

GODEY'S

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WHAT LADIES HAVE DONE FOR MARITIME DISCOVERY.

QUEEN ELIZABETH of England affords another striking example of what ladies have done for maritime discovery. But her patronage was of a different character from that of Isabella. The noble Queen of Castile acted from feeling, the stately Queen of England from far-sighted policy. Both laid the foundations of the future greatness of their respective countries by their patronage of maritime discovery.

Elizabeth permitted her subjects to engage in depredations on Spanish commerce without openly declaring war. Francis Drake engaged in this service, and was the first Englishman who beheld the Pacific Ocean. He instantly formed a scheme for attacking the Spanish commerce on its waters, and the Spanish forts on its shores. On his return to England, Sir Christopher Hatton, Vice Chamberlain Counsellor of the Queen, presented him to Elizabeth; to whom Drake imparted his scheme of ravaging the Spanish possessions in the South Sea. The queen listened; but whether she gave him a commission, or merely assured him of her favorable sentiments, is a disputed point. It is alleged that she gave him a sword, and pronounced these singular words, "We do account that he which striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us." He fitted out an expedition at his own expense, and with the help of friends and partners in the enterprise, consisting of five ships, and got to sea on the 13th of December, 1577.

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But this expedition was of a very different character from that of the noble Columbus. Historians characterize it as half piratical and half national. At any rate it was altogether warlike, and fully answered Elizabeth's pur-



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

pose of annoying the haughty Spaniards. To show something of its character, the spirit of the times, and the manner in which Elizabeth stimulated British maritime enterprise, by her patronage of Drake, we quote from Mr. Goodrich the concluding paragraphs of his narrative

of this expedition. It commences at a point where Drake, having committed extensive depredations on the Spanish commerce and possessions on the Pacific, is about to leave Acapulco, a port on the southwest coast of Mexico.

"Before leaving Acapulco, Drake put the pilot, Nuno da Sylva, whom he had taken at the Cape Verds, on board a ship in the harbor, to find his way back to Portugal as best he could. He then sailed four thousand five hundred miles in different directions, till he found himself in a piercingly cold climate, where the meat froze as soon as it was removed from the fire. This was in latitude forty-eight north. So he sailed back again ten degrees and anchored in an excellent harbor on the California coast. This harbor is considered by numerous authorities as the present Bay of San Francisco. The natives, who had been visited but once by Europeans, under the Portuguese Cabrillo, thirty-seven years before, had not learned to distrust them, and readily entered into relations of commerce and amity with Drake's party. From the Indians the latter obtained quantities of an herb which they called *tabak*, and which was undoubtedly tobacco. The Californians soon came to regard the strangers as gods, and did them religious honors. The king resigned to Drake all title of the surrounding country, and offered to become his subject. So he took possession of the crown and dignity of the said territory in the name and for the use of her Majesty the Queen. The Californians, we are told, accompanied this act of surrender with a song and dance of triumph, 'because they were not only visited of gods, but the great and chief god was now become their god, their king and patron, and themselves the only happy and blessed people in all the world;' Drake named the country New Albion, in honor of Old Albion or England. He set up a monument of the queen's 'right and title to the same, namely, a plate nailed upon a fair great post, whereon was engraved her Majesty's name, with the day and year of arrival.' After remaining five weeks in the harbor, Drake weighed anchor, on the 23d of July, resolved to abandon any further attempt in northern latitudes, and to steer for the Moluccas, after the example of Magellan.

On the 13th of October he discovered several islands in latitude eight degrees north, and was soon surrounded with canoes laden with coconuts and fruit. The canoes were hollowed out of a single log, with wonderful art, and were as smooth as polished horn, and decorated throughout with shells thickly set. The ears of the

natives hung down considerably from the weight of the ornaments worn in them. Their nails were long and sharp, and were evidently used as a weapon. Their teeth were black as jet—an effect obtained by the use of the betel-root. These people were friendly and commercially inclined. Drake visited other groups, where the principal occupation of the natives was selling cinnamon to the Portuguese. At Ternate, one of the Moluccas, the king offered the sovereignty to Drake, and sent him presents of 'imperfect and liquid sugar'—molasses, probably—'rice, poultry, cloves and meal which they called sagu, or bread made of the tops of certain trees, tasting in the mouth like sour curds, but melting like sugar, whereof they made certain cakes which may be kept the space of ten years, and yet then good to be eaten.' Drake stayed here six days, laid in a large stock of cloves, and sailed on the 9th of November. At a small island near Celebes, where he set up his forge and caused the ship to be carefully repaired, he and his men saw sights which they have described in somewhat exaggerated terms: 'Tall trees without branches except a tuft at the very top, in which swarms of fiery worms, flying in the air, made a show as if every twig had been burning candles; bats bigger than large hens—a very ugly poultry; cray-fish, or land crabs, one of which was enough for four men, and which dug huge caves under the roots of trees, or, for want of better refuge, would climb trees and hide in the forks of the branches.' This spot was appropriately named Crab Island.

On the 9th of January, 1580, the ship ran upon a rocky shoal and stuck fast. The crew were first summoned to prayers, and then ordered to lighten the ship. Three tons of cloves were thrown over, eight guns, and a quantity of meal and pulse. One authority states distinctly that no gold or silver was thrown into the water, though it was the heaviest part of the cargo; another authority asserts the contrary in the following passage: 'Conceiving that the best way to lighten the ship was to ease their consciences, they humbled themselves by fasting, afterwards dining on Christ in the sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think of it, with much sugar and packs of spices, making a caudle of the sea round about.' The ship was at last freed, and started again on her way. Her adventures from this point offer no very salient features; she stopped

at Java, the Cape of Good Hope, and Sierra Leone. In the latter place Drake saw troops of elephants, and oysters fastened on to the twigs of trees and hanging down into the water in strings.

Drake arrived at Plymouth after a voyage of two years and ten months. Like Magellan, he found he had lost a day in his reckoning. He immediately repaired to court, where he was graciously received; his treasure, however, be-



QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING DRAKE.

ing placed in sequestration, to answer such demands as might be made upon it.

Drake was denounced in many quarters as a pirate; while in others, collections of songs and epigrams were made, celebrating him and his ship in the highest terms. The Spanish am-

bassador, Bernardino de Mendoza, who called him the Master Thief of the Unknown World, demanded that he should be punished according to the laws of nations. Elizabeth firmly asserted her right of navigating the ocean in all parts, and denied that the Pope's grant of a

monopoly in the Indies to the Spaniards and Portuguese was of any binding effect upon her. She yielded, however, so far as to restore to the agent of several of the merchants whom Drake had despoiled, large sums of money. Enough remained, however, to make the expedition a remunerating one for the captors. The queen, then, in a pompous and solemn ceremony, gave to the entire affair an official and governmental ratification. She ordered Drake's ship to be drawn up in a little creek near Deptford, to be there preserved as a monument of the most memorable voyage the English had ever yet performed. She went on board of her, and partook of a banquet there with the commander, who, kneeling at her feet, rose up Sir Francis Drake.

The Westminster students inscribed a Latin quatrain upon the mainmast, of which the following lines are a translation—

'Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knows, which
thou didst compass round,
And whom both poles of heaven saw—which north
and south do bound,
The stars above will make thee known, if men here
silent were:

The sun himself cannot forget his fellow traveller.'

The ship remained at Deptford till she decayed and fell to pieces; a chair was made from one of her planks and presented to the University of Oxford, where it is still to be seen.

Such was the first voyage around the world accomplished by an Englishman. Drake's success awakened the spirit and genius of navigation in the English people, and may be said to have contributed in no slight degree to the naval supremacy they afterwards acquired. If, in accordance with the manner of the times, he was quite as much a pirate as a navigator, and mingled plunder and piety, prayer and pillage, in pretty equal proportions, and is to be judged accordingly, he at least made a noble use of the fortune he had acquired in aiding the queen in her wars with Spain, and in encouraging the construction of public works. He built, with his own resources, an aqueduct twenty miles in length, with which to supply Plymouth with water. He died at sea, while commanding an expedition against the Spanish West India Islands. He wrote no account of his adventures and discoveries. A volume published by Nuna da Sylva, his Portuguese pilot, whose statements were confirmed by the officers, has served as the basis of the various narratives in existence."

Thus far Mr. Goodrich's notice of Queen Elizabeth's patronage of Drake; which bore fruit in a few years, when the maritime power of England had so far increased as to offer effectual resistance to the famous "*Invincible*

Armada" of Philip II. Mr. Goodrich's notice of this affair is so interesting that we quote it entire as a closing extract.

"From what we have said of the piracies of the English and of their encroachments upon the domain of the Spanish, and of the ardent desire of the latter to retain the monopoly of the trade with the natives of America, and to hold the exclusive right to rob and slay them at their pleasure, the reader will be prepared for the imposing but bombastic attempt made by Spain against England in 1588. Philip II. determined to put forth his strength, and his fleet was named, before it sailed, 'The most Fortunate and Invincible Armada.' It was described in official accounts as consisting of one hundred and thirty ships, manned by eight thousand four hundred and fifty sailors, and carrying nineteen thousand soldiers, two thousand galley slaves, and two thousand six hundred pieces of brass. The vessels were named from Romish saints, from the various appellations of the Trinity, from animals and fabulous monsters, the Santa Catilina, the Great Griffin, and the Holy Ghost being profanely intermixed. In the fleet were one hundred and twenty-four volunteers of noble family, and one hundred and eighty almoners, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits. Instruments of torture were placed on board in large quantities, for the purpose of assisting in the great work of reconciling England to Romanism. The Spaniards and the Pope had resolved that all who should defend the queen and withstand the invasion should, with all their families, be rooted out, and their places, their honors, their titles, their houses, and their lands be bestowed upon the conquerors.

Elizabeth and her counsellors heard these ominous denunciations undismayed, and adequate preparations were made to receive the crusaders. London alone furnished ten thousand men, and held ten thousand men in reserve: the whole land-force amounted to sixty-five thousand. The fleet numbered one hundred and eighty-one vessels—fifty more in number than the Armada, but hardly half as powerful in tonnage. Eighteen of these vessels were volunteers, and but one of the one hundred and eighty-one was of the burden of eleven hundred tons. The Lord High Admiral of England, Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham, commanded the fleet, with Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher in command of the various divisions. A form of prayer was published, and the clergy were enjoined to read it on Wednesdays and Fridays in their parish churches. In this, Elizabeth

was compared to Deborah, preparing to combat the pride and might of Sisera Philip. The country awaited the arrival of the Spaniards in anxiety, and yet with confidence.

The Armada sailed from the Tagus late in May, with the solemn blessing of the Church, and patronized by every influential saint in the calendar. A storm drove it back with loss, and it did not sail again till the 12th of July. It was descried off Plymouth on the 20th 'with lofty turrets like castles, in front like a half moon; the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly, though with full sails, the winds being as it were weary with wafting them, and the ocean groaning under their weight.' The English suffered them to pass Plymouth, that they might attack them in the rear. They commenced the fight the next day, with only forty ships. The Spaniards, during this preliminary action, found their ships 'very useful to defend, but not to offend, and better fitted to stand than to move.' Drake, with his usual luck, captured a galleon in which he found fifty-five thousand ducats in gold. This sum was divided among his crew. Skirmishing and detached fights continued for several days, the Spanish ships being found, from their height and thickness, inaccessible by boarding or ball.

They were compared to castles pitched into the sea. The Lord Admiral was consequently instructed to convert eight of his least efficient into fire-ships. The order arrived as the enemy's fleet anchored off Calais, and thirty hours afterwards the eight ships selected were discharged of all that was worth removal and filled with combustibles. Their guns were heavily loaded, and their sides smeared with rosin and wild fire. At midnight they were sent, with wind and tide, into the heart of the invincible Armada. A terrible panic seized the affrighted crews: remembering the fire-ships which had been used but lately in the Scheldt, they shouted, in agony, 'The fire of Antwerp! The fire of Antwerp!' Some cut their cables, others slipped their hawsers, and all put to sea, 'happiest they who could first be gone, though

few could tell what course to take.' Some were wrecked on the coast of Flanders; some gained the ocean; while the remainder were attacked and terribly handled by Drake. The discomfited Spaniards resolved to return to Spain by a northern circuit around England and Scotland. The English pursued, but the exhausted state of their powder magazine prevented another engagement. The luckless Armada never returned to Spain. A terrific storm drove the vessels upon the Irish coast and upon the inhospitable rocks of the Orkneys. Thirty of them were stranded near Connaught; two had been cast away upon the shores of Norway. In all, eighty-one ships were lost, and but fifty-three returned home. Out of thirty thousand soldiers embarked, fourteen thousand were missing. Philip received the calamity as a dispensation of Providence, and ordered thanks to be given to God that the disaster was no greater.

A day of thanksgiving was proclaimed in England, inasmuch as 'the boar had put back that had sought to lay her vineyard waste.' Some time afterwards, the queen repaired in public procession to St. Paul's. The streets were hung with blue cloth; the royal chariot was a throne with four pillars and a canopy overhead, drawn by white horses. Elizabeth knelt at the altar and audibly acknowledged



PROCESSION IN HONOR OF THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.

the Almighty as her deliverer from the rage of the enemy. The people were exhorted to render thanks to the Most High, whose elements—fire, wind, and storm—had wrought more destruction to the foe than the valor of their navy or the strength of their wooden walls."

CITY RELATIONS: OR, THE NEWMANS' SUMMER AT CLOVERNOOK.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

(Concluded from page 386.)

CHAPTER V.

OCTOBER came, with nut-brown and crimson forests, sluggish mists veiling the river, and the soft, dreamy Indian summer haze upon the air. That had been a pleasant summer at Clovernook. There were rides for the invalid Mrs. Newman, who latterly complained less of her ailments than of old; afternoon strolls in the deep woods, under the glossy foliaged oaks or graceful feathery branched hemlocks; romps in the great barn, fragrant with mows of new-mown hay, or morning chats in the farm-house for the two girls; but with the advent of October the visitors began to talk of their return to their city home.

Gorham had left Clovernook when the August heats were over. "Aw, but it was so deuced dull up there in New Hampshire," he confided to his intimate friend, Bob Atherton, as the two promenaded Washington Street one clear September morning, after his return to town, "by Jove, a fellah couldn't stand it! To be sure, there was Cousin Dora, a confounded pretty girl, with an eye bright enough to kindle tinder in a susceptible fellah's heart-aw; but you know, Bob, when a fellah has travelled, and seen all the beauties of the Old World, he is apt to get a little *blasé* on the subject of feminine charms-aw. Liked me vastly, Cousin Dora did! Haven't the least doubt, 'pon my word-aw, but I could have cut out a clever rustic who is trying to look sweet in that quarter, if I'd entered the lists; but-aw, to tell the truth, Bob, the weather was deuced hot, and I was too lazy-aw. Wanted Jenny to come back to town with me-aw, but it was no go! Suppose the govenaw 'll go up and fetch 'em home next month-aw. Deuce take me, Bob, if I'd live in the country-aw! A fellah can enjoy it awhile, laying off under the trees and fishing—used to catch splendid trout up there, Bob; but when it comes to staying there into cool weather, I'm off-aw."

Gorham Frederick quite forgot to impart to his friend farmer Littlefield's standing joke about "catching fish with that new-fangled city bait," and perhaps his self-complacency might have been slightly disturbed had he heard pretty Dolly, standing in the open front

door, late the Sunday night after his departure, in rather suspicious proximity to tall, handsome Ned Rollins, confess "that, for her part, she was not sorry for Cousin Gorham's departure," which declaration Ned stoutly affected to disbelieve, affirming, with a roguish smile, that he harbored jealousy against "that city sprig!"

But now October had come; trunks were packed, bundles of dried herbs, which Deborah Littlefield held good as tonic, stringent, or laxative "in sickness," jars of delicious preserves, balls of golden June butter, and a brace of rich cheeses were added to the luggage which accompanied their guests to Clovernook. One Saturday night brought Mr. Newman from the distant city, a pale, anxious-faced man, with lines on his forehead that looked like the balance-marks on his ledgers, and who seemed to have left his thoughts behind him in his counting-house; and on the succeeding Monday farmer Littlefield's ample wagon was reined up at the farm-house door, and the farmer himself, in his Sunday suit, stood ready to drive the party over to the railway station in the village.

There were hearty, warm, and reiterated invitations from Deborah Littlefield for a visit "next summer" to the farm, for which invitations both the merchant and his wife returned thanks and similar biddings for a visit to Boston, while Jenny romantically protested she should *die* without her dear Dora, and vowed an interchange of letters every week till they should meet again. "And Dora has promised to visit me this winter, haven't you, darling coz? and you *will* let her, won't you, dear, good Mr. Littlefield?" she asked, repeatedly.

"We'll think on't! Don't like to promise, 'cause you see my little wood-squirrel might get lost in your great Babel of a Boston," laughed the farmer, good-naturedly. "Howsomever, if she should ever take it into her curly head to run away from home for a spell, s'pose you'll keep her straight, neighbor Newman?"—turning to Jenny's father.

"Certainly, certainly," smiled the merchant, nervously pulling on his glove. "Let her come to see us soon; and I dare say she'd like a peep at city novelties. Come down yourself, Mr. Littlefield, you and your wife, and

we'll do our best to repay your kindness and hospitalities this summer."

"Thankee, thankee, sir; but 'tain't much likely mother 'n I'll ever git so fur from home; the farm keeps us tied up here, you see; but mabbe Dolly 'll have a notion bimeby to take a trip down to Boston, p'raps to buy some extra fixin's, a silk gown, or fancy bunnit, or some sich, when *somebody* takes it into his head to hurry up a certain occasion, you know!" And he winked and nodded slyly, while pretty Dolly blushed and pouted saucily.

"That's right," replied the merchant, moving from the door as he spoke, with the air of a man impatient to get back at his business again. "We shall expect to see you at Boston soon, Miss Dolly. Come, wife, come, daughter. I'm fearful we sha'n't reach the train in season, and I can't be left, for I promised to meet a man on State Street this afternoon." And in another minute the last good-byes were said, and farmer Littlefield's wagon was bearing them away, while Dolly and her mother stood in the door, watching them till the last bend in the white turnpike carried them out of sight.

"O dear, mother," said Dolly, in a dispirited tone, as they returned to the sitting-room, "I shall miss Jenny so! and, if 'tweren't for thinking how much I've got to do this fall, I'd sit down and have a good cry. Mother, did you hear what father said?" she asked, after a little pause, a deep blush creeping over her fresh cheeks. "But he didn't know how *true* 'twas, for Ned asked me last night, mother—" But here the blush deepened, and Dolly could not speak for embarrassment.

Mrs. Littlefield's eye read that pause, and perhaps her fond mother-heart trembled at the thought that her home-bird was about seeking another nest; but, concealing her emotion, she asked cheerfully, while her housewifely hand ranged the chairs in due order against the wall: "Well, Dolly, and when does Ned want to be married?"

"Oh, mother! last night he said his house was ready and waiting, and as soon as you, and father, and I thought best," stammered Dolly, brokenly. "He named Thanksgiving, but I said that was too soon, and then he wanted it—the *wedding*, you know, mother—to be Christmas or New Year's. I don't know; what do you think, mother?" And Dolly went and laid her head on her mother's shoulder.

Mrs. Littlefield's arm tightened about her daughter, her only girl. For a moment the thought rose in her mind, "Why does Ned Rollins come to take away our darling?" but

in a moment more that passed. They would not be widely parted; the home to which the young farmer was to take her was but three miles away; where the girl's heart led her she would not hold her selfishly back, so she fondly stroked the curly head, and said with a quiet smile: "Ned's in a hurry, my child; I guess father'll say you'll have to put him off till somewhere towards spring. Let me see—the 20th of February is your birthday, Dolly, and that's soon enough. *That* shall be your *wedding-day*, daughter. There, don't cry, Dolly; you'd be ashamed to have Ned come in and see you now, wouldn't you? Jest think what's to be done, Dolly. We shall have to put the quilts in right away, and I guess I'd better ask in the neighbors two or three afternoons; many hands make light work, you know. I shall keep Mirandy with me this winter. And I guess, Dolly, you'd better go down to Boston for a week or two about New Year's, and get your wedding things. Cousin Jane or her Jenny'll go out shopping with you; they invited you so politely. I declare, how much better Jane Newman looked when she went away than when she come! like another woman. My herb teas and diar drink done her a sight of good. Come, Dolly, let's go up into the linen press, and look over the blankets and bedding." And, on housewifely calculations intent, motherly Deborah Littlefield bustled away.

"Gosh ninety, Mirandy! the kitchen's clear agin, now them stuck up city folks have cleared out," was the comment of blunt Seth Warner, coming in and hanging up his old straw hat on a peg, then sitting down to watch "Mirandy" in the operation of getting a boiled dish for dinner. "Feel mighty relieved, like, don't ye, Mirandy?"

"Hum! ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies," answered "Mirandy," shortly, tossing her head and dropping the turnips into the boiling pot. "But I can tell you *one* thing that's true enough, Seth Warner," she added, after a little silence. "Ned Rollins stayed purty late last night, and I jest see *Miss* Littlefield and Dolly up stairs in the linen press overhauling things, and in *my* opinion things is workin' there."

"'Sho', now, you don't say, Mirandy!" replied the astonished Seth, opening wide his eyes, and following Miranda in her journeyings from the cooking-stove to the table. "When do you suppose it'll be—the *weddin'*, Mirandy?"

"Don't know, can't tell," and Miranda jerked

out her words with unwonted asperity, "couldn't purtend to say; but I calkelate Ned Rollins ain't the feller that's forever and a day after makin' up his mind. It's a word and a blow with him; ain't like *some folks*"—another toss of the head—"dilly-dallying round, and never know nothin'. I s'pose I shall stay till it happens, for I promised *Miss Littlefield*, when I came, to stay as long as she wanted me; but in the spring I'm going over to keep house for Jabez Hopkin; he can't do a thing with them two children of his, runnin' wild ever since poor *Miss Hopkins* died."

"No, you ain't! say you *ain't* goin' over to keep Jabe Hopkin's house, *Mirandy*!" said Seth, imploringly, getting up and laying his hand on the girl's arm.

"Lord, what ails the critter?" said Miranda, bridling and tossing off his hand. "What's the *reason* I ain't a goin' over to keep house for Mister Hopkin, I should like to know, Seth Warner?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin' in the world, *Mirandy*, if you *say* so!" replied poor Seth, sitting down despairingly, and leaning his face on his hands. "Nothin', as sure as I'm 'live, if you say so; but I did kinder hope that p'r'aps—mebbe—you know what I've been a lookin' forrard to, *Mirandy*! I swanny, I'll go straight off and sell my new house I've bought this summer, now there's nobody to keep it for me; I vow I'll do it, *Mirandy*!"

Whether Seth's air of real sorrow at her words, or his sudden resolve to dispose of the neat little cottage he had bought with money of his own earnings, and mayhap over which she had looked forward to preside as mistress, caused Miranda Pike to waver in her avowed intention to "keep house for Mister Hopkin," a spruce widower, certain it was that that determination must have been shaken; for, going up close to poor Seth, and laying her red hand on his arm coaxingly, Miranda said in a soothing voice: "There, don't act so, Seth. How in the world do you s'pose I knew you wanted *me* to wait for you? And Mister Hopkin has called over two or three times—"

"Jabe Hopkin go to thunder!" vociferated Seth, grasping Miranda's hand tightly, and springing from his chair. "I'll shake him out of his boots, if I catch him on the Clovernook farm agin this winter. Say, *Mirandy*," he added, subsiding into a calm, "gentle as a baby," as Miranda afterwards told Miss Dolly, in confidence, and looking up sheepishly, "when do you calkelate you can be ready to keep

house for *me*? What say to settin' up airy in spring? say about plantin' time?"

And I suppose "*Mirandy*," looking flushed and pleased as she added another contribution of vegetables to the contents of the boiling pot, fully coincided in Seth's idea—"about plantin' time."

CHAPTER VI.

It was the afternoon of a cold but bright January day when Dolly Littlefield emerged from the cars, after a five hours' journey, into the crowded Boston and Maine Depot. The clatter and din of the porters trundling their hand-carts to and fro, the loud voice of the baggage-master standing over piles of trunks within his inclosure, and calling out the numbers of the checks, the deafening cries of the hackmen, vociferating and gesticulating violently from behind their railing, and the swarm that thronged about her as she walked somewhat timidly along the depot, pulling at her arm and almost snatching her travelling satchel from her hand, all conspired to confuse the girl who for the first time stood within the precincts of a noisy city.

"Have a hack?"—"A hack?"—"A coach, Miss?" rung in her ears; but she walked up the depot slowly, looking around in every direction among the pressing throng, a shade of disappointment settling over her face.

"Take my hack? Where are you going? Take you right there, Miss!" urged one voluble driver, who had followed the girl's steps.

"I was expecting my cousin to meet me here," she replied, "but I don't see him anywhere. I suppose Gorham did not get my letter," she added, *sotto voce*.

"Better ride with me, Miss! This way!—your check for your baggage! one trunk, you say, miss?" said the hackman, observing her increased air of disappointment. And she followed him outside the depot, and entered one of the line of carriages drawn up at the curb-stone.

"Where shall I carry you?" he asked again, after putting up her trunk.

"To Mr. Newman's—John Newman's, No. —, Tremont Street."

The driver jumped upon his box, and the bells jingled merrily, for there was deep snow lying trampled and soiled in the narrow city streets. Emerging from Haymarket Square into the foot of Hanover Street, everything wore the aspect of novelty to the country girl who looked for the first time on a great city; and

Dolly's keen, bright eyes took in much of life during that ride, gazing alternately from either window of the coach upon the crowded sidewalks.

Such gay shops, with bright goods displayed at doors and in windows! such elegant silks and brilliant cashmeres hanging in long folds as they neared the head of the street! and Dolly inly balanced the choice between "that striped" or "that plaid" for her wedding-dress. Such beautiful fancy articles she noted inside the great plate glass panes—vases, lamp-screens, china dolls for children! and then such splendid tea-services as shone and glittered through the windows of the shops after they had turned round Court and came into Washington Street! It all seemed like the creations of Aladdin's lamp to the delighted gazer from the coach window. And then what long, unbroken lines of teams, drays, coaches, some on wheels and some on runners, at the corners of streets where the driver was forced sometimes to rein up a minute or so! and such crowds of people—gentlemen with heavy whiskers and loose Raglans; ladies in tiny hats, rich furs, and cloaks; and children dressed out so handsomely in hats with scarlet ribbons, all so stylish-looking that little Dolly, in her plain beaver bonnet and gray cloak, felt quite "countryfied," little recking that many a faded, rouged, velvet-clad lady on yonder sidewalk would have gladly exchanged her costly apparel for the sweet country maiden's dimpled cheeks and air of fresh health and loveliness. And then those two great open sleighs—omnibuses, Dolly knew they were called—that they met, filled with gay-looking people returning from an afternoon excursion out on "the Neck!" and what a stylish-looking man that was in the fur collar and cuffs (though a trifle bold, to stare so, Dolly thought), who looked so earnestly in at the coach window where she sat while passing by! And what tall houses, so quaint-looking, some of them! But the streets—Dolly thought what a pity they had not been made wider; then suddenly she recollected the old story that they were once "cow-paths in Puritan times," which accounted for their narrowness and crookedness. Then she noticed a sign with gilded letters hanging from a door, "The American Union Newspaper Office;" she had often read the beautiful stories published in that sheet; and then she looked round for the office of the *Farmer*, for that found its way to Clovernook every Saturday; it was the paper her father liked best, and her school friend, Hattie Cleaves, wrote poems for it under a nom

de plume. "I wonder if that is the editor standing there by the doorway?" Dolly thought; but just then he turned to walk up the sidewalk, and, by the badge on his cap and the star on his breast, Dolly's editor resolved into a policeman. Then they passed a tall church, where the hands of the clock in the tower pointed to four, and the girl ventured to inquire of a fellow-passenger if that was the Old South Church; and, on receiving an affirmative answer, straightway recalled what she had read in her history in her school-days, how the British had once turned the church into a stable. (I wonder how many daily passing and repassing the old edifice up and down Washington Street bethink them of this threshold over which trampled the hoofs of British war-horses in "the time that tried men's souls?") Then, farther up, passing larger and gayer shops, while the crowds on the sidewalks grew denser, and the gas jets began to light up the windows and streets in the early winter's twilight, Dolly noted rich silks, bright worsteds, splendid carpetings, gay millinery, and "the whirling lady" in Partridge's window, round which a knot of gazers were collected; then she saw miracles of tempting confectionery in Vinton's windows; and still above there were pictures—paintings and engravings so beautiful that she would scarce have known which to choose, could she have had either bestowed upon her for the asking. And presently the girl's eye noted a large, elegant building on her right, with great placards in blue letters on the vestibule door, announcing, "Positively the last engagement of the young tragedian, Edwin Booth, in the play of Hamlet, this evening." "Oh, that is a theatre! How I should like to see a real play! I have read all of Shakspeare's!" mentally ejaculated Dolly. "I do hope Cousin Gorham will take Jenny and me some night while I stay." But a sudden pause of the hack to disembark a passenger disturbed the thread of her thoughts, then a *detour* and a turn through another street, and a short drive brought her into Tremont.

"Are you quite sure this is my cousin's—John Newman's?" the girl asked, somewhat timidly, looking up at the imposing stone front with its high flight of steps as she stood on the sidewalk.

"That's the name on the door," replied the driver, good-humoredly, unstrapping her trunk, then running up the steps to ring the bell, while the girl followed him.

"Is Mrs. Newman in?" was her question of the shock-headed daughter of Erin who answered the bell-pull, "or Jenny?" she added.

"Is it the mistress ye're wantin'?" answered the girl, somewhat insolently, eyeing the new-comer's plain and scarce fashionable attire, so different from the plumes and flounces of the fine ladies who daily rang the bell or left their cards at the merchant's mansion. "Miss Jenny is engaged, dressin' for the theater or somethin'."

"Tell Mrs. Newman I wish to see her!" said Dolly, drawing forth her purse to pay and discharge the hackman.

"Yer name, Miss, if ye please!" said the Irish girl, still eyeing the trunk deposited in the hall.

"Tell them Dolly Littlefield has come," she replied, quietly, and with a look which quite quenched the insolent air of the servant, who evidently regarded visitors with no favoring eye.

"Jist take a sate in the dhining-room, while I carry yer name up, Miss," said the girl, more respectfully, throwing open the door of a handsomely furnished, gas-lighted apartment opening into the carpeted hall, which Dolly thought quite good enough for the best parlor, and where she now seated herself, inly contrasting the ill-bred Irish domestic who had just left her with their own good-mannered though country "Mirandy."

"Sure, and it's one of the country cousins has come, where the mistress went visitin' last summer," soliloquized Margaret O'Connor, as she took her errand up to the dressing-room where sat Jenny Newman and her mother; and presently she returned with a message for the new-comer to follow her up stairs, where, if the protestations of delight with which she was greeted were *sincere*, Dolly certainly could not complain of her reception.

"Oh, Cousin Dora, why didn't you write, and let us know you were coming?" queried Jenny, tossing a silk dress she held to a sofa, and embracing the girl who entered the luxurious chamber. "I'm delighted, charmed!"

"I did write to Gorham, asking him to meet me at the depot, but I suppose he never received the letter. It was very lonesome when I got here among strangers, but the coachman was very kind," replied Dolly, innocently, unnoticing the little cough of her cousin as she assisted in removing her things, or the embarrassed air of Mrs. Newman, who just then left the room a moment. How could the simple country girl know that the elegant Gorham Frederick, tossing her letter to the breakfast-table that morning, vowed "he wasn't going down to the depot to gallant the little rustic-

aw, for he'd got an engagement with a fellow at the reading-room, and the coachman might bring her up-aw," or that Jenny and her mother had consequently resolved to betray no knowledge of their appraisal of the visit?

So Dolly gave her cloak and hat into Jenny's hands, drew up a low chair to her cousin's side, and innocently told her "that she was going to be married next month, and had come to Boston to buy her wedding things."

"Oh, that is charming! delightful!"—and Jenny clapped her little jewelled hands. "And of course you will get fashionable things"—a side glance at the beaver bonnet and plain cloak on the lounge; "there are some splendid silks opening at Hovey's!"

Dolly looked down at her plain merino, and for a moment felt almost abashed at the contrast between it and the richly trimmed cashmere Jenny wore; but her practical good sense came to her aid, and she replied: "I sha'n't get anything *very* splendid, Jenny."

A little time passed in conversation, then Mrs. Newman came in, and then, when Dolly stood before the mirror brushing out her thick, glossy hair, the tea-bell rang.

In the brilliant, gas-lighted dining-room, at the tea-table garnished with its bright-colored cover, snowy china, silver forks, and folded napkins, Dolly met Gorham Frederick, who, divesting himself of Raglan and fur collar in the hall, came lounging gracefully in.

"Aw, bless ma soul, Cousin Dora! did you rain down from the Granite State-aw?" he exclaimed, with an air of affected surprise, extending the tips of three fingers. "'Pon my word, I'm chawmed at seeing you, and rosy and smiling as ever!"

"I felt a little sorry that my letter did not reach you," said Dolly, when the greetings were over. "I almost got lost in the crowd at the depot, Cousin Gorham."

"Lettaw? Wondaw where it went? Should have been chawmed to escort ma fair cousin up to Tremont Street," unblushingly replied the young gentleman (?), conveying a spoonful of stewed oysters to his mouth.

"Oh, it was no matter; I found the place nicely, and had a nice ride coming up," replied Dolly, smilingly. "I have quite an idea of Boston already, Gorham."

"And how will it compare with New Hampshire, ma fair coz, think you-aw?" queried the youth, in a drawling tone.

"Oh, I'm not prepared to say yet. We will compare notes at some future time, if you please," she returned, laughingly.

Later, Mr. Newman came in, looking careworn, harassed, and with the lines in his forehead grown deeper. But his greeting was *real*, and Dolly felt that it had a heart in it, for somehow, though vaguely as yet, the girl was feeling that the city welcome lacked something of the warm, whole-souled hospitality of the country one. But the merchant swallowed his tea hurriedly, ate but little, talked but little, then hastened away down town again, and the family went up stairs into the parlor.

Could she have heard the brief, whispered consultation between Jenny and her brother as they lingered behind a minute in the hall, Dolly might no longer have doubted the insincerity of their welcome.

"How provoking, Gorham!" whispered Jenny. "Here's Ellis Loring coming to take me to the Boston to see Booth in Hamlet, and this country cousin must happen here! How I'm to get off is more 'n I can see; but I'm resolved I won't take her along! Just think of that old-fashioned hat and that dowdy cloak of hers! Dora isn't homely or awkward, but she lacks *style*, and I shouldn't want Helen Loring, or the Wentworths, or the Farrars asking who she was, and I have to introduce her as 'my cousin.' What *shall* I do, Gorham?"

"Do, sis? Why, get off as I did about the lettaw—tell a little fib or something. Tell mother to say she's too tired with her journey, or something of that sort, and get her off out of the parlor when Loring calls," said the young gentleman, twirling his moustache.

"But it doesn't seem quite right," replied Jenny, with some faint compunctions of conscience. "I declare, I felt so nervous about that letter at the tea-table, Gorham! How *could* you deny it so?"

"Oh, I didn't exactly *deny* its reception, you see-aw, Jen; but if the little rustic chose to put *that* construction on it, do-aw you suppose I was going to *confess* it? But about going to see Hamlet to-night, sis," he continued, "they say Booth's *foine*, deuced smart in that. You see I'm engaged to go with a party of fellahs I'm going to meet at Parker's, so it's quite impossible that either you or I can devote ourselves to our rustic visitaw."

"But I can't forget how much they did to make us enjoy our visit up at Clovernook last summer, and really, Gorham, it isn't very polite to leave her," said Jenny, hesitatingly.

"O pshaw! that's different, sis; those sort of things are expected when people go into the bushes-aw; but our country visitaw, I take it, will not mind much the loss of seeing Ham-

let-aw. I'll take her into the museum some evening as an offset, and you can show her the elephant-aw going out shopping, for I suppose that's what she came 'to taown' for."

"Yes, Dora's going to be married next month, and came to buy her things."

"Aw, married? And to that rustic lovaw we saw up there last summer, I suppose? the fellah that invented the patent agricultural implement-aw? Well, I promised to meet the boys early; so I'm off, Jen."

And so, without extending the invitation to accompany her to witness the play, Jenny coolly excused herself to Dolly on the plea of "an engagement" when Ellis Loring called, leaving her mother to cover the matter by saying, as a matter of course, while they sat in her dressing-chamber that evening: "I knew you were too tired, my dear, to think of such a thing as going out, so we will make ourselves comfortable at home to-night, Dora."

Dolly Littlefield could but reply "Yes;" though, as she was shown to her room by Irish Margaret full two hours before the theatre-goers returned, she could but think that the truer politeness would have been to leave the question of fatigue to her own judgment, as well as the choice of seeing the play or not to her own wish.

CHAPTER VII.

