A TABLEAU PICTURE.

Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

Capewell & Kimmel Sc

GODEY'S FASHIONS.

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GODEY'S FA

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ASHIONS.

GOING TO A PARTY IN WINTER.

RETURNING FROM A PARTY.

THE POSTILION GIRDLE.

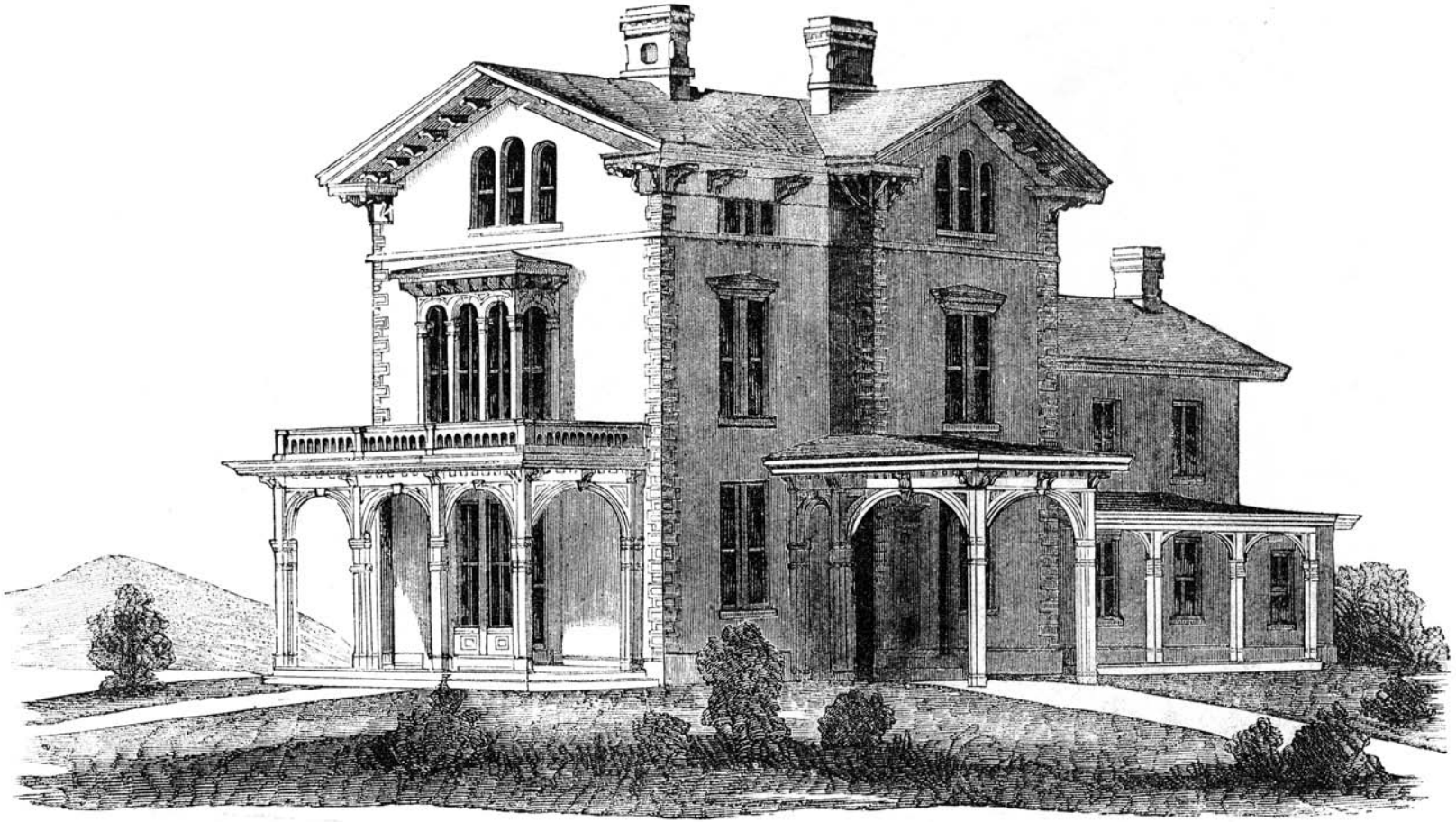
(*Front view.*)

The girdle is made of black *moiré*, trimmed with a leather cord and leather buttons. The plastron in front is of white or a bright-colored *moiré*. The waist is of white muslin, puffed, with a row of inserting between each piece.

THE POSTILION GIRDLE.

(*Back view.*)

This style of girdle is exceedingly pretty for an evening-dress, made of silk or velvet to suit the dress. They are also very fashionable.



ITALIAN VILLA.

(Drawn by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia. For description of plan, see page 84.)

DINNER-DRESS.

Walnut-colored silk dress, trimmed with a fluted ruffle on the edge of the skirt. Above the ruffle is a fancy trimming, formed of white lace insertion and black velvet. We give the enlarged pattern of the trimming, on page 24.

