increase in favor the coming winter. The front is in square or box folds, an inch in width, each embroidered with a vine, the whole pattern so disposed as to form a handsome chemisette.