It is not our intention to follow our little country maiden through the various incidents of her two weeks' visit at the Newmans', the visit which might have been so pleasant, but which, in reality, was far from that to her; for, with that quick intuition of human nature which Dolly inherited from her shrewd father, she saw that the people she had so loved and devoted herself to the previous summer, the people who had flattered, fawned, and rendered themselves agreeable to the hospitable dwellers of Clovernook, seen here in their own home, were widely different in character from what she had imagined them to be. Had Dolly been over-sensitive or timid, like most girls, she might have made herself very miserable at this discovery; but, possessing strong, practical good sense, she very wisely determined to accomplish the object of her visit, outwardly taking no note of the selfish conduct which a faint show of politeness could not cover, all the while intently studying their characters with scorn, contempt, and a shadow of wounded feeling deepening in her heart. "I owe them

no favors," said the independent girl; "they are indebted to father, mother, and myself for a long summer's hospitality, and during my brief visit I will test the truth of father's estimate of 'city folks' before they came to Clover-nook." So Dolly very quietly concealed her feelings, never intruded her company on Jenny or her fashionable callers, but asked her assistance in her shopping; accepted Gorham Frederick's loth invitation to visit "the museum," and set about enjoying herself as much as possible, even while she fully understood the feelings of her city relatives toward their "country cousin."

Jenny was in a dilemma; the share of good sense which she naturally possessed bade her banish the idea of uneasiness lest her fashionable friends should recognize in the plainly attired girl a country relative, but the foolish pride which had been fostered by a weak, injudicious mother prevailed. Dolly, with a quick eye, detected this; and, one evening, being in the parlor when Ellis Loring called, and over-hearing Jenny say, in a low tone, "only a country cousin, Mr. Loring," as the twain went to the piano after the hurried introduction, she quickly resolved, with the true spice of womanly mischief, to repay her when occasion occurred.

This happened next day, when the two girls were shopping. Looking at silks at Hovey's, Dolly turned to observe Ellis Loring and his haughty, elegantly attired sister lounging over the same counter, and Jenny chatting with Miss Loring. With a little nod to the handsome gentleman, who coolly returned it, a mischievous idea entered Dolly's naughty brain.

"Cousin Jenny," she began, with the genuine nasal twang of a verdant specimen of up-countrydom, "naow, which of these 'ere silks would you advise me to git? Mother said be sure and git one't I could *turn* bimeby, or 'twouldn't be thin and slazy, if I got it colored some day."

The elegant Helen Loring slightly raised her eyebrows, and looked superciliously at the speaker, to whom Jenny Newman had taken good care not to present her; Jenny colored crimson and bit her lips, staring in amazement at her cousin, and "mortified to death" at noting Miss Loring's air of disdain; the clerk was too well bred to smile as the purchaser appealed to him for advice, adding: "I don't know about gitting that overshot (brocade) goods; am afraid 'twon't be durable. P'raps you 'd give me a pattern just to take up to *Miss Newman's*, Cousin Jenny's mother, and see what

she thinks about it? Ain't it something like that gown you wore up to our house last summer, Jenny?"

Jenny turned an appealing look toward her, so imploring that Dolly would have laughed and relented but for the remembrance of the preceding evening's insult. She remembered how, last summer, she had taken special pains that Ned Rollins, her own Ned, should walk, drive, talk with, or entertain in a hundred ways *her* visitor; and then she thought of the return meted out to her, to be spoken of as "only a country cousin," and left to amuse herself the livelong evening, while the pair sang, flirted, or laughed, quite ignoring her presence. So little Dolly Littlefield quite unheeded the supercilious stare of either Ellis Loring or his haughty sister, quite unheeded crimson-faced Jenny's air of mortification, and turned again to the clerk, who replied blandly:—

"We don't give patterns, but I shall be happy to cut you a dress, Miss. Or will you look at some rich striped silks? We have some new and choice styles just opening."

"Wall, I guess I 'll look at the *stri-ped* ones, and mebbe I shall find something that 'll answer for a standin'-up gown. O Lor! I forgot I hadn't oughter said that," she added, clapping her hand over her lips with a ludicrous air of simplicity and *gaucherie*. This time the clerk smiled. "Naow, how much do you ask a yard for this 'ere piece of goods?" she inquired, fingering a handsome blue silk with satin stripe. "Purty good quality, but I s'pose it's too dear."

"That's one dollar fifty, Miss, and a bargain at that. Newest style, just invoiced; can't get them at any other house in the city so cheap."

"O Lor! that's what you storekeepers always say. Mother said I must beat you down; said you always asked too high in the first place. Naow, mister, what's the lowest you 'll take a yard for a gown off of that piece? and mebbe we 'll make a trade." And the little bargainer put on quite a business air.

"We have but one price, Miss; never take less," imperturbably replied the clerk, proceeding to fold up the goods.

"O Lor, don't be in a hurry, naow. Ain't mad, be ye? Mebbe we 'll trade, for I kinder like the goods. I 'd got sot on blue, though I dunno but mother 'll think I'm too extravagant. Howsomever, I might as well be killed for an old sheep as a lamb, an' I guess father 'll be on my side, and like the gown. Jest measure me off—lemme see, sixteen yards, I guess; I'm

goin' to have a *bask*, and we have to make the skirt dreadful wide these days, you know, mister."

The clerk bit his lips and cast a strange quizzical glance at the little maiden; but her cherry lips were puckered up demurely, and a very staid expression veiled the spirit of mischief in her blue eyes. The silk was duly measured.

"Lemme see! sixteen and eight's twenty-four; that's it, good old Granite State money, some of that father had paid him for the yoke of steers. That's right, mister, ain't it?"—counting out a roll of bills.

"Perfectly right, miss. Where shall I send the bundle?" bowed the clerk.

"O Lor! jest as if I was too proud or lazy to carry that home." And she grasped the package.

"The silk is really very desirable, very pretty," said the elegant Helen Loring, desiring to banish poor Jenny Newman's *distrain* and mortified air.

"I hope it will wear well, and won't *spot*—blue is bad to spot sometimes," complacently replied Dolly, appropriating the remark. "But then I can get it colored black, you know. But come, Jenny, if I've got to git my bunnit this forenoon, hadn't we better be going? Good morning, mister." And, bowing to the clerk behind the counter, and quite unheeding the elegant Ellis Loring leaning on the counter, Dolly hurried her cousin away.

"Dolly Littlefield, how could you?" asked Jenny, with much asperity, as they gained the sidewalk; "and before my friends, too!"

"Jenny Newman, how could you? and last night, before *your friend*, too! 'Only a country cousin!'" replied the girl, quietly, but with a sudden flash in her eye which quite precluded any further remark.

Jenny bit her lip. Dolly did not purchase her bonnet that morning, and the two girls walked home in silence.

That afternoon, as Jenny kept a pouting reserve over a book in her chamber, and Dolly sat in her own room arranging her purchases, Irish Margaret answered a ring at the door-bell, and presently brought up the message, "A gentleman in the parlor waitin' to see Miss Littlefield," and Ned Rollins, who had "come to Boston on a little business," he said, met his Dolly with a tender kiss and a loving pressure of the hand, which brought the tears of happiness to her eyes. Midst so much heartlessness, to know that he, so good, so manly, so noble, was true!

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Dolly did not prolong her stay beyond the next day, nor did she return to New Hampshire alone, for that next day, when the cars slowly puffed their way from the depot in Haymarket Square, Ned sat beside her, and that evening, when they had reached the terminus of their railway ride, she found Ned's sleigh and sorrel colt awaiting them at the depot in Arostook. Ned held the reins with one hand as they drove homeward, while the other stout, protecting arm encircled the plump form in the plain gray cloak beside him. And when, pausing in the white highway before the new frame house they were passing, the house where he and Dolly were soon to set up their "household gods" and dwell in their own happy home, Ned asked with a smile:—

"Well, Dolly, which do you like best, city or country?"

Then, with a little burst of laughter mixed with indignation, the girl replied—"Oh, here best, Ned! I wouldn't live in Boston for anything in the world!" And afterwards she told him all, how she "took down" Jenny Newman's foolish pride by enacting the character of "the country cousin." What merry bursts of laughter—Ned's hearty, sonorous peals, and the girl's gay, silvery ones—floated out on the clear, frosty air of the winter's night as they dashed along, the jingling sleigh-bells and the pulses of their own happy hearts beating a sweet echo chime!

"Blast 'em!" said farmer Littlefield, with flashing eyes, and growing very red in the face, when the straightforward Dolly again related the story at home. "There! jest as I told you, mother—jest as I took 'em to be!"—shaking his head at Deborah Littlefield, whose honest, motherly face glowed with indignation and injured feeling. "Don't care for us half as much as the wind whistlin' round the corner of the house out door, only for what they can git out of us! Blast 'em!"—this was the nearest Jacob Littlefield ever came to "swearing"—"they're a confounded selfish set, the whole posse of 'em. Needn't try to cover it up, daughter!"—to Dolly, who had interrupted him with the representation that "Mr. Newman seemed very glad to see her, and treated her very politely;" "needn't excuse it; a man that can't rule his own house and bring up his own children to know the common laws of good manners, to say nothin' of decency, ain't no man at all! I've allers known Jane Newman rules the roost. He makes the money and she spends it, and she's shown herself out the very woman I allers took her to be, selfish and ill-

mannered. But there, Dolly, there! I guess 'tain't no use workin' myself into a passion about it. 'What's bred and born in the bone must come out of the flesh,' and I knew Jane Newman when she was a girl—Jane Sawyer—vain, self-conceited, though purty good-looking then. Hey, Dolly, she even tried to cut out your mother once; didn't know that, did ye? But she found out 'twas a hard bargain, I reckon, so went off to Boston, to pick up a husband there"—and the farmer's merry eyes twinkled roguishly as he met his wife's smiling "There, there, Jacob!" "Howsomever," he continued, "I can't say I'm sorry these city folks have shown themselves out, for we shall know jest how to treat 'em now. Mebbe they'll want to 'visit Clovernook farm to see their dear cousins' agin next summer; but we'll send 'em word we don't keep boarders, hey, mother?"

But, reader mine, who have patiently fol-

lowed this narrative thus far, and are doubtless as patiently waiting our *congé*, what need to prolong the story? Of course there was in due time a wedding at Clovernook farm, and sweet Dolly Littlefield was made Dolly Rollins in the "stri-ped silk," in which she also "appeared out bride" at the village church the following Sabbath; and, though Mrs. Newman and Jenny sent a letter of congratulation, nobody replied; and it furthermore happened that "Mirandy" Pike and Seth Warner linked together their hands, hearts, and fortunes (much to the discomfiture of the widower, "Mister Jabez Hopkins") the ensuing spring, "about plantin' time;" while it also as duly came to pass that future summers failed to bring the city relatives of the Littlefields to pass the heated term either at Mrs. Edward Rollins' new home or the old farm at Clovernook.

ACTING CHARADE.—REFINEMENT.

BY S. ANNIE FROST

Characters.

MR. FREDERICK STANLEY, *a young married man.*
 MRS. KATE STANLEY, *his wife.*
 MISS CARRIE BUTLER, *Mrs. Stanley's sister.*
 MR. CHARLES HOLBROOK.

REFINE.

SCENE 1.—MR. STANLEY'S *parlor.* *Curtain rises, discovering KATE and CARRIE arranging some flowers in a vase.*

Carrie. But, my dear Kate, this may be entirely your fancy. It is only two months since your wedding-day; surely Mr. Stanley cannot already be tired of his little country girl.

Kate. Not exactly tired of me, Carrie, but—but—well, it must come out, he's ashamed of me. You see, Aunt Mary's taking you when you was little, and giving you schooling and all that makes a lady of you, and I am nothing but a stupid country gal, that's just the long and short of it. I can't learn manners all in a hurry, and Fred's fond of parties and all them things, and he says I'm gawky, and awkward, and boisterous, and I don't know what all.

Carrie. But, sister, why do you not endeavor to correct any such deficiencies?

Kate. Hey?

Carrie. Try to improve, I mean.

Kate. My stars, I do try; I'm all the time a-trying. Jupiter! ain't it 'tarnal hot?

Carrie. It is oppressively warm. What a pretty country-seat this is, and so near the city, too!

Kate. Plaguey near! Fred is always lugging out some feller or other to dinner or stay all night, and I always get a blowing up for awkwardness after it. Fred's turned what he calls gentleman farmer; a heap he knows about farming; he bought his pigs, cows, and chickens yesterday.

Carrie. We must visit them after dinner.

Kate. See here, Cad; I don't kinder like to ask you, but just s'posing while you're here you try to larn me manners. Oh, Carrie, I can't bear to have Fred ashamed of me when I loves the very ground he walks on. You'll larn me to be a fine lady, won't you?"

Carrie (cheerfully). We will practice etiquette, if it is only to make you the same light-hearted Katie you were before your marriage. Mr. Stanley has succeeded in making you sad and constrained, if nothing else.

Kate (listening). Hark! that's my husband's step.

Enter FREDERICK.

Kate (embracing him). Oh, Fred, dear, I'm so glad you've come.

Frederick. How vehement you are, my love ! A little more gentleness would be more refined. Do try to cultivate an easy repose !

Kate. I forgot ! Here is my sister Carrie, Fred, come to make a visit. Ain't it nice ?

Frederick (bowing to Carrie). You are most welcome, Miss Butler. Although we have not met before, Kate has often spoken to me of her dear sister.

Carrie. And her letters to me, whilst I was abroad with my aunt, made me fully prepared to esteem my new brother.

Kate (aside). Oh, luddy, how stiff, bowing and scraping !

Frederick. Have you come direct from home, Miss Butler ?

Kate. For patience sake, call her Carrie ; Miss Butler is horrid stiff.

Frederick. Kate, pray try to recollect my request to you to avoid the use of such exclamations as "patience sake" ; they are shockingly vulgar. (*To Carrie.*) Have I your permission to address you by your Christian name ?

Carrie. Oh, certainly ! Are we not brother and sister ?

Frederick. Then, Carrie, since you are so kind, allow me to claim a brother's privilege. (*Attempts to kiss her.*)

Carrie (stepping back). Stay, stay ; I will consider the matter.

Kate. Oh land, Carrie ! kiss Fred.

Frederick. My dear, I have requested you very frequently not to abbreviate my Christian name. It is not refined.

Kate. You are forever snubbing me !

Frederick. Snubbing is an elegant word in a lady's mouth. Ah, the pleasure of seeing your sister made me quite forget to mention that I have invited an intimate friend of mine, Mr. Holbrook, to dine with us to-day. Now, Kate, he is one of the most perfect gentlemen of my acquaintance ; do, for my sake, receive him cordially, but gracefully. I must tell James to put some wine on the ice. (*Exit Frederick.*)

Kate. You see, Carrie ! Scold, scold, scold, all the time ; and I hear nothing from Monday morning till Saturday night, and all Sunday, too, for that matter, but refine ! Refine here, refine there ; I'm sick of the word. Oh, dear, what did Fred marry me for, if I am such a case ?

Carrie (warmly). Because under some little ignorance my sister has the warmest, kindest heart that ever throbbed. (*Aside.*) I suppose it will hardly do to call her husband a conceited puppy.

Kate. Carrie, just 'sposing you tell me now

how to behave when he brings this new city feller out here. I'll do something awful for certain. Must I shake hands ? Fred says I always grab a hand like a pump-handle.

Carrie. It is not necessary to shake hands. Courtesy in this way (*courtesies*), saying, Good-morning, Mr. Holbrook !

Kate (courtesying awkwardly). So !

Carrie. No, you do it too abruptly, and too low. Slowly, and do not bend so much. (*Kate tries a second courtesy.*)

Carrie. That is better. Then, Kate, don't tell him as you did me that you are "mazing glad" to see him ; say very glad, and do not use any of the exclamations Mr. Stanley objects to. Call your husband Mr. Stanley when speaking of him, and—

Kate. Stop, stop ! That's enough for one day. Oh, land, it's monstrous hard work to refine !

Enter FREDERICK and CHARLES.

Frederick (speaking as he comes in). You are quite right, my dear fellow, quite right.

Carrie (aside to Kate). Now, sister, remember !

Frederick. Mrs. Stanley, allow me to introduce a most dear friend, Mr. Holbrook.

Kate (with a cold, stiff courtesy and grave face). Good-morning, Mr. Holbrook !

Charles (bowing). Good-morning, madam ! (*Aside to Frederick.*) I say, my boy, am I *de trop* ?

Frederick. Not at all, my dear fellow. (*Aside.*) What does Kate mean ? (*Aloud.*) Miss Butler, Mr. Holbrook. Charlie, let me introduce my wife's sister. (*Charles and Carrie bow.*)

Charles (taking one of the flowers from table). Is the lovely arrangement here, your taste, Miss Butler ?

Carrie. Flowers are one of my sister's passions. Here is a new specimen of pansy, quite rare. (*They converse over the vase.*)

Frederick (to Kate). What do you mean by receiving my friend in that manner ?

Kate. Manner ? I—I was trying to be polite, to refine—

Frederick. Pshaw ! You were so stiff he fancied he was unwelcome—in the way.

Kate (running over to Charles). See here, mister, I'm 'mazing—no—I mean very sorry you conceited—no—oh, what is the word Fred said to use for conceited ? I know, I'm very sorry you imagined you was in the way. Bless my heart ! No, I don't mean that—but I'm 'mazing glad to see you. I am, indeed, 'cause you are one of Fred's—no—Mr. Stanley's friends.

Charles (bowing with grave surprise). Madam, you are most kind.

Frederick (aside, petulantly). I wish I had held my tongue.

Kate. Ain't them pretty flowers? Oh, Fred, one of them 'ere pigs you bought yesterday died this morning. It was run over. Cricky, how it squalled!

Frederick. After its decease?

Kate. It hadn't no decease; it was run over!

Frederick (taking Kate aside). My dear, had you not better make some additions to your dress before dinner?

Kate. Why, this 'ere muslin is the very one you used to like such a heap afore we was married! You used to call me beauty when—well, something about adorning, and you said it meant—prettiest without fixings.

Frederick. But now, you have other dresses more suitable.

Kate (in a loud whisper). Look how that fellow's sparkin' our Cad.

Frederick. Hush, they'll hear you.

Kate. I say, mister!

Charles. Did you address me, madam?

Kate. Sittin' 's as cheap as standing. Take a chair, and give Carrie one.

Charles (offering Kate a chair). Pardon my negligence.

Kate. I don't want it. Here, Carrie, you take it! Oh *(to Charles)*, what beauty studs! Where did you get 'em?

Frederick (aside). Oh, this is fearful!

Charles. I am glad your taste agrees with mine.

Kate. I wish dinner was ready; I'm pretty nigh starved. Oh, see here, Fred, the man cheated you about them 'taters.

Frederick. I do not imagine, my love, that Mr. Holbrook is interested in our domestic arrangements. *(Aside to Kate, fiercely.)* Will you never cease mortifying me?

Kate. I'm sure I didn't mean any harm; don't get mad!

Carrie (to Charles). Have you seen Bulwer's last novel?

Charles. "What Will he Do with It?"

Kate. Why sell it, now he's writ it! *(Bell rings.)*

Kate. Dinner! I'm glad of it. Come along, all of you. *(Runs out. Charles offers his arm to Carrie and follows.)*

Frederick. Was ever a man so annoyed! With Kate's kind heart and natural talents, she would be perfect with a good address, but her whole manner is so terribly counterfeited it seems almost impossible to refine it. *(Exit.)*

[Curtain falls.]

MEANT.

SCENE 2 same as SCENE 1. Curtain rises, discovering KATE, alone, reading.

Kate (reading).

"So we grew together,
Like a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition."

I wonder what that is, a union in partition. Oh dear, it's no use, I'll never know nothing. Fred has been gone a week, and he'll be three years in Europe. I meant to refine while he was gone and please him, but I can't. Carrie told me to read! What's the use of reading when you can't make head or tail of it? This is the biggest book on the shelf *(reads the title)*, "Shakespeare's Works," and it is orful stupid. I'm tremendously sleepy reading it, but I've got through a good deal. It seems to be a kind of mixed up. I reckon he didn't know much, beginning all the lines with capitals when they don't make verses. Verses always has a jingle at the end of the lines. I know that much.

Enter CARRIE, slowly and sadly.

Carrie. It is all over! Oh, are you there, sister?

Kate. Why, Carrie, what's the matter? You look dumpy!

Carrie. Nothing; I—I—nothing in particular. *(Begins to cry.)*

Kate. Why, Carrie. Don't cry, Carrie dear—don't! What's the matter?

Carrie (sitting down beside Kate). Oh, Kate, I'm such a dunce!

Kate. No, you ain't. There's only one dunce in our family, and that's me. Where's Mr. Holbrook? I thought he was with you.

Carrie (sadly). He will never come here again.

Kate. Never come here again. Carrie Butler, you and him's fit!

Carrie. I—I—he, that is we—well, Kate, I'll tell you. He asked me to marry him.

Kate. Good! He's a duck!

Carrie. I, just to plague him, pretended to be indifferent, and—and—

Kate. You didn't say no?

Enter CHARLES, who stands unperceived by the others.

Carrie. Yes, I did; all girls say no at first.

Kate. I didn't!

Carrie. I meant to say yes, afterwards; but

he went away so cold and dignified, he'll never come back.

Kate. But, Carrie, what on earth made you say no, when you meant yes?

Carrie. Just to tease him. To—to— Oh, Kate, I love him so much, I was afraid to let him see it.

(*Charles touches Kate on the shoulder, unperceived by Carrie, and motions her to be silent.*)

Kate (to *Carrie*, nodding to *Charles*). And he will never come back?

Carrie. He is so dignified, and he was offended because I have encouraged him. Oh, Katie, Katie, I am so sorry. (*Bends her head to the table, weeping.*)

(*Kate, rising, motions Charles to take her seat, and leaves the room.*)

Carrie (still sobbing). If he would only come back!

Charles. Carrie, darling!

Carrie (starting up). You here! Kate gone!

Charles. I am here. Will you send me away again?

Carrie. No, no. I was wayward, foolish—I—

Enter KATE.

Charles (embracing *Carrie*). You are mine, then!

Carrie. All yours, if you will forgive me!

Kate. Well, Carrie, have you said yes?

Carrie. I have, sister, said it, and—

Kate. Meant it! [*Curtain falls.*]

REFINEMENT.

A lapse of three years is supposed to take place between SCENES 2 and 3.

SCENE 3, same as SCENES 1 and 2.

Enter KATE, dressed with great elegance.

Kate. To-day! to-day! Oh, I can scarcely restrain my impatience! After an absence of three years, dear Fred will return to-day. I long, yet almost fear to see him. Carrie assures me that my weary time of study, and the course of dancing lessons, with her instructions upon points of etiquette, have improved me, yet Fred was so fastidious. Easy repose! that was one of the first requirements in his catalogue. Well, patience! patience!

Frederick (behind the scenes). Where is she? (*Calls.*) Kate! Katie, darling!

Kate (springing towards the door). There he is! Fred! my husband! (*Returning slowly.*) No! running to meet him will earn me another lec-

ture upon boisterous manners. I—he's coming—I must retire, and meet him with easy repose and refinement. (*Exit at left of stage.*)

Enter FREDERICK, at right of stage.

Frederick. Home at last! Where is Kate? Ah, what a fool I was with my bonny Kate! After three years spent in cold, heartless, fashionable life abroad, I have learned to appreciate her warm-hearted sincerity, and even if sometimes she used expressions or gestures that grated harshly upon my sense of propriety, kindness, not continual fault-finding, was the remedy. Where is Kate? I long for one of her hearty embraces.

Enter KATE, slowly, and with dignity.

Frederick (rushing up to her). Katie, darling!

Kate (coolly, waving him off). You are very vehement! How are you?

Frederick (amazed). Why, Kate!

Kate. Katherine! Pray do not abbreviate my Christian name.

Frederick. But—

Kate (sitting down). Pray be seated, Mr. Stanley. Did you have a pleasant voyage?

Frederick. Thunderation!

Kate. If I may presume to criticize, violent exclamations annoy me exceedingly. Pray take a chair.

Frederick. Is this the way you receive your husband after three years' separation?

Kate (carelessly). Oh, if you remember, you wrote to me very frequently.

Frederick. Wrote! I do not understand all this.

Kate. I cannot see anything puzzling. You have come home; I am delighted; yet there is no necessity for any energetic display of our feelings. Might I trouble you to hand me my fan? It is near you, on the table.

Frederick (handing the fan). I think you are quite cool enough now. (*Sits down angrily, with his back to Kate.*)

Kate. Your long visit to Europe does not seem to have added to the refinement of your manners, Mr. Stanley.

Frederick. Hang refinement!

Kate (aside). Amen! (*Aloud.*) Your coat sits very nicely across the shoulders.

Frederick (suddenly turning to face her). May I ask, madam, for an explanation of your most extraordinary conduct?

Kate. Extraordinary! I do not exactly understand you!

Frederick. What has happened in my long absence to make you cease to love me?

Kate (coolly). Love is a very old-fashioned word, Mr. Stanley. Married people in the present age entertain a high mutual esteem or admiration for each other. But love—oh, love is quite out of fashion.

Frederick (beginning to walk rapidly up and down the stage). Confound fashion!

Kate. Indeed, Mr. Stanley, this constant use of vulgar phrases is very trying to my nerves.

Frederick. Nerves, too! Oh, this is too much!

Kate. We regretted your absence at my sister's wedding. It was quite a brilliant affair.

Frederick. Well, Mrs. Stanley, since my return calls forth no more warmth than this in your reception, I will return to Europe by the next steamer.

Kate. Return to Europe!

Frederick. In the mean time, if you wish to address me, I will be at the — hotel. Good-morning. (*Going.*)

Kate (springing up). No, no! Fred, dear Fred!

Frederick. I little expected to find my warm-hearted, impulsive little Kate turned into an icicle.

Kate. Do—you—prefer—the—old—wife?

Frederick. It is partly my fault, I admit. I never dreamed that forms, etiquette, and study could so change an ardent, loving nature. Oh Kate! Kate!

Kate (hesitatingly). You were always advising her to cultivate an easy repose, and air of refinement.

Frederick. But not at the expense of love and feeling.

Kate (coming close to him). Then you would welcome your little country girl if she returned?

Frederick (joyfully). Is she here?

Kate. Here, here! Oh, Fred, Fred darling, I am glad to see you.

Frederick (embracing her). That's my bonny Kate!

Kate. You will overlook your little wife's faults, Fred?

Frederick. She has not one!

Kate. Then—then—promise never to say refine to her again.

Frederick. I promise; for I call on these ladies and gentlemen to witness that Mrs. Frederick Stanley is a model of refinement!

[*Curtain falls.*]

JUSTIFIABLE ANGER.—Wise anger is like fire from a flint; there is great ado to get it out; and when it does come, it is out again immediately.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY L. S. GOODWIN.

My children are playing out in the snow,
That filtered last night the clouds below;
I pause at my tasks to see the show
Of their own little pleasant device—
With the breakfast cloth, from before the grate,
Ere shaking the crumbs at the kitchen gate,
Which doves, looking out of their windows, wait,
'Neath pendants of glistening ice.

Loulie with her small and fearless feet,
A rural cottage has traced complete,
With lowly gable—and garden seat
In the shrubbery plot before:
June and September have shaken hands,
And ever a fruited nectarine stands
Guarding a rose whose bloom expands
As a mitten tip glides o'er.

But Victor has pictured a castle bold,
With postern and corridors manifold,
A wide moat 'round and a drawbridge old,
And chafing steeds in the court—
And dogs that crouch and crave to be gone
Out of the gate and across the lawn,
Where deer-trails lead in the frosty dawn
To the loved and lordly sport.

Nor yet the red blood pitiful flows;
Down the pathway's curve the young lord goes,
To the cottage maiden "under the rose"—
So well does he know life's part:
The frost and sunshine meet in his hair,
And gild him a crown a king might wear,
And his way is 'mid gems and diamonds rare,
To offer all for a heart.

The masks are off with wooer and bride!
Two rosy children meet side by side,
One less her shyness and one his pride—
Fond brother and sister they.
His scarf's o'er her neck in circlets three,
And, tiptoe, she kisses him warm and free,
Then both smile up at the window to see
I'm watching their careless play.

WINTER.

BY LILLIAN.

The harvest moon has blest the golden fruit
Maturing in the sunbeams' waning heat,
The voice of autumn birds has long been mute,
Earth's autumn paintings faded at our feet.

The cold-winged winds have blown the herald horn
Of aged winter with his ice-mailed train,
Foretold him with full many a frosty morn,
Bleak storms of sleet and bitter frozen rain.

And he now from off his hoary locks,
His treasured gifts of crystal sheen pours down,
Till hills and valleys, trees and rugged rocks,
Wear shiningly a snow-embroidered crown.

But still my yearning heart goes out in thought,
And prays that life's chill winter be as pure,
Its snows prove spotless robes with pearls inwrought,
Its garnered harvests heaven's own bliss insure!

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARY FORMAN.

MR. CURTIS sat alone in his office; it was just at the turn of the day, when the shadows in the corners were softly trooping forth to turn the twilight into darkness. There had been unusually painful cases in the court upon that day, and the lawyer's brow wore a look of thoughtful sadness, and he leaned his head on his hand with an air of weariness which was at variance with his strongly marked features, and the energy of his usual movements and words. Rousing himself after an hour of thought, he lighted his room, and then sat down to write; his first task was the following letter:—

MY DEAR MADAM: It grieves me, both as an old friend and your professional adviser, to have to tell you that our last hope failed to-day. You have assured me from the commencement of the suit that you looked for no other issue, and I most sincerely trust that the blow will be lightened by the anticipation of the result of our efforts. In any way that I can be of service to you, allow me to assure you that it will be my highest pleasure to be employed. Hoping that you will call upon me for any advice or assistance that you may need now, I am

Yours very truly, A. CURTIS.

MRS. E. BARCLAY.

He had scarcely finished writing the direction of this epistle, when a loud ring at the bell announced a visitor. He looked up to see at the door a small, childlike figure, dressed in mourning, with a veil over the face.

"Mr. Curtis, I believe," said a very sweet voice, and raising the veil the lady showed a face to match the gentle accents. She was very slight and small, and her fair smooth hair, large blue eyes, and small features gave a winning childish look to her face, with which a close widow's cap and heavy black attire made a touching contrast. Mr. Curtis rose instantly, handed the lady a chair, and then waited to hear her errand.

"You are Mrs. Barclay's legal adviser, I believe."

Mr. Curtis bowed assent.

"I am Mrs. Hastings; your uncle would know me well, but since I left home, I find I have lost an old friend in his death."

"I have heard my uncle speak frequently of Mrs. Barclay's friend, 'little Claire.'"

"Yes, I am 'little Claire.' I returned from Europe yesterday, and for the first time heard of"—the blue eyes were filling fast—"of dear Mrs. Barclay's troubles. I came here instantly to ask you to tell me *all*, for the accounts I hear vary."

"I should be—" Mr. Curtis paused.

"You are a lawyer," said Mrs. Hastings, smiling, "and I am making a blunder, I see, in my request. Did Mrs. Barclay, or your uncle ever tell you anything about me?"

"Only that you were a very dear friend of the lady's."

"Then, if I will not weary you, I will tell you my story, and you shall then judge whether it is best to answer my questions. Seven years ago, last Christmas eve, I was made an orphan. My father was a drummer in the orchestra of one of our theatres; my mother embroidered collars. One evening, Christmas eve, there had been a pantomime at the theatre in which my father was engaged, which required music behind the scenes, and in passing from the rear of the stage to the front, he fell into a trap, which was invisible in the dim light, and was killed instantly; they brought his body home, and the shock, acting upon a frame weakened by toil, poverty, and illness, was too much for my mother; she went from one swoon to another, and died in my arms just as the dawn of Christmas peeped into our little room. I was then just fifteen years of age; for the day which brought this weight of sorrow was my birthday.

"My parents' death threw me upon the world utterly penniless, and I was very young, sir. I am telling you all this to prove how much I owe to Mrs. Barclay. My parents had been poor from my birth, yet I was not wholly without education. My father had a natural genius for elocution, and had trained my voice for reading, while my mother taught me to sew, and an old violinist, a friend of my father's, had given me instruction in music. I could read, play on the piano, sing and sew; so, after I had seen all my parents' property sold to pay their funeral expenses, I started with a brave heart to make my living. You may well shake your head. I had not one friend out of the theatre, and there was no money to spare amongst them, so I went, in my childish hope of obtaining work,

from door to door. I was very small, and some smiled pityingly, some contemptuously at the idea of trusting the little wanderer with sewing. A whole week passed, and I had not earned one cent. Then I tried the stores; there, too, I failed.

"I was leaning one day against the counter of a store where embroidery was sold, and where my timid petition for work had met its last rebuff; I was crying, for I was cold, hungry, and hopeless. A kind hand was placed on my shoulder, and a low, sweet voice said—

"'You are in trouble, my child; what about?'

"I looked up. Such a kind loving face bent over me, and such tender, pitying eyes looked into mine, that I was warmed and cheered instantly.

"'If you please,' I said, 'I want some work.'

"'Work, child?'

"'Yes, ma'am, embroidery; I can do it. Mother taught me;' and then, encouraged by her sweet face and interest, I told all my troubles. I will not weary you by any more details. My questioner was Mrs. Barclay; she took me to her own house, and for four years she was a second mother to me; I was educated and protected, while every wish of my heart was gratified. I could talk for a week and not tell half the love and kindness she poured out upon the little orphan child, and it was not given as if I were a dependant upon her bounty, a charity ward, but every gift was sweetened by loving words and actions. I was told to call her Aunt Lizzie, and she introduced me to her friends as her child, making me her equal in station; and yet I had no real claim upon her; it was her own loving heart that found its return in what alone I could give, my gratitude and affection.

"When I was nineteen years old I married, and in parting from me, my dear benefactress gave new tokens of her loving care. I will not dwell upon my married life, its grief is too recent. We went, my husband and myself, to Paris, and for two years travelled through Europe. Ten months ago, Mr. Hastings died in Florence of malarious fever. I was very ill for a long time after I was widowed, but in the kind letters I received from home, I had no hint of Mrs. Barclay's troubles, and when she requested me to change the address of her letters, she did not say that she had been forced to leave her home, the dear home where she had made my life so happy. Not until yesterday, when I landed in New York, did I receive the least intimation of the change of my friend's prospects, and I came here as soon as possible. I have just arrived in the city, and I came to you as the person

who could best give me the information which I seek.

"My husband left me wealthy, and I am sole mistress of my property; my benefactress is, I hear, poor. Now judge if I have a right to ask for the statement of her trouble."

Mr. Curtis replied instantly. "You have every right, and I will meet your confidence with equal frankness; but first you must allow me to insist upon your having rest and refreshment. Nothing can be *done* before to-morrow, and after tea I promise you all the information which it is in my power to give you. Mrs. Curtis is in the drawing-room. Will you allow me to present you?" and, rising, he offered his arm to the lady.

Mrs. Curtis, a tall handsome lady, received her husband's little guest with pleasure, one sight of the childish face with its sad setting enlisting all her womanly sympathies. The name, however, added to the warmth of her welcome.

"Mrs. Hastings, I feel like an old friend, for you were my sister's classmate in the Italian class at Dr. Manara's. Do you not remember Lottie Banks?"

"And you are Sara. I shall have a thousand questions to ask, but first I must trouble Mr. Curtis to speak to the hackman, and tell him to call for me later in the evening."

"Where are your trunks?"

"At the G— House."

"Mr. Curtis," said his lady, laughingly, "do you, on pain of my displeasure, instantly send for Mrs. Hastings' trunks. No words; you are our guest while you are in the city."

"I shall be a lifelong inmate, then," was the reply; "for I intend to reside here in future. I accept your invitation with pleasure, for I have to find a house. Mr. Curtis, when you send for the trunks, will you please send for my baby?"

"If there is so precious a package as that to be delivered," said Mr. Curtis, "I will go myself for the baggage."

"Room 139, and you will find Meta, the nurse, there. You speak German?"

"Yes."

"Because she is profoundly ignorant of English. My baby is German, born there sixteen months ago, and I brought a nurse from Germany when we left there."

Mr. Curtis departed upon his mission, and Mrs. Hastings, having doffed bonnet and cloak, was soon chatting with her hostess.

Tea over, the baby put to bed, and the lawyer disengaged, the sad story of Mrs. Barclay's

troubles came up again. It was brief. A relative of her late husband's had made a claim against the estate, and after a long lawsuit the court had given the case to the widow's opponent.

"She left the house immediately after the claim was made," said Mr. Curtis, "and was only persuaded, after a very long course of urging, to resist the demand."

"Where is she now?"

"In H——."

"But how does she live? Was there nothing left?"

"Nothing! From luxury, she was deprived of all. She is now teaching French in a young ladies' seminary. It will be a year in January since she has been there."

Claire's tears were flowing fast; but, after a moment's pause, she said, brightly: "All the events of my life, excepting the last"—and she glanced at her black dress—"have happened to me on Christmas. I was born on that day, orphaned, married, all on Christmas day, and I should like to associate a great pleasure more with the time; it is only one month. Will you help me in a plan for the next Christmas?"

"I will," said both Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, and Mrs. Hastings told them her project.

"No letter from Claire; this is the first steamer she has missed; I hope she is not sick again." And an anxious cloud came over the speaker's face. She was an elderly lady, whose soft gray hair shaded a face where every gentle feeling had left a trace; the mild blue eyes, the full mouth, the soft, creamy complexion, all seemed to speak of the serene spirit within, which gave its charm to the delicate features. She was pacing slowly up and down in a long room, where globes, books, and desks told of little students; in her hand she held an unopened letter, but it was not directed in the pretty, ladylike hand for which she looked, and she let it stay sealed in her hand as she walked up and down. A fair childlike form and face, with a wreathing wealth of sunny hair, was before her as she mused, now in the coarse dress and thin bonnet in which it had first come to her, then in the full white lace and bridal wreath and veil in which it had last greeted her. She tried to picture it in the sad dress which now sorrow had made its own, and she whispered softly: "Not yet, not next time; I will write as before until she is a little more accustomed to her own grief. I cannot add to my darling's care. Perhaps at Christmas, the time when I met her first, I can write."