DINNER-DRESS.

An apple-green silk trimmed with one deep box-plaited ruffle. Above it is a trimming formed of ribbon or velvet, which we give in enlarged size, on page 24. The trimming on the corsage is of the same style, but reduced in size.

RICH MORNING-ROBE.

A *café au lait* colored silk, spotted with white, and trimmed with bands of black velvet and leather buttons. The robe is gored *à la Impératrice*. The front and every breadth is open, laid over as revers, and lined with a bright Magenta-colored silk. The sleeves are cut with an elbow, and trimmed to suit the skirt. The cap is of white muslin, trimmed with Magenta ribbons.

THE MADRIDIAN.

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

Made in any preferred color; the one furnishing our illustration is of blue ultramarine cloth. The ornament consists of a black gimp embroidery and chenille fringe, arranged to simulate a sleeve, and with silk quilted flaps at the armholes; these are bordered with a neat passementerie and brandebourgs.

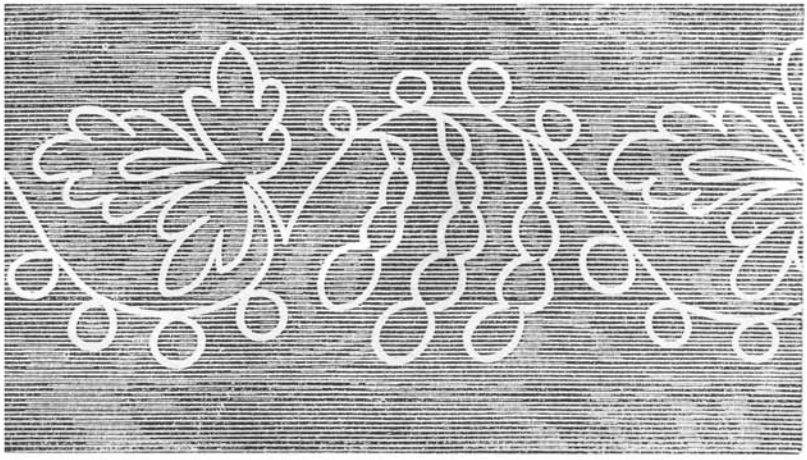
SCOTCH DRESS.

This dress is made of a brilliant bias plaid wool material. The skirt is laid in heavy box-plaits, and the waist is made with a short basque. The scarf is plaited, and passes through a loop in front, the same on the shoulders, and is tied at the back.

RUSSIAN VEST OR JACKET.

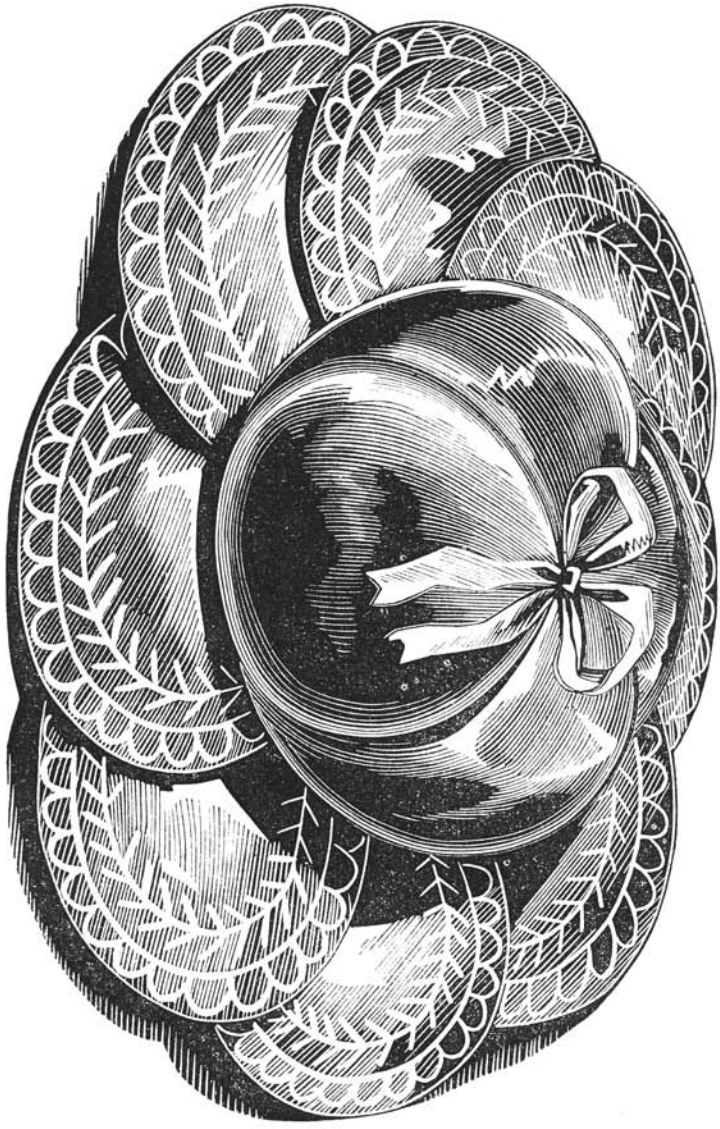
This jacket can be made of cloth, silk, or velvet. It is braided with a heavy silk braid or cord, and bordered with a narrow band of fur or frosted velvet.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



DRESS FOR A GIRL OF TEN.