It was getting dark, and the entrance of the children and light reminded her of the letter. Opening it, she read:—

MY DEAR MADAM: I find that your signature is absolutely necessary to some papers which I hold and which I cannot trust to the mail. Will you come to the city on the 24th, when I will meet you and be ready for the signature? Mrs. Curtis begs that you will be her guest during your stay in town.

Yours, very respectfully, A. CURTIS.

"He is imperative," thought the lady; "but I will go. Any relief from this treadmill existence will do me good."

It was Christmas eve; a still, starry evening had succeeded a clear day, and as the cars dashed into the depot at nine o'clock, Mrs. Barclay was almost sorry her ride was over.

"I could not come earlier," she said, as Mr. Curtis met her. "My holiday does not commence until to-morrow, and the principal is exacting. Now I have a week of quiet rest."

"And I trust of great happiness," said the lawyer.

"I wonder what he means?" thought the lady, as they drove away from the depot. "He smiled very significantly. The suit is lost, that is certain. Has he saved anything from the wreck? We are driving away from his part of the city, and—and"—the carriage stopped. "My old house!" said Mrs. Barclay.

"I will explain presently," said Mr. Curtis, offering his arm.

Up the steps, into the wide hall, lighted and warmed, and up the stairs to the bedroom. Here Mrs. Curtis met the bewildered lady, whose eyes filled as they rested upon the furniture and ornaments which were just as she had left them.

"You will find all the rooms unchanged," said Mrs. Curtis, gently. "The man who took it did not disturb anything, and it was purchased as you left it. Will you come down, now?"

The parlor was lighted, and in the adjoining room a supper-table was spread for the traveler. Upon the mantelpiece lay a folded paper directed to Mrs. Barclay. In it she read only these words—"A Christmas gift from Claire's baby."

"Claire!" she cried; and, in answer to the call, the little figure appeared in the door, holding a baby in a festive dress of white. There was a sobbing cry of "Claire, my darling!" and somehow the baby was transferred to Mrs. Curtis, and Claire was folded in her adopted mother's arms.

Such a happy Christmas was not spent under many roofs, and the earnest it gave of a life of grateful care to repay that Claire had met in her sorrow was not disappointed.

ASHES FROM THE PIPE OF AN OLD SMOKER.

BY J. HAL. ELLIOT.

WITH the calm blue smoke curling silently up from my nut-brown meerschaum, lounging carelessly before the glowing coals of my open grate, contented and drowsy under the benign influence of this aromatic Latakia, I am absolutely indifferent to all my surroundings. It is a lazy, but enticingly delightful habit; I sit thus for hours at a time, holding quiet communion with my inmost thoughts, cogitating and moralizing.

There is a winter hurricane out of doors, and the merry wind is piping shrill roundelays in the chimney, whistling cheerily through the keyhole, and dying away anon in low moans that come quivering in from the starlit night almost with a visible shudder. It has been blowing boisterously all day, this same wind, and little fleeces of ragged cloud have fretted the cold gray blue of the winter sky, as the fleckle squalls fret a summer sea.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," they say; and I'm inclined to believe it equally true that it must be an unusually good wind that blows nobody any harm. Take, for instance, *this* jolly, whistling wind, that rushes harmlessly through the city streets, whirling along on its wings a cloud of sleety snow; sitting here before my fire, I don't care for it; I defy it to touch me. But hark! yonder, miles away, where a long line of white foam marks the dreary coast, do you hear the great waves come booming against the black rocks with a sullen roar? Do you see the white-capped waves, far out at sea, rocking up into the night like tottering mountains? This same jolly wind is the driver that lashes them to such dangerous and unmanageable fury, and perhaps the shrill whistle is not so charmingly poetical to the little sailor boy out there among those waves as it is to you and me, sitting by our own home firesides. Poor little fellow! it is his first voyage, his first storm. Clinging to the mast, drenched and shivering, with wild eyes he watches the laboring vessel as she climbs up to the summit of each gigantic wave, only to

fall creaking and helpless into the yawning gulf beneath. Poor little sailor boy! with his well-thumbed Bible pressed close to his heart, how his whole fearful, trembling soul goes out over the wide waste of water and land that separates them in one agonized cry—"Home! mother!" If you listen, you will hear that cry, as I do now, on the next blast that sweeps down the street.

Tall, dark, weather-stained buildings that hang like giant ghosts over the suburbs of our large cities, are rocking and trembling in this night wind, which is just courteous enough to push open the shakily doors, and rush with a plaintive, mocking cry up the rickety stairs into dank, gloomy apartments where the fire is long since gone out. A pile of musty straw would be an unwelcome bed for you or me to-night, my friend; a brother or sister of ours will freeze on such a couch to-night. The wind is bitter cold, but the freed soul will go up on its wings to a land we have seen in our dreams sometimes, a radiant land, where no ruder wind comes than the heavy breath of fragrant flowers and the aroma of ripe, luscious fruits. And is that all? Will no one hear the solemn voice of the Recording Angel?—"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

"Alas for the rarity of Christian charity!"

Never so idly I lounge before my cheerful fire, replenish my pipe, and, puffing out great columns of smoke, shut my ears to the cry of want and woe that comes on every fitful gust of this winter wind; and yet it may not have been wholly in vain for me to sit here and moralize; to-morrow some withered, wrinkled, ragged, shaggy, sad-eyed old man will come tottering into my office—one came to-day, and went away unaided—and croon out a petition for money to buy bread. I shall shake my head, point to the door, think of this siesta, thrust my hand into my pocket, call him back, and send the frosty-haired old fellow off with a quicker step than he has known for many a day.

If we are not philanthropic enough to leave our own ruddy firelight to-night, and go out into the bitter cold on our errand of mercy, in the dark old tenement-houses, let us at least send up a silent, sincere petition to God for the famishing, the homeless, the freezing, and those "who go down to the sea in ships," remembering that He who had not "where to lay his head," left this legacy behind him—"For the poor ye have always with you."

A NEW VERSION OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

THE railway car was full of uninteresting people; doubtless all of them had souls moulded by the tragedies of human life; their faces were marred by suffering; but in travelling one likes to be diverted by watching agreeable countenances, and imagining *their* histories. The entrance of two ladies relieved the monotony; when they were fairly settled and the train was again in motion, some of the passengers studied them attentively. One was a widow, it was evident by the frill of her cap, by the length of the veil; by the looseness of the wedding-ring on the thin finger; those fingers had learned to take care of themselves. Her hair, brushed smoothly under the cap, had an auburn tinge, her mouth was one you liked to watch; when she spoke, the lips shaped themselves prettily and curved expressively. They admired the folding of the veil over the bonnet, the neatness of her gloves, even the manner in which her shawl was pinned; one judges character by trifles. She had with her a crimson-lined travelling-bag, not crowded, but full of dainty luxuries; when the clasp was unfastened, were visible a silver-topped cologne-bottle, a bronze morocco dressing-case. One would gladly have known that woman as a friend.

Her companion on the opposite seat was young; her face showed a fair and tranquil past. She looked happy and ready to be pleased; her eyes were thoughtful, her cheeks glowed with the excitement and vigor of youth. She seemed to have travelled little, and was attentive to all that passed, within and without. Her eyes had a peculiarly open look, caused by the unusual width between the lids. She was standing on the threshold, waiting with eager interest the events of her womanhood. All her appointments were handsome, from her silk umbrella to the soft Scotch shawl by her side. We involuntarily hoped that these two travellers had through tickets like ourselves.

The young lady looked often out of the window, and seemed a little restless; she did not compose herself with the air of one who anticipates a long journey, and far too soon, the train slackening at a small station, she deliberately gathered up all her property, and, bending forward to say a few hurried words to the other lady, imprinted on her lips a quiet kiss. In a few moments we saw her on the platform, pointing out rather timidly her trunks; we

caught a glimpse of a private carriage, evidently waiting for her, and then returned to our dull ride. Why *did* she stop at that small place?

The lady watched every movement until the cars were fast separating them from her, when she drew down her veil, and under its shelter a treacherous handkerchief betrayed her tears.

A blue violet transformed into a velvet-petalled pansy, such was Virginia Ravenel in the estimation of her governess. Mrs. Cameron, finding the young girl five years before in the indiscriminate training of a boarding-school, had discovered the pearl in the oyster-shell, and set herself to its polishing. The Scotchwoman was a governess in a large school, and Virginia had been her dearest pupil. An undeveloped, motherless girl could not have found a truer guide and friend. But in the beauty of a statue, the sculptor is forgotten; symmetry does not suggest the long-used chisel.

Virginia Ravenel stood on the platform looking wistfully after the retreating train. With it her old life seemed to have rushed away; now she must meet the new. The coachman opened the carriage door. Only a mile away lived the dreaded strangers to whose care she was consigned; her large trunks were placed on a baggage-wagon to follow her; there was no excuse for delay; Virginia was borne rapidly away to the residence of her guardian's mother.

By direction of her guardian, absent in Europe, the young girl, on leaving school, was ordered to accept his mother's hospitality until her future course could be determined. Virginia was nineteen, and not a common school-girl, therefore she rebelled with her whole heart at this disposition of herself.

The carriage stopped before an old house withdrawn from the village street by a lawn; she saw a row of pillars upholding the roof of the portico, and in the doorway an old lady waiting to welcome her. This was Virginia's first impression of her hostess. At a glimpse she saw the silvery hair which sheds a pleasant radiance over the face, like moonlight; the soft lace about the throat, in which the head seems to nestle lovingly, like a dove's in its snowy plumage. Of course she wore a black silk dress and a small black shawl over her shoulders; such a costume belongs to a woman of her age as much as white to a bride. Virginia met, moreover, a charitable eye and a mouth

on which smiles lived; she felt the pressure of a soft, warm hand, and received a motherly caress. After this welcome, Virginia soon felt quite at home in her large, comfortable room. At the tea-table were three ladies—the mother, the young girl in the freshness and beauty of her youth, heightened by a tasteful dress, and the guardian's sister, of whom Virginia could make nothing less than an old maid, her *particular* aversion. The tea-table was faultless in its arrangements, and Virginia, used to the plebeian cups and plates of a boarding-school, enjoyed fully the delicate china and bright silver on the tray. By the delicious light of a wood-fire the furniture of the room was revealed. Virginia, from her sofa, admired especially a stand of green-house plants set in the deep window between the lace curtains; a cluster of rose-colored geraniums she resolved to paint forthwith. Then her eye was arrested by a Gothic bookcase, dark as ebony, filled with books in luxurious bindings, but evidently much used. Some one lived here fond of books and flowers. Was it the mother or her daughter? An admirable bust of Shakspeare, over which the firelight flickered, stood on a carved pedestal, and a graceful group of statuary adorned the mantel. Who had so much taste? Virginia had not decided when she fell asleep. When morning came, she took a deliberate ante-breakfast survey of the house and grounds, and was more puzzled than ever.

Virginia, reared in a city boarding-school, had seen few flowers; occasionally she went to a green-house with her governess for a bouquet; of country flowers she had no conception. She saw them everywhere; the garden was full of June roses and early annuals, arranged with prodigal munificence. Within, every room was flower-perfumed. In the dim, still drawing-room, into which she peeped, were pure Parian vases filled with lilies of the valley. In one vase were two of the rich green leaves and a multitude of slender stalks covered with fragrant bells. The large lower hall was adorned with roses; vases of varied patterns and styles contained them, ranging from the darkest crimson to the most spotless white. In the centre was a pyramid of roses, their shades artfully blended; in a slender ground-glass vase was a single moss-rosebud; before one picture a cluster of blush-roses, before another a cream-colored spray; the hall was, in fact, a gallery of pictures, and each one seemed a shrine for its favorite rose. One portrait was especially honored; around it hung a wreath of dainty rosebuds, graduated from purplish crimson at the

base, through fainter shades of pink and flesh-color, to a virgin white at the summit. In an exquisite vase on the floor beneath, a lavish group of choice tea-roses made the whole place fragrant.

Who had stolen the early dew still lingering on the flowers, and arranged the floral offering? In the breakfast-room the mystery was solved; for, sitting stern and silent behind the coffee-urn, was the maiden sister, whose dress gave evidence of dew and garden-work. The old lady sat peaceful and passive in her usual chair. You would not have supposed that the stiff red fingers pouring the coffee could have been playing with roses and filling flower-baskets in the early dawn. There were flowers in the breakfast-room, trailing morning-glories filled a spreading vase on the table, the inimitable blue down not yet dimmed; one vine was trained by the window, and its blue eyes looked in cheerily.

Virginia was in ecstasies. Before breakfast was ended she determined that in her own house she would have exclusive lilies in the drawing-room, popular roses to greet one in the hall, and bright, emblematic morning-glories to make coffee relish better. Alas! it is not always June.

Miss Rachel allowed the enthusiastic young girl to follow her, after breakfast, while she finished the decoration of a few rooms.

"What is your favorite flower?" she asked, abruptly, as if it was a settled thing in every one's mind.

"My favorite?" said Virginia. "Why, I like them all."

"Nonsense, child, you ought to love one best; we all do; mother does, Paul does, every one of sense should."

They were passing through the hall. "Who is that?" inquired Virginia, looking at the flower-wreathed portrait.

"Why, that is Paul, my brother," said Miss Rachel, rather indignantly. "Who else could it be?"

Virginia meekly answered that she had never seen her guardian, and ran into the garden. Miss Rachel gathered honeysuckles for her mother's room, and with magic skill adapted them to a hanging basket for her window. "Mother loves these best; she likes honey at the heart, she says." Virginia ran about, gay as a humming-bird, unable to decide what her flower should be, until the dew was dried, and then she had merely time to tie a few geranium leaves with mignonette for herself.

Miss Rachel, divested of garden gloves and

dress, in a clean chintz wrapper, superintended Virginia's unpacking. Happily her trunks were in perfect order; the first was devoted to miscellaneous articles, and might quite fairly be called an index to Virginia's character and pursuits: in the upper tray was nicely folded a cloth riding-habit, with whip and gauntlets by the side. Miss Rachel hung it in the wardrobe, with hints about the dangers of riding. The second tray held one of those inviting Turkish writing-cases, fitted up with stores of cream-laid paper, bright pens, vermilion wax, and many little conveniences, all showing that its owner held the pen of a ready writer; Miss Rachel approved and placed it on a little table. Next appeared a caba of equal beauty and durability, and its polished thimble, spools of Coates' best, and sharp scissors, equal to cutting silk, attested that Virginia, before Hawthorne made it fashionable, had learned to sew with womanly dexterity. Then came a paint-box, each cake wrapped in cotton-wool, the sable brushes in nice order, the palette perfectly clean; Miss Rachel looked less pleased, and laid them in a drawer difficult to open. With equal favor she regarded a sketch-book and pile of drawing-paper with which the provident artist had supplied herself. From the depths of the trunk arose a jaunty riding-hat and stout walking-boots, suitable for country roads, a garden-hat and gloves, and a pile of music, whose melody lingered in the ends of Virginia's fingers; this was carried to the music-room below, while the pretty garden-hat rejuvenated the antlers in the hall. A few books, loved and prized, some stores of paper, ink, and sewing materials not procurable in country shops removed, and the trunk was ready to fill a niche in the well regulated garret. Before the day was over, the house grew very familiar with all Virginia's possessions, to say nothing of her light step and ringing laugh.

At the end of the upper hall a large organ attracted the visitor; she longed to touch the keys in the twilight, and, trying it, was discovered by Miss Rachel, who said, sharply:—

"No one touches that but Paul: I keep it locked."

"Does he play?" Virginia asked, superfluously.

"Yes, he does everything, and like no one else."

Of course, long before, Virginia had found out who was Miss Rachel's idol, and in a few days she regarded this unknown Paul as a grand centre around which his mother, sister, the flowers, books, and music revolved as satel-

lites. Involuntarily a feeling of dislike arose in her mind, particularly when she saw the grand organ unused and the imprisoned books debarred from her touch. Many privileges just within her reach were withheld by Miss Rachel's edict. Through all the pleasant midsummer days, the pet horse stamped in vain in the stable; without Paul's permission, he should not be used; the riding-habit hung idle on its peg. Virginia found herself ere long in the situation of poor Tantalus, to so many things were attached the "touch not, handle not;" even the flowers were jealously guarded.

Virginia learned to supply her own room with flowers from the fields and woods; for them she was indebted to no one. She would not touch one of Paul's flowers; these were far prettier, she tried to think. Shut out from the library and garden, Virginia lived a nomadic life in the neighboring groves and pastures, singing, talking to herself, botanizing, sketching, and sometimes sleeping on the fragrant turf. There came dull days of pitiless rain, when Virginia sought refuge in the old lady's homelike room, and mended all her clothes, hearing, meanwhile, a biography of Paul which would have filled many volumes.

In her secret heart sprang up many doubts about this traveller's goodness; and, when his mother ended her narration with the hope that he would soon return, how ardently she wished that he would be detained at least through the winter! Nevertheless, she did often stop before the portrait in the hall, fascinated by the eyes which she protested were the most disagreeable she had ever seen, and found herself wondering how old he really was, and when he would come home.

Flushed with delight, Virginia entered the parlor one evening, her hands full of water-lilies, which she declared were best loved by her of all the flowers that grew. Miss Rachel started and took off her glasses. "No, you cannot have them for your flowers. I did not know they were open yet. It is Paul's flower. How did you get them? in his little boat?" Virginia was ready to cry with vexation; they would not let her go off on a distant lake for her flowers without claiming them for that hateful Paul. If in Europe he contrived to spoil all her pleasure at home, what would he do when he returned? She threw down the flowers, and ran to her room; Miss Rachel coolly took them, and placed them, in an antique pitcher with exquisite grace, before her brother's picture. When Virginia was summoned to tea, she had the pleasure of seeing them

there, and accordingly made an ugly face at the unconscious portrait. She consoled herself by playing all the evening in the distant music-room, instead of reading the papers to the ladies, which they liked extremely, as she always picked out the most entertaining bits, and read them with rare distinctness and expression.

One thing puzzled Virginia more than she would have cared to own. She heard daily of Paul's accomplishments, of his taste, of his genius, his kindness, his wisdom; but never a word escaped his mother or sister of his loving or being loved. Over this mystery she frequently pondered, until by degrees Paul became to her a hero whose life had been embittered by a terrible disappointment.

Mrs. Stuart, a married sister, was spending the summer in her country house, with her little children. Virginia was at first quite charmed by her pretty face and pleasing manners; they drove and walked together, the young lady became the patron saint of the nursery, they "got on" nicely until the distant Paul became the bane of their conversation. Virginia was doomed to hear his praises sung by a different tongue in another key. While his mother dwelt on his disposition and moral perfections, and Miss Rachel constantly reminded you of his culture and intellectual abilities, the other sister spoke of him as an Apollo of grace and beauty. On such wise as this she soon became a thorn in Virginia's side: "How odd that your name happened to be Virginia!" she would say. "But you must not get up any romance about it. All the girls around here have been dying to captivate Paul for years; but none of them are good enough for him."

How the crimson rushed to the young girl's face! how she did long to humble this fastidious Paul, and make his heart ache!

Miss Rachel and her mother were spending the day with a friend, a rare occurrence, and Virginia was alone; she heard a rattling of keys, and, looking into the hall, saw Mrs. Stuart sitting one in a door never opened. "Would you like to see Paul's room?" she called out. "Rachel is away, and I want to see if he has anything new."

Virginia had her share of curiosity, although she pretended that, especially in regard to that room, not a particle dwelt in her, so, rather reluctantly, she followed Mrs. Stuart into the elegant apartment. "How selfish he is," she thought, "to appropriate this nice room and furniture, and then keep it locked up!" Mrs. Stuart could not induce her to acknowledge the

beauty of anything; for every perfection she could point out a corresponding fault. Finally they went into the library, and then Virginia's indignation knew no bounds, that this beautiful room was deemed unworthy for other than the scholarly presence of Paul. She was forced to admire the ingenious writing-table designed by himself, the well chosen books, the narrow stained windows, the few good pictures. Why should it always be darkened and empty, when she was fully able to appreciate the harmony and taste everywhere visible? His mother preferred her knitting and quiet gossip, his sister cared for housekeeping and order; she was the very one to creep into one of the easy-chairs and grow familiar with books of which she already knew something. But Mrs. Stuart, not allowing her to take down a volume, turned towards the door, and locked all the treasures within, out of her reach, informing her that the drawers were filled with curiosities and valuable engravings. Passing by the portrait ever looking at her from its niche, Virginia called it inwardly a very Nero, who delighted to watch the death of all innocent pleasures. She was destined to experience another trial. From the hall window she saw the saddle-horse led out for exercise, and thought of the pretty habit in the wardrobe, the hat never taken from its box. Still Virginia could not be unhappy; she threw herself on her own resources, and was the sunlight of the house, even in the eyes of her guardian's mother and sister. These annoyances shadowed her path at intervals. With her outdoor life she was perfectly content, and lavished her warmest love on birds and wild flowers.

Now the trees threw away their red and yellow leaves, and the days grew very short. Miss Rachel was reading a letter which made her cheeks redden like Virginia's, fresh from a frolic in the wind. The same news gave unutterable joy to two of the party, ill-concealed discomfort to the third, for Paul, that dear, that dreaded being, was coming home. What made Virginia pause before her mirror longer than usual that night, querying how she would strike a stranger? What made her hasten with her autumn sewing and try on her last winter's dresses to see which was most becoming? Miss Rachel commenced a vigorous putting of the house in order, and Virginia thought more of herself, less of her woods and outdoor amusements.

The day was lovely, with a fascinating haziness in the atmosphere inducing a subtle languor, a dreamy mood; Virginia yielded to it, and, arrayed in a half-worn dress and gipsy

hat, devoted herself to the enjoyment of one more ramble in the grove bordering the lawn. At last she spied a seat high up in the branches of a huge tree, accessible by a ladder which she coaxed the gardener to bring. This she reached with scratched hands and torn dress, and soon in her brown seat became engrossed with a story-book found in the drawing-room and a pocketful of apples gathered on the way. We all know the pleasures of fruit and a good story; imagine them in a tree on a warm, entrancing day. When Virginia at length looked up, she saw, carved on a branch at her side, the name of Paul. Vexed at this discovery, she uttered a contemptuous exclamation; and, drawing from her pocket a dull penknife, began to inscribe underneath, in larger characters, the word *Virginia*, as if to assert her superior right to the tree. Most intent was she on her occupation; she had reached the last *i*, and had broken off the point of the blade in making the dot, when she heard some one ascending her ladder, and, looking up, with perfect consternation, beheld at the topmost round the familiar, yet strange, the ugly, yet undeniably handsome face of the veritable Paul! Nor was her confusion lessened when she felt that his eyes were resting on the freshly-cut letters in his own favorite branch and tree. "Allow me to make the *a*," he said, gravely; "I have a better knife." So she sat with a deeper color than ever flushed her face before, while he, with a few sharp strokes, completed the pretentious Virginia.

The descent by a ladder from a tree is by no means a graceful proceeding. Virginia felt very unlike a heroine, very unlike the dignified ward advancing to meet her guardian, which scene she had often depicted in her fancy, when she gave him her cold scratched hand that he might help her down. Rushing into the hall precipitately, to gain her room as soon as possible, she encountered Miss Rachel, dressed in a grand silk and new headdress, with beautiful lace about her neck and wrists. Virginia was filled with fresh confusion, in her shabby calico and forlorn hat. Turning around to apologize humbly, she saw her guardian's amused look, and darted, without a word, up the staircase. Of what use would it be now to array herself in the crimson frock? Nevertheless, when the tea-bell rang, Virginia was quite presentable; nothing but the rich color reminded one of the tree-nymph; and very demurely she went through the introduction: "Miss Ravenel—my brother, Mr. McAlpine."

In the evening Paul sat close by his mother's

chair, and gave an outline of his wanderings, a description of the voyage; Miss Rachel asked many questions, and made many comments; Virginia heard everything in silence, and was apparently overlooked as she quietly bent over her sewing near the shaded lamp. Occasionally she thought how miserable it is to stay in a family where you have no claim! or how much he talks of himself! Once in a while she was really diverted, and laughed with the rest. Of every other object in the room the traveller seemed very mindful; he examined the plants on the flower-stand, and played all the evening with a geranium-leaf; he spoke of the minutest changes in the room, and smiled at the locked bookcase. "My books will be glad to see me, I think; no one else seems to care for them." Virginia involuntarily looked up, appropriating this accusation, and gave her guardian one of the glances she had frequently bestowed on the portrait in his absence. Then followed personal inquiries about friends; there were many bits of news to tell. Virginia was not interested; she folded her work, placed her thimble in its ivory box, the scissors in their sheath.

Her guardian said, in a half questioning, half commanding tone: "You will stay; I was about to read a Psalm."

He rose as he spoke, placed a Psalter on a carved reading-stand, and read in a melodious way a few verses; they seemed few, because the tone was musical and the meaning well rendered.

When Virginia heard the door of the long-closed room unlocked, a very small hour of the night had struck, yet all that time she had been thinking of the returned traveller, and if she ever could like him. By each plate at the breakfast-table was a tiny bouquet, fresh from the conservatory; and in passing through the hall Virginia had seen two horses, saddled, at the door; her heart beat quicker when she noticed that one was prepared for a lady.

"You are not afraid of a cold ride, I trust, Miss Ravenel?" asked the horses' owner. And Virginia's eyes danced with joy, in spite of Miss Rachel's remonstrances about the frosty morning and gay steed. Quickly equipped in the pretty riding-habit and jaunty hat, Virginia fearlessly jumped on the saddle, and took her first ride on the coveted horse. The exhilaration of the ride did not leave her during the day; even when she heard them unpacking Paul's boxes in the mother's room, she was quite satisfied to be amusing herself. Very soon she was called to see the pretty souvenirs, and was allowed, at Paul's suggestion, to take

the wrappings from some bronzes, and arrange the engravings in portfolios. Mrs. McAlpine held in her lap a pile of glossy satin, which she stroked fondly, and begged Virginia to admire, telling her that she should save it to wear at Paul's wedding. Virginia wondered if the bride was already chosen. She glanced a little curiously at her guardian, and met a roguish smile, too indefinite to be interpreted. Amongst the beautiful and costly gems of art that strewed the floor, Virginia perhaps paused to examine most frequently a pair of mosaic bracelets, set elaborately in Etruscan gold, and representing many scenes in Italy—in fact, being a miniature picture-gallery of Rome. However, she only stopped to look at them when her guardian was busy elsewhere; for worlds she would not have seemed to envy one trifle brought over the water. Miss Rachel employed her in dusting knickknacks and filling baskets with refuse paper and straw; she had long ago found out that Virginia could be trusted. Paul had evidently planned the disposition of all the *bijoux*, and after dinner hung the new pictures, while Virginia was permitted to hold the brass knobs, and make suggestions about the light. Several times her choice governed the arrangement, although Paul had the air of a connoisseur. Before sunset, this avalanche of pretty things had melted away into the house; only one trunk of less valued relics remained to be stored away.

Miss Rachel carried many presents to her own room; the library was a little crowded; Mrs. McAlpine rejoiced over her laces and shawls; the servants exulted in their remembrances; Virginia saw the gardener working in a new Scotch cap; she stood by the window looking at the dry leaves, and pretended she was very glad to be forgotten. The door of the library was now wide open; nothing would tempt her to enter; she heard the rustling of a newspaper, and caught a glimpse of a bright fire in the grate. Paul was again at home in his old places. Through the dining-room door she saw Miss Rachel, with keys in her hand, taking out sweetmeats for tea, busy and pleased. She seemed out of place as she walked up and down the long hall, wondering what she was made for, and if she should ever have a home to make happy. Music was always her resource in the twilight; she had played an hour old snatches of songs, sad airs full of pathos, and then tinkling melodies like the dripping of a brook through the ravine; she suited her varied moods as thoughts rose and died within her; she played idly, and yet revealed her character.

The tea-bell drew her from the piano and a dark figure from the sofa in the adjoining drawing-room; it preceded her through the hall. She felt that kind of indignation that takes possession of one when a stranger is found peeping into a letter or listening at the door.

Paul had letters to write; why need he bring his portfolio into the parlor, and usurp the table while she, having no reasonable excuse to offer, was obliged to read aloud the evening papers, being assured that nothing disturbed the penman? Of course she imagined that he heard every word; what she read sounded silly or dull; in rather an unamiable mood she entered her room, and going to the dressing-table to brush out her long hair found thereon a morocco casket containing on its satin lining those beautiful bracelets, in memory of the land where her father had died.

Virginia pushed them away contemptuously, then sat down and cried; she did not like presents given from duty, it was not necessary to include her in his charities, and these bracelets she certainly liked least; if he must give anything, why should he select these ornaments? The difficulty of thanking the giver then occupied all her thoughts; should she write a note, or stammer forth her gratitude? At all events, she would wait until she saw him alone; she would never wear them, on that she was resolved; jewels were worthless unless given by one you loved. In Paul's presence, Virginia seemed shy and silent, perhaps his perfect breeding and self-possession made her so; she certainly was apt to say the wrong thing, and blushed miserably at her frequent mistakes. Day by day her ignorance appeared to her more palpable; she asked ridiculous questions, and was snapped up by Miss Rachel when she did attempt to talk. If she could only bring herself to enter the library, and ask permission to borrow books, how hard she would study to find out something of the subjects about which they talked; for Miss Rachel was clever and understood her brother readily.

Winter settled down on the house; within it was warm and bright. What wonders this new member of the household wrought! Every room seemed to recognize his presence, it pervaded and bettered the entire household. This strong, manly son and brother, how he helped on the snowy, dull days!

Soon after his return, Mr. McAlpine became very busy, and continued so, finding time, however, to bestow on the household a thousand little attentions. With the greatest deference

he waited on his mother, and filled Miss Rachel's life with constant pleasures. She must have forgotten that she was growing old and plain when he was devoting himself to her. Virginia had quick powers of perception; she observed carefully, and her knowledge often made her sad. Mr. McAlpine treated his ward with perfect politeness, nay, even with a gallantry habitual to him; but Virginia confessed that they did not understand each other, and withdrew into herself.

In the depth of winter the house was decorated for a party; the handsome rooms gave the impression of summer, owing to their warmth and flower fragrance. Mrs. McAlpine wore her thickest silk, her softest illusion lace, and looked very stately by the drawing-room fire. Miss Rachel rustled in a steel-gray silk, with a lace barbe on her hair, and made an admirable hostess. Virginia came down last; the three were already stationed in their places, and she completed the group. They reminded you of the seasons as they stood there: the mother in her beautiful age, the sister in her autumnal gravity, the brother in his full manhood, the young girl in the loveliness of her springtime. She was dressed in white; the texture fell in soft, creamy folds; she had camellias in her hair sent for from a neighboring town, not begged from Paul's conservatory. On her bare arms glittered the bracelets set in Etruscan gold. Mrs. McAlpine noticed the *crêpe* dress, Miss Rachel the bought flowers, while Paul saw most distinctly the jewel-clasped arms.

In the course of the evening, Virginia found herself drawn by the surging of the crowd into the library; the air was fresher there. Almost before she was aware, she was facing one of the bookcases reading the titles of the unknown volumes.

"Have you read them all?" asked a familiar voice. Virginia turned, and saw her guardian evidently in earnest. "You shun my library," he said; "are you afraid of knowledge or of me? We are not dangerous." He gave her one of his most fascinating smiles and passed on.

The party over, Virginia was sleepless. Yes, she was afraid; he was dangerous, and hearing the fast beating of her heart, feeling the agony which the thought of the separation caused, she resolved to leave the old house, the pictures, the library, the flowers, the mother, Miss Rachel, her guardian; to leave them all, and in a new life forget the old. It was the only thing to do. In the morning Virginia knocked at the library door, and asked her guardian abruptly, "if she might go away."

"Where?" he asked, in astonishment.

"I wish to go back to school, to Mrs. Cameron," she said.

"Are you not happy here? do we not take good care of you?" He looked at her with a most penetrating glance.

"Yes," she said, with drooping eyes. "but I prefer to go away."

"Your father asked me as a dying favor to take care of you," he said; "I hoped to keep you here. Am I so disagreeable that you cannot stay?"

"Yes," she answered as before, "I would rather go away." Raising her eyes she saw him calm as ever, writing carelessly on a strip of paper before him.

"Then it is your deliberate choice," he urged; "you prefer Mrs. Cameron's guardianship to mine."

Women must sometimes conceal, with lightning speed, their true thoughts; Virginia completely deceived her guardian when she still said—

"She has been a good friend; I am safe with her; let me go at once."

A few days sufficed for the taking away from the house all reminders of youth and maidenhood. The stag's horns lost the garden hat, the little work-table missed the small gold thimble, the trunks were again packed, and Virginia went forth with only one new possession, an oppressive burden at the heart. Mrs. Cameron received her pupil in a little cottage, her home during the holidays. There they read and talked together, there Virginia grew outwardly happy, and never once did Mrs. Cameron look aright into the depths of her companion's eyes.

Miss Rachel found the bracelets tossed with some rubbish in a bureau drawer, and asked Paul if they did not belong to him. As he took them, Virginia had her wish, she did make his heart ache.

March came, dreary and desolate. There were three people in the world conscious of a want; it could only be supplied by spring.

A beggar stood in the rain before Mrs. Cameron's door; he asked admittance, and when it was granted, a great gift. Thus it happened that spring came earlier than usual that year, that the old house was again full of sunshine, that the old lady had her wedding-gown ready for Paul's wedding-day, that the bracelets found their way back to Virginia's arms.

Miss Rachel proved most unselfish, and resigned her brother willingly. Mrs. Stuart declared that she had always known how it would

end; and so at last another Paul found the right Virginia.

SUGGESTIVE READINGS.

SHUN AFFECTATION.—There is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank, and attractive. How different is affectation! The simple-minded are always natural. They are, at the same time, original. The affected are never natural. And as for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out and buried it from sight, utterly. Be yourself, then, young friend. To attempt to be anybody else is worse than folly. It is an impossibility to attain it. It is contemptible to try. But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man that ever figured in history, would that make you any the greater? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought of only as the shadow of a substance—the echo of a real sound—the counterfeit of a pure coin. Dr. Johnston aptly compared the heartless imitator—for such is he who affects the character of another—to the Empress of Russia, when she did the freakish thing of erecting a palace of ice. It was splendid and conspicuous while it lasted. But the sun soon melted it, and caused its attractions to dissolve into common water, while the humblest stone cottages of her subjects stood firm and unmarred. Let the fabric of your character, though never so humble, be at least real. Avoid affecting the character of another, however great. Build up your own. Be what God intended you to be—yourself, and not somebody else. Shun affectation.

KEEP THE BRAIN FALLOW IN CHILDHOOD.—When we are considering the health of children, it is imperative not to omit the importance of keeping the brain fallow, as it were, for several of the first years of their existence. The mischief perpetrated by a contrary course, in the shape of bad health, peevish temper, and developed vanity, is incurable. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief throughout its neighborhood, misleads them. But parents may be assured that this early work is not, by any means, all gain even in the way of work. I suspect it is a loss; and that children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake those who have been in harness long before them. And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at six years old than its compeers, especially if this is to be

gained by a sacrifice of health, which may never be regained? There may be some excuse for this early book-work in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor. It is worth while perhaps to run the risk of some physical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book-knowledge. The chance of mischief, too, will be less, being more like to be counteracted by their after life. But for a child who is to be at book-work for the first twenty-one years of its life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least its mental energy, which, after all, is its surest implement!

MAKING EVERY DAY HAPPY.—When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done, a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving, light as the air, will do it, at least for twenty-four hours, and if you are young, depend upon it, it will till you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetic, look at the result; you send one person, only one, happily through the day—that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year, and supposing you only live forty years after you commenced that course of medicine, you have made 4500 human beings happy, at all events for a time.

Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."

A STRANGER'S HAND strikes thy child. Thou inquirest the cause of this, and learnest that thy child deserved the punishment, and thou knowest that the teacher, or whoever it may be, is, on the whole, a well-intentioned and benevolent man; and yet, as it is thy own child which is chastised, thy heart is greatly disturbed, and turns involuntarily against the chastiser. Why so? Because it is an unquestionable fact, that no one can have the love for thy own flesh and blood which thou hast.

Take heed, however, to thyself; reflect whether thine own hand, which chastises thy child, is not that of a stranger; whether thou dost not often punish in anger, produced by a totally different cause, the disobedience or negligence of thy child, with a severity which he has by no means deserved.

Take heed that thy own hand does not become that of a stranger to him.

THE THIRD CLASS HOTEL.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

"Mrs. MAXWELL will be down presently," said the careless-looking waiter, in his white apron, and the brush, his professional badge of office, tucked under his arm.

The young lady he addressed scarcely bestowed a glance upon him while he was speaking. Her face and figure, both, were expressive of utter disgust at her surroundings; she occupied as little of the hair-cloth sofa as could possibly support her, and her dress was drawn up above her miraculously fitting French boot, as if she feared the contact of its flounces with the Brussels carpet. It was quite as clean as the velvet on the drawing-room of her own home, and the parlors were light and cheerful, though small for the present palatial style of hotels, and guiltless of the steamboat fashion of upholstery. In its day, the Ashley House had been a first-class hotel, second only to its lordly neighbor the Astor; but of late years the tide of fashion has stranded over that once favorite mansion, in its retreat up town, and its sounding corridors echo chiefly the hum of political cabals, or the firm free tread of those who are more familiar with the quarter-deck than the saloons.

The Ashley, having no such popularity to sustain it, had degenerated into a stopping-place for business men, making their spring and fall purchases, and anxious to lose as little time as possible. It was in the centre of the great wholesale trade. Look from any window you chose, the pavement was piled with boxes and the street choked with drays. It was the encounter with these actualities of life that had helped to ruffle the temper of Mrs. Maxwell's visitor. The carriage had been stopped by a blockade, at least ten minutes; she had been helped through the rush on the side-walk by a vulgar policeman, and had torn that lovely robe dress on a packing-box.

Now if her Uncle Maxwell had been a buyer and seller of Merrimac prints and Allendale flannels, there would have been some excuse for his peculiar fancy for stopping in this dingy little Ashley house, miles away from every one they visited; and in fact Helen Sturgis scarcely liked to say to her friends that Aunt Maxwell was in town, when she had to give her address at this out of the way place. If she would only

stop at the Brevoort House, or the Fifth Avenue, the Saint Nicholas, even, where it would be a pleasure to go, "but this dreadful, forlorn, miserable, dingy little Ashley House!"—and Miss Helen looked around her in high disdain, and wondered what kept her aunt so long, and reflected on the mortification of being recognized by some possible acquaintance, calling at such an unfashionable place.

"Well, Helen, how are you, dear? I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but I had to finish copying a letter for your uncle."

Miss Sturgis advanced, with considerable animation, to meet the speaker, a very well-dressed, fine-looking woman of thirty-five. To tell the truth, she did look a little out of place in these quiet old-fashioned parlors, with her rich lace and sweeping drapery; it was not often the mirrors had so brilliant a reminiscence of their old grandeur to reflect upon. It was not a limited income, evidently, that brought her to this stopping-place.

"We were *delighted* to hear you had come, Aunt Margaret! I *flew* down the moment we got your note! How is Uncle Maxwell? how are the boys? is Annie with you? or dear little Madge? and—you won't mind, will you—why in the world did you stop way down here, particularly now that we have gone up to Murray Hill?"

Mrs. Maxwell watched the shadow of disdain creep over the fair face before her with an amused smile. "Ask your uncle; here he comes! Archie, Helen is as distressed as I told you she would be."

"Yes, it's too bad"—and Helen adopted a pretty petulant manner with her uncle—"to drag Aunt Margaret out of the world so. Please change your mind and come up in our neighborhood. You've no idea how lovely 'the Fifth Avenue' is! Ah do!"

"Couldn't oblige you, could we, Madge? anything else?"—and Uncle Maxwell bestowed a loving smile on his wife, and a provokingly mysterious one on her niece. "Couldn't be induced, could we?"

"Well, I don't see what the attractions are! and only think how it sounds! I should think you would hate to ask your friends to call on you here." And then she blushed with vexa-

tion, and the unintentional rudeness of her last sentence.

"I feel for you, Helen, indeed I do! Perhaps you don't think so! I know just how trying it will be when your devoted friend, Dolly Mandeville, asks you where your aunt is staying, to have to say in Maiden Lane! Horrible! Or to encounter that elegant and fascinating brother of hers on his way to Wall Street, just as you turn the corner! How he will lift up his aristocratic eyebrows! Never mind, Nell; if they show any disposition to cut you, remind them that their father had a retail boot and shoe store, and has taken my measure himself many a time, two doors below here."

"Goodness, uncle, you don't say so!"—and Helen's astonishment displaced all other emotions. "Why, they are the most exclusive people in our square; Mr. Mandeville has done no business for years."

"That's because he attended to it himself, when he was in trade; made excellent shoes," added Uncle Maxwell, with a recollective shake of the head. "As good shoes as old Williams did trowsers. I had my first real roundabout from him."

"Not the Jennings Williams family?"

"Just so."

"Well, I never would have believed it; *why* they declined to visit the Lawlers and the Hubbards last winter. I only wish I had known it!" And it was plain the Lawlers and Hubbards should know it by the very next opportunity. "If there's anything I hate, it is to see people setting themselves up." And Miss Helen shook out her flounces with the air of one who has some settled claims, and can afford to bid others be humble.

"That was when our grocery store was on the corner of John Street and Nassau; many a pound of sugar I've done up for Jack Williams to carry home, helping myself liberally."

"Uncle Archie!"—and Helen's face began to burn—"you are the worst tease!"

"Does it tease you? I'm sorry."

"Don't, Archie," interposed Aunt Margaret.

"Because you know it isn't so; you know grandpa was a shipping merchant," said Helen, vehemently.

"So he was, in your day; and so was Mandeville a leather-dealer, and Williams an importer; but 'great oaks,' you know—I have a remarkably good memory."

"There, Helen, he shall not tease you any longer. Go and attend to your letters, Archie; Helen will spend the morning with me. You have the carriage with you? can't you send it

home and stay? I cannot very well go up town before afternoon."

"Oh, you ask too much, Madge—Miss Sturgis taking lunch at the Ashley House; why the Williams family won't visit *her* next, if they get wind of such unheard-of proceedings!"

"I shall stay, just for that—now, then." And Miss Sturgis began to unbutton her gloves, holding them up after the manner of near-sighted people, not that she was near-sighted, but it was a popular way with the young ladies of the Vancouver Institute. "And I'll find out what brings you here before I leave, see, now. You can send Henry home, and tell him to come for us at three. Mamma expects you to dine; you will go, won't you, Aunt Margaret?"

"Dine at three! Horrible! What has occurred to peril the gentility of the Sturgis mansion so?"

"I did not say *dine* at three; *do* send him off! I don't see how you live with such a horrible tease! Does he always kiss you good-by?" asked Helen, as she followed her aunt to the opposite side of the house, where bright, cheerful apartments awaited them. "It's not so bad here, after all, is it? only the noise and confusion, and being so very far down town."

"And so unfashionable; say it out, Helen. But it's the dearest old spot in the world to me—and this room, the very sight of it makes me happy!"

Shutting out the noise of the street, as the heavy curtains and closed windows did on that wintry day, it was as cheerful a transient home as a traveller could have found in all Gotham. Evidently the state apartment of the house in its best days, and now, though the hangings were a little faded, everything was nicely kept, and the heavy furniture had its own old-fashioned elegance. The lounge and easy-chairs were drawn towards the hearth, where a ruddy fire glowed, reflecting its light from a burnished grate, and Helen presently found herself very comfortable basking before the blaze, and admiring her feet as they rested on the bright rim surrounding it. One hand lay idly on the arm of the lounging-chair, and with the other she held up an old-fashioned Indian screen that had been discovered behind one of the tall China jars upon the mantelpiece. It was evidently not at all distressing to have nothing to do for the next two hours; it appeared to be an employment she was entirely at home in. But her aunt had not had the privilege of an education in the Vancouver Institute, where "elegant

idleness" is taught as an accomplishment. Traveller as she was, her little green morocco work-box stood upon the table beside her writing-desk; and, as she fitted a shining gold thimble to her finger, she took up a cambric handkerchief, half hemmed, before she settled herself on a corner of the opposite lounge.

"Now, isn't this cosy, Nell? Quite as pleasant as your Fifth Avenue could be," she said, lightly.

"Oh, nice enough—better than I expected; but when one is travelling and has plenty of money, one might as well have the best."

"Exactly what brought us here the first time I ever saw the Ashley House. The Astor was full, for it was the height of the travelling season, and this was next best; in fact, many preferred it then, it was so well kept. It was my first real journey; I never had been beyond Albany before in all my life, and I was as old as you."

"Why, Aunt Margaret!"—for, from the time Miss Sturgis could remember, the family had always travelled in the summer, and she had just returned from a six months' European tour, to say nothing of two winters in Havana.

"Oh, that was in an unsophisticated age, when we read books of travel, and were satisfied to see with other people's eyes. Why, we were considered as very extravagant, 'stuck up people' at Otsego for going that year to Boston and the White Mountains, though it was not a fashionable route then. I had had a famous trip; I was very romantic, very susceptible, and, seeing more gentlemen in those two weeks than I should have done in five years at home, I had imagined myself in love twice at least, and looked upon every new acquaintance, if he was at all young or agreeable, as a possible lover. It was exhaustingly hot weather when we left Boston. The cars were crowded; as for the boat, people were piled all over the floor. It was impossible to sleep, so, after a bad night and a day of sight-seeing, you can imagine me pretty well wearied out. Still, nothing could have kept me in bed that evening; two of our late fellow-travellers stopping at the Astor, were coming over, and the hotel was thronged. I could not possibly miss such an opportunity for display. Tired as I was, and with a headache creeping on, I dressed my hair as carefully as if for a ball, sixteen long curls on each side—I had not turned it up yet—and put on my handsomest dress, a blue French muslin, and appeared with the rest at the tea-table. After tea, our visitors came; not particularly brilliant young men, but very complimentary—oh, very!

The lights were excruciating to my poor head, so was the hum of conversation in the parlors; but I bore it like a martyr until nine o'clock and after, when it began to be intolerable. Just then Cousin Lewis came in, and said to his wife, with whom I was travelling: 'Who do you think has just come in, in the train from Philadelphia?—our old friend Archie Maxwell!'

"What—uncle?"—and Helen started up from her languid attitude. "Why, I did not know you had known him so long before you were—"

"Yes, before I was married. I don't often speak of it, you know; but here, just in this house, I have a kind of 'Ancient Mariner' feeling; it is a pleasure to talk it over."

"But you were not engaged then?"

"Oh, we are not introduced yet, you know. Lewis said he had asked him to join us in the parlor after he had made his toilet, and presently he came in. Of course I was all curiosity. He could not have been such an old friend, for he had only left college a year, and that was where Lewis had known him, when he was tutor, while he studied law. You cannot recollect him very distinctly at that age. Well, I saw a tall, slender young man, with rather heavy whiskers, and fashionably dressed. I thought him particularly elegant in manner, and poor Abbot and Callender, who had been quite high in my good graces, dropped instantly. Not that he would ever notice such a chit as I was; he only bowed in acknowledgment of the introduction to me, and, taking a chair close to Cousin Anne, began to talk of mutual acquaintances at New Haven. I had a good opportunity, sitting on the other side of him, to study his face. His white, even teeth, his regular profile, his mellow, happy laugh, much what it is now, I admired exceedingly. I gave very absent replies to my visitors, for, apart from their lack of conversational capabilities, my head seemed bursting with pain, and I began to think I should certainly drop from the chair if I could not get to my own room. But there was the curious crowd in the parlor, groups much like our own scattered all about, staring at and criticizing each other in the absence of any more intellectual occupation; and between me and the door Mr. Maxwell's long limbs stretched out carelessly. At last I could bear it no longer, not even with the dim, distant hope of sharing his attentions presently. I rose hurriedly to my feet, and made one step forward; alas! I did just what I tried to avoid; in the blind dizziness of pain, stumbled over his feet, and was caught in his arms, out-

stretched instinctively to save me from the fall. I gave one imploring, deprecating glance upward, and met such a look of mingled amusement and kindness as Mr. Maxwell quietly set me on my feet again, apologized for his monopoly of the floor, and hoped I had not been hurt. It seemed to me that a general titter ran around the room, and that he was scarcely able to keep from laughter himself at my awkward predicament. I should have been greatly obliged if the floor had kindly opened and conducted me to the bar underneath."

"Don't believe her," called out a voice from the adjoining chamber.

"Why, Uncle Archie, is that you?"

"You abominable eavesdropper"—and his wife started up to meet him. "What business had you to come back so soon?"

"Oh, you gave me the wrong letter, with your usual accuracy. I posted down to Brown Brothers, with an account intended for the Metropolitan Bank. She wanted to bring me back, Helen, and have the pleasure of seeing me once more. You have no idea how wearing her attentions are. I have to submit to it, though!" and with a rueful face he kissed her with a very well executed appearance of heartiness.

"She's just as designing now as she was the night she pretended to stumble over my feet. Well, there; take another if you will have it," added Mr. Maxwell, showing no disposition to release his wife. "The fact is, Helen, we've never quite made up that five years! Come, I must be off; give me the other letter, quick—"

"And order lunch as you go out, to pay for eavesdropping." Mrs. Maxwell took up her work again, but her eyes followed her husband to the door.

"What loves they are still! dear me"—thought Helen—"how long does that kind of thing last? John and Fanny have nothing of that going on, and they've been married only two years."

"Uncle's fond enough of you, now, at all events; isn't he, Aunt Margaret?" she added, aloud, as her aunt's half amused, half questioning look met hers.

"Yes, I think he is, judging from appearances."

"But that five years, as he said, how did you ever happen to lose it? Didn't you fancy him then?"

Mrs. Maxwell's eyes grew almost misty with tenderness. "I suppose I have loved him ever since. I went to bed that night to think of

him at all events, and with his face forever impressed on my memory. Sleep cured my fatigue, and I came down in my white morning-dress to breakfast, expecting to meet our party in the parlor; but it was earlier than I supposed; there were one or two strangers, and Mr. Maxwell standing by a window. I did not think he would know me; but he came forward immediately, and inquired whether I had been lamed by his awkwardness, kindly taking the awkwardness all to himself, and was so agreeable that I forgot the unpleasant part, and only remembered—well, I will tell *you*, Helen, that his kind, strong arms had been around me, though but for a moment.

"He went with us to breakfast, and to ride afterwards; we saw him constantly for the next three days, and you know how fast an acquaintance progresses in travelling. The night before we left, we all went to the old Park Theatre to see the Viennese children—little wreath dancers—it was before your day, and he walked home with me. We talked about it being the last evening; and he said he should miss us—well, miss *me*—and the hotel would be dreadfully dull. That his brother's family were out of town, and he was supposed to be reading law, and it would be a year and a half before he could be admitted to the bar; and his father's property could not be divided until his youngest sister came of age; talked quite confidentially, and as if we had known each other always. Then about our going away again—and that I should probably forget I had ever seen him in a month's time. We were just in the blaze of light at the Museum, when he said that, and I looked up, straight up into his face reproachfully; for I was feeling as if I should never be able to live without seeing or hearing from him; possibly you know what kind of a look I met without describing it."

"I can guess," and Helen thought of a certain evening at Long Branch the summer before, when she had not cared to dance, but had walked the piazza in the moonlight, and the loveliest organdie dress; and had met several such looks. The very recollection made her heart dance; but then, she had flirted afterwards with Lieutenant Bradshaw, and they had quarrelled. Heigh-ho!

"What a long sigh!" said Mrs. Maxwell, gathering something of Helen's story, from the light that came over her face, and the shadow and sigh that followed it.

"Your face looks almost as forlorn as mine did when the parting came, for your uncle had not only been confidential, but had almost said

'I love you;' and even Lewis and Anne saw it, I am sure; for they allowed us to walk down to the boat together and rallied me about my dulness all day. It was not a very sentimental parting, for we were late, and I was hurried on board without the promise to write to me, which I felt sure to the last minute he intended to make; and I saw him last standing on the wharf watching the boat, amid a crowd of drays and produce, and porters, in a burning hot sun. Heigh-ho!"

"You are sighing now, Aunt Margaret."

"Am I?" and Mrs. Maxwell started from the commencement of a reverie. "I was thinking of that winter. I was really unhappy; I did not hear a word from your uncle, after all; Anne thought it so strange, and asked Lewis if he was sure Maxwell was a high-minded man, and he defended him warmly. You have no idea how miserable it is to be shut up in a country town, with little society, and very few interests, waiting and watching the post, from day to day, wondering and wearying over it; and at last I began to give up all hope, and accuse him of trifling, and myself of folly; and my face burned sitting all alone, when I remembered how I had allowed him to take my hand, when I met his eyes that night, and hold it all the rest of the way to the hotel, and how he had said—well, you can guess again."

And Helen could guess pretty near the truth, for she had experienced more than once how much could be said without coming to the point.

"'I love you—will you be my wife?'"

"Oh, dear Aunt Margaret, men are all such horrid flirts! but I never should have guessed uncle was! How can you love him so well, now?"

"It's not very hard," said Mrs. Maxwell, quietly, folding up the finished handkerchief, and taking another with the edge just turned.

"And how can you bear to sit sewing away like any seamstress? Why don't you have a sewing-machine?—we do. Lou and I never think of setting a stitch."

"I have one, too; your uncle brought home one the last time he was east; but no one has ever hemmed his handkerchiefs but myself, since I had a right to do it, or ever will."

"Yes, but you haven't told me—"

"I don't like to think about that part of my life very much. I grew more and more low-spirited and self-accusing, and then Judge Flint had that famous lawsuit with Lewis, and he was very courteous, and dignified, and attentive to me; and every one said what a good

match, and I had the silly idea of showing your uncle that he had not made me miserable, after all; and so it went on, and I had had a grand wedding, and became Mrs. Flint before I fairly realized what I was doing."

"And didn't you see uncle, or hear from him all this time?"

"Not a word; and after I became a wife I thought it was right to put away even the recollection of him. I gave away the copy of Tennyson's Poems that he had given me, and never sang the songs that I had sung to him—and Judge Flint was very kind, and I had the children to think of after a while; then he died, suddenly, and it was found he had speculated, and all his property was gone. At twenty-three, Helen, I was a widow, with two children, entirely dependent upon my own exertions."

"Dreadful!" Helen had about as much idea of earning a dollar as she had of wanting bread. "Ah, you poor child, you! what did you do?"

"All manner of things—sewed, taught, dragged along for two years, determined not to be separated from my children, nor be dependent on my friends. But it was no use: the horrid pain I had put off from day to day—the agony of parting with my children had to come. I can't talk of it, now," and Mrs. Maxwell's lips quivered, and her eyes dilated with starting tears. "To feel those little clinging arms around me, to hear that soft, lisping little voice: 'Come home to-night, mamma, and bring Robbie present!'—and see the manly efforts of the oldest not to cry, not to make mamma feel badly, and know that death and sickness might rob me of them before I should ever see them again, or that they would forget me and cling to strangers. Oh, Helen, it stifles me yet! They were to be with Anne and Lewis, that was some comfort; I don't think I could have brought myself to it otherwise; and I came to New York with one of our neighbors, a merchant, to advertise for a situation South or West as governess."

"We came here. Mr. Grant's business brought him to the Ashley House, and the very name thrilled me with old recollections; how much more the room, the well-remembered furniture. The house was crowded; I had a bit of a room way up against the roof. We arrived in a terrible October storm. I never remember one like it. I was drenched going from the boat to the carriage, and almost blown off the side-walk getting into the house. My room being so near the roof, I heard it in full

force, and looking down into the street it was almost deserted, the awnings were torn off—shutters flapped drearily in the wind—the windows rattled. Oh, how desolate it was! Such a contrast to my last stay here. Then I was so young, so full of health and hope, surrounded by friends; now, in the care of a nominal acquaintance, broken in health, wearied out in mind and body, desolate and racked with the pain of that parting. All night I lay there listening to the storm, stretching out my arms to shelter my children, and turning on an empty pillow with great hot gushes of tears at the silence; thinking, too, of the past, and how different it might all have been.

"When morning came, I dreaded to face it, to set about the business of my journey, to make my first solitary step in life. I felt as if I could shut my eyes to the light forever; tempted to turn at once and fly back to my children, trying to familiarize myself with the long year at least that lay between me and the sight of their dear little faces. I had no sympathy to expect from Mr. Grant. He had come on business, and but half finished his hurried breakfast when he stretched out his hand for the advertisement he was to insert in a daily paper for me, and was gone, leaving me to the loneliness of an unoccupied stormy day.

"The week dragged by. I had had several applications, but none that I felt I ought to accept in justice to myself or my children. The more advantageous offers were to go too far from them, and some required too much—sewing and personal supervision out of school hours. It was pretty hard to find one's time and powers so keenly bargained for; I was questioned as closely as a chambermaid looking for a situation."

"Poor Aunt Margaret!" said Helen, thinking with a little self-reproach of the heavy-eyed Miss Ferris who taught her little sisters, and that perhaps she might have a story, too.

"I was almost disheartened"—and here the work dropped unconsciously from Mrs. Maxwell's white hands. "Mr. Grant was to go the next day, and the little money I had was melting away. I felt almost desperate, and said to myself, I would take the next situation, let it be what it might. Just between daylight and dark that last evening, a gentleman from the West called. The room was vacant, save the figure that rose to meet me, and it was so dusky that I could not see the face distinctly, but the gentleman was very kind in his manner, made me be seated, apologized for asking questions, but said it was necessary to make a few inqui-

ries. 'I had advertised for a situation as Mrs. F. Was I a widow? was I willing to go to Chicago? I seemed young—excuse me—for my position.'

"His kind and considerate manner, so different from anything I had experienced through the week, and a strange echo in his voice of one that had once spoken far more kindly to me, made me tell him my story briefly. I was not so young, twenty-five, a widow two years, and I was working for my children; and then I felt my fortitude and endurance leave me suddenly, with the thought of those wondering little faces watching in vain for me, and I sobbed out the last.

"He was so thoughtful as not to attempt to soothe me, though I felt that he was moved, for his voice was tremulous when he spoke again. It almost made me start, it was so like one I had heard on that very spot before, but I knew it was fancy, connecting it with the place.

"'I am truly sorry for you, madam,'—and then, before I could speak or think, the tremulousness deepened to entreaty, and I knew in an instant who it was that said, 'Oh, Margaret, your tears are choking me! We did not dream of all this when we parted. I thought you loved me then.'

"I tried to be cold, resentful, but I could not. I was too unhappy to refuse any comfort, and I could not put away his; for all that week the spell of the old time had been upon me, and I had turned a hundred times, thinking I must see him among all these strange faces.

"'Perhaps you thought hardly of me,' he went on, hurriedly; 'but I only meant to prove myself, and to work hard to be able to be nearer offering you a home when I did speak. I wrote you twenty letters that winter and destroyed them, all but one; I have one witness to speak for me. I started once to go to you, but I thought you understood me, and were waiting for me, and when the time came, I heard you had given yourself away.'

"I could not say one word; all that weary winter rose up—and to think that he had really cared for me.

"'I come to offer you a situation from my partner,' he said, presently; 'but if you did care for me, Margaret, I can make you think of me again. Be my little governess; I need one sadly; I have wandered out of all good ways since that great disappointment; you ought to guide me back again.'

"And what did you say," asked Helen, eagerly, feeling as if she was in the second

volume of a sensation novel. "Why, it's as good as a real love-story."

"Oh, you know I had promised myself to take the next situation, let it be what it would," said Mrs. Maxwell, gayly, gathering up her work; "and so my poor deserted children got their mother back again, and a father too."

"Did it really happen in the parlor we were in just now?"

"Really; on that very dear old hair-cloth sofa your uncle kissed me for the first time in his life. If there is ever a sale of furniture here, we mean to have it bought in."

"So *that's* what brings you here. But how did uncle know it was you?"

"Why, it seems, after he became a banker in Chicago, he used to come here and stop for the sake of old times, and he had arrived the day before, one of his errands being to look for a governess, and some one had told him of me."

"Well, I don't know but I'd come here, too, in spite of Maiden Lane," said Helen, quite heartily. "I don't know but I'd go to Long Branch every summer, if—"

"If what?" asked her aunt, wondering if Helen had a heart after all.

"Oh, nothing!" But Helen was thinking if some fortunate accident should ever bring about an explanation between herself and Fred Graham.

"And you see some people do condescend to come and see us here," said her aunt, holding out a card brought in just at that moment.

Helen could scarcely believe her eyes as she read—"MRS. AUGUSTE BELMONT."

"I suppose you don't feel so badly about it now"—and Mrs. Maxwell stood up before the dressing-glass to assure herself of the rectitude of her collar. "Come, go with me, and have a look at the old sofa."

EAST INDIA PICTURE-FRAMES.

BY MRS. E. S. CUSTARD.

VERY delicate and neat picture-frames for Grecian oil or other light paintings can be made of rice and coffee. Take strips of white paste-board; cut them of any size you wish to fit the painting. Spread over one side of the frame a coat of glue (Spalding's prepared), and arrange the rice so as to form an ornamental edge both outer and inner. Place the grains one over the other in imitation of shell-work, dropping the glue so as to cause each grain to adhere, and arranging them in any manner which may please your taste. From each edge proceed to the centre, when take the lightest colored and

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prettiest shaped grains of coffee and place them as your fancy may dictate. A running vine or imitations of flowers are very neat. Fill up every interstice with the rice, glueing both coffee and rice plentifully, and pressing each grain firmly to make it adhere. When one side of the frame is completed, proceed to do another until the frame is finished. Lay it away until perfectly dry, then take a small camel's-hair brush and varnish the whole with white copal or mastic varnish, and you will have an East India frame.

THE LAST DAY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE fire burns low within the polished grate,
A mellow glow diffuses through the room,
The day is dying on his couch of state,
And crimson banners stream o'er flags of gloom!
The last day of the year is going hence
Into the cycles of eternity—
Unto its life hath come deliverance—
Its feet press downward to the mystic sea.

Shadows creep on; the wind falls to a moan,
Nature in muteness mourns the pending death;
The wild old forest, earth's grand undertone,
In reverent silence holds its mighty breath.
The joys and sorrows of the year are done—
Its hopes and promises have taken flight;
The feverish race is o'er—the goal is won—
The peril past! 'Tis the Last Day, at night.

Be still, my soul! strain every listening power!
The last sand trembles! earth is lapsed in stills;
With slow precision flees th' eleventh hour—
A cold, dead quiet heaven's broad arches fills!
The clock's dark finger upward points—'tis come!
Twelve strokes ring out upon the waiting ear;
The pale young moon breaks from her eastern home,
To bring her offering to the new born year!

LIFE AND TOIL.

BY REV. JOHN B. HEERY.

LABOR below and rest on high,
Here a yoke and there a crown,
Smiles one day, but now a frown;
These ever beckon to the sky:
Loudly they call on every one,
On every one beneath the sun.

Life, with its toils, its sighs, its pains,
Its arms bowed by labor long,
Its busy, whirling, anxious throng:
An earnest these of lasting gains,
If the Holy One be feared,
The right in everything revered.

Toll, Pain, and Tears are spirits three,
Whispering of the better land—
The pleasures pure at God's right hand,
Where all are children, all are free!
Though sharp the voice, yet kindly hear
When the "sistered three" are near!

AUNTIE'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY T. P. W.

"No Christmas presents this year; every dollar must be saved for that unfortunate debt to Mr. T——."

"We are not expecting any presents, mother," said Nelly; "we know it would be wrong to spend money for self-gratification, when debt presses so heavily upon us."

The financial reverses of 18— had swept like a simoom over C——, and the only son of Uncle Ellis, who had hitherto been in successful business, had become deeply involved, and, still worse, had also involved his father. The pretty cottage in which he lived with his beloved Nellie and their little ones was secured to him for a year; beyond that all was darkness in the future. Uncle Ellis believed there was deep meaning in the command, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another;" and he determined, by rigid economy, as soon as possible to pay his portion of his son's debts.

The custom of giving expensive Christmas presents was almost universal in C——; and, though Uncle Ellis and his children had not yielded to this custom as far as useless gifts were concerned, Christmas had hitherto been the time for the exchange of useful articles. The neat dressing-gown, slippers, silk dress for auntie, pretty winter dresses for the children, or similar presents, were sure to gladden the heart on Christmas morning.

"No Christmas presents this year!" It sounded sadly, and auntie sat thinking what could be done. There were others besides children and grandchildren who had always received Christmas gifts; Biddy *must* have one, and faithful Jake, who had been with Uncle Ellis fifteen years, *must* have one, too, and his wife and children, who lived in a cozy house at the foot of the garden, and were like members of the family, were just as sure of a present from auntie as they were that Christmas would come at all. Then there were nieces, nephews, and other loved ones—*what can be done?* Now that they all know there can be no expensive presents, the simple gifts of olden time may be acceptable.

Auntie hurried down town, and bought bristol-board, gold-paper, bright-colored sewing-silks, emery, white wax, colored worsteds, and bits of merino; the old patterns that forty years since gave variety to fairs were brought into requisition.

There were emery-bags, and little wax fishes with golden scales and fins; there were needle-books of bristol-board, cut in points, and wound with bright-colored silks, and between the leaves of these little books dimes were curiously fastened; there were merino pincushions, wrought with colored worsted; and baskets of bristol-board, cut like oak-leaves, bound with gold-paper, and pleasant verses written between the veins of the leaves. When Christmas eve came, there were twenty-seven little packages in readiness for distribution, the whole amount of the cost being two dollars and eighty-five cents!

The servants received useful gifts on Christmas morning; the rest were reserved for the evening of Christmas day, when the representatives of five families were to have a social gathering.

A group of relatives had collected at Uncle Ellis's to see what could be done by way of keeping Christmas, for Karl was on a visit from the West, and we wanted to make it pleasant for him.

"You must all come and spend the evening with us," said auntie; "but we can only have a very simple supper. Stop a little; I must see if Biddy will cheerfully give up an expected visit."

Biddy was called, and the case stated. "And sure I'll stay at home. Haven't I been here five years, and had every Christmas to meself yet? And I can cook the splendid turkey that Dr. C—— sent for a Christmas dinner, and I'll get Norah to spend the evening with me, and we'll have everything put to rights before bedtime."

"It is too bad for auntie to have the care of us all," said Ella, "when she is so feeble; suppose we make a kind of donation party of it."

The suggestion was received by acclamation.

"I will send a well-filled cake-basket," said one; "and I grapes and apples—and I candies—and I and I oranges, nuts, almonds, and raisins."

"And I," said Uncle Ellis, "will get as many first-rate Baltimore oysters as you can eat."

"And auntie must cook them," said Kate, "for there is no oyster soup like hers."

"And that is all that she shall do," said Frankie, "for we will set the table, see to the coffee, and do everything ourselves."

The extension-table, drawn to its full extent

in the back parlor, covered with a clean table-cloth, and ornamented with flowers and evergreens, looked bright and cheery, and there was room for all the guests. Uncle Ellis asked a blessing, and then there was a moment's silence, for all were looking at auntie. Close by the oyster-tureen was an elegant silver soup-ladle. On one side was engraven "H. D. Ellis;" on the other, "For Auntie, from Karl and Ella." There were tears in auntie's eyes, and she could only give the loved donors a look of affectionate gratitude.

The soup-plates were not grouped by the tureen, but one turned down for each guest. On taking them up, auntie's simple presents appeared, exciting as much apparent pleasure and eliciting as many notes of admiration as the most expensive jewelry could have done.

Never was there a more cheerful supper, or one more heartily enjoyed. When the meal was finished, the little ones were directed to amuse themselves in their own way. The whole house was thoroughly warmed and lighted, and every room opened. They bounded away in merry glee, with Uncle Frank as leader in all their sports and frolics. The other members of the party enjoyed such conversation as springs from intelligent, cultivated minds and warm hearts.

The piano was opened, and, after many modern pieces and songs, auntie was urged to play some old tunes. "Please play the first march you ever learned." "The Bugle March" was played, followed by "Auld Lang Syne" and "Adeste Fideles," with variations. Then we sang hymns, in which all joined.

At length the little ones came into the parlor, thoroughly tired. It was strange, for the old family clock that had for seventy years been a perfect timepiece pointed only to nine. On looking at watches, it was found to be half past ten; there was much winking and laughing among the children, but no one would tell who persuaded the old clock to stop precisely at nine.

"Now we must hurry, and get home as soon as possible."

"Before separating, let us unite in prayer."

We knelt while Uncle Ellis offered a fervent, heartfelt prayer. When we rose from our knees, there were a few moments of hushed silence, for all felt the presence of the Saviour, whose advent had this day been celebrated. After cloaks, overcoats, hoods, and furs were on, there was a reassembling in the parlor for last words.

"What a delightful evening!"

"I never enjoyed myself so well before!"

"Do let us meet in this way every year."

There was a general kissing of Uncle Ellis and auntie, a cheerful "good-night," and then the merry sleigh-bells sounding in different directions told us that the loved ones were going to their several homes. The evening had passed delightfully; not a single cloud to mar its brightness. And now

"The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide,
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside."

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.*

BY MRS. HALE.

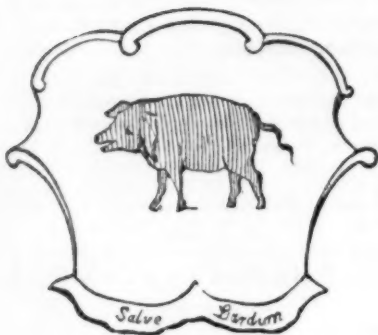
Bury me in the morning, mother;
Oh! let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with night;
Alone in the night of the grave, mother—
'Tis a thought of terrible fear!
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here:
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with night.
You tell of the Saviour's love, mother—
I feel it in my heart;
But oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part;
Forever to part, when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay,
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And Heaven seems far away:
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with night.
Never unclasp my hand, mother,
Till it falls away from thine—
Let me hold the pledge of thy love, mother,
Till I feel the Love Divine:
The Love Divine—Oh! look, mother,
Above!—its beams I see,
And there an angel's face, mother,
Is smiling down on me.
Yet bury me in the morning, mother,
When sunbeams flood the sky—
For Death is the gate of Life, mother,
And leads to Light on high.

* The above poem, written by our editress, was published in the *Lady's Book*, October, 1853, page 358. We have lately seen the first and second stanzas reprinted as the production of that eminent statesman, Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. This mistake has been widely circulated in the newspapers; it seems, therefore, but justice to the distinguished dead, who needs no borrowed ornament of genius, as well as to the living authoress, to make this correction and give Mrs. Hale's poem as it was printed in our pages eight years ago.

L. A. GODEX, Editor.

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."



CHAPTER XVIII.

A MOVING CONCLUSION—RASH, RASHER, RASHEST!

You seem to be strangely happy, Timothy. You've been whistling and singing all day long, and bustling around as if you'd rather have moving-day come than the pleasantest holiday. For my part, I'm too tired to speak. I don't see anything amusing in moving out of our mansion on Fifth Avenue back into this dreary, old-fashioned house; leaving our appropriate speer, and retiring to this dismal street. We'll never see a friend's face here. People are not going to trouble to turn out of the usual way to come down here, and have their coachmen turning up their noses before the door while they are trying dreadfully hard to be polite to me, inquiring how I like the neighborhood, etc. When we moved on to the avenue, it was a different thing asking how we liked the neighborhood. I don't feel as if I wished them ever to inquire after my health, for I don't expect to be well in this tumble-down, dirty old house, with the damp in the basement, and the ceilings so low that there isn't chance for a breath of pure air. It's all well enough for an absurd little man like you, only five feet two, in your boots, to declare that the ceilings are high enough. They are not as high as those we've been accustomed to by at least three feet. "Thought these were the ones we'd been accustomed to!" Dear, dear! I'd certainly think you were cross-eyed, you see everything so perversely, if I hadn't the evidence of my own eyes to the contrary. You stick to it that there isn't any damp in the dining-room, that the street is highly genteel and quiet, that the

parlors are just the right size, and the wall-paper beautiful. "Your affection for the old home gilds over slight defects." It isn't the kind of gilding I admire; I'm free to confess I prefer the genuine article, such as we had on all those lovely cornices and panels. You'll be telling me this furniture is prettier than our satin French sets, I presume. However, it's good enough for all the accessories we'll ever have for it. Folks that have no friends do not need fine furniture. "You thought I had several hundred of the most devoted stamp." So I *did* until you acted up in the foolish way you did, first failing, and then paying your debts and coming down in our style. It would have made no visible difference, if it hadn't been for your notions about honesty. I could have had just as many carriages on my calling list this moment, if you'd have cheated your creditors and kept up appearances. Other people do it, and why shouldn't we? "Thought I'd promised you not to find any more fault on that subject." Well, I did try to reconcile myself; but now that I'm actually back here, and everything so real, I feel terribly, and I can't help it. "Suppose my friend Fitz will be in to console me." No, you don't suppose anything of the kind! You know she hasn't been near me for a month, the deceitful, selfish, ungrateful, hypocritical, slanderous creature! I despise her from the bottom of my heart! "That's right; give her Fitz!" So I would, if I had a good chance; I'd tell her to her face what I thought of her; I'd ask her if she'd got done with the wear of the shawl, and set of laces, and other trifles I'd loaned her! To be sure I *gave* them to her out and out; but I'd pretend I wanted them back. I don't suppose she'd blush if I did ask her; Fitz never blushes. I've heard of something she did that's so *awful* mean you wouldn't credit it if you were to hear it; you wouldn't believe her capable of it. What do you think, Rasher! she found out by some means, as she always contrives to about everybody, who you'd sold our silver to; and she hurried down to their store, for fear it would be melted up before she got there, and actually, poor as she is, purchased a set of teaspoons, for the sake of the coat-of-arms and the motto. She told the merchant she was a very particular friend of the family, and wished them as a

sacred memento; and, now she's got 'em, she uses 'em every time she has company, to laugh over in her sly way, and tell 'em she's tried to save a small piece of the bacon. It seems Flummery translated your hog-Latin to her, and she thought it a good joke. He and she'll have nice times, won't they, ridiculing us! If we'd have kept our money, they'd have stuck to us like a small boy to a piece of molasses-candy, and as long as they kept by us we'd have been all right. It's your fault; it's as plain as the nose on your face that it's your fault. If you hadn't given things up that didn't belong to you, we wouldn't be here this day, moving into this old shell, with only two servants to do everything. Why am I like the balcony fence? I am *not* like it in any respect, and I'll defy you to prove your assertion. "Because I'm always a railing round the house." I had hoped, Timothy, that amid my accumulation of other trials, I should be spared any more of your wretched folly. A man of your age, with grown-up girls, and a ruined man at that, ought to give up such a trifling and preposterous habit. "You've always been a *ruin* ever since you were a married man?" Well, this is a pretty time to tell me of it; very generous and feeling of you, on moving day, and on an occasion like the present. I think it is *I* who should rue it, Timothy Rasher! "I do present a *moving* spectacle." Now, Rasher, if you go to making fun of me, I shall burst right out a crying. I'm too tired and worried to stand it. If you had the heart of a husband and father, it would be utterly impossible for you to go singing, and whistling, and punning about on this miserable occasion. There's Cerintha up stairs in her room, crying as if her heart would break, poor girl! She says the mean little closets won't hold half her dresses, and that if they *would*, it would make no difference, as she shall never have an opportunity of displaying them properly; she don't expect to go out any more; expects to live like a nun. "If she never wears 'em out, she'll never want any new ones!" And that's all you care about it. You've got us back here, and are going to shut us up like a prisoner in the Castle, and you don't feel any more remorse than as if you were shutting up a parcel of pigs in a pen. "Don't see why we shouldn't live as snug as bees in the winter?" Of course you don't see it; you're blind to everything but your own low tastes and habits. You haven't a spark of ambition about you. "Speaking of bees, why do they always find a ready market for their honey?" I scorn to attempt to guess.