A black and white checked poplin dress, trimmed with a band of Azurline blue silk, finished on each edge with black velvet. The band on the neck of the dress is braided with black velvet, and the sash is of rich blue silk, also braided with black velvet, and the ends heavily fringed.

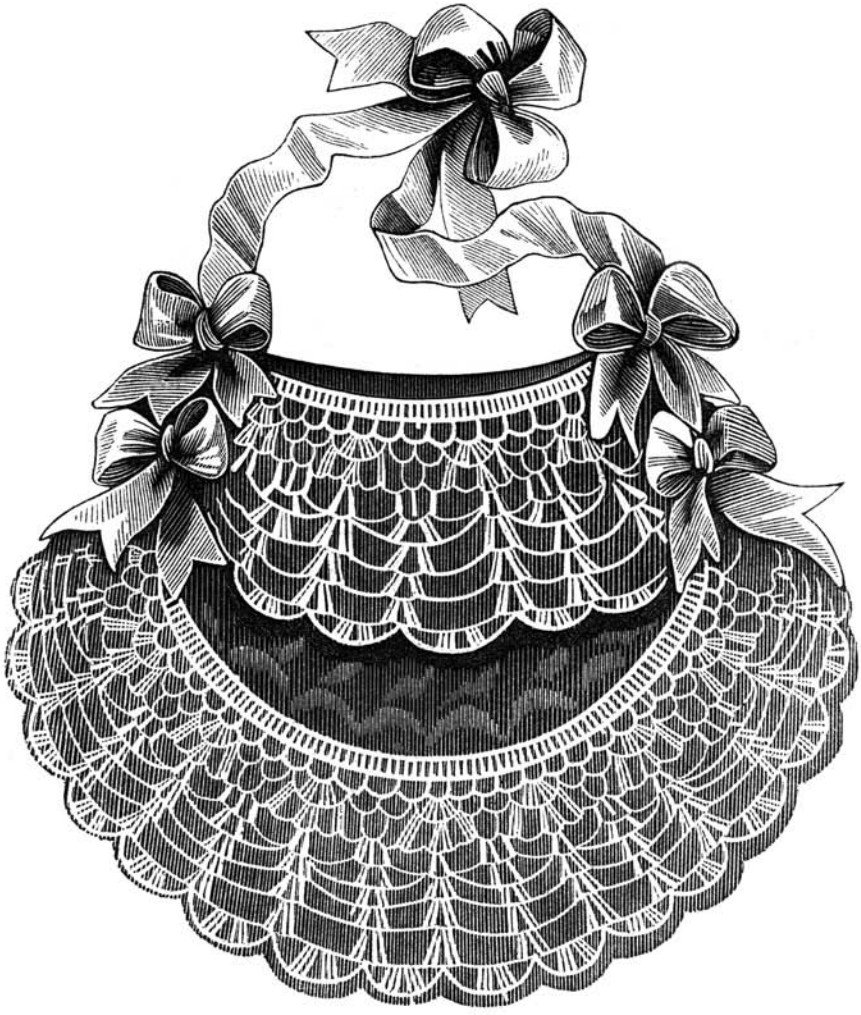


LADY'S BOOK PINCUSHION

(*See Description, Work Department.*)

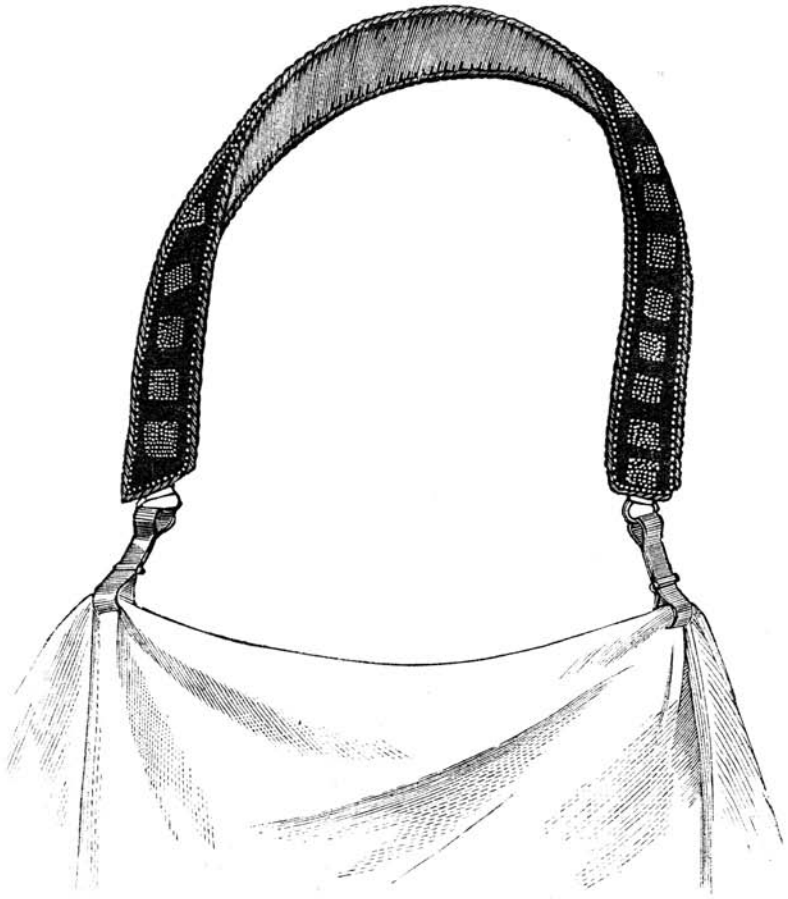
BRAIDING PATTERN.

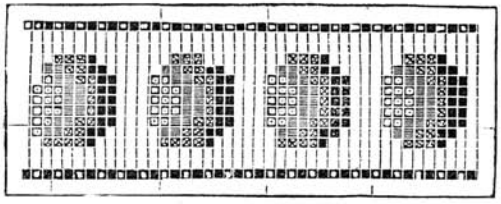
CROCHET WATCHPOCKET.



This watchpocket is of very pretty design, although made without difficulty. As most of our young lady readers are well practised in the art of crochet, the part which is composed of that sort of work will be easily accomplished, and the rest is simple in the extreme. The pocket itself is made of silk, of any color that may best suit the hangings or paper of the room in which it is to hang. Our design is of green, but this can be varied at pleasure. The front is made with a thin layer of cotton wadding between two pieces of the silk, those two pieces being first run together in the inside at the top, and then quilted round. The back has in it a piece of card-board, to keep it in the right form. This is also covered with silk, having a layer of cotton in the inside for the watch to rest upon. This cotton-wool answers the double purpose of dulling the sound of the ticking of the watch, which sometimes prevents persons of delicate constitutions from sleeping, and of preserving the watch from injury. The back and front thus prepared are to be placed together, and stitched all round the outer edge; after which the edge should be cut neatly round. The pocket is to be bound with ribbon of the same color. Then the two pieces of crochet are to be laid on, the satin ribbon strings and bows added, and the work completed.

TABLE NAPKIN HOLDER.