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"Because they sell it as fast as they manufacture it." Humph! you haven't hurt yourself, have you, my darling, with that effort? I wish you could have said as much for your pork, and we wouldn't have been in this pickle. But now that you're really out of the business, I'd advise you to do as other men of respectability do; take up with a nice, genteel employment that will secure to your family the position they have a right to expect. I've always heard tell that some of the most influential of our acquaintance which we made in our new circle did business on Wall Street. I don't know just what kind. The only objection I have to it is that it seems to be some kind of a market, and I've a horror of markets. You've always been in the fish line or the pork trade, and I'd like something entirely new. But it's too late for you to study law or the ministry, and you haven't the head for it, nother, and as for politics, the man that's so scrupulous as to give up the last dollar, as it were, to his creditors would never succeed in them—never! So if other people think bulls and bears are more aristocratic than pigs and beef, it isn't for us to quarrel with 'em about it; they're fashionable folks, and they know best. If we imitate them, we'll be sure to be somewhere near right; and if you wish to restore me to good spirits, and see me happy once more, you'll try and set up a little stock in Wall Street. Dear, dear! I don't see where they keep all them wild animals. I shall be mortal 'fraid to come and see you when you get your office full of such creatures. I've been through that street several times, and I never could see where they keep 'em. It looks all nice and quiet, and I never even heard 'em roar; and there's plenty of gold and bank bills in the windows, which shows how much money they make; and I suppose the bulls and bears are all kept in cages in the rear, aren't they? If I should come to pay you a visit, and you should lock me up in your private office, as you did once, I hope there wouldn't be any bears in it; I prefer pigs, of the two.

What's that, Felicia? The men can't get the mirrors into the parlors, at all! Oh, dear! what *shall* I do! I did hope to at least have the comfort of those mirrors. The books and pictures I felt willing to see go, but those lovely mirrors I couldn't bear to part with. Every time I stood before them they seemed almost a part of myself; such elegant plate-glass and such exquisite frames. What *are* we to do, Rasher? the ceiling is too low by more than a foot. "Told me so!" Well, supposing you did

tell me so ; that doesn't mend matters now that they're here and can't be stood up. "You'd suggest to have the ceilings raised!" I would if I could, mighty quick, Timothy Rasher; but the men can't be kept waiting while you're making sport of me; say, what can we do with 'em? "Ask *them* to reflect upon it and decide the question." Ah me! I suppose I shall have to send 'em back to the maker, and order a pair of smaller ones in place of them. It's one disappointment after another, until I'm completely broken down.

What did you say, Bridget? "The basket's fell down the arse steps, and broke the chany all to bits." Which basket was it, Bridget?—the one with that breakfast-set in that I packed myself—the Solferino and gold band with the pictures in the centre? Oh, dear! Flummery told me himself that that set was a perfect *shade over*, as they say in France. What's that, husband? "Severed porcelain is all the style, and it's severed now, if it never was before." It's *saver*, you simpleton, and not severed; if I couldn't speak French, I wouldn't try to. Well, that's gone with the rest. I suppose we may eat off plain white before the year's over, if we keep on as we've begun. Do I remember the half dozen blue flowered plates and cups and saucers that we begun with? No! most decidedly, I don't! I'm not troubled with a memory as vulgar as yours. I believe if we'd begun with tin cups and a wooden bowl you'd recollect it, and refer to it just when you hadn't oughter. "There's no making a whis—" Rasher! I beg of you, don't finish. I'd rather set a boy to firing off crackers on the Fourth of July, than to get you quoting your favorite sayings. That night at Mrs. Nelson's little sociable, when we got to playing "Proverbs," I trembled in my shoes, for I knew beforehand exactly what was coming. It wasn't difficult for the company to guess *your* proverbs, they knew 'em by heart already. I don't think all the good examples you have enjoyed for the past year have made you one grain more of a gentleman than you was before. You never were intended for society, while I was made for it; and that's the difference. It's my only consolation now, that *you* are back where you belong, whatever becomes of me. As for our poor children, Felicia is too much like you to feel our affliction as she ought; but Cerintha is so cut down, I don't think she'll ever recover her spirits again. The dear girl was made for an atmosphere of refinement; she should breathe nothing but Lukin's Extracts, and dwell in a world of silks and redowas. Now, what are you starting up,

and putting your arm behind you, and tearing, around just as you always do when you're mad, for? "Can't bear to hear such nonsense!" "Cerintha would be as sensible as any other girl, if she'd been brought up right!" "Ruin my children with my own silly ideas!" I guess I'd stop there, my dear, at least for to-day. "You'd be willing to become as poor as Job's turkey, if it would give the girls a chance to learn a little of real life." "Rather see 'em washing dishes, with check aprons before 'em, than sailing around in lace and satin, turning up their pretty noses at better folks than themselves!" That's *you* all over, Rasher! If you really think so, perhaps you'd better bind 'em out to learn trades, at once. "You think *home* should be the place for daughters to acquire all useful and necessary knowledge, and *mothers* should be their teachers." Really, said with quite an air! I guess you've been to some of Aunt Rasher's weekly meetings, lately. You and Aunt Rasher ought to have had the bringing up of our girls. I presume I know a mother's duty, and I believe I've done it for my children. I've done everything to secure to them a position in which they would be liable to make brilliant women and to find suitable husbands. They are accomplished, pretty, and would have been rich, if their father hadn't up and failed just at the most critical period of their prospects. If you've seen any girls that could dress more tastefully, or behave with more propriety, I don't know where it could have been. They're charmingly ignorant of everything coarse and common; *they'll* never be twitted by their husbands of knowing anything useful; they're as helpless and delicate as need be; they'll make splendid wives for men of money. To be sure, Felicia has not so much natural love for refinement as her sister, but I've done my best to eradicate her taste for common things. And now to be complained of for doing my best—don't sit so close to me, if you please! You want to make up now, after getting mad and flying around here, setting my nerves all in a quiver. "Do I remember how we came to meet?" Well, what if I do! "If I hadn't been a sewing-girl, and you hadn't wanted some shirts made, and been recommended—" STOP. I won't hear it—I won't!

What, in the name of all that's ugly, is that coming into the house now? If it isn't that identical old sofa that I sold off when we left here for our mansion on the Avenue! "You hunted it up, bought it as a relic, and have had it stowed away in your warehouse all the time; and thought it would look pleasant to see it

restored to the old home." A sweet little piece of sentiment in a man like you, Rasher! really, just about what one might expect! I shall look for the blue-edged dishes next, and perhaps for a piece of rag from the shirts you say I made for you. I wouldn't try the sentimental dodge, my dear; it isn't becoming to you. You're ridiculous enough when you're funny, but when you come to try the touching, you're absurd. A dumpy little pig in tears couldn't be more so. What's that? "A man might as well have a cast-iron wife." I'm glad you are coming to a realizing sense of it. I've long been aware that we were not congenial spirits, Mr. Rasher; and every day confirms me more in my belief. If it were not for our daughters, I should hardly have been able to conceal my unhappiness from the eyes of a prying world. No, no, there's nothing congenial between us! It's not because I'm insensible to tender impressions that I can't abide your sentiments. It's the way you have of expressing 'em. If you'd approach me as you ought to, you wouldn't find me invulgerable; but instead of that it's always in some way to shock my taste. I guess if you'd try bouquets of hot-house flowers, sets of jewelry, a new carpet, or some of those delicate ways such as makes some men I know so charming, you wouldn't have reason to find fault with your reception; but when you get a twinge of the romantic, the first thing you do, is to hunt up some outlandish old thing or another, that I hate the sight of, and present it to me as hallowed by old associations. If there's anything I hate it's old associations! And you're as full of 'em as an egg is full of meat. I presume the next present I receive from you will be a paper of needles and spool of thread, to remind me of the days when we first met—you may even carry the matter so far as to beg me to sit down and spend my evenings making shirts, for the sake of reminding you of old times. Good land! I'll never forget that globe of gold-fishes you went and put in the conservatory last summer, to remind me of the fishmongery on A— street. I broke the glass on purpose, the very first day, though you thought it was an accident. After that, I shouldn't have been surprised at anything, not if you'd had a little gold pig with diamond eyes made to hold matches on the front parlor mantle-shelf. No, Timothy, it is plain enough, we ought never to have been tied together; and I never realized it more than I do this day—moving back into this old place. It's the right spot for you; but I feel that me and the girls will waste our sweetness

on the desert air, as Flummery says. I'm wretched, perfectly wretched! I haven't the heart to say a word or to stir a hand. If the roof should fall in, I wouldn't rise out of this chair. And you, instead of sympathizing, go about whistling and singing, as if you hadn't been the means of it all.

I don't care, Felicia, what you do with it; do what you're a mind with anything and everything. Your pa and you can manage as you like. For my part, I'm going up stairs to try and comfort poor Cerintha. Me and her are the only ones who have any feelings. "Think it's your duty to try and cheer up your papa." Indeed, poor papa! he's greatly to be pitied, isn't he? Well, cheer him up, if it's to your taste; and attend to the draymen and see to the servants; I'm going to shut myself up till dinner's ready. I've stood as much as I'm able for one day. Don't mind your mother, or consult her feelings, Felicia; cheer up your father! that's right! For my part, I despise a man who can't provide properly for his family. He's no business with a wife and children. It's a man's business to keep his family well. If he won't do it, he ought to be despised. The only good trait your father ever had was making money; and if he's got over that, he's lost my respect and everybody else's. "Don't scold, to-day!" Scold! don't be impertinent, Felicia. I shall speak my mind whenever I feel compelled. If I wasn't too tired, I should have something to say, now; but I'm too completely dragged out to talk. I hope you'll have a decent spot for me to set down in, when I come back. But don't let it be on that horrible old sofa—I'll give that up to you and your pa.

(A week later.) I wish your father would come home, girls. I feel uneasy about him. It's two days, now, since he's been near the house. I don't doubt he's off on a spree; he's been drunk twice since we came into this house. Oh, dear, as if we hadn't trouble enough without his behaving so! I never thought Timothy Rasher would get to be a dissipated man. "Wouldn't, if he wasn't made so miserable at home." I've put up with a good deal of your saucy lately, Felicia, and I don't want any more of it. If he expects I'm going to be just as cheerful and pleasant as if I had everything to make me so, he's mistaken. I'm mad at him for failing, and I'm mad at him for paying his creditors and robbing his family, and I'm mad at him for coming back here and "beginning life over," as he calls it—and I mean he

shall feel the full weight of my displeasure. Because I'm discontented with his conduct, he'll make that an excuse for behaving still worse—staying out nights and spending what little money he has, instead of giving it to his family. He'll not break me down by any such process. As long as I have a tongue, I shall speak my mind with it. I sha'n't spare him nor his faults. I have not forgotten that horse-race yet, nor some of his later proceedings. "What's that?" "You're afraid he's in trouble of some kind." In liquor, I guess! "Looked very strange when he went out?" Told you he was tired of living, to be eternally scolded?" And you allowed him to speak so of your own mother, I suppose. If the girl ain't actually bursting out a-crying! What's the matter, Felicia? "Afraid papa has killed himself!" What's put that horrible idee into your head? Killed himself! fiddlestick! he never had the courage to kill a mosquito. I should as soon think of a squirrel committing suicide as your father. Hâ! ha! it's ridiculous! I wish you hadn't spoke of it. I was always nervous, and it makes me feel chilly and trembly, though of course the very idea is ridiculous. Light that other burner, Cerintha; the room seems dismal. I never shall get used to these dark little parlors.

I wish somebody would run in to spend the evening, if it was no one but that tedious Mrs. Clarke, that your pa thinks so much of. It's getting more and more lonesome, and we hav'n't even a man-servant about the house. I don't believe I should be as cross as I have been lately, if your pa would come home now. I'd rather hear him tell one of his poorest anecdotes than to set here, waiting and listening, jumping half off my chair every time I think I hear the door-bell ring.

Good gracious, who's that coming up the steps? They make plenty of noise. What if it should be a parcel of police bringing Rasher home dead drunk? I just expect some such disgrace. Is Bridget going to the door? How they thump on it! Go, Felicia, and see what it is; there's Bridget opening the door. I couldn't stir out of this chair to save my life. Good heavens! who was that screamed? who was it, Cerintha? what do you cling to me so for? what's the matter? what are those men doing? what are they saying? "Found him in his private office at the warehouse—quite dead—stone cold—had evidently been hanging many hours—no hopes—committed suicide!" Timothy! Timothy Rasher! you've done it at last. (*Faints.*)

Did you say he left a letter for me? Can you

read it to me, Felicia? I shall never have the courage in the world. I dare not even look at the face, and I should never be able to get through with the letter. If I didn't think, in the midst of this awful affliction, and the papers full of it, and everything so dreadful, that perhaps there was a will or something of the kind in the letter, I wouldn't have it opened. He was always so thoughtful and considerate for his family he may have made some provision that we do not know of. Hand me my smelling-salts, and read it, if you feel able, my child.

MY DEAR WIFE: I've come to the conclusion that, since my business is suspended, I might as well suspend myself. I'm driven to this extremity by the assurance that you will be glad to get me out of the way. I'm not a suitable provider, and I leave you free to find a better one. I *did* hope to find in our old home some consolation for the trials of the past year; that you would reconcile yourself to circumstances, and be contented, if not happy. I was glad to get back to it; I should have felt at home in the old place, if you had allowed me to do so. I sha'n't reproach you, Marier, for what you've said and done; let bygones be bygones. I shall never come home again to be riling your temper. I tried, faithfully and honestly, to save my bacon, enuff at least to grease your path of life, so that you might go along smoothly; but I've failed. I wanted to begin over, but, because I couldn't begin where I left off, you wouldn't let me. Other wives have behaved differently. When my friend Clark, the shoe and leather merchant, pegged out, his wife had sole enough not to blame him; she stuck to him to the last, and is helping him to repair his fortunes. So with Betsy Browne, when the smash came in the crockery firm; she told her husband to never mind breaking up; to "save the pieces." That she didn't care for the "whole set" of false friends as much as she did for one cup of domestic bliss; others might lay him on the shelf; she wasn't going to; and the consequences are he's as bright as ever, merry as a lark, says misfortune can't dish him. I saw him yesterday, and it made me blue. If you had encouraged me, I should have made an effort to get out of this mess. What can't be cured could be endured, even the barr'ls that have spilled on my hands. Uncle Rasher had promised to give me a fresh start, and I should have been as happy as a pig in clover, if you hadn't been so cross to me as to make me feel that I was no-

thing but a cross to you, and that the sooner I was X-terminated the better you'd be pleased.

Good-by, Marier. You'll never be punished with any more of my puns; I shall never flourish my red bandanner in your presence again. I'll never make light of this rash deed by referring to a Rasher. To my poor children I have nothing to leave but my love. Felicia is provided for, for I know that my clerk is a good man, and wants to marry her. You and Cerintha must make matches to suit yourselves; they'll go off brilliantly, I have no doubt, only don't let them smell too strong of brimstone. Give the old sofa to Felicia, to begin her housekeeping with. You say you don't like old associations, so I won't leave you the cord with which I shall hang myself; it wouldn't accord with your taste, and a certain old association might hang about it.

Farewell, Marier. You couldn't make a whistle out of a pig's tail, and you ain't to blame that you didn't make a gentleman of me. It's my fault, I know, that, instead of being a roast of beef, I was only a Rasher of bacon. I won't stand in your way any longer. Please have my coat-of-arms on the coffin-plate, and let that end it in your memory. Don't go into black for me, Marier, but be sure and "Salve Lardum."

T. RASHER.

THE MOTHER'S VICTORY.

BY DELIA DAYTON.

"MARY, dear, will you go up to my room and bring down the china pitcher that stands on the table, near the window?" said Mrs. James to her little daughter, that was busy at play with her large, new doll.

"O yes, mamma; I am glad I can do something to help you." And the child cheerfully laid aside her playthings, and started with a light, happy heart to do her mother's bidding; but unfortunately, while returning, and only half way down stairs, her foot slipped, and she was precipitated to the bottom.

On hearing the noise, her mother ran into the hall, and seeing the fragments of her beautiful new pitcher scattered on the floor, exclaimed, very impatiently—

"Oh, dear! what a careless girl you are, Mary! What does make you so clumsy? Just see what you've done; you've broken to atoms my nice pitcher I bought only a week ago." Then, without inquiring whether the child was injured by the fall, added in a harsh tone: "Now pick up every piece and carry them away. Come, work spry."

Just at this moment Mrs. Worth, a sister-in-law of Mrs. James, came into the hall, and learning the nature of the accident, inquired in a very affectionate manner—

"Did you hurt yourself much, darling? Let me gather up the fragments."

"No, sister, Biddy can do that; but I wanted to teach Mary to be more careful."

Aunt Julia took the hand of the little girl, who stood trembling, while the large scalding tears chased each other down her cheeks, and carried her to her own room near by, and tried to soothe her troubled mind, and ascertain more about her injury. She soon found the little child was suffering from several severe bruises; but the harsh words of her mother had added a deeper pang. By the kind attentions, and gentle, affectionate words and manner of Mrs. Worth, her sufferings were in a measure alleviated; but it was long after her usual hour of retiring before she could obtain any quiet rest that night. Several times she would start up from an unquiet slumber, and exclaim in an agonizing tone: "Oh, ma, don't! don't talk so, you hurt me. Oh, you do hurt me so! I did not mean to break it." Then again would rouse up, grasp the hand of her aunt, and say, imploringly: "O my good aunty, don't leave Mary!" This was heart-rending to Mrs. James, who was constantly in the room, but could do nothing to quiet her darling child; and bitter, indeed, was the reflection to her that her own injustice and unkind treatment had occasioned so much mental suffering to her child, that had always endured any physical pain like a martyr.

Great was the joy of all when at length she sank into a quiet slumber, and especially so to the mother. And it is but justice to her to remark that usually she was a kind and devoted parent, and loved her children dearly, but when excited would occasionally use language which in her moments of reflection often caused her sorrow of heart. She had never learned to govern her temper. That conquest, which of all others is the most sublime and ennobling, she had never gained. Two or three hours had elapsed, and Mary continued to sleep quietly, and Mrs. James inquired—

"Had you not better retire, sister, and try and get some rest? I think Mary will sleep well now."

"O no; I dare not leave her a moment. If she *should* wake, I must be close by; so much will depend on keeping her quiet." So saying, the skilful nurse applied another wet cloth to the temples of the sleeping child. "Oh how grateful I am for your untiring care! I can

never repay you for your kindness. I am sure this will be a lesson to me as long as I live. Yes, Julia, I will govern myself in future, and not give way to my excitable disposition. I have one source of trial I am sure you never had, and I often wish I could possess your equanimity, for I sometimes speak harshly to my children, for which I ever feel rebuked. O how gladly would I recall what I said to Mary this afternoon, if it were in my power! But I did not think at the time that she would lay it to heart as she did. I am sure Ellen or Kate would not have minded it near as much, if I had said the same to either of them."

"You must be aware that Mary's disposition is entirely different from that of the other girls; with her remarkably sensitive nature, which renders her susceptible of intense mental suffering, and then, so affectionate as she is, one word of censure, if she is not blameworthy, from one she loves, must cut like a blade of steel. Whenever I meet with children of her temperament, my sympathies are always enlisted for them, and I tremble to think of what they must endure, as parents and teachers usually exercise so little discrimination in regard to the different dispositions of those under their care. They *should* make this their study, for the discipline which might be proper and even necessary for one child would be entirely wrong for another possessing a different temperament. You will pardon me, sister, if I speak plainly on this subject. I always find that when a mother unites gentleness with firmness, she can, with *any* child, much more effectually correct a foible and maintain parental authority by mild, persuasive measures than by harsh censure. I make it a rule never to correct one of my children when I am excited, for I must own that I am naturally passionate, although you may have judged me differently. But I have long endeavored to control myself, and not give way to my hasty temper, and if I have succeeded in any measure in this self-conquest, it is owing to Divine aid."

Mrs. James, who was in a state of mind to receive admonition, replied: "Oh that I might be able to overcome my besetting sin! for I realize wherein I have erred;" then, going to the couch of her daughter, and gazing fondly upon her beautiful features, added, with emotion: "Better to have broken all my new and expensive china-ware than to break the spirit of such a lovely and loving child!" Then, turning to her friend: "Most cordially do I thank you for your kind and profitable sug-

gestions and timely counsel, and will try to practise accordingly."

The next morning the little invalid awoke, much invigorated by quiet rest, and before many hours was able to walk about the room, although her countenance still looked pale and sad; but, thanks to the judicious management and singular tact of her aunt, who was still her constant companion, her mind was diverted as much as possible from her recent troubles, and occupied with something pleasant and cheerful.

One week later, and Mary, having nearly recovered her usual health, was permitted to accompany Mrs. Worth to her delightful home, a few miles distant.

It was not long after the occurrence just related before the family of Mrs. James observed quite a change in her deportment, and which became more and more apparent. Not only had she resolved on an amendment, but had carried her resolutions into practice, trusting in Him who has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." But this conquest was not accomplished at once or without many severe struggles; having to wage war, not only with her natural disposition, but with the tyrannical power *confirmed habit*. At length the lovely virtues patience and forbearance flourished in perennial beauty. Now that mother no longer casts a dark shadow athwart the path of some loved one, but her entire household shares in the genial rays which pervade her own soul, casting a cheerful, inspiring influence on all around. Verily, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

"PEACE, BE STILL!"

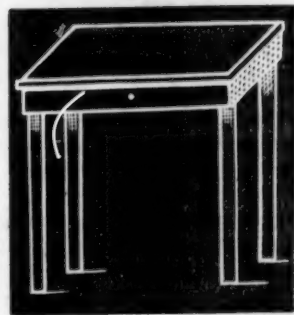
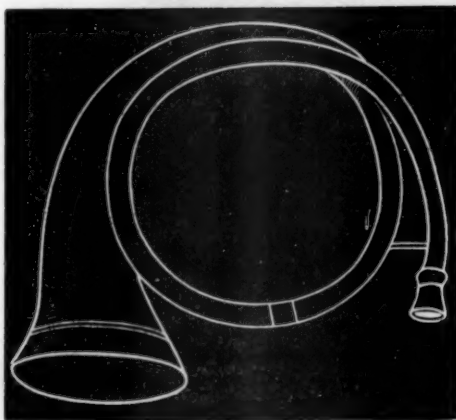
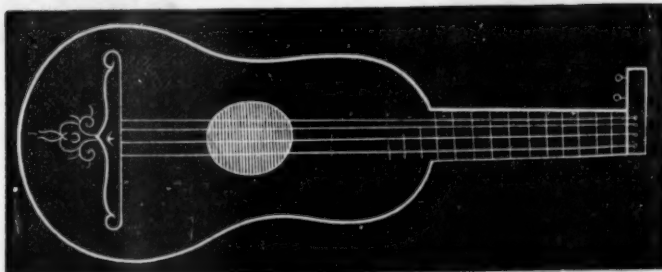
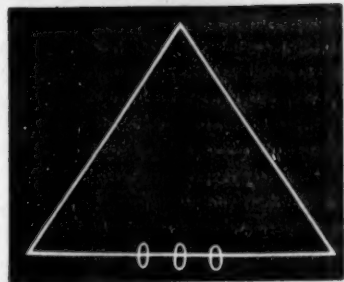
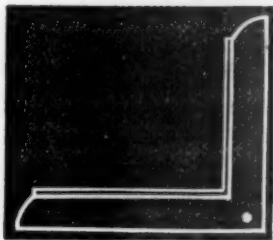
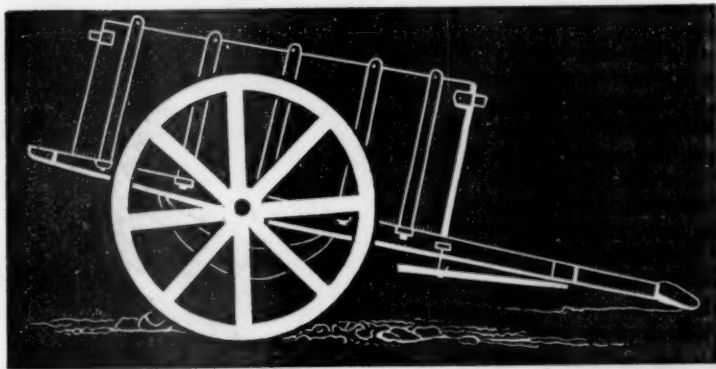
BY W. E. GAFFNEY.

THE morning star of Faith may rise,
And antedate a blissful day;
But ere Hope gilds our evening skies,
Fate sweeps the auspices away!
Yet, far above earth's sinful rill,
A voice comes greeting—"Peace, be still!"

False friends may mar affection's cheer,
And envy work our overthrow;
And, base deception! Pity's tear
May tend to fill our cup of woe;
Yet, 'neath the heart's pulsating thrill,
A still voice whispers—"Peace, be still!"

Misfortune's spell and Sorrow's wall
May ever in life's path intrude;
And mortal's lot must e'er entail
The stings of base ingratitude!
Despite of all, from Zion's Hill
Comes the blest prompter—"Peace, be still!"

SLATE PICTURES FOR CHILDREN.



NOVELTIES FOR DECEMBER.

Fig. 1.—As appropriate to our exquisite fashion-plate for the month, we give a decided novelty—*coiffure for a bridesmaid*. Hair banded

Fig. 1.



closely, a handsome ivory or silver comb, a bandean composed of a ruche of double crape, with bouquets of pansies, and a short illusion veil, arranged as a *câche peigné*, and flowing gracefully down over the neck.

Fig. 2.—Headdress for a bridesmaid at a reception or wedding party; a wreath of ribbon

Fig. 2.



loops, blue, pink, or rose sublime, with black lace between, terminated by a flat bow, with floating ends.

Fig. 3.—Breakfast-cap for a bride (a fashion

becoming more and more universal since breakfast-caps are now made extremely *piquante* and

Fig. 3.



becoming). Material spotted thulle, trimmed with roses and *rose de chine* ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Another style of breakfast-cap, of

Fig. 4.



dotted black lace, over white; trimmed with a quilling and rows of violet ribbon.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 5.—Neck-tie, from a *trousseau*, intended for a dress, *à la Gabrielle*. It is of Solferino silk, with a neat pattern in braid or chain-stitch of black, and trimmed with black lace.

Fig. 6.



Figs. 6 and 7.—A muslin set, from a *trousseau*, intended for an informal morning reception, worked in brilliant colors, a decided novelty.

Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.—Fancy chemisette and sleeves, for a child to wear with a low-necked dress.

Fig. 8.

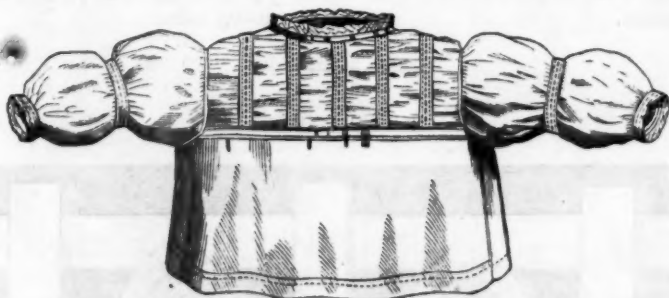


Fig. 9.—The eider-down jacket of velvet, trimmed with quilted silk, is a most comfortable

Fig. 9.



article of ladies' dress for changeable weather, and can be made of any material.

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Fig. 10 is termed the Rifle Corps jacket, and

Fig. 10.



fits tightly to the figure, but allows ample space for a full and pretty lace sleeve.

Fig. 11.—The Cleopatra is a very pretty

Fig. 11.



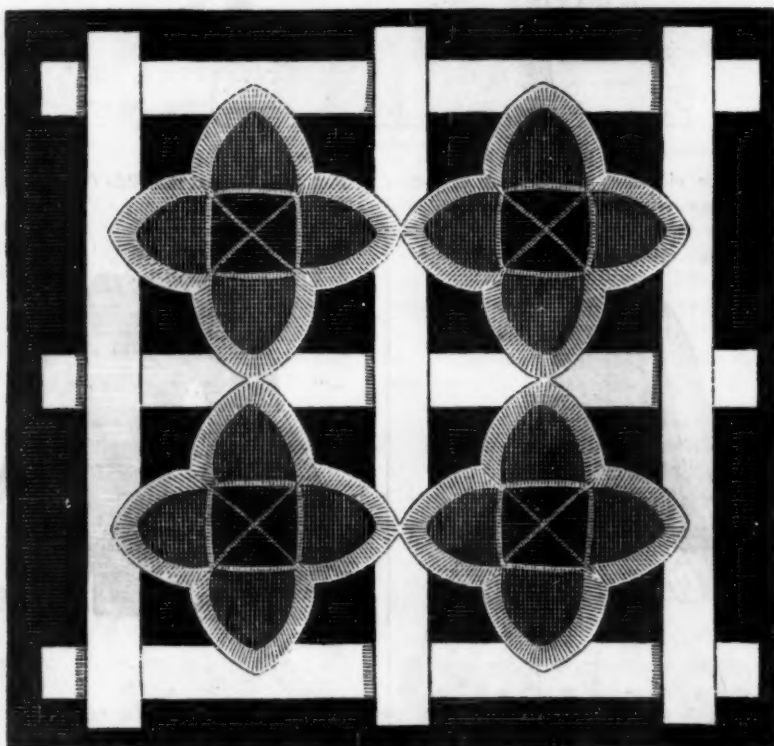
style; its exquisite fit, proportions, and design are unsurpassable.

PURSE.

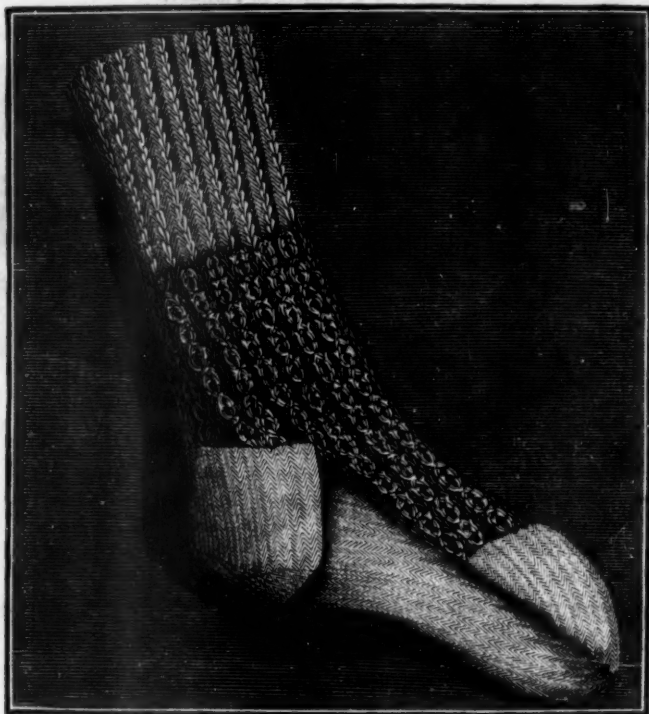


KNIT in blue worsted and gold thread, with small gold tassels to finish it at the edge. A very pretty purse.

PATCHWORK.



BABY'S SOCK.



Materials.—Knitting cotton, No. 20.

CAST on 26, 29, 26.

Knit 40 rows; 2 plain and 2 purl—the odd stitch being for the seam, which is made by knitting first round plain, and next purling; so that there will be 20 purled stitches. Then commence the pattern. Purl 2; thread in front; knit 2 together, knit one.

Second row plain, except the 2 purled. Third row: Purl 2; knit one; thread in front; knit 2 together.

This is all the pattern—of which ten patterns go for the leg: the seam stitch for the centre of the heel. The heel is plain knitting, retaining 8 patterns in front; 12 takings-in form the instep, after the heel is closed in the usual way. Ten patterns in front for foot. Six plain, turn beyond, and then close the toe, as is usual, by taking-in on each side the needle, with three rows between, until 12 stitches remain; then close by casting off in the usual way.

EMBROIDERY.



CASE FOR HOLDING EMBROIDERY COTTON.

SUITABLE FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Fig. 1.

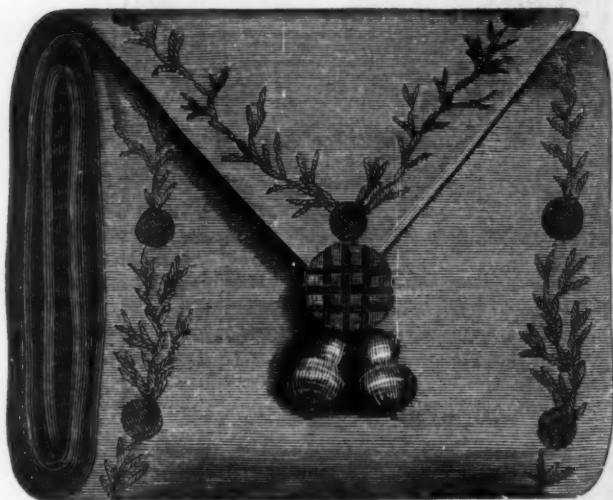
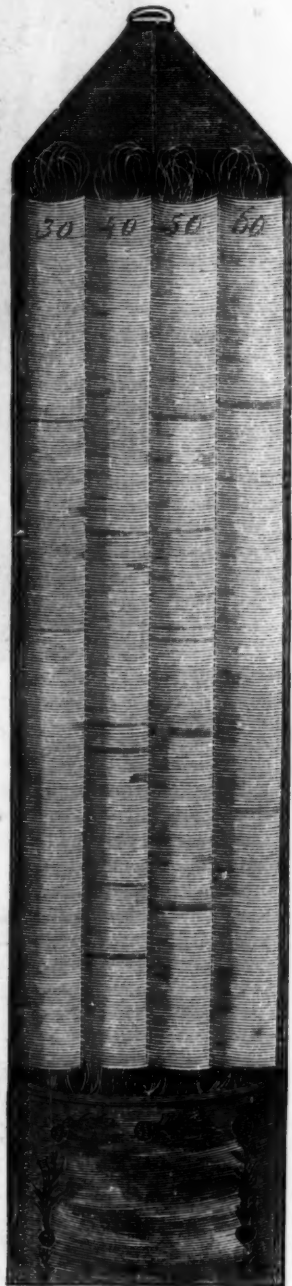


Fig. 2.

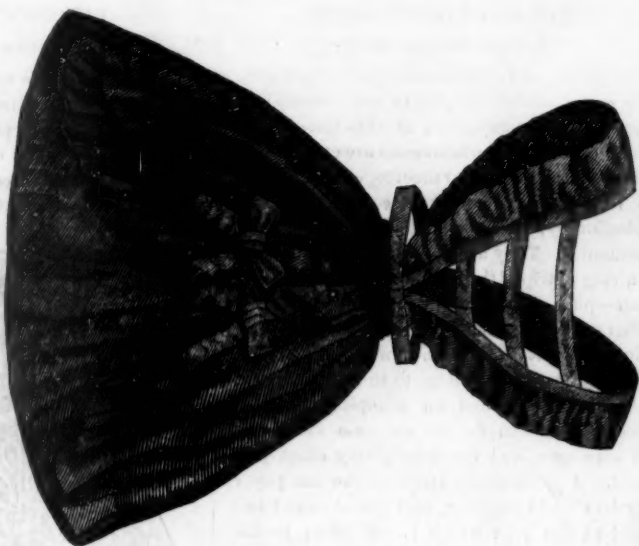


We give a case intended to contain different sizes of embroidery cotton. Fig. 1 represents the case shut, and of the proper size. Fig. 2 is the case opened. It is made of ribbon, and embroidered on each edge with silk or chenille, as represented in our engraving.

COIFFURE COMPOSED OF PIECES OF BIAS SILK CUT OUT AND BOX-PLAITED.



Fig. 1.



APRONS.

Fig. 1. *The Little*.—This style of apron can be made of black or any colored silk, and is very simple, being trimmed, *en tunique*, with one ruffle, and ornamented with two bows in front.

Fig. 2. *The Elsie*.—An easy apron for a child, suitable for a little party. It is made of coarse silk, trimmed with graduated ruffles, and ornamented with rosettes of silk or ribbon.

SHOE ROSETTE.