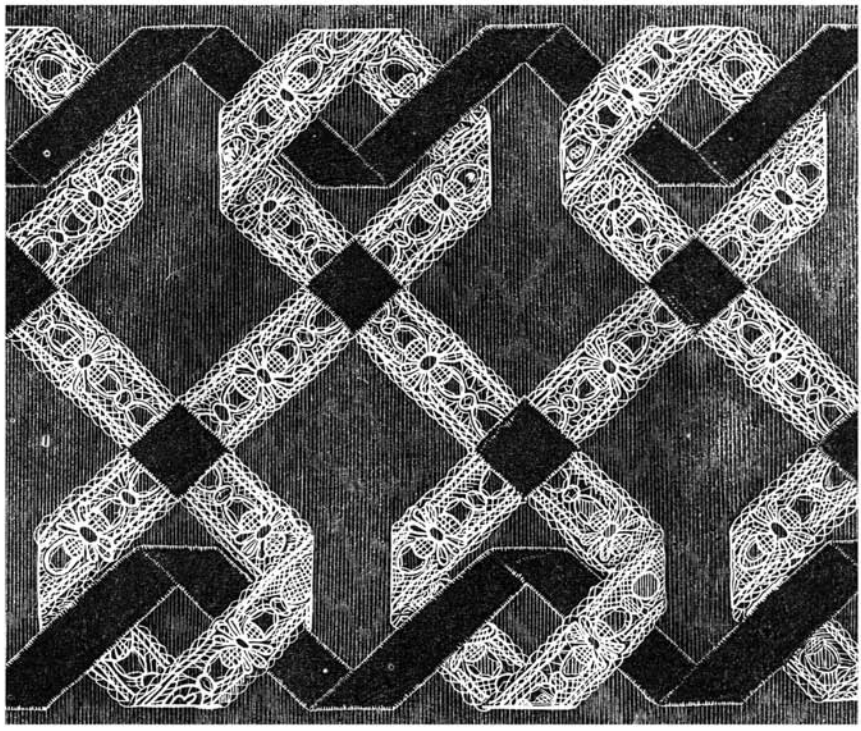




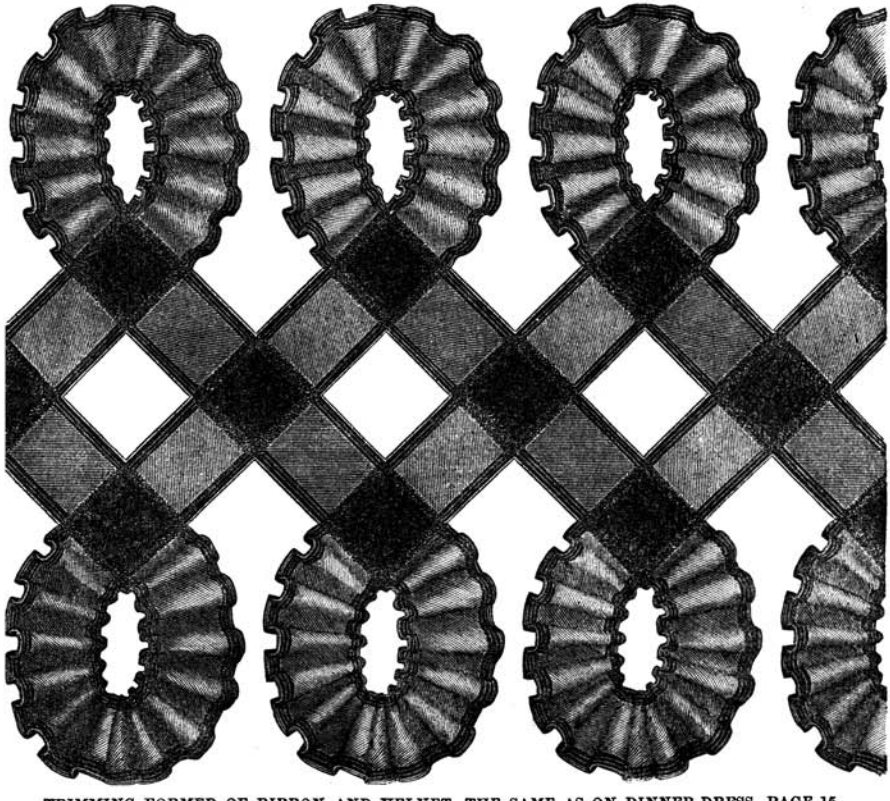
DESIGN FOR WORKING THE BAND OF TABLE NAPKIN HOLDER.

Materials.—A strip of canvas, 14 inches long; beads or wool of various colors; a strip of white leather, 14 inches long; 1 yard of round silk cord; two small metal clasps.

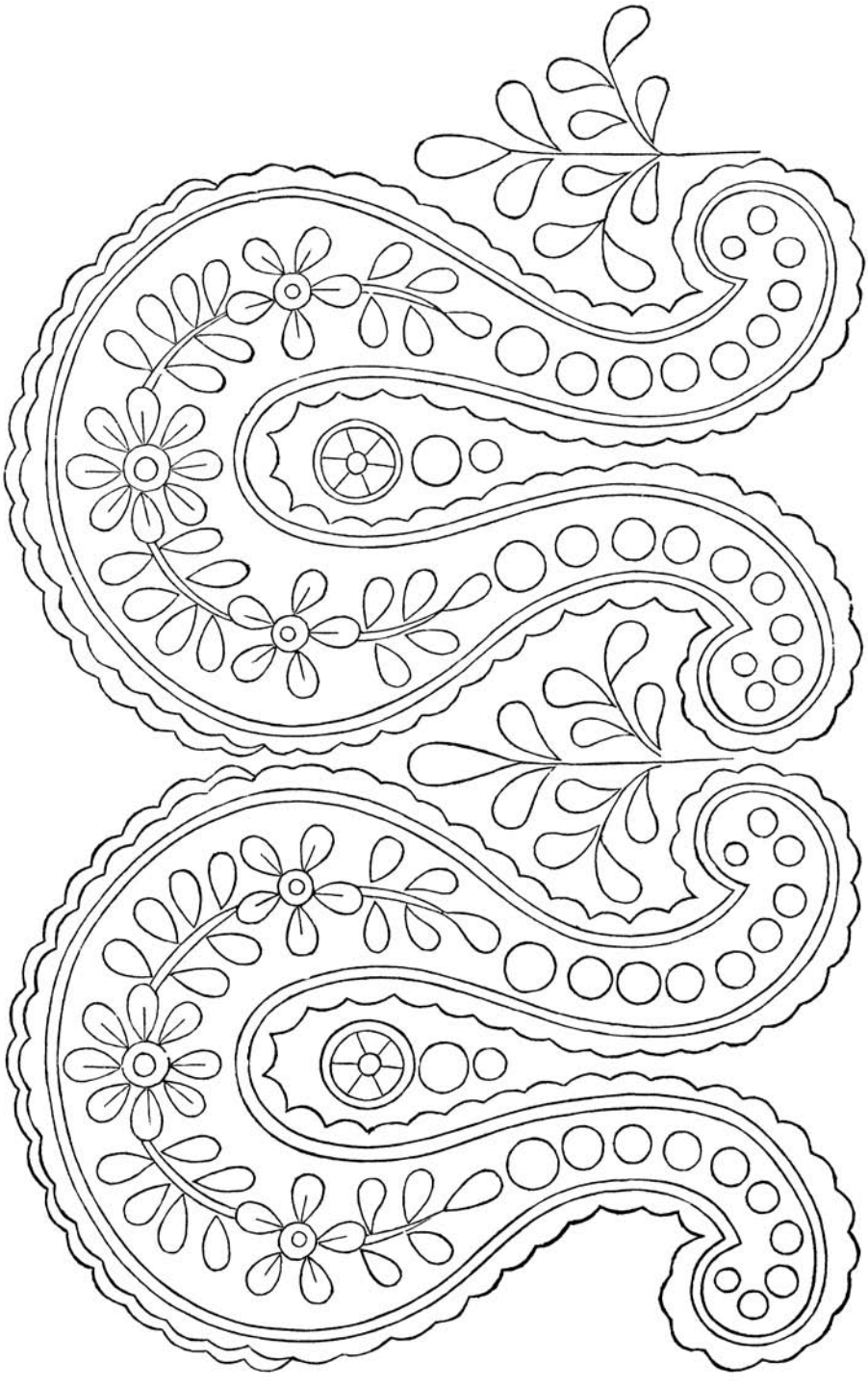
For children who are too old to wear bibs or feeders, this arrangement for holding the serviette in its proper place will be found most simple, and, at the same time, extremely cleanly. Any odds or ends of wool or beads may be used for working the strip, the pattern for which is given in our small illustration. The large engraving represents the napkin holder when finished, and the way to use it. It consists of a narrow band of work lined with leather, to both ends of which small rings are fastened, with metal clasps attached. These clasps expand by means of a spring. When the work is finished it is lined with leather and edged with silk cord. The rings are fastened at each end between the leather and canvas, and the napkin is put on by means of the clasps, the arrangement of which will be at once seen from the illustration.