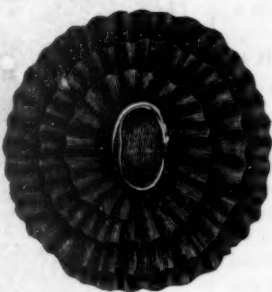
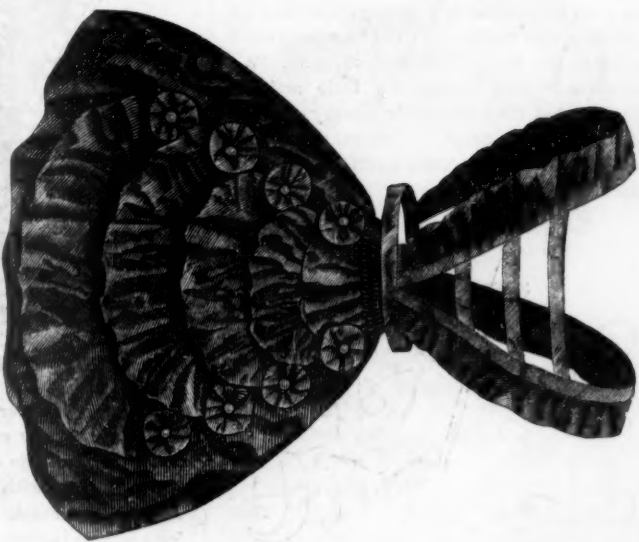


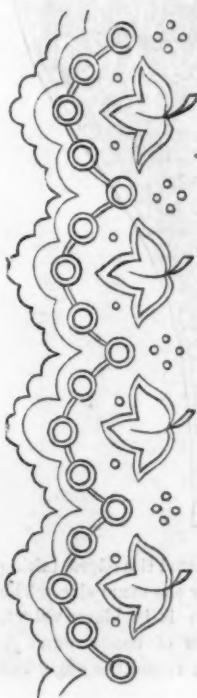
Fig. 2.



EMBROIDERY FOR A CHEMISE.



FOR MUSLIN EMBROIDERY.



CHRISTMAS TABLE BASKET.

(See engraving, page 467.)

THE pretty, and at the same time inexpensive, little basket which we give in our illustration, is particularly appropriate at this time, when so many friendly entertainments are exchanged, and the young and happy meet together. Where the refreshments consist of cold viands and confectionery, these baskets are exceedingly ornamental. They are very quickly made, only requiring a strip of thin card-board, a little silver paper—pure white is the prettiest—and a few skeins of orange wool. The paper is cut into strips of about three inches wide. It is then cut finely, as if for curling, to the depth of two inches. The method for crimping deserves especial attention for its extreme simplicity and efficiency, and the very pretty effect produced. A great many strips of the cut paper may be all laid together, and folded round and round at the part which is left plain in the cutting. The part which is cut is then crushed and crumpled altogether in the hand into a kind of ball; a little light dexterity alone being required to produce the desired effect. It is then unrolled and the strips separated, when they will be found very prettily crimped. The strip of card-board cut to the size the basket is required to be, is then stitched together at the two ends, and the crimped paper is gummed on it in rows. The card-board must be entirely covered; therefore it requires the rows to be very close to each other. A row of paper roses is then made of the three sizes given in the diagram; six of these, that is, two of each size, form the rose with a little yellow wool for the centre, and are placed close together round the top of the basket and on the handle. We recommend these ornamental little articles, knowing that they are really worthy of being adopted in the numerous and elegant entertainments which will be given during the present season.

NAME FOR MARKING.



BELLOWS PINCUSHION.

A CHRISTMAS ORNAMENT.

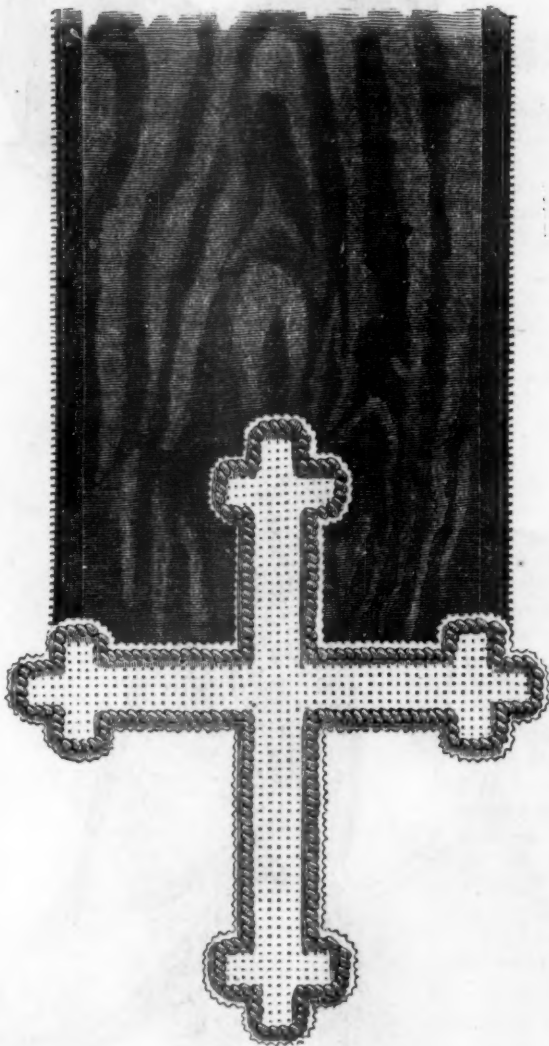
THIS little article may be formed of velvet or satin, and ornamented with beads; or it may be made of a small piece of handsome figured ribbon. Two pieces of card-board must be cut out the shape, and covered with either of the above-mentioned materials. The two must be



neatly sewn together all round the edges, taking care that they are exactly the same size. The small circle in the centre is in black velvet, fastened down with a row of beads round it. The pins are stuck in all round the edge, and form a little border.

PRAYER-BOOK MARKER, THE CROSS MADE OF
PERFORATED PAPER.

SUITABLE FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT.



KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

NARCISSUS.

ONE or two flowers only will be needed to form a branch, neither buds nor leaves being required.

Six petals and three stamens for each flower.

Cast on one stitch in white split Berlin wool.

2d row. Make one, and knit rest of row.

3d.—Make one, purl the row.

4th.—Knit plain row.

5th.—Purl plain row.

6th.—Make one, knit row.

7th.—Make one, purl row.

8th.—Knit plain row.

9th.—Purl plain row.

10th.—Make one, knit row.

11th.—Make one, purl row.

12th.—Knit row.

13th.—Purl row.

14th.—Make one, knit row.

15th.—Make one, purl row.

You must now knit and purl alternately ten (seven stitches will be sufficient, if you make the flower double) rows without increase, and then begin to decrease one in the next knitted and purled rows; knit and purl one row plain; decrease one in the next two rows; knit two plain, and thus continue till you have but three stitches left, gather these with a rug-needle and fasten the wool.

The next most important part of this flower is the Nectarius, which looks like a little yellow cup, edged with scarlet.

The petals first made, must have a wire sewn neatly round them, and like all white flowers, will look better if washed and slightly blued before the wire is put on.

FOR NECTARIUS.

Cast on six stitches in very pale yellow wool, split.

1st row.—Knit plain.

2d.—Purl.

3d.—Make one, knit one, repeat through the row.

4th.—Purl one row.

5th.—Knit one row.

6th.—Purl one row.

7th.—Make one, knit two, repeat through the row.

8th.—Purl one row.

9th.—Knit one row.

10th.—Purl one row.

Take scarlet wool (or scarlet China silk), knit one row, and cast off very loosely. Sew up the open side. Make a little tuft of pale green, or yellow wool, to fill the bottom of the

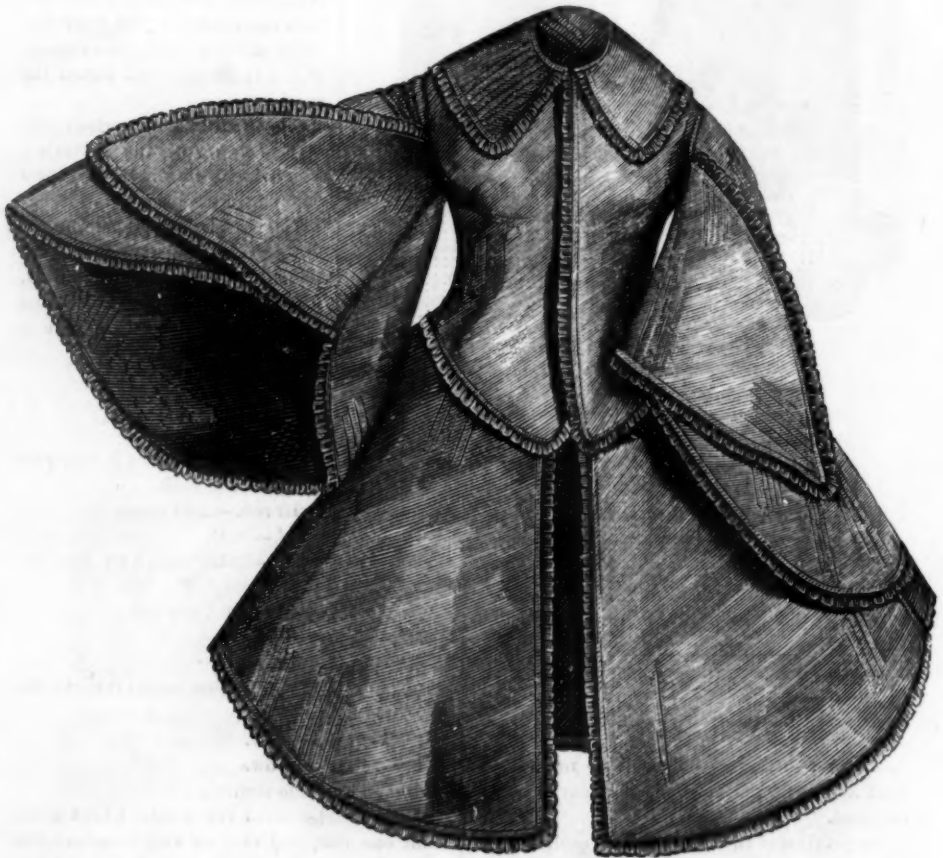
little cup, and preserve its shape; place at the top of these, three stamens, each formed by a knot of yellow wool, fixed on a bit of wire. Then take green wool. Cast on six stitches; knit a piece about half an inch long, increasing irregularly about six stitches before you reach the top. Sew this piece under the flower, closing the open side.

The stem should be made of a piece of thin whalebone, about a quarter of an inch in width, which is better covered first with a strip of green tissue paper, and then with green wool as usual; the flowers must be fixed to the top of this, according to their natural appearance.

SHOE ROSETTE.



BASQUINE COAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.



To be made of cloth, and trimmed with a ruffle of fluted cloth pinked on the edge.

GLENGARRY CAP IN CROCHET.



Materials.—Green crochet silk, green satin, black sarsnet, cord and tassels, and some stout material for lining.

For the band, make a chain of 380 stitches; do one row of sc.

1st row.—* 6 dc, 13ch, miss 13 *; repeat to the end.

2d.—* 2 dc, 4 ch, miss 4, 3 dc, 9 ch, miss 9, 1 dc *; repeat to the end.

3d.—* 1 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 3 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 3 dc, 6 ch, miss 6, 2 dc *; repeat to the end.

4th.—1 dc, 5 ch, miss 5, * 3 dc over 3 ch of the previous round, 7 ch, miss 7, 3 dc, 6 ch, miss 6 *; repeat to the end.

5th.—1 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, * 3 dc, 3 ch, miss 3 dc of last row, 3 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 3 dc, 4 ch, miss 4 *; repeat to the end.

6th.—1 dc, 5 ch, miss 5, * 3 dc, 5 ch, miss 5, 3 dc, 8 ch, miss 8 *; repeat to the end.

7th.—7 dc coming on the 5 ch and a dc at each side, and 11 ch before the next dc. This is the last row of the band.

For the crown, make a chain of 140 stitches, and repeat the pattern on it as often as it will permit. These stitches form the extreme width of the crown. A piece of fourteen inches long must be made, which should require about seven repetitions of the pattern.

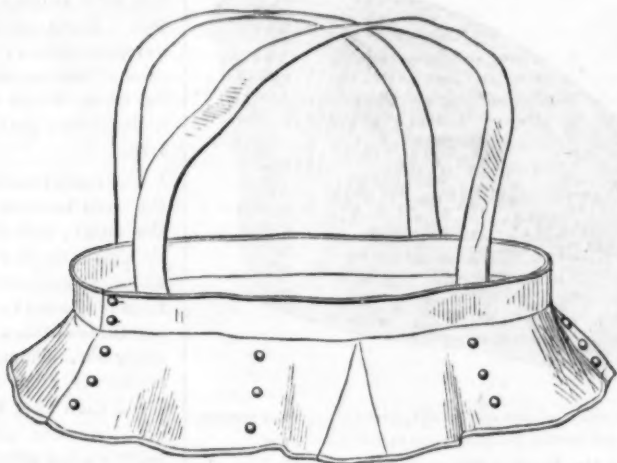
There now remains to be worked the piece between the band and the crown, and this is done by making a chain of 120 stitches, and doing one pattern; and three rows of the next on this, increasing three stitches at each end of every row. Then work each edge separately, doing first three patterns, then two, then one only; not decreasing all at once, but leaving a few stitches at the inner edge of every row.

To make up the cap, cut out the shape first in paper; then in fine tick, or any similar material. Cover this with black on one side, and with green satin on the other. The satin should be rather darker in color than the crochet, which is to be tacked over it. The corners of the oblong piece done for the crown must then be cut off, and all sewed firmly and neatly together. A piece of enamelled leather usually lines the band, and a cord and tassels finish the cap at the back of the head.

EMBROIDERY.



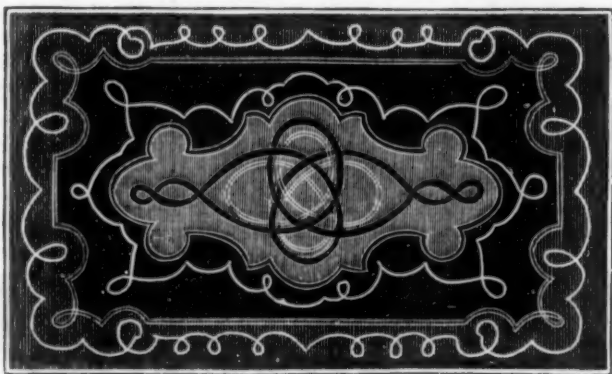
PETTICOAT SUSPENDER.



This suspender is attached to a band which is fastened round the waist, and supported by shoulder straps. It is made of some strong material, lined with muslin, and bound with muslin or tape. It can be worn to fasten in

front, or on the back. The arrangement of the buttons is marked on the pattern. This suspender has been tried and found to answer very well.

CIGAR-CASE IN APPLICATION.



Materials.—Brown Russia leather, a little green and scarlet ditto; a small quantity of white, black, and scarlet silk braid, and two yards of gold ditto.

THE ordinary Russia leather forms the ground of this cigar-case. The black part of the engraving represents the green leather; the inner part, engraved in horizontal lines, is scarlet leather. Both the green and scarlet are very thin, and are cut out in the forms seen in the engraving. The edges of the different leathers are sewed together closely, through a piece of linen which lines the entire case. The engrav-

ing is two-thirds the size of the original. The gold braid is marked in the engraving by a narrow *double* line. It will be seen that it covers the joins of the different leathers, and also forms a knot in the centre. The outer line of braiding is scarlet; that on the green is white, and on the scarlet leather is black.

This sort of cigar-case is made up *à ressort*, as the French term it; that is, with a gilt frame, in the same way as the portemonnaies usually are done.

Receipts, &c.

CHRISTMAS RECEIPTS.

As usual at this season, we give a number of valuable receipts of puddings, pies, cakes, tarts, etc., that will be of great use to our lady friends during the holidays. Some of them we have published before, but, as we have many new subscribers every year, we republish them for their benefit.

RICH PLUM PUDDING.—Stone carefully one pound of the best raisins, wash and pick one pound of currants, chop very small one pound of fresh beef suet, blanch and chop small or pound two ounces of sweet almonds and one ounce of bitter ones; mix the whole well together, with one pound of sifted flour, and the same weight of crumb of bread soaked in milk, then squeezed dry and stirred with a spoon until reduced to a mash, before it is mixed with the flour. Cut in small pieces two ounces each of preserved citron, orange, and lemon-peel, and add a quarter of an ounce of mixed spice; quarter of a pound of moist sugar should be put into a basin, with eight eggs, and well beaten together with a three-pronged fork; stir this with the pudding, and make it of a proper consistence with milk. Remember that it must not be made too thin, or the fruit will sink to the bottom, but be made to the consistence of good thick batter. Two wineglassfuls of brandy should be poured over the fruit and spice, mixed together in a basin, and allowed to stand three or four hours before the pudding is made, stirring them occasionally. It must be tied in a cloth, and will take five hours of constant boiling. When done, turn it out on a dish, sift loaf-sugar over the top, and serve it with wine-sauce in a boat, and some poured round the pudding.

The pudding will be of considerable size, but half the quantity of materials, used in the same proportion, will be equally good.

BOILED PLUM PUDDING.—The crumbs of a small loaf, half a pound each of sugar, currants, raisins, and beef-suet shred, two ounces of candied peel, three drops of essence of lemon, three eggs, a little nutmeg, a tablespoonful of flour. Butter the mould, and boil them five hours. Serve with brandy-sauce.

TO MAKE AN ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—Seven ounces raisins, seeded and a little chopped; seven ounces currants, well washed and picked; one and a half ounce citron; three ounces beef suet, chopped very fine; three-quarters of a nutmeg, grated; one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; five eggs well beaten up; four tablespoonfuls of sugar; five tablespoonfuls of wheat flour; half a lemon-peel, grated; one glass of brandy and one glass of Madeira; a little milk to mix, sufficient to make rather a thick batter. The whole must be well mixed. The above mixture to be put into a well buttered basin. Tie a pudding cloth over, and pin the four corners over the top. Put into boiling water, and to be kept boiling without ceasing for five hours. We have tried this receipt, and know it to be excellent.

LITTLE PLUM CAKES TO KEEP LONG.—Dry one pound of flour, and mix with six ounces of finely-pounded sugar; beat six ounces of butter to a cream, and add to three eggs well beaten, half a pound of currants washed and nicely dried, and the flour and sugar; beat all for some time, then dredge flour on tin plates, and drop the batter on them the size of a walnut. If properly mixed, it will be a stiff paste. Bake in a brisk oven.

A RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—One pound of raisins stoned, one pound of currants, half a pound of beef-suet, quarter of a pound of sugar, two spoonfuls of flour, three eggs, a cup of sweetmeats, and a wineglass of brandy. Mix well, and boil in a mould eight hours.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—One pound of flour, two pounds of suet, one pound of currants, one pound of plums, eight eggs, two ounces of candied peel, almonds and mixed spice according to taste. Boil gently for seven hours.

COTTAGE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—A pound and a quarter of flour, fourteen ounces of suet, a pound and a quarter of stoned raisins, four ounces of currants, five of sugar, a quarter pound of potatoes smoothly mashed, half a nutmeg, a quarter teaspoonful of ginger, the same of salt, and of cloves in powder; mix these ingredients thoroughly, add four well-beaten eggs with a quarter pint of milk, tie the pudding in a well-floured cloth, and boil it for four hours.

Flour, one pound and a quarter; suet, fourteen ounces; raisins, stoned, twenty ounces; currants, four ounces; sugar, five ounces; potatoes, quarter of a pound; half a nutmeg; ginger, salt, cloves, quarter of a teaspoonful each; eggs, four; milk, half a pint: four hours.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Take out the seeds, and pare the pumpkin or squash; but in taking out the seeds do not scrape the inside of the pumpkin; the part nearest the seed is the sweetest; then stew the pumpkin, and strain it through a sieve or colander. To a quart of milk for a family pie three eggs are sufficient. Stir in the stewed pumpkin with your milk and beaten-up eggs till it is as thick as you can stir round rapidly and easily. If the pie is wanted richer, make it thinner, and add sweet cream or another egg or two; but even one egg to a quart of milk makes "very decent pies." Sweeten with molasses or sugar; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sifted cinnamon, and one of powdered ginger; but allspice may be used, or any other spice that may be preferred. The peel of a lemon grated in gives it a pleasant flavor. The more egg, says an American authority, the better the pie. Some put one egg to a gill of milk. Bake about an hour in deep plates or shallow dishes, without an upper crust, in a hot oven.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—Take one pint of pumpkin that has been stewed soft and pressed through a colander; melt in half a pint of warm milk quarter of a pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together; one pint of rich cream will be better than milk and butter; beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other ingredients alternately with the pumpkin; then stir in a wineglass of rose-water and two glasses of wine mixed together, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed, and a grated nutmeg. Having stirred the whole very hard, put it into a buttered dish, and bake it three-quarters of an hour.

COCOANUT PIE.—Cut off the brown part of the cocoanut, grate the white part, and mix it with milk, and set it on the fire, and let it boil slowly eight or ten minutes. To a pound of the grated cocoanut allow a quart of milk, eight eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sifted white sugar, a glass of wine, a small cracker pounded fine, two spoonfuls of melted butter, and half a nutmeg. The eggs and sugar should be beaten together to a froth, then the wine stirred in. Put them into the milk and cocoanut, which should be first allowed to get quite cool, add the cracker and nutmeg, turn the whole into deep pie-plates, with a lining and rim of puff paste. Bake them as soon as turned into the plates.

CRANBERRY TART.—To every pint of cranberries allow a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and three ounces of good moist sugar. First pour all the juice of your cranberries into a basin; then well wash the cranberries in a pan, with plenty of water, pick out all the bad ones, and put the cranberries into a dish; add to them the sugar and lemon-juice, pour the juice out of the basin gently to them, so as to leave behind the dirt and sediment which will settle at the bottom; mix all together, and let it lie while you are making your pie, thus: line the bottom of your dish with puff-paste not quite a quarter of an inch thick, put your cranberries upon it, without any juice, and cover with the same paste not quite half an inch thick; close the edges as usual, ice it, and bake it from three-quarters of an hour to an hour, according to size. Simmer the juice a few minutes, which serve up with your tart in a small sauce tureen. A pint of cranberries makes a pretty sized tart.

CUSTARD TART.—Line a deep plate with puff-paste, have ready six or eight middling-sized apples, pared and the cores taken out. They should be mellow and pleasant. Put into each apple any kind of preserve you have, or a bit of sugar, flavored. Now fill the dish with rich custard, and bake it about half an hour. Make in the same manner without crust; it is then called custard pudding.

LEMON CAKE.—Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately, till in a solid froth; add to the yolks the grated rind of a fine lemon and six ounces of sugar dried and sifted; beat this a quarter of an hour; shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour; then add the whites of the eggs and the juice of the lemon; when these are well beaten in, put it immediately into tins, and bake it about an hour in a moderately hot oven.

LADY CAKE.—Beat to a stiff froth the whites of eight eggs, then add, one spoonful at a time, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar; beat to a cream quarter of pound of good butter, and add to it one teaspoonful of sweet milk with one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in it. Stir the eggs in the milk and butter, and sift in enough flour to make a batter as thick as pound-cake. Blanch and pound finely quarter of pound of sweet almonds, and add them to the mixture; flavor with essence of lemon or orange-water; beat the whole together till very light, then bake it in a tin pan lined with buttered paper. It will require half an hour to bake in a quick oven. When nearly cold, ice it on the under side, and when the icing becomes almost firm, mark it in small squares.

DELICATE CAKE.—Beat to a cream seven ounces of sweet butter, beat to a stiff froth the whites of eight eggs, and mix gradually with it one pound of fine white sugar, stir in the eggs one pound of flour, together with the butter, half a nutmeg grated, and some essence of lemon or bitter almonds, or rose-water. Bake in a pan lined with buttered paper. Almonds, blanched and pounded, may be substituted for the butter.

FRUIT CAKE.—Take one pound of butter and one pound of sugar, and beat them together with the yolks of eight eggs; beat the whites separately; mix with these one and a half pound of flour, one teaspoonful of cream, one wineglassful of brandy and one of wine, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one salt-spoonful of salt, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, stoned, three-quarters of a pound of currants, half a pound of citron; mix with the flour two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder.

FAMILY POUND-CAKE.—Beat to a cream half a pound of

butter, add one pound of dried flour, half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, half a pound of dried currants, or caraway-seeds, four well-beaten eggs, and half a pint of milk. Beat well together, and bake with care.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—Beat together one and a half pound of sugar and three-quarters of pound of butter; add four eggs well beaten, half pint of sour milk, and one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little hot water. Stir in gradually one and three-quarter pound of flour, one wineglassful of wine or brandy, and one nutmeg, grated. Beat all well together.

This will make two round cakes. It should be baked in a quick oven, and will take from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to the thickness of the cakes.

CUP GINGERBREAD.—Mix together six cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, four eggs well beaten, one nutmeg, grated, three tablespoonfuls of ginger, some grated orange-peel, one dessert-spoonful of pearlsh. Bake it quickly.

GINGER POUND-CAKE.—Two cups of butter, two of sugar, two of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of powdered ginger, two of dissolved saleratus, one of pounded cinnamon, one nutmeg grated fine, one teaspoonful of essence of lemon, six eggs, six cups of flour. The butter and sugar must be beaten to a cream; the whites and the yolks of the eggs beaten separately. Add together all the ingredients, and beat for a few minutes.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, then rub in half a pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, and one tablespoonful of rose-water; work it well, roll out, and bake in flat pans in a moderate oven. It will take about half an hour to bake. This gingerbread can be kept some time.

LEMON GINGERBREAD.—Grate the rinds of two or three lemons, and add the juice to a glass of brandy; then mix the grated lemon in one pound of flour, make a hole in the flour, pour in half a pound of treacle, half a pound of butter melted, the lemon-juice, and brandy, and mix all up together with half an ounce of ground ginger and quarter of an ounce of Cayenne pepper.

IMPERIAL GINGERBREAD.—Rub six ounces of butter into three-quarters of a pound of flour; then mix six ounces of treacle with a pint of cream carefully, lest it should turn the cream; mix in a quarter of a pound of double-refined sugar, half an ounce of powdered ginger, and one ounce of caraway-seeds; stir the whole well together into a paste, cut it into shapes, and stick cut candied orange or lemon-peel on the top.

COMMON CRULLERS OR TWIST CAKES.—Mix well together half a pint of sour milk, or buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, and three eggs well beaten; add to this a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in hot water, a teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg, grated, and a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon; sift in flour enough to make a smooth dough, roll it out not quite a quarter of an inch thick, cut in small oblong pieces, divide one end in three or four parts like fingers, and twist or plait them over each other. Fry them in boiling lard.

These cakes may be cut in strips, and the ends joined to make a ring, or in any other shape.

RICHER CRULLERS.—Beat to a cream a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, and mix with it the same quantity of pounded and sifted loaf-sugar, and four well-beaten eggs; add flour till thick enough to roll out; cut the paste into oblong pieces about four or five inches in

length, with a paste-cutter divide the centre into three or four strips, wet the edges, and plait one bar over the other, so as to meet in the centre, throw them into boiling lard or clarified suet, when fried of a light brown, drain them before the fire and serve them in a napkin, with or without grated loaf-sugar strowed over them.

SOFT CRACKERS.—Sift three-quarters of a pound of flour, and powder half a pound of loaf-sugar; heat a pint of water in a round-bottomed saucepan, and when quite warm, mix the flour with it gradually; set half a pound of fresh butter over the fire in a small vessel; and when it begins to melt, stir it gradually into the flour and water; then add by degrees the powdered sugar and half a grated nutmeg. Take the saucepan off the fire, and beat the contents with a wooden spaddle or spatula, till they are thoroughly mixed; then beat six eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the mixture. Beat the whole very hard, till it becomes a thick batter. Flour a pasteboard very well, and lay out the batter upon it in rings (the best way is to pass it through a screw funnel). Have ready, on the fire, a pot of boiling lard of the very best quality; put in the crackers, removing them from the board by carefully taking them up, one at a time, on a broad-bladed knife. Boil but few at a time. They must be of a fine brown. Lift them out on a perforated skimmer, draining the lard from them back into the pot; lay them on a large dish, and sift powdered white sugar over them.

MIXCENNAE.—Six pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins stoned, three pounds of apples chopped fine, four pounds of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of beef, the peel and juice of two lemons, a pint of sweet wine, a quarter of a pint of brandy, half an ounce of mixed spice. Press the whole into a deep pan when well mixed.

Another way. Two pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, three pounds of beef-suet, two pounds of moist sugar, two ounces of citron, one ounce of orange-peel, one small nutmeg, one pottle of apples chopped fine, the rind of two lemons and juice of one, half a pint of brandy; mix well together. This should be made a little time before wanted for use.

MINCE PIES.—Take a pound of beef, free from skin and strings, and chop it very fine; then two pounds of suet, which likewise pick and chop; then add three pounds of currants nicely cleaned and perfectly dry, one pound and a half of apples, the peel and juice of a lemon, half a pint of sweet wine, half a nutmeg, and a few cloves and mace, with pimento in fine powder; have citron, orange, and lemon-peel ready, and put some in each of the pies when made.

SKED CAKE.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, adding gradually a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, beating both together; have ready the yolks of eighteen eggs, and the whites of ten, beaten separately; mix in the whites first, and then the yolks, and beat the whole for ten minutes; add two grated nutmegs, one pound and a half of flour, and mix them very gradually with the other ingredients; when the oven is ready, beat in three ounces of picked caraway-seeds.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DINNERS.

Boiled turkey with oyster sauce, roast goose with apple sauce, roasted ham, chicken-pie, stewed beets, cole-slaw, turnips, salsify, winter-squash; mince pie, plum pudding, lemon custards, cranberry pie.

Roast turkey with cranberry sauce, boiled fowls with celery sauce, boiled ham, goose pie, turnips, salsify, cole-slaw, winter-squash, beets; mince pudding boiled, lemon pudding baked, pumpkin pudding.

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Mock turtle soup, roast turkey with cranberry sauce, boiled turkey with celery sauce, roasted ham, smoked tongue, chicken curry, oyster pie, beets, cole-slaw, winter-squash, salsify, fried celery; plum pudding, mince pie, calf's-foot jelly, blanc-mange.

THE PREPARATION OF FOOD BY KEEPING.

DIRECTIONS FOR KEEPING.

WHEN frozen meat, poultry, or fish are to be dressed, they should be gradually thawed through their whole substance, either by placing them in a warm kitchen for some hours, or by immersing them in lukewarm water, and keeping it at that temperature by the addition of more warm water as the frozen meat cools it. Meat and poultry are better warmed in air, because the water takes out a certain portion of their juices; but fish will be more easily thawed in water, and without loss of flavor or substance.

Before dressing meat and poultry which have been hung for any length of time, they should be washed with a little strong salt and water; and if any parts of the former are much decomposed, which may be known by their high scent, a little strong distilled vinegar should be rubbed into them, and then, after remaining on the surface for a few minutes, it may be washed off with salt and water. Game may be treated in the same way, but even without this precaution it is astonishing how the act of roasting restores the condition of this kind of food. Many people who eat their game with a relish, considering it exactly "kept to a day," would turn from it with disgust if they saw it when preparing for the spit; and therefore the young cook must be careful how she rejects any of these delicate kinds of fare as "too far gone," unless she has the authority of some one competent to judge.

The cook should watch most carefully all the meat and game under her care, and inform her mistress as soon as she sees the slightest sign by which she may consider it is approaching the proper termination of keeping. Butchers' meat shows its state by the smell, by the touch, and by the look. The slightest taint in warm weather is enough to put the cook on her guard, and especially if the meat begins to feel tender on pressure; if it is turning green on the surface, also, she must consider it as a very sure sign, and especially if, at the same time, the stiffness of the joint is giving way or bending. Thus a little practice, with attention to these signs, will soon render her expert, and she may always at first be careful to err on the safe side. In deciding upon the time to keep game, some people hang the feathered kinds up by their tails, and consider they are fit to dress as soon as they drop, and leave their tails behind them. For those who like game "rather high" this is not a bad test in the cool weather of autumn, but in the early part of the season the feathers adhere too long to give this rule any value, or rather it may be said that if adhered to it will cause the spoiling of many brace of grouse and partridges, which will seldom bear much keeping until after the middle of October.

Fish will sometimes be the better for a day's keeping, or, in cool weather, even two days will not injure its flavor. It should, however, always be kept in a cool place; and it may generally be hung up with advantage, rather than to deposit it on the floor, as is generally done. If, however, it is of a kind which would be injured by becoming dry—as, for instance, turbot—the latter place is the best; but codfish and haddock are better suspended. Ice will always keep fish for an in-

definite time, if such is desired; but when it is of a kind which is the better for keeping, the ice will suspend the good effects of that operation, and should not, therefore, be had recourse to longer than necessary.

When meat, poultry, or game is evidently in a state which will not allow it to be kept until the time when it will be wanted, it may be parboiled or half roasted, which will postpone its "going" for at least two or even three days. It must be boiled or roasted for nearly half the proper time in the first process, and in the second it will generally take about three-quarters of that ordered for it in the usual way.

Apples and pears should be stored in a dry room, not exposed to any draught of air, by which they are dried too much, and become shrivelled on the surface. They should also be kept in the dark, if it is desired to postpone the time of their becoming ripe. They should be arranged on wooden shelves in such a way that each apple is distinct from its neighbors, contact with each other being very apt to cause decay. Every week, at least, they should be looked over carefully, and the rotten fruit picked out. Some people keep them in straw or sand, but neither of these modes is equal to the plan described above.

Potatoes and Jerusalem artichokes are kept either stored in a dark and dry cellar, heaped up in a corner, or stored in casks, or out of doors in heaps or "baries," covered over with earth, and sometimes thatched. A shallow trench is first made in a situation free from wet—that is to say, well drained; in this the potatoes are heaped up in a pyramidal form at as high an angle as they will sustain without falling. The earth removed from the trench is next laid over them, and beaten down with a spade so as to form a smooth, sloping surface on all sides, which in some soils is a sufficient protection, but in loose sands will demand the addition of ordinary thatch.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INFORMATION FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—A quart of flour weighs just one pound, a quart of corn meal one pound and two ounces, a quart of butter one pound one ounce, a quart of loaf sugar one pound, a quart of white sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce, a quart of best brown sugar one pound two ounces, ten eggs weigh one pound, this depends we think somewhat on the size; sixteen large tablespoonfuls make a half-pint, eight make a gill, four half a gill, &c.

FRENCH FURNITURE POLISH.—One pint of boiled linseed oil, one pint of mastic varnish, one half-pint of alcohol, three ounces of gum shell-lac and one stick of red sealing-wax. Dissolve the shell-lac in the alcohol by heat, and the sealing-wax in the oil; then mix all together. Apply to the furniture with a piece of soft flannel, and rub it smartly till dry.

BLUE DRESSES.—The beautiful ultramarine blue print (cotton) is fixed by an ingenious process, that may be thus briefly described. The blue is mixed with white of egg, which, in its raw state, is perfectly soluble in water; it is then put into the steam-chest in the usual way, when the white of egg is, so to speak, boiled, and being then insoluble in water, the color is fixed. The most beautiful goods, exhibiting the greatest variety of design and colors, are obtained by this process of printing with steam colors.

SUBSTITUTES FOR SOAP.—As an article of domestic economy, *fuller's earth* might be employed in the cleansing and scouring of anything *woollen*, being an excellent

substitute for soap, of which great quantities are consumed, that might be saved in house cleaning. The sawdust of fir and pine trees contains a very large proportion of resinous and saponaceous matter; so that it has been usually employed by the country people of Norway and Sweden instead of soap in washing coarse linen.

WHITE CEMENT FOR CROCKERY, GLASS, &c.—Take four pounds of white glue, one and a half pounds of dry white lead, half a pound of isinglass, one gallon of soft water, one quart of alcohol, and half a pint of white varnish. Dissolve the glue and isinglass in the water by gentle heat if preferred, stir in the lead, put the alcohol in the varnish, and mix the whole together. This is useful for wood-work, and will firmly unite painted surfaces.

DRAUGHTS.—It is of the utmost importance to observe, in going into a strange bed, that no current or draught of air play upon any part of it, as this will be no less injurious than damp. Both together will, in all likelihood, insure to the traveller either a bad cold, or an attack of rheumatism or gout. In carriage-travelling, also, particular care should be taken that no current of wind pass upon you from the window, whilst the feet ought to be kept dry and warm, and the ears protected.

TO MAKE COURT-PLASTER.—Procure a small frame—that of an old sixpenny slate will suffice—strain tightly over it, in every direction, a piece of black silk. Prepare a *size*, by dissolving thirty grains, by weight, of the best small-shred isinglass, in six drachms by measure, of common gin. Set this on the hob in a teacup, covered over, to acquire heat. When the isinglass is quite dissolved, add gradually thirty drops of Friar's balsam (compound tincture of benzoin), occasionally stirring the fluid or *size* on every addition, with a strip of glass, or the small end of an ivory spoon. Then take a broad, flat camel-hair pencil, such as is used for the first wash of the sky in water-color drawings, and cover the silk with a coating of the fluid; then let it dry in a warm room. Repeat the coating as often as the silk shall become dry, and till the surface appears quite glossy. If the *size* should be found insufficient to finish the process, more must be prepared; eight to twelve applications of the fluid according to the texture of the silk, will be required. Should the *size* become too thick, a few drops more gin may be added.