TRIMMING FORMED OF LACE AND VELVET, THE SAME AS ON DINNER-DRESS, PAGE 14.



TRIMMING FORMED OF RIBBON AND VELVET, THE SAME AS ON DINNER-DRESS, PAGE 15.



BRODERIE FOR A CHILD'S DRESS.

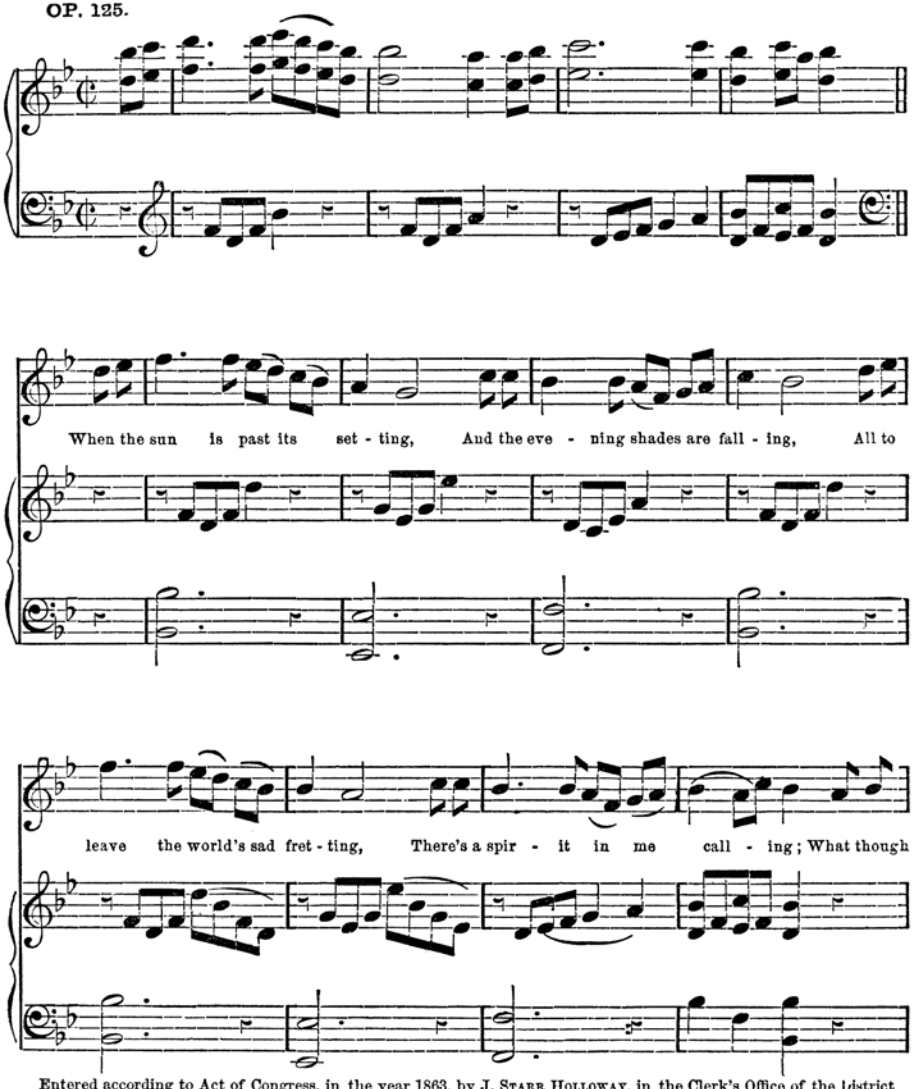
There are still some Joys before us.