HOW TO PREPARE MUTTON HAMS.—Take one-quarter of a pound of saltpetre to half a pound of raw brown sugar; make them very hot and rub into legs of mutton over night. Next morning salt them with common salt. Let the mutton lie about a week, move it over and rub in fresh salt, and let it remain another week in pickle. Then hang it up to dry. When dry, keep it in canvas bags to prevent it being fly-eaten. N. B.—Do not let the mutton lie in the wet brine, but place something under to raise them from the dripping that will fall from them.

YEAST FOR FAMILY USE.—One who always has good bread, gives the following recipe for making yeast: Into two quarts of water, put eight good-sized potatoes, and a handful of hops tied up in a bag; boil until the potatoes are well done; mash them through a sieve; add seven tablespoonfuls of flour; pour over this the water in which the potatoes and hops were boiled, scalding hot. Add half a cup of sugar; tablespoonful of ginger—stir well together, and when nearly cold put in a cupful of yeast. After it is done working, add a teaspoonful of salt, and bottle up for use. It will keep three months.

Editors' Table.

SIXTY-THREE VOLUMES.

Industry—

To meditate, to plan, resolve, perform,
Which in itself is good—as surely brings
Reward of good.—POLLOCK.

Yes, with this December number we complete the *sixty-third volume* of the Lady's Book. We have subscribers who began with the beginning; we have thousands who have been with us a quarter of a century or over, and tens of thousands of the daughters and grandchildren of our old and dear friends on our list of subscribers. These are the Guard of Honor for the Lady's Book pledging that it must and shall be sustained.

Thus, we have our "Reward of Good."

Have we done Good?

The most powerful agents of Nature are the most peaceful in their influences. Light, Air, Dew—how softly these beneficent ministers of growth, health, and joy move on their way; how gently, yet irresistibly they nourish, expand, and beautify the world of matter and physical life.

Is it not in a like gentle yet positive manner that the world of humanity is moved by Faith, Hope, Love, as these are manifested in the sweet influences of right culture, of usefulness, goodness and happiness? Faith, that includes truth and piety, Hope, that incites to cheerfulness and activity, Love, that fosters obedience to rightful authority and faithfulness in all duty, these are the purest and surest sources of individual improvement, of household happiness, of national greatness, and of Christian virtues. And these graces of character, these principles of conduct we have endeavored faithfully to embody and make lovable in the pages of the Lady's Book.

"Women know

The way to rear up children (to be just),
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon.
Although such trifles; children learn by such
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And get not over-early solemnized,
But seeing, as in a rose-bush, Love's Divine,
Which burns and hurts not—not a single bloom,
Become aware and unafraid of Love.
Such good do mothers."

So wrote Mrs. Browning; she was right; it is woman's office, a high and holy office to be Dew, Air, and Light to the infant buds of humanity; to be the "angel in the house;" to be the "help meet for man" in all his right purposes, in all his noblest aspirations after the good.

The minds of women should be kept under right influences, because they rule over and mould the germs of being, thought, and character of both sexes: Women need an especial organ of literature, morals, manners,

and modes of industry, which shall not only set plainly forth, but make attractive the way of greatness for their sex. *There is for women but one way of eminence—that of goodness.* This important truth the editors of this Lady's Book have steadfastly held and taught in all its volumes.

We need not say what we are planning for the New Year's new volume. Our friends have full confidence that we shall do all we can to meet their "Great Expectations." May we not, on our part, securely trust that our old and tried friends will, in these times that try the hearts of women as well as the souls of men, sustain our periodical kindly and nobly as they have ever done? We do trust and believe this, intending to deserve their favor, and thus win our "Reward of Good."

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

[From the "Silent Woman."]

"GREAT news, Hen." (short for Henrietta), said Lord Morland, placing her in a chair. "So you have made a conquest, and are to be married at Christmas?"

"Whom am I to marry, uncle?" asked Hen., looking very dismal.

"I am sorry your heart does not inform you—but Mr. Harris (he was a clergyman) is the fortunate man."

Hen. burst into tears. "It's a shame," she cried—"so poor as he is; I don't like him at all! Such a little short man, too!—I hate poor people."

"He may be very rich by and by (when his brother dies), and he is a very good kind of man; the poor are very fond of him."

"The poor may be, but I am not," sobbed Hen. "It's hard if I am to be put about in this way. And suppose his brother marries and leaves off drinking, where shall I be then? As poor as a church mouse all the days of my life. Mamma said that his wife must look into everything and give out the stores. I won't! My father was a Lord the same as Louise's, and if she is to be so grand with her diamonds and carriages, so will I. Now I wish, Uncle Ned, you would speak to mamma to speak to Mr. Harris, and let there be an end of it altogether: he is so short."

"So am I, and so are you," returned her uncle; "if that's a sin, we are in a very bad way, both of us."

"Besides being so horribly poor," repeated Hen.

"Ay, that's a crime, I grant you," said Lord Morland. "Everybody is ready to heave a stone at a poor man; you do quite right to shy your little pebble among the rest. Only, Hen., who do you think will have you, if you refuse this little fellow?"

"I had rather be an old maid; that I had, forever and ever!" cried Hen.

"Shake hands, Hen.," said her uncle, gravely; "you are a shining character; I shall have your portrait done in fresco, and hung up, if possible, in Westminster Abbey! If you can look such an alternative as that in the face, I can say no more; you may set us all at defiance."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AMONG the many great names in science, literature, and art whose loss the living world has lately deplored with sorrow we must now place that of one greatly beloved as well as distinguished—Mrs. Browning. We women have a peculiar pleasure in recognizing her as the first *poet* of the present time, and acknowledging that she has not left her equal among the now known writers of poetry. We call her *poet*, not *poetess*, because we wish to number among the stars of which she was the queen, not only women, but men. This is no disparagement to Tennyson, who is often perfect in the style he affects and in the subject he chooses. But how inferior are the prettinesses, the *sweet* lines, the mediæval janglerie of the “*Idyls of the King*” to the vigor, the deep thought, the real fire and feeling of “*Aurora Leigh*!”*

Much has been said of Mrs. Browning's classical learning; her Greek is a never-failing boast among some of her admirers. Greek is desirable, no doubt; but, after all, it is the accomplishment of a school-boy; much rarer and more worthy of boast is her originality, her versatility, and her truth. Her superiority above all those pretences and borrowed ornaments with which mere scholars sometimes veil their want of creative faculty is very remarkable when her masterly knowledge of ancient lore is taken into consideration.

Mrs. Browning's private life is not as well known as her poems; but these have shown us her heart as well as mind, and made us know and love herself. She was born in London, in 1809. Her poetic genius showed itself in childhood; she “*lisped in numbers*,” and before she was seventeen her first work, “*An Essay on Mind*,” written in the heroic measure of Pope, was published. This was succeeded by the “*Prometheus Bound*,” translated from Æschylus. In her maturer days she spoke very slightly of these early poems; yet they had the stamp of real merit, and were recognized as the work of a superior mind. But, as they were only clever imitations, therefore the true poet, the author herself, did not value them when her creative genius had been developed in its power. Miss Mitford, who was tenderly attached to the young poetess, gives a charming picture of her in the “*Recollections of a Literary Life*.” She describes her, then Miss Barrett, as so lovely in character and manners that it needed not genius to make her more attractive to all who knew her. Yet she was very lovely in person, graceful and affectionate as a child in her intercourse with those she loved; her great learning never appearing to embarrass the genial and cheerful nature of the young girl, till after the great domestic affliction clouded her sunny heart. Her favorite brother and two companions were drowned almost under her eye. Her health, never vigorous, from that time gave way, and for several years she was confined to a darkened room and her bed. Her literature was a great consolation. She wrote many of her most beautiful poems during this long confinement. Among these, “*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*” is said to have drawn Mr. Browning to her side, and thus began the friendship that ended in love and marriage. This took place in 1846. Soon afterwards they went to Italy, and there she has since that time generally resided.

Mrs. Browning, generous and enthusiastic in her feelings, took a warm interest in the Italian struggle for

independence. The noble and soul-stirring poems she has given the world under these inspirations are too well known to need more than an allusion. They will be read with emotion and admiration while hearts live and throb for patriotism and liberty.

Mrs. Browning died on the morning of June 29th, 1861, aged fifty-two; died, as we may say she had lived, with song upon her lips. One of her latest, though not her last poems, we will give, as we think it, on the whole, the most beautiful of her short pieces, because it embodies the truest, loveliest, holiest traits of womanly nature. We love women that are womanly. Genius, talents, learning, power, wealth; these women may possess, and use as nobly and patriotically as men for public good; but the feminine nature should never attempt to show off the hardihood of man in stifling or disowning the natural sorrows that the crushed affections of the heart bring to all women who are womanly. Even the patriotism of Mrs. Browning was not proof against the grief of the childless mother. This poem will touch many a mother's heart in our own land:—

MOTHER AND POET.

(TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.)

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art for a woman, men said;
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! You were strong as you
pressed,
And I proud by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! To sew by degrees,
And broider the long-clothes and neat little coat,
To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there. *I* made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word “country.” *I* taught them, no
doubt,
That country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . Oh, my beautiful eyes!
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one
kneels!
—God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters milled
With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be
spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

There was triumph at Turin. “*Ancona was free!*”
And some one came out from the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
—My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us
strained
To the height he had gained.

* When we have room, we mean to give a synopsis of this remarkable poem, with such extracts as will show its power, truth, and high purpose.—EDITRESS.

And letters still came—shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
One loved me for two . . . would be with me long,
And 'Viva Italia' he died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add, "he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turns off the balls . . . was imprest;
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta; *shot*.
Tell his mother. Ah, ah!—"his," "their" mother; not
"mine."

No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that love and sorrow which reconciles so
The above and below.

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep
one.

'Twere imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done,
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport,
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns of Cavalli, with final retort,
Have cut the game short;

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green,
and red,

When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head
(And I have my dead),

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells
low,
And burn your lights faintly! My country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow.
My Italy's there—with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this! and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west,
And one of them shot in the east by the sea!
Both—both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!

BURNED TO DEATH.

SUCH is the melancholy record that meets us almost every week from some part of our country. "Burned to death by her clothes taking fire." Thus begins the obituary of lovely women, who miserably perish in their pleasant homes, and of young girls who met this awful fate while arraying themselves for their gayest diversions. Three of these and catastrophes have lately occurred, so closely in succession that it will be passing strange if the public mind is not aroused to the work of taking precautions to guard against such dreadful destruction of precious lives.

The first victim was an English lady, wife of Dr. Broadhurst; while writing a note, the sleeve of her light muslin dress came in contact with a lighted candle at her side; she sprang up suddenly, and was instantly enveloped in flames that the exertions of her husband and servants could not extinguish, till *she was burned to death!*

This occurred but few days before the terrible scene when our own countrywoman, the lovely and beloved wife of our noblest poet was thus sacrificed. Mrs. Longfellow was making seals, to amuse her little daughters, when her muslin sleeve was accidentally touched to the lighted taper; her husband's efforts, although he perilled his own life to save her, were all in vain: *she was burned to death!*

Soon afterwards, as though to make the impression of such fearful events indelible on the public heart, the terrible catastrophe at the Continental Theatre of this city occurred. We need not here give the particulars of this awful tragedy, our readers must all know the sad story; that in a dressing-room, filled with young girls, preparing for stage display, a gauze frock was accidentally set on fire, that the dresses of a dozen or more were soon in flames, and *nine* of these gay young beings were thus "*burnt to death by their clothes taking fire!*"

What shall be done to prevent these scenes of horror? Is there any way, in the present fashions of ladies' clothing, to make muslin and other light materials of dress unflammable? British chemists tell us there are sure means of doing this, *that it is only necessary to put a little soda or ammonia into the starch*, used in preparing muslin dresses, and these will not take fire so as to blaze, even if held over a candle.

Before muslin dresses are made up, the material should be dipped in a weak solution of alum-water, and dried quickly; this will not destroy the starch stiffening, but will make the dresses safe.

For articles not intended to be ironed, *sulphate of ammonia* deserves the preference.

If there is a demand for these *salts*, as they are termed, the enterprising chemists of our country will soon have the supply ready with all needful directions. But our women, the first ladies in every city, village, and town of our land, should be in earnest to introduce this safety fashion of preparing dresses. Unless mothers will take this care upon themselves, they cannot now escape remorse and censure should their little daughters be "*burnt to death by their clothes taking fire!*" Inquire of every chemist and every druggist for this prepared soda and ammonia till you find it; then instruct the laundress in the manner of its use and *see that it is used*. This is woman's work. Learned men have been employed to ascertain the mode of preparing the "*salts*;" women are responsible for the application of the discovery.

LITTLE GIRLS.—We are glad to see that popular writers are turning their attention to children. Here is a very sensible paragraph about *romping*:—

"Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank Heaven who has given her health to do so. It is better than a distorted spine or hectic cheek. Little girls ought to be great romps—better than paying doctors' bills for them. Where is the gymnasium that should be attached to every school? That coming, too, like other improvements."

An English writer has some very good and true remarks:—

"The pleasures of children are very real, although to grown-up people they may seem simple. Among the most noticeable of these pleasures are such petty amusements as sliding down a grass slope, spoiling dresses by gathering blackberries, taking out the inside of a doll, and burying a dead bird with a full funeral service. These are the pursuits, half naughty, half

good, which strike home to the fibres of a childish heart, and which are ruthlessly forbidden by the substitution of unmeaning flattery, old talk and domestic discussions. It is pleasant, as Horace remarked, to be silly on a proper occasion; and these follies of childhood are as sweet as anything can be to the natural infant."

WOMEN'S MISSION.—We have not been able to arrange the papers on this interesting subject, but hope to do so next month. We have a few names to record.

Mrs. J. E. P. Stevens, Philadelphia, \$25.

Mrs. Oliver Ellsworth, Boston, Mass., \$1.

Mrs. Angenette Carwell, Boston, Mass., \$1.

Miss C. W. Callender, Boston, Mass., \$1.

Miss Mary A. Hoyt, Princeton, N. J., \$1.

Messrs. Perry, Davis & Son, Providence, R. I., \$50.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, 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. 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. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Summer Hours"—"Our Sentimental Journey"—"Susie"—"The Marriage of the First Born"—"The Soldier's Bible"—"Love's Revenge"—"To C. C."—"The Dying Wife, etc."—"Step by Step"—"A Bachelor's Thoughts about Matrimony"—and "Three Old Letters."

The following are not wanted: "Experience a Jewel"—"Losses and Crosses"—"Woman"—"Elegy"—"November's Day"—"Christmas Stories"—"Lines to a Friend" (the writer must not be discouraged; perseverance is the key of improvement and success)—"Oh, I should like to roam"—"My Parrot"—"Cheerfulness from Sunlight"—"Obsolete"—"Sea Musings"—"To a Dying Child"—"The Coquette"—"Stray Thoughts"—"A Fancy"—"Myself"—"The War"—"Christmas Games"—and "Ophelia."

Will the authoress of "Nellie Burnett" send us her address in full?

We wish our correspondents would never forget to give town, county, and State in the address.

Writers who wish answers to letters, or to have rejected articles returned, must be particular to inclose to us the necessary stamps.

And now we have our pleasant duty of thanking, as we do with a warm Christmas greeting, the multitude of kind friends, who have proffered their aid during the past year. We hope to be able to find room, in our next volume, for many of the interesting articles on hand; and we hope, too, that the great improvement, which has been apparent in most of the MSS. sent to our Table for the last few months, will continue and increase. Then we shall be proud of the writers for the Lady's Book.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMAN—SOCIAL RELATIONS, DUTIES, ETC.—Women, by virtue of their natural and social relations, have more to do with health and disease than all the doctors in the world: they are our nurses in sickness; they are the mothers and trainers of children; and hence they can do more to remove the diseases that afflict the human family than all the world besides. How important then that they should possess that medical and hygienic knowledge which will enable them to live right themselves, and to teach others the way of health!

As a medium of communicating and diffusing this kind of knowledge, woman enjoys greatly superior advantages over the opposite sex. By her free and unrestrained intercourse with her own sex; by her winning graces and sweet persuasive powers; one woman can do more in this way than a whole army of men doctors, with the natural and social disadvantages under which they labor. But then, forsooth, modesty becomes a woman, and home is her own peculiar province, and her only proper sphere of action. Suppose that all this be granted, is the assumption true that there is anything in the study and practice of medicine calculated to render a woman less refined and modest? So far is this from being true, that the study of medicine as a science has a most elevating influence on the mind and a refining influence on the heart; and the practice of medicine as an art affords the best field for the cultivation of all the tender and benevolent propensities of our nature—all that is gentle, lovely, and of good report. If coarseness, and want of modesty and refinement have characterized any of the votaries of medicine, either male or female, it has not been *because* of the pursuit, but *in spite* of it. The coarseness, in these cases, is either inherent and ineradicable, or the education is too deficient to neutralize and overcome it.

And what shall we say about home duties? the theme on which the enemies of the medical education of woman, and her professed friends delight so much to dwell. What are the home duties of woman? What are those peculiar, most congenial, and only domestic employments, about which we hear so much? Do home duties consist only in sweeping houses, dusting furniture, darning stockings, cooking, knitting, and the performance or supervision of all the details of household economy?

Are not the mental, moral, and physical education of children, the nursing of the sick, and the administration of remedies parts, and very important parts of the domestic duties of woman? Are not these the most important, the most overshadowing of all her home duties? Why all this parade, then, about *home duties*? The education of children, and the nursing of the sick are as much home duties as any, and by far the most important. But then some may say: "This is all true enough, but the proper sphere of each woman is in her *own* home, and this should be the centre and circumference of all her doings." To this we reply that many women are incapacitated by nature and by circumstances for the discharge of the duties devolving upon them; and such as these should have the counsels and assistance of their more fortunate sisters. In short all women should be educated as far as possible in medical matters; but as all

cannot obtain the necessary medical knowledge, it is highly desirable and proper that some who enjoy greater advantages should have a thorough medical education, so that they can assist and instruct others in the most important of all home duties—the training of children and the care of the sick. And “what,” it may be asked, “shall a woman do with her own home in the mean time? What will be done about the minor duties of good housewifery?” This difficulty may readily be met in two ways: by a life of celibacy; or by the employment of a housekeeper. A woman, with mind and heart full of the great work of a physician, might even forego the pleasures of conjugal love, and still find ample scope for the exercise of those affections which would, in all probability, bring more true pleasure than the happiest matrimonial alliance. But a married woman engaged in the noble work of dispensing health to her suffering sisters, and enjoying the emoluments of a lucrative practice, could well afford to commit the minor duties of household economy to a hired housekeeper. So a woman may marry and practice medicine too; she may carry blessings to the homes of others, and still her own home may not be neglected; she may enjoy the sweets of connubial bliss, and, at the same time, she may partake of those purer, higher, holier pleasures which spring from the exercise of the benevolent and unselfish propensities of our nature.

COLEMBUS, 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.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY. *A Tale of Real Life.* By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of “Retribution,” “Lost Heiress,” “Lady of the Isle,” “Curse of Clifton,” etc. etc. This novel, which has appeared in an English periodical, is now for the first time offered to the American public from the house of the Messrs. Peterson. The opening scene of the story is at the English village of Epsom, at the time of the Derby races; but with the second chapter the place of action is transferred to a romantic and mountainous district in Wales. The theme of the novel is the devotion of a wife to her husband, through good and evil report, and this is illustrated with the power of a strong and gifted nature, yet with all the delicacy of a woman. The closing chapter, which describes the death of the individual who has been the agent of the misfortunes of the heroine and others, in the tragic force of its descriptions, approaches the terrible. Mrs. Southworth is a powerful as well as a prolific writer; and, while she has added largely to the light literature of our country, her works are of a character that do not only herself but her country credit, and place her at the head of her class of romance writers. Possessing a most vivid and unbounded imagination, which sometimes—though seldomer now than in her earlier works—leads her to the borders of extravagance, she gains a hold upon the reader's mind and absorbs his

attention in a way that few others succeed in doing. Price \$1 00, paper; \$1 25, cloth.

THE HORRORS OF PARIS: or, *The Flower of the Ruebours.* A Sequel to the “*Mohicans of Paris.*” By Alexander Dumas, author of “*The Count of Monte Cristo,*” “*The Iron Mask,*” “*Man with Five Wives,*” “*The Corsican Brothers,*” etc. etc. Translated from the author's advanced sheets expressly for the present edition. Price 50 cents.

FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE SILVER CORD. *A Novel.* By Shirley Brooks. This book is of the same class of romances among the authors of which Wilkie Collins stands pre-eminently first. It is a book of nearly three hundred closely printed, double-column pages, in which there is enough mystery, villainy, and tragedy to satisfy the most inveterate novel-reader of the age. The most prominent character, Ernest Adair, reminds one strongly of Count Fosco in Collins' “*Woman in White,*” possessing the same characteristics of coolness, courage, and daring, a cold-blooded, calculating villain, without a touch of passion or heart to excuse his wickedness. Mrs. Berry is represented as an embodiment of all that is detestable in a woman, though it strikes us, if she had been of the other sex, she would have distinguished herself as a criminal lawyer, so expert is she in unravelling mysteries and putting this and that together. Mr. Hawksley, a play-writer, and Mrs. Hawksley, his wife, are the two most agreeable characters in the book; while a theatrical manager is occasionally introduced with a not unpleasant effect. The author of the book himself displays considerable dramatic talent, and seems tolerably familiar “behind the scenes.” The novel, if properly dramatized, would appear to advantage upon the stage. The reader will gain a better idea from this book of the system of espionage conducted in France by the secret police—an espionage so close and unrelenting, that not the most trivial circumstances of the most common individual's life are lost sight of—than from any other work that has fallen in our way. The book is not without faults, though most of them are of a kind that are more properly noticed by the extended reviewer than by us. In the latter half of the book, though the interest of the reader slackens not one whit, it is so taxed and strained, and we might almost say imposed upon, by chapter after chapter which make no advance in the story, and are introduced for the secondary object of illustrating individual character, that, by the time the end is reached, the reader is so wearied, he closes the book with a feeling of relief, as though he had accomplished a painful task. Price 75 cents, paper; \$1 25 cloth.

CONTEMPORARY HISTORY. We have received several numbers of a work entitled “*The Union Forever, The Southern Rebellion, and the War for the Union, A History of the Rise and Progress of the Rebellion, and consecutive Narrative of Events and Incidents, from the first stages of the Treason against the Republic, down to the close of the conflict, together with important documents, extracts from remarkable speeches, etc. etc.*” New York. JAMES D. TORREY, Publisher. This is a neatly printed work, which makes its appearance in weekly numbers, the price of each being 10 cents. It abounds in references to public documents, which in many instances are given in full, and freely commented upon.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY'S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR DECEMBER:—

Steel plate of "Winter;" a young gentleman very much to be envied, with two such pretty girls to give him a slide. A very pretty plate is "Winter," both in figures and landscape.

Bridal Robes. Our fair readers have presented to them in our fashion-plate for this month an agreeable variety of brides' dresses from which they may choose an elegant and fashionable bridal attire. We know that to some it will be necessary, as our lady subscribers are much sought after. At a very great expense and trouble we have obtained early copies of these splendid dresses.

In presenting this plate we do it in the full consciousness that nothing equal to it has ever been published in Paris or London. Six figures in one plate, forming a pretty picture; not a mere fashion-plate, but as much a subject engraving as any published in the Book.

"The Robin's Friendly Visit." A very seasonable plate, and an original design.

And where shall Robin his breakfast get,
If not at your kind door?
So throw him out some crumbs, I pray—
You will have all the more.

"The Christmas Tree." A happy group is gathered around our Christmas tree. Happy hearts and happy faces. How beautiful are those Christmas gatherings! How many homes are made happy on that day! Sons and daughters, who have left the paternal roof to follow their vocation in busy town or crowded city, now revisit the scene of their childhood, where gathering round the fire as in days gone by, they recall pleasant memories of the past, sing old songs well-nigh forgotten, while the familiar sports, the forfeits, riddles, the country dance, blindman's-buff, or hunt the slipper, which delighted their youthful years, are once more welcomed and enjoyed with a renewal of youthful feeling. Aged parents fancy themselves young again, as they witness the happiness of their children, at times down to the third generation, and few there are who do not find the quieter pleasures of our time as good for heart and mind, as our forefathers did their noisy revellings—perhaps better.

A "Christmas Basket," and a "Christening Robe" will also be found, with hosts of other pretty things in our illustrations for this month. Cloaks are also given, which, with those in the November number, give an agreeable variety to choose from.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS!—We cordially wish our readers a merry Christmas. May all the genial and blessed influences of the season be showered copiously upon them! We have done our best to make the Lady's Book worthy of their regard, and we trust they will give us credit for success. We make no especial promises for next year, but our subscribers know us, and know that we have the means and the disposition to keep the Lady's Book where it always has been, at the head of American magazines.

CURRENT MONEY.—We ask our subscribers to send us as good money as they can get. Last year the discount on notes of the Western money we received averaged from ten to fifteen per cent.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.—Remember that the Lady's Book is the best work for ladies published in this country. We have more than *one thousand* private letters testifying to this fact, and the press throughout the country is unanimous in saying that the Lady's Book is the best magazine of its kind in this or any other country. The difference in the club price of the Lady's Book and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for these few cents you get nearly one-third more reading and engravings, besides other more expensive embellishments that a low-priced magazine cannot afford to give. Clubs must be for the Lady's Book alone, with one exception, and that is "Arthur's Home Magazine." One or more of that work can be introduced in a club in place of the Lady's Book, if desired.

Any person, with a very little trouble, can get up a club for the Book; we have frequently been so informed by ladies—the work is so popular. It is but to call and get a subscription. Clubs are always in time, as we are able to supply numbers from the beginning of the year; yet we like them sent in soon, to know how many we shall print. Remember, that a work with 150,000 subscribers can give five times as much as a work with only half that number, and the embellishments can also be made of a very superior character.

Our terms are made plain and explicit, so that they may be easily understood. We are often asked to throw in an extra copy. In no instance can this be done, as our terms are so low to clubs that it cannot be afforded. A shop-keeper would look amazed, if a purchaser should ask him to throw in an extra yard because she had purchased twelve. And yet we are asked to add an extra copy because twelve have been ordered. It cannot be done.

DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of the Philadelphia Press, says:—

"There is no mistake about the fact that Godey's Lady's Book is decidedly a great institution. Go where you may, it is to be found. Lately, when in the country, at a farm-house, we found upwards of sixty volumes of Godey, neatly half-bound, and evidently much read. The fair proprietor told us that she had commenced taking the Lady's Book at the age of fifteen, and now, a not very old grandmother, continues to subscribe for it."

We thank the Doctor. How often have we been told that mothers take the Lady's Book for their children whose mothers took it for them.

That article about Musk in our June number has been copied extensively by the press, most approvingly. They agree with us that no person should be permitted to offend others by its use. We could give many reasons why ladies should not use it; but it is a delicate matter for a Lady's Book to handle.

MONROE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FAIR is the first that has honored us this season with a large list of subscriptions to Godey's Lady's Book as premiums. They have also ordered many copies of Mrs. Hale's Cook Book. An excellent selection for premiums. We believe that Godey's is the only magazine that is used as a premium for depositors at fairs. The addition of Mrs. Hale's Cook Book is judicious.

OLD POST-OFFICE STAMPS.—Our subscribers are informed that the old post-office stamps are now of no use. The post-office has issued new stamps, and the old ones are valueless.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

It is on record that the philosopher's theory of the "absolute nothing" gave rise to endless disputations in controversion of the fact; but then, oh skeptics, was it ever applied to music? In this musical metropolis of Philadelphia, for instance, could musical nothingness possibly be more absolute? Sythias, who hated music and interdicted it in his royal presence, would have found a paradise here at any time within the last six months, and the general innocence upon musical subjects is increasing so prodigiously that at the end of the war we shall all have to go back to our A, B, abs, in the science. Cheerful!

The two or three promised musical enterprises which we have recently announced in this most veracious column, like all other hope-inspiring facts or fancies of similar nature, appear as yet to be "down in the valley." Even the Jullien promenade concerts, see last month's column, are not at this writing any nearer public consummation than they were a month ago.

At the Academy of Music *prestidigitation* is the word! Alas, and are we come to this! The tricks and high presto of a conjuror as a substitute for opera. And in a temple consecrated to music! The prize-ring and the circus were more classical allies, even though the wizard be M. Hermann.

We hear rumors of a German Opera during the winter, with our well known fellow-citizens, Madam Johansen, for the Prima Donna. Well, hurry it up! we have recollections of a golden German season at the Academy shortly after its inauguration, and though pretzels abounded up stairs, we never heard that they interfered with the music on the stage. So let it be this season. But this is only in prospect.

So for the present our sole recourse is to Sanford's. When we cannot get genuine opera, who shall gainsay the burlesque? Besides, Sanford's is a purely Philadelphia institution. Moreover, it is metropolitan; and as highly charged with fun and music as the reunions of Mr. Stoenewitz are innocent of either. But the ethniques at Sanford's are now doubled. Not that they have taken to themselves partners in domestic ties; but the famous Buckleys have been united to the troupe, thus making the strongest and the best company of the kind in existence. The burlesque operas of *Lucretia Borgia*, *Cinderella*, and *Il Trovatore* are inimitable. Donizetti, Rossini, and Verdi never dreamed of such an interpretation of their music as is given by these happy fellows, in whose performances the mixture of the sublime with the ridiculous is perfectly felicitous. Sanford is a public benefactor. May his shadow never be less!

New sheet music is as scarce as other musical items this month. The *Banner of the Sea*, to which we briefly alluded in our last, we find to be a spirited and a pleasant song and chorus, worthy a large circulation. Two editions are published, one with plain title at 25 cents, the other with brilliant colored lithograph at 50 cents. Mr. D. Brainan Williamson is the author, and Geo. W. Hewitt the composer. We can send on receipt of price; or it may be ordered with any music named in recent numbers of this column. Address

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

LET it be distinctly understood that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible, and we are only accountable to those who remit directly to us. We have no agents that solicit subscribers. Money must be sent to the publisher, L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

A THOUSAND homes throughout the land—
The stately house, the humble nook,
In city full, in country lone—
Is gladden'd by the Lady's Book.

Within the mansions of the rich,
Where none a sacrifice might brook,
Upon a marble table lies,
'Mid costlier things, the Lady's Book.

And in some humble attic-room,
There 'll often be some cozy nook
Beside the little working stand,
Where choicely lies the Lady's Book.

The lady, delicate and pale,
Within her warm and curtained nook,
With other nice and pleasant things
Is pleased to see the Lady's Book.

And in the distant hamlet rude,
The stage is watch'd with yearning look;
It brings the mail! and so, perchance,
New copies of the Lady's Book.

Down the river, 'cross the plain,
Through the forest, o'er the brook,
Wending on its lonely way,
Bearing on the Lady's Book.

Over mountains, up the valleys,
Rounding many a dreary nook,
Through heat and cold, through shine and storm,
Goes regular the Lady's Book.

Far amid the western wilds,
In some lone sequestered nook,
The woman in her cabin smiles
A welcome to the Lady's Book.

Out in many a country village,
On seashore or inland nook,
Fraught with pleasure, sure of welcome,
Monthly goes the Lady's Book.

There's many a dwelling in the land,
Whose inmates much privation brook,
But their dull life's enlivened by
The presence of the Lady's Book.

In yon farm-house behold her there—
The farmer's wife, with beaming look!
Her son has just arrived from town,
And brought her home the Lady's Book.

She says her own and children's dress
Would awkward, strange, and homely look,
If she could not, in time of need,
Go and consult the Lady's Book.

Is it a pie she wants to make?
Or anything she has to cook?
She always can find out the way
By glancing in the Lady's Book.

So she, amid her many cares,
With cheerful and contented look,
In home retired from city far,
Appreciates the Lady's Book.

Sometimes, the "work done up" at night,
Fire warm within the chimney nook,
She sits down in the candle-light
To finish up the Lady's Book.

When she has read it through, she lays
It safe away—with pleased look,
And hopes one day to have a chance
To get it bound—her Lady's Book. E. C. T.

A TEST.—As a test, we exhibited all the magazines in the country, the other day, before an intelligent teacher in the Public Schools of Zanesville, and promised her the choice of them. "Well, Uncle," said she, "I prefer Godey's Lady's Book." Dr. Andrews, of the *Marietta Intelligencer*, tried the same experiment once, with the same result, and ever since has been disposed to acquiesce in the young lady's decision.—*Herald*, Cardington.

Our Literary matter this month is well selected, and appropriate to the month.

LETTER FROM AN EDITOR:—

NEW YORK.

MR. L. A. GODEY: Dear Sir—Will you please be kind enough to send us a copy of the Lady's Book for March, 1861? It has failed to reach us, and we are anxious to preserve the entire volume for binding—hence this request. All the numbers, as far as published, are "just as good as new," and as soon as the volume is completed, we shall have "Godey" bound—as *everybody* ought to—and placed in our library. We are, and presume the world is, deeply indebted to you for publishing a magazine of such intrinsic worth, the possession of which will prove a valuable acquisition to any and every library. The fact that, notwithstanding the extreme hard times, "Godey" is constantly increasing in circulation—at least in our town—is pretty good evidence of its popularity, as a standard publication, with the great mass of intelligent readers; and if you did not exchange with us, we should have the Lady's Book if it cost three times its present price—in fact, "we" could scarcely "keep house" without it. In strict confidence (!), friend Godey—though a bachelor of the "old school" order, and hence less prepared to properly appreciate *all* we find in your magazine—we esteem the *best* of monthlies, and a lady friend now standing at our elbow indorses *all* we have written, and says that the double-extension fashion-plates are alone worth more than all the other fashion-prints combined! We bid you, and your glorious enterprise, God speed. Hastily, though truly, yours,

W. W. W.

KISSING.—A gentleman wrote:—

"Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want a kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other."

Whereupon, a lady pencilled this reply, and left it for the fool's instruction:—

"Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And it's well that they refrain;
The bitter dose would vex them so,
They would never kiss again."

FROM "HOLBROOK'S U. S. MAIL AND POST-OFFICE ASSISTANT:—

LOSSES BY MAIL.—By one of the regulations of the P. O. Department, Section 207, it is required that before an investigation is ordered, as to a reported loss by mail, satisfactory evidence shall be furnished, not only of the depositing of the letter in a post-office, but that the alleged contents were absolutely inclosed. Experience shows that attempts are frequently made to make the post-office a scapegoat for failures of this kind, when the guilt lies in quite another direction.

To those who have occasion to make remittances by mail, our advice is to get drafts or checks whenever convenient. When cash must be sent, employ a reliable disinterested witness to see the money inclosed and the letter deposited. But avoid calling the attention of either the postmaster or any of his clerks to the fact. Not that this would increase the risk generally, but in some cases it might, and in but few would they be lessened. The less publicity in respect to money letters, the better.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—We recommend this magazine to the attention of families as the best \$2 magazine now published. We club it with the Lady's Book, only asking \$3.50 for both publications, or it can be introduced in any of our clubs in place of a copy of the Lady's Book. See advertisement in this number.

SOME HINTS.

IN remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you miss a number of any magazine, always write to the publishers of the magazine. If *Arthur's*, address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia; if *Harper's*, address Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

When a number of the Lady's Book is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

The postage on the Lady's Book, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents* for three monthly numbers.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

"AN HONEST MAN."—This title we court more than any other: and the Sandy Hill *Herald* bestows it upon us, and gives other good reasons why he likes the Lady's Book.

"We like this magazine, first, because it is an old acquaintance, sure to drop in every month, and always with some new attractions. Second, because its *god-father* is an honest man, who always performs more than he promises; and third, because it is a pure, chaste, interesting, and useful periodical."

A BEAUTIFUL little illustrated guide to the cultivation of flowers and house plants, the care of bulbous roots, etc. etc., called "The Parlor Gardener," has been lately published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, in their well-known elegant style. They will send it, post-paid, on receipt of its price, 60 cents.

They are publishers of that valuable illustrated guide to drawing and painting of all varieties, called "Art Recreations," which they will also send, post-paid, on receipt of price, \$1.50. They have ready a new price list of artist's goods, which they will send free.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.—We now commence in time to warn our subscribers against sending their money to any association purporting to furnish the Lady's Book as part of the inducement to subscribe, and promising them great prizes in some future drawing of a lottery. We will not be responsible in any way. We will also add that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. We only send the Lady's Book when the money is sent direct to us.

WITH a club of \$16.

The ladies of our town have tried other magazines, but with few exceptions among my acquaintances, which are not small, they all agree that Godey's is the only real Lady's Book of the day.

H., Ohio.

ELLA MOORE'S LETTERS FROM THE CITY.

DEAR SUE: Although it is rather premature, or, as Walter would say, "a little in advance of the express mail," I am going to tell you of our proposed Christmas doings, in order that you may have some hints in case you purpose to make yours a "merry" day.

To make you understand things clearly, I must tell you that grandmother Moore is going to give a grand family party. All the children, grandchildren, aunts, cousins, from far and near, are to be invited to spend the day, and a pretty sizeable party we shall make. You may remember that we had a similar gathering last year, though I have never given you a detailed account of it. This year the same programme will be carried out, with of course a little variation in the gifts, mottoes, and tableaux, as we shall substitute "Christmas for the Rich and Poor," with the effect of contrast, for "St. Nicholas' Visit" and "Kriss Kringle's Call." In looking over my last year's journal, I find a detailed account of our proceedings last year, and that you may have all the particulars, I have copied them for you.