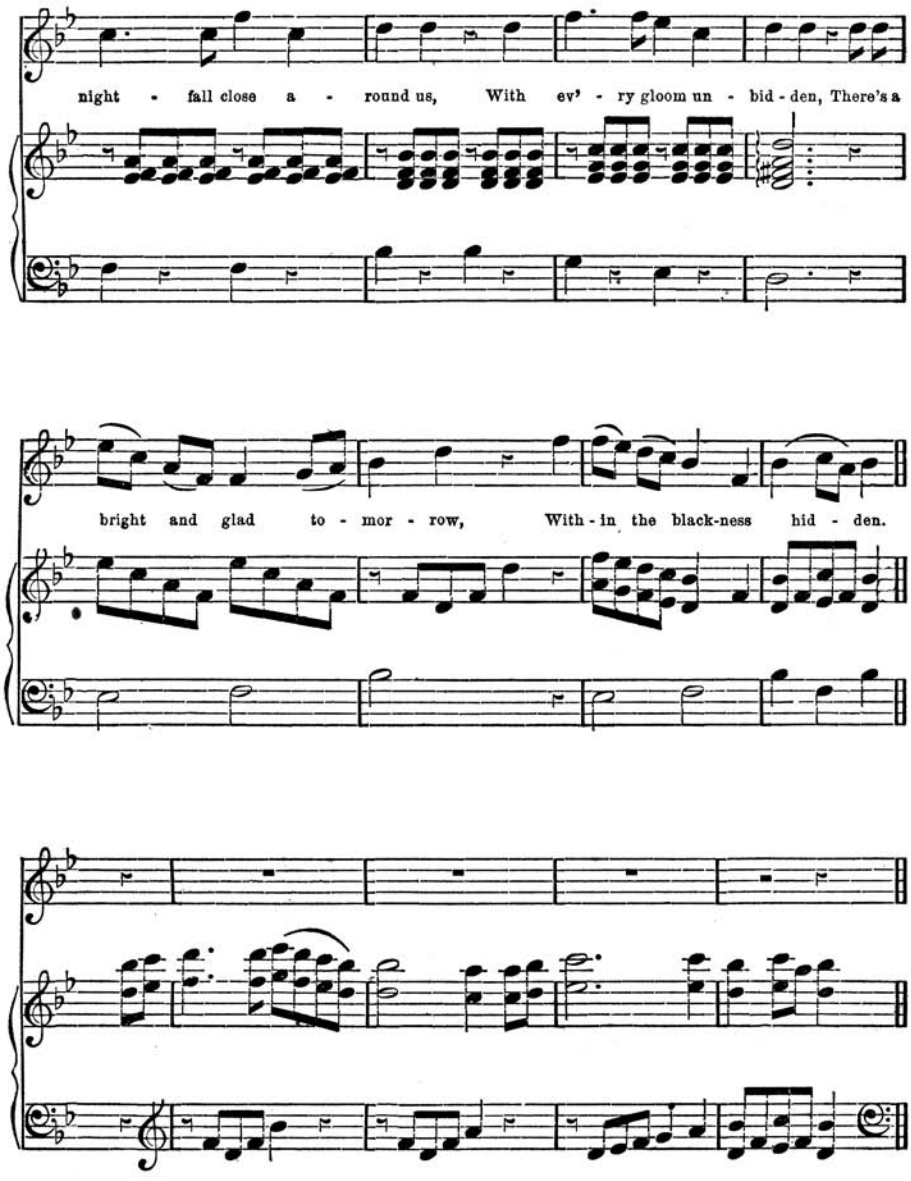
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

By J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

AUTHOR OF "AT THE GATE," "AROUND THE FIRE," "POOR BEN THE PIPER," ETC.