To begin at the beginning, we had arranged that all the gifts, from grandpa's snuff-box to Eddie's drum, were to be sent to grandmother's, there to be distributed. A week beforehand, grandma sent for Gracie and me, and gave us *carte blanche* for the evening's entertainments, only stipulating that we kept the secrets from all but Aunt Harriet's immediate family. We accordingly moved all our tableaux arrangements from home, and fitted up grandma's back parlor as I have described ours in my first letter;* behind the back curtain we made some further arrangements, of which I will tell you in their proper place. We decked the front parlor with evergreens, hollyberries, and everlastings, and over the folding doors which separate the rooms we made in green and crimson (berries) the words,

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

The company, nearly forty in all, assembled to dine at four, and darkness came on before they left the table. Leaving them to chat over the nuts and wine, our party of performers stole away from the dining-room rather earlier than the others, to arrange our costumes, scenery, and other little matters. There was some little impatience amongst the younger ones, but grandmother contrived to keep them all up stairs until, at seven o'clock, we gave the signal for them to assemble in the front parlor. Here we had arranged the seats in rows, facing the back parlor, and as soon as all were comfortably seated, we lowered the gas till the room was almost wholly dark. We had, fortunately, plenty of room, for grandma's rooms are very large.

All being now ready, Aunt Bessie began to play a slow dream waltz, the piano being entirely concealed from the audience. Then the curtain rose very slowly, to disclose the moving tableau of

A Visit from Saint Nicholas.

The scene was arranged for a bedroom. In the centre of the background was a large square of black cambric, to represent the open fireplace, and in front of this hung two stockings. In the centre of foreground was a trundle bed, with Minnie and Eddie fast asleep, and on a sofa to the left Harry, in a dressing-gown, slippers, and lounging-cap, lay half awake. Morris, concealed, read the poetry—

* See Godey's Lady's Book for June, 1890.

"Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," etc.,
to the line

"When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my couch to see what was the matter."

Here Harry sprang up and looked out (*left side*), and, while Morris read the description of Kriss Kringle on the roof, he kept up a running accompaniment of jingling sleigh-bells and tramping reindeer till the lines

"As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,"

when Gracie darted from behind the black cambric patch. She had insisted upon having the part, and she looked irresistibly droll. Her tiny figure was padded until she was almost as broad as she was long. She wore a great-coat of crimson, trimmed with fur, which fell from her shoulders to her feet; a long white beard, a white wig, and a tall fur cap altered her beyond recognition, and she carried a short pipe in her mouth. Upon her back was a large basket of toys, with which she filled the stockings, giving all the by-play of the verses, while Morris read them. Then, laying her finger aside of her nose, she vanished behind the black cambric again. A whistle, jingle of sleigh-bells, and then she cried: "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night." And the curtain fell upon our first picture.

The second was

Kriss Kringle's Call.

The scene was a parlor, where Aunt Harriet, Uncle Walter, Minnie, Eddie, little Charley Moore, Julia Hastings, and some other of the children cousins were grouped, reading, playing, or sewing; a quiet home-circle. Hattie wrote this little scene out, so I give it in her words:—

Aunt Harriet. To-morrow is Christmas, and we must be ready for Kriss Kringle.

Minnie. I wish I could see the dear old soul; I would ask him to bring a new tippet in his pack; mine is too small for me.

Uncle Walter. In Germany the old gentleman makes it a practice to call on Christmas Eve upon the parents of all good children, to inquire what the little ones prefer for presents.

Julia. I wish it were the fashion here. I have often wanted to see our good friend of Christmas, through curiosity, for I must say that he has not yet required me to jog his memory. He is very good at guessing, for he always brings me just what I wished for most.

A word of explanation here. Grandma Moore has an Irish girl, who was raised in some unknown region, for until last year she never heard of St. Nicholas. With a true suspicion of her powers of blundering, Harry pressed her into service, trusting to her own powers to speak any words or none, as the mood took her. Her name is Molly, and her part was an impromptu. To proceed with our play.

Aunt Harriet. I could echo your wish, Julia; I have often thought that I should like to see the good genius of little folks, and have a quiet chat with him. (*A violent ringing at the bell.*)

Uncle Walter. Who can that be, at this hour?

(*Enter Molly, her red hair greased till it shone like a mirror, her clean dress and tidy apron as smooth as hands could make them.*)

Molly. Sure, sir, there's a gentleman at the door, askin' for yourself.

Uncle Walter. Who is he, Molly?

Molly. It's myself don't know the last bit in life. Sure I told him it was busy with amusin' the childer ye were; but he says he's in a hurry, and must come in. It's a quare-looking chap he is altogether, with a hairy coat, and a thing on his back like a clothes-basket, and a tall hat; myself never saw the likes of him, sir.

Uncle Walter. And he gave no name?

Molly. Is it name, sir? Never the whisper of a name, only took his pipe outen his mouth. It's the beautiful white beard he's got, sir. And sez he, "Is Mr.—" Och! there's himself entirely.

(Enter Walter, in full Kris Kringle costume, with elum on his beard and fur to represent icicles.)

A capital imitation, by the way, Susy. Melt a little, sprinkle it hot on the article, and it cools in the most beautiful crystals.

Walter. You will excuse my haste, sir. I was in Germany some five minutes ago—

Molly. Did ever anybody hear the like of that for a lie?

Walter. And, hearing your children express a wish to see me—

Molly. Och, hear 'em all the way to Germany.

Walter. I came over for a short call.

Aunt Harriet. You are most heartily welcome. Pray, take a seat near the fire.

Walter. Thank you; heat does not agree with me.

Molly. Then he ain't the old boy, after all.

This upset the gravity of the performers, and Uncle Walter said, "Molly, you may retire."

Molly. Yes, sir. Oh, it's a curious old fellow ye are, mister.

Uncle Walter. Molly, you may go down stairs.

Molly. In the cellar, sir?

Uncle Walter. No; in the kitchen.

Molly. Sure it's on the same floor, and no further down. Good-by, mister. Did you stop in Ireland on your way over, sir?

Walter. No; I had not time.

Molly. That's thrue for you, and the only thing like it ye've said the night. Och, is it from Germany in five minutes ye are? and d'ye think we're the materials to believe your stories?

Walter. If I'd known there was such a pretty girl as you at the end of the road, I'd have come in half the time.

Molly. You'd better stop in Ireland on your way back; they'll tache ye better blarney nor the likes of that. *(Exit Molly.)*

The children had all gathered round Kris Kringle, and now he said—

Walter. I must lose no time. Will you allow me, madam, to examine these children, and see if they have learned anything since last year?

Aunt Harriet. Certainly you may.

Walter. Minnie, you cannot spell very well, I hear. Now, spell me transatlantic telegraph, backwards.

Minnie. Yes, sir. H-u-m-b-u-g, humbug.

Walter. Excellent! put your hand in my pack.

(Minnie draws out a big red apple, and retires to eat it.)
Walter. Charley, who was the most successful king who ever reigned in France?

Charley. Napoleon Second, for he never had a chance to reign, and so could not fail.

Walter. St. Patrick! whata bull! Charley, my friend, ask your mother to hang you up by the heels one hour every morning, to give your brains a chance to run into your head.

Charley. Yes, sir.

Walter. Julia, from where do we export most flour?

Julia. From Aunt Hettie's garden, sir; she don't have anything in it but flowers.

Walter. Julia, here is one chestnut for you; be very careful not to make yourself sick with it.

Julia. I'll try nut, sir.

Walter. Where's Elsie Clarke?

Elsie (under the table). Here.

Walter. Elsie was a bad girl to-day, and so she hides. Elsie, if you will tell me one thing, I'll forgive you.

Elsie (coming out). I'll try.

Walter. Who struck Billy Patterson?

Elsie. The man that hit him, sir.

Walter. Elsie, put your hand in my pack, *(Elsie draws out a long rod.) (The clock strikes twelve.)*

Walter. Dear me, how time flies! I ought to be half way to Holland before this. Stand clear, children. Good-evening, madam and papa; I'll call again to-morrow.

Here the curtain fell, and we sent all the performers front, while Walter, Harvey, Gracie, and I prepared for the grand tableau of the evening.

Aunt Bessie, who is a fine pianist, played *Adeste Fideles* (by request), and the curtain was slowly drawn up.

The frame was gone, and the brown curtain had likewise vanished. In the centre of the room stood a Christmas tree, which reached from the floor to the ceiling, and branched out on each side, almost touching the walls. High up among the branches was our Gracie, in white floating dress, loose curls, and a long wand, the Christ-child of the evening. All the gifts were upon the tree, and much of our week's work was explained in the little labels which fluttered from each one. Every gift had an appropriate line or verse attached to it. It would take me too long to tell you all of them, but I can give you a few specimens. Of course we took liberties with the quoted lines to suit the gift and occasion.

Gracie's wand had a hook on the end, and was long enough to reach every part of the tree. After all had been sufficiently admired, the distribution of gifts began. Walter stood under the tree, and received the articles as Gracie unhooked them, then read aloud the verse attached, and passed them to Harvey or me, and we distributed them in the proper order.

The first unhooked was a large wax doll, dressed like an infant. Walter read—

"This is a little thing, not very, very high;

If it can't dance nor sing, it will never, never cry.

It has a little mouth, but no bread nor milk goes in,

Yet close by underneath is a little round chin;

It has ten fingers, too, and just as many toes,

Two eyes of bright blue, and one little nose.

It was dressed with great care, and some expense, too,

For a merry Christmas gift from grandma to Sue."

Susy took her gift, and Gracie unhooked next a dressing-gown of dark blue silk. Walter read—

"Papa, from Gertrude.

Rich, but not gaudy.

For the apparel oft proclaims the man," and passed the gown to Uncle Godfrey Clarke. Next in order was a wooden sword for Eddie. The lines were

"Take now your sword. You have a breast

That now shall win as high a crest

As ever waved along the line

Of all the sovereign sires of thine."

Eddie took the weapon, saying, "Eddie fight 'em." The next gift was a large wooden horse for little Dick Clarke. The lines were

"I see the curl of your waving lash,

And the glance of your knowing eye,

And I know you think you are cutting a dash

As your steed goes thundering by."

The next was a package done up in brown paper and sealed, directed to Uncle Walter. He opened it hastily, and found a gold snuff-box from his father; but the snuff flew up, and he sneezed four times before he had time to read the line—

"The over curious are not over wise."

Next in order came a most exquisite bouquet from Harry Bates to Gracie herself, with Miss Landon's line—

"Flowers are all the jewels I can give thee,"

which Harry had himself fastened to the golden holder which contained the blossoms. The next was a box of boubons for Hattie; the line—

"Sweets to the sweet."

Grace next handed down a handsomely bound memorandum-book for Willie Clarke, from his father; and the line upon the label was

"A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't."

Next was an exquisite miniature of Cousin Emily Hastings, a present to grandma from Uncle George Hastings; the line was Rowe's—

"Is she not more than painting can express?"

Next was a Mother Goose for little Arthur Moore, with the lines—

"For, noble youth, there is nothing so great
As learning is."

I could write for a day, dear Susy, and not tell you half the presents or their labels. Mary presented Uncle George with a pair of knitted slippers, with the line—

"So our *soles* (soles) are knit together."

Walter's present to Harvey was a gold pen, with the lines—

"Beneath the rule of men *entirely* great,
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand, itself a nothing;
But, taking sorcery from the *master hand*,
To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike
The loud earth breathless."

Harvey bowed beneath the weight of the compliment (?) paid him. One of the little ones received a fife and drum, with the line—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

I wish I could recall more, but I did not write them down at the time, and so have forgotten them. Many, indeed, drew their only wit from their application to some incident or peculiarity known only in our own circle. Thus one of my cousin's gift to his betrothed was a superb basket of flowers, and marked

"Flowers are love's truest language;"

and while she blushed she saw him receive her gift, an embroidered cigar-case, well filled, labelled—

"You tell me of your heart's bright flame,
I think you speak in joke;
Apply the fire to this, my gift,
You'll find 'twill end in smoke."

I think, dear Susy, that Shakespeare, Milton, & Co. would howl with anguish could they know some of the twists their lines received in adapting them to our purposes. The last gift I must mention, and end this intolerably long letter. All were off the tree but an embroidered smoking-cap, which Grace's fingers had wrought for Harry Bates. It had occupied a proud position all the evening, the very top of the tree, and it remained there until every other gift was gone from the branches; then down it came, and Harvey read the motto—

"This cap's the climax."

Our party was such a decided success last year that we will repeat it, with the variations I have mentioned, on the coming Christmas. If it gives you one suggestion for your own evening's entertainment, my letter will not have been written in vain. Lovingly, ELLA.

VOL. LXIII.—46

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The following is an amusing parody upon Clement Moore's unequalled "Night before Christmas:"—

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house

Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse;
The stockings, so lately St. Nicholas's care,
Were emptied of all that was eatable there.
The Darlings had duly been tucked in their beds—
With very full stomachs, and pains in their heads.

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
When out in the nursery arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying—"What is the matter?"
I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze—
Tore open the curtains, and threw off the clothes;
While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous plight of those objects below;
For what to the fond father's eyes should appear
But the little pale face of each sick little dear?
For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick,
I knew in a moment now felt like Old Nick.

Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same,
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name—
Now Turkey, now Stuffing, Plum Pudding, of course,
And Custards, and Crullers, and Cranberry sauce;
Before outraged nature, all went to the wall,
Yes—Lollypops, Flapdoodle, Dinner, and all;
Like pellets which urchins from popguns let fly,
Went figs, nuts and raisins, jam, jelly and pie,
Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of Mamma and Santa Claus, too.

I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped back,
And brought out a phial marked "Pulv. Ipecac."
When my Nancy exclaimed—for their sufferings shocked her—

"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the Doctor?"

I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof.
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,
When the Doctor came into the room with a bound.
He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,
And the suit he had on was his very worst suit;
He had hardly had time to put that on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the Doctor got merry?

His cheeks looked like Port and his breath smelt of Sherry,

He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow.
But inspecting their tongues in despite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
He felt of each pulse, saying—"Each little belly
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."

I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself;
But a wink of his eye when he physicked our Fred
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn't prescribe, but went straightway to work
And dosed all the rest, gave his trousers a jerk,
And, adding directions while blowing his nose,
He buttoned his coat; from his chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalap a whistle,
And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle;
But the Doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of sight,
"They'll be well by to-morrow—good-night, Jones,
good-night!"

TOM MCCOLLISTER, we believe it was, said he got married so he'd "have some one to take Godey home to." Sensible fellow, as thousands of ladies will bear testimony.—*Gazette*, Hillsboro.

We don't know Tom McCollister, but we pronounce him a very sensible man.

"WOULD you not love to gaze on Niagara forever?" said a romantic young girl to her less romantic companion. "Oh, no," said he; "I shouldn't like to have a cataract always in my eye."

FARM OR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

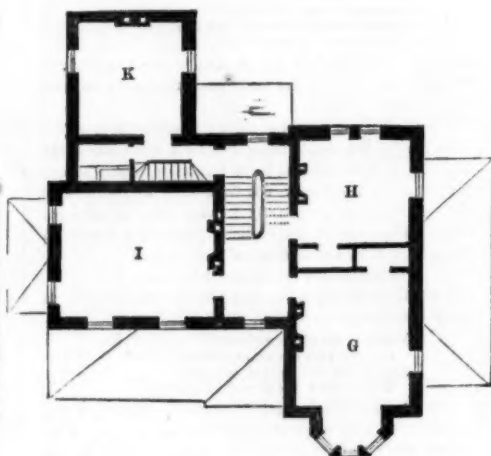
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND STORY.

Is the annexed design we present an arrangement peculiarly well adapted for either farm or suburban residence. The design of the exterior is chaste, partaking perhaps more of the pointed style than any other; well suited for a quiet rural retreat in the country, where the surroundings will give a pleasing effect to the composition.

Upon the *first floor* we have parlor A, library B, dining-room C, hall D, kitchen E, without-kitchen F; also main and private stairs leading to the *second story*, where there are four well-arranged chambers G H I K,

with bath-room and wardrobes. The rooms in the attic are also well finished and lighted from gables in roof.

GODEY is not one of that kind who publish a dashing number at the beginning of the year, in order to draw patronage, and when the money is received, *go down* in the scale of excellency; but his motto is continually "onward," and each number is an improvement on the preceding one. We thought years ago that Godey had reached the top round of the ladder, but he is yet ascending. — *Gazette*, Guthrie Centre.

We ask a patient reading of the following letter:—

PA.

MR. L. A. GODBY: Please send me the May number of this year's *Lady's Book*; I loaned it, and of course it was never returned. Now when I wish at the close of the year to get my book bound, I have to send for a new one. Is it not most provoking? Just as you say, I cannot, for the life of me, prevail on any of my many borrowers to subscribe and get the book as I do. They say, "I declare I would like to take it, but I have so many things to get I cannot afford it just now; I shall after a while—by the way, Kate, has your last number come yet? I do want to see it a few moments. I shall take good care of it, and return it soon." So off it goes, and in a few days my nice, clean book comes home *dog-eared*, soiled, and torn, looking, for all the world, like a beggar who has seen better days, and feels ashamed of his present mean appearance.

Just think how ladies—especially young ladies—spend six times the price of the magazine in little foolish gew-gaws to decorate their persons, which never raise them the least particle in the estimation of either husbands, or, what is of still more importance to young ladies, *lovers*, whom, of course, they aim to please—the *dear creatures*; and why not do so by decorating the mind as well as the person, or rather in preference to the person? This the *Lady's Book* teaches them; it is entirely their own book; they learn all about housekeeping, sewing, nursing, dressing, entertaining, and last, but not least, how to cook a nice meal, which invariably pleases the gentlemen quite as much as any other of the many accomplishments they can acquire; at least, here, in the country, where we have no colored *servants* to dance attendance on us in the kitchen or dining-room; we find we can please them by making *nice* things. Then we learn how to do all kinds of fancy work, which pleases ourselves, whilst so employed, and after the work is done (provided the same is well done).

I shall renew my subscription shortly; indeed, I would not think of doing without it, and do not see why I did not take it long ago. I like it much better than any other magazine I have been taking.

My better-half says, "You must have a great deal to say in that note," and I fear you will think so too.

Yours, truly, K. G.

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.

K. D.—Sent ring, September 25th.

Mrs. M. A. C.—The newest and most fashionable style of jacket is the *Marine*. We will send you the pattern for 50 cents.

Miss E. B.—Sent ring 25th.

Mrs. S. McN.—Sent pattern 30th.

J. H. O.—Sent pattern for *Marine* jacket 30th.

Miss G. W.—The prettiest present you can work for your mother (particularly as she is an invalid), is a "Bed Pocket." It is something entirely new; it is to be braided, and has a pocket for handkerchief and watch, and is to hang on the side of the bed. Patterns 50 cents.

Miss C. C.—Sent articles, October 3d.

Mrs. J. D.—Sent hair jewelry by Adams's express 3d.

J. T. B.—Sent hair jewelry 3d.

L. H. M.—Moles cannot be removed by any application.

H. O. M.—The pattern was published in the November number of 1860.

W. H. C.—Sent package by Adams's express 3d.

Mrs. M. McC.—Sent bonnet by Adams's express 4th.

Miss H.—Sent pattern for *Marine* jacket 5th.

Wax Flowers.—We answered a lady's letter upon this subject some time since, but have had no reply.

Mrs. O. A. B.—Sent pattern for *Marine* jacket 5th.

O. R. S.—Dressmakers use cold, strong black tea to sponge silk on the right side, and iron it on the wrong.

Mrs. R. S.—Sent pattern for *Marine* jacket 8th.

Mrs. P. W.—We have full braiding patterns for boys' jackets which we can send for 50 cents.

E. B. E.—If the hair be soft and very fine, clean it with a brush dipped slightly in spirits of hartshorn, or melt a little white soap, cut in small pieces, in spirits of wine, by means of heat, in the proportion of half a pound of soap to three-quarters of a pint of spirits of wine and two ounces of potash. Carefully stir while melting. Let it settle; when cold, pour off the liquor clear, adding a little perfume. This will prove a cleansing hair-wash.

H. V.—We have been told that spirit of wine is the most innocent material for cleaning gold embroidery.

Mrs. A. C. S.—A pattern for a chair cover would cost \$1; the worsteds, canvass, etc., about \$5. We will be happy to attend to any order for you.

Elfelda.—No! They are ordered to address direct from Paris.

Centre-Table Gossip.

BRIDAL FINERY.

As this subject is never uninteresting to a group of ladies, young or old, we give, in connection with our beautiful plate, a description of a *trousseau* prepared by a fashionable dressmaker. The bride's toilet naturally comes first.

The veil, which is made of rich Brussels lace, is very long behind, the border is excessively handsome, and the corners are rounded; with this a wreath of orange-blossoms is worn. The dress, of white silk, is trimmed with white *crepe* and Brussels lace; the body is low, and cut square, with a little lace pelerine buttoned in front. A small bouquet of orange-blossoms is to be placed in front of the body, where the pelerine commences. The waist is round, with a very broad ribbon sash. The sleeve is composed of a short puffing of silk, and below that a very large *crepe* sleeve, with a turned-back cuff in Brussels lace. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of *crepe* ruches, and one deep flounce.

As will be seen from our chat, bridesmaids also have adopted the veil. This veil, which falls behind, is made of tulle, and is surmounted by a wreath of red and white roses. The dress is of white tulle, with a rose-colored silk slip underneath. The body is made low, and trimmed with a pointed bertha behind and before, which is composed of two tulle ruches, in which are placed, at regular distances, bows of rose-colored ribbon. The sleeve is very full, and descends just below the elbow, and is caught up a little in front in the bend of the arm. The bottom of the two skirts is trimmed

with tulle ruches, mixed with bows of rose-colored ribbon; and in putting these on the skirt they are first of all run on to a piece of double tulle, and the bows fastened in. When this trimming is completed, it merely requires running on once, and by doing it in this manner the dress is less handled than if the bows and ruches were all sewn on the tulle skirt.

Among the dresses we note a violet silk, very simple but at the same time stylish. The skirt is plain, the corsage open in front with lapels; these are trimmed with a crossway piece of black silk and edged with narrow black lace with a violet silk button at the extremity of each lapel. The sleeves have a deep turned back cuff brought to a point; the cap or epaulette is also pointed; both are trimmed to correspond with the lapels; crossways, bands of black silk edged with lace and violet buttons. The sash is very broad, trimmed in the same style—black silk and narrow black lace.

A plain dress for home wear, made of the new *poil de chèvres* (a worsted and silk material very soft), of gray and lilac. The body high, closed puffed sleeves, with pointed epaulette corded with lilac, and a deep pointed wristband corded with the same.

A rich silk, with a *white ground* brocaded in black, for this mixture is as fashionable as ever. The trimming of the skirt is one of the most decided novelties of the season, a flounce ten inches in depth behind and before, but much deeper on either side and consequently coming up to a point. The edge of this flounce trimmed with a bright lilac ribbon, run on in the Greek pattern; the flounce is headed by a lilac silk ruching.

A plain black silk, without which no wardrobe is now complete, is trimmed at the bottom with three gathered flounces, and above these a very large ruche in pinked silk, then three flounces, and again another ruche put on in large points. The body was made with a band, and to button in front, whilst the sleeves were trimmed to correspond with the skirt; namely, with ruches and frills, only of course narrower.

INVISIBLE HAIR-NETS.

As there are still many ladies who value the comfort and convenience of the hair-net, and who are desirous of retaining it as long as fashion permits, we are very happy to comply with the wish of a subscriber, and give instructions for making the newest that has appeared, which is one that bears the name of the "Invisible Hair-Net." As its title implies, this net is scarcely distinguishable when worn upon the hair, as it matches it in color, and is also remarkably fine and clear, the meshes being open. The silk used is much finer than the finest netting silk, and is strong, being a sort of raw silk. Commence by making twenty loops on a mesh one-third of an inch wide, and net as many rows, thus forming a perfect square, then gather up a little portion of the centre of this square, tie it round and attach it to the string of the netting stirrup, and then continue to net all round the edge of the square until the desired size has been reached. This size must be regulated according to the convenience of the proposed wearer, and this must depend upon the quantity of hair which it is intended to confine. When completed, an elastic must be passed through the last row of loops; the net must be moistened with a little weak gum-water, stretched over a dinner-plate, and left to dry. These invisible hair-nets are the best that have been introduced, and are, in fact, the only kind now worn.

NEW JEWELRY.

The articles in wear for so long a time have been added to this fall—notwithstanding the pressure of the times, and the economical resolves of most families. Among them we note the rich combs of coral, ivory, silver, and gold, intended for evening wear, in full dress. To accommodate the new styles of wearing the hair, some of these have a hinged back, that is, the back of the comb opens to allow the heavy puff of hair to pass through, and closes into shape again. Jewelled pendants, to be attached to the head-dress, is also another novelty; these are in various designs, as, for instance, a burnished butterfly, quivering on its perch, a fine spiral wire: there are leaves, crosses, etc., all very striking in their effect, when velvet forms the background.

The gold collar is really what the name indicates, a circlet of gold for the neck, to be worn as a collar. There are several shapes, one of the prettiest modelled from the narrow bits of linen, with slightly parted and pointed ends, which have been so universal this last season. Imagine a series of flat links in this shape, fastened by an amethyst, set in gold, with a pear-shaped amethyst pendant. Others are ornamented with pearls, and the most costly with diamonds.

For fastening muslin habit-shirts and chemisettes, the spiral stud will be found very useful, as it requires the merest point of an opening, such as you might introduce an ordinary pin through; it is also more secure than the ordinary fastening.

The richest fans are ornamented with rich lace, Valenciennes and even point, set on in waves, on a silk foundation of any bright or delicate tint. The frames are richly carved, of ebony or pearl, sometimes inlaid with silver or gold.

CLIPPINGS AT OUR CENTRE-TABLE.

1. The Victoria Theatre, in London, has its own associations, but the Prussians have named a superb building in compliment to the mother-in-law of the heir apparent, the past year. It was opened with the performance of Rossini's "Barbiere." The Victoria Theatre is one of the most elegant ornaments of the Prussian capital (Berlin). The fitting-up of the interior is remarkable at once for taste and splendor. The fronts of the several tiers of boxes are white, with rich ornamentation in gold. The ceiling is divided into compartments, in each of which is an appropriate picture, painted on a ground of pale pink. The linings of the boxes are of cerise-colored velvet. A perfect view of the stage is commanded from every part of the *audience*. There are three tiers of boxes, supported on slender gilt pillars.

2. The gardeners of both the Chinese and Japanese nations are particularly successful in *dwarfing* plants. They are said to produce fruit trees, which are models of beauty and fruitfulness, and which do not exceed a foot in height. Such a result is only produced after years of patient labor, care, and watchfulness. It is said by a distinguished traveller and botanist, that he saw at Jeddo a pine tree, full grown, whose branches only occupied a space of *two square inches*. On the other hand, he was shown a pine of the same species, whose branches were artificially extended over a circumference of 136 feet. The manner in which plants are dwarfed is said to be as follows: The smallest seeds of the smallest plants are selected as the foundation; in this respect their action is conformable to the principles which are known to govern the vegetable kingdom in regard to habits of growth. As soon as the plants

make their appearance, they are covered with honey or dissolved sugar; the gardeners then introduce into the little box which protects the plants, a nest of ants, whose eggs soon hatch and produce an active colony, greedy of sweets, and incessantly running over the plants, which are kept covered with the solution by means of camel's-hair pencils. The constant action of these insects, which are always running over every part of the plant, keeps up a peculiar excitement, which ends by producing the state of "pigmitude" so much admired by Japanese and Chinese amateurs.

3. Moulded glass casks are made in Belgium. They are covered with an open wicker-work, are said to be stronger than those of wood, and are furnished with ground-glass stoppers and taps. The quantity of liquor remaining in them is always visible.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, 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 Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Beason & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggins & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR DECEMBER.

Our group of brides is the first plate of the kind, we believe, ever published in this or any other fashion magazine. The variety of bridal costumes is such that the simplest and the most elegant taste may be gratified alike. We invite attention to its minutest details—the position of each figure—the admirable grouping—the effective background with delicate hangings, and appropriate floral decorations—and the artistic glimpse of the waiting friends, skilfully thrown in to add to the naturalness of the scene. Yet, apart from the picture presented, each figure is a correct costume.

Fig. 1.—Extremely rich lace robe, over white silk; it is a combination of the Brussels and *point Duchess*, the graceful design having a border of medallions, and the same pattern is repeated at the height of the knee. The

sleeves and body are of white silk; the corsage high, *as is invariably the case* with French bridal costumes, since the idea of modesty and delicacy which belongs to the bride seems to require it. The corsage has a pointed *berthé* of lace in the same pattern as the border of the robe, but narrower; a double row of the same upon the long flowing sleeves, which are caught up by a knot of white satin ribbon. Sash of white satin ribbon, with silver fringe. The hair is turned lightly back from the face, and dressed low, concealing the ear; wreath of orange-buds, arranged as a diadem; a narrow cordon of buds connects the diadem with the *cache-peigne*, which droops behind. Veil, arranged quite back on the head, of Brussels point, to correspond in every way with the robe.

Fig. 2.—In admirable contrast to this costly dress and veil, which could not be imported under a thousand, or fifteen hundred dollars (according to the fineness of the lace), we have one of almost nun-like simplicity, a white silk with perfectly plain corsage buttoned with ornamental pearl buttons, and a rich satin waist ribbon. Mousquetaire sleeves, the cuffs turned with a simple ruching of the material; thulle undersleeves, with a frill of lace at the wrist; plain illusion veil, with silk cord at the top of the lower hem. Wreath of orange-blossoms, mounted in clusters.

Fig. 3.—Dress of embroidered French muslin, with six flounces of embroidery running up to the left of the skirt, headed by a handsome flounce of lace. Flowing sleeves with flounces; square *berthé* to correspond; a spray of blossoms set carelessly in the left corner. Sash of broad thick ribbon. Sprays of blossoms confine the veil, which comes low on the forehead at each side.

Fig. 4 is given for the peculiarly novel arrangement of the veil; it is placed so as to shade the face entirely, falling in front across the upper line of the corsage.

Fig. 5.—*A la Imperatrice*, or gored in front; the trimming, which is a broad ruching of the material (white silk), is placed *en bretelle* on the shoulders, narrowing at the waist line, and sweeping off gracefully to the hem of the skirt. A row of daisy buttons in white blonde down the front; sleeves trimmed with the ruching; a single spray of blossoms crosses the forehead, and connects beneath the roll of hair with a similar spray behind.

Fig. 6.—Muslin dress, in eight flounces edged by needle-work; sleeves headed by two flounces to correspond; full wreath of leaves and orange-blossoms encircling the head.

BONNETS FOR THE SEASON.

(See engravings, page 464.)

Fig. 1.—Bonnet composed of rose sublime velvet, with white uncut velvet crown. It is trimmed with roses and a black lace barbe.

Fig. 2.—Azurine blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with white *appliqué* lace and a long white feather.

Fig. 3.—Opera bonnet, composed of Garibaldi-colored velvet and white *appliqué* lace, with a rich bird plume on one side.

Fig. 4.—This bonnet is composed of a white crape front and raspberry-colored silk crown, and trimmed with black and white lace.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR DECEMBER.

We would call attention to the distinguishing points of bridal costume given in this number. First, that in the true

Parisian bridal costume, the sleeves are long, though flowing, and the corsage high; this would not be thought of by our American brides, but it expresses the true modesty of the sentiment which, from time immemorial, has made a veil indispensable. Again, it will be seen that no person is confined to any single style or material; a bridal dress that would be becoming to a tall and slender figure, would look absurd on a dumpy person; a fabric suitable to the fortunes and probable gayeties of a person in fashionable city life, would be out of place in the quiet parlor of a country home. As to wreaths—though the diadem style is the prominent one, the coronal, the cordon, the simple wreath, or bouquets, may be worn as best suits the face. A bride of all persons should never sacrifice becomingness to the fashion of the moment. For bridesmaids, we have given some hints in our "Novelties," the present month, to which we refer our readers.

And now to redeem our promise of pointing out styles for the making up of winter fabrics, presuming that there is no specially new one imported since our last, save some rich black silks that at first glance would resemble those of the past season too much to be really new. There is this difference: the bouquets and medallions in raised or brocaded figures on the black ground are in single colors, instead of the variety of last year. As, for instance, in a shamrock pattern last year, the three lines were, one in green, one in gold, and one in purple; now, all the figure is in green, or gold, or purple. The medallion wreaths, and wreath-like diagonal cheques or diamonds, are perhaps the very newest styles. Plain silks and poplins are, however, the general favorites.

We have before said that the gored dresses, known as *Gabrielle* and *Imperatrice*, will be much worn. Many define the seams with a thick cord, or piping in the same, or a contrasted color; others, by flat velvet ribbons, or ruches of velvet plaits; others, again, by double silk ruches plunked at the edges, like those worn on the bonnets the past fall. Again, the velvet or ruching is placed *en bretelle* on the shoulders, and sweeps down *en tablier* on the skirt, as in Fig. 5 of our plate. Plain black Lyons velvet of the best quality is freely used, but, instead of numerous narrow rows, one broad band is worn on the skirt, set its own distance above the hem, and frequently rising *en tablier* or *en tunic* to the skirt. The widest velvet ribbons are a little over eight inches—six and four inch ribbons are less expensive, and therefore the more frequently adopted. It may be had for 75 cents the yard—the widest is \$1 20. At first glance this appears too expensive to be popular; but these broad bands on the skirt require only the exact measurement, no doubling for plaits or ruching, and are no more expensive than flouncings of the same. We give an instance of its application. Plain rich brown silk, skirt full and long, surrounded by a band of five inch velvet, passing from left to right, it meets itself to the extreme right, and is carried upward in a curve of graduated width for a few inches, where it is caught by a large black velvet oak leaf. The sleeves are full, with flat plaits at the top, confined by an oak leaf in velvet; the bottom has a plain band of three inch velvet. There is no other trimming but a wash of five inch velvet tied in a bow at the left, the ends having a flat application of a velvet oak leaf to correspond.

Again, a *Gabrielle* dress, the seams and front trimmed with a four inch velvet ribbon put on in this way, three square or box plaits of the ribbon, a plain piece of equal width, with a button in the centre, three plaits, and plain space, etc., from the shoulder to the hem of the dress. The new daisy buttons are of chenille and blonde, or a medallion of open crochet, something in the shape of a child's pewter toy watch with handle surrounded by guipure lace.

These are much used for the fronts of dresses, for looping lace, plaits, etc.

Flounces are used only on plain silks and evening dresses, and these are usually set on in groups, in waves, or points, or diagonally, with puffs between. We have seen a very striking style, in brown *Havané* silk, five or six flounces, of five inches in width, each flounce trimmed by a black satin cord at the edge of the hem; the sleeves were made in the same way; on each side of the front breadth, and on the forearm of the sleeve, a band of plain silk, edged on each side with hem and cord, is placed over the flounces, from the waist to the hem, and from the shoulder to the edge of the sleeve. On the skirt it is eight inches wide, on the sleeves five; at moderate distances apart on this plain space, bows of rich ribbon, with ends, are placed. The effect is very good. Madame Demorest makes up several of these styles; we might mention several other well known names among New York and Philadelphia modistes.

The large velvet leaves, of which we have spoken, are among the most prominent decorations of the season. In Genin's riding-hats for ladies, which the Central Park has created a demand for, and which are among his very happiest creations, we notice them, amid bows of rich ribbon, or *pompons* and *agriettes* of scarlet and black. We instance one with a rich beaver crown, and a brim turned up, somewhat in the "old Continental style," the point in front drooping most becomingly; this is of felt, bound or lined with a broad band of velvet. Large lotus leaves in black velvet fall on each side of a scarlet and black *pompon*, and a black plume curls backward. At the side of the face are bows of black and scarlet velvet. Again, a double rolling brim, of silk, and felt crown, with Magenta decorations. This double brim, patented by Mr. Genin, is extensively used in his children's hats, as are also the lotus leaves, in their native green, fantastic scarlet, Magenta, etc., with *pompons* of every shade mixed with black.

In ladies' bonnets we have already given such excellent illustrations (front pages November number) that descriptions are scarcely needed. We find, from the winter openings of Mrs. Scofield, Madame Harris, and others, that the shape continues after the extreme French model, very wide, high brims, small, drooping, "pinched-up" crowns; capes long, and pointed at the back, feathers playing an important part in the decorations; particularly the long, handsome ostrich feather, displaced of late years by clusters of shorter plumes; feather tips are largely introduced inside the brim, sufficient space being now allowed for their disposal. Steel-edged velvet leaves, steel-powdered clusters of grapes or berries are much worn; and the brown duller feathers of the pheasant, and all other game birds and barnyard fowls even, mounted in plumes, *agriettes*, or *pompons*; we do not think the peacock tips will meet with general favor, as some one clearly says, "they are too suggestive of dust and fly-brushes."

We are glad to notice amid the huge *bunches* of flowers, worn on top of the brim inside and out, some plainer styles, which are to our fancy far more elegant; a plain black velvet of the best description, the only ornament three tips of ostrich feathers on the front of the brim, placed flat upon it; one in the centre, one each side. Black velvet, plain crown, the front of the brim decorated by a fan-shaped ornament of leaf-green velvet, in rows of box plaits an inch or so in width; the same ornament is repeated in a graduated size on the middle of the cape.

For dress bonnets, Genin's furs, boys' and babies' hats from Reynolds, boots, slippers, fans, embroidery, and Brodie's decided winter styles, in cloaks, see next number.

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