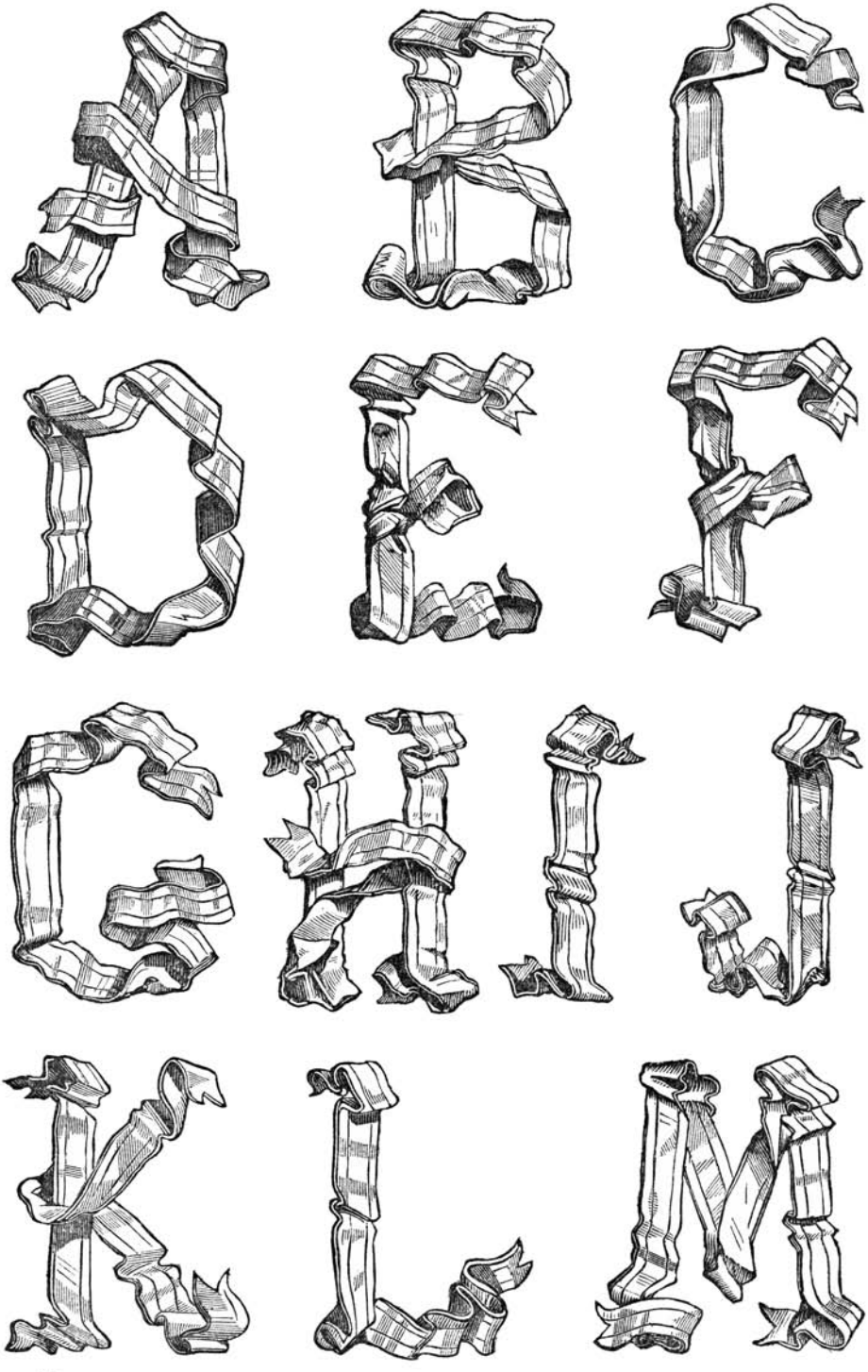
OP. 125.





What though cold, bleak winds are beating
Through the trees, of leaves forsaken,
And no bird, with cheerful greeting,
Comes, the solitude to waken;
There are still some joys before us,
Some joys that leave us never,
While our hearts grow closer, fonder,
With love that lives forever.

ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1864.

"NOBODY TO BLAME."

BY MARION HARLAND.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. BOYLAN was an amiable woman. Amiability had been her forte through life. By it she had won the largest piece of pie, the slice of cake which contained most plums, the warm corner by the fire, and a Benjamin's share of caresses and praises, wherever a parental review was held of the juvenile corps of which she was a member. It was impossible to quarrel with her. To the occasional rudeness of a brother or the taunt of a sister, her only reply was a grieved look and a flow of silent tears, whose soft eloquence convicted the assailant in the eyes of lookers-on, if not in his own, as a barbarian of an aggravated type of inhumanity.

When grown into a comely maiden, this absolute want of spirit was still the fair Eliza's prime recommendation in the eyes of Rufus Boylan, an enterprising young merchant, who was conscious of having temper enough to stock the establishment he proposed to himself to found, very shortly after his introduction to this paragon of feminity. "Milk and mildness," says a distinguished writer, "are not the best things for keeping, and when they turn only a little sour, they may disagree seriously with young stomachs." How many times, during each day, the undeveloped features of the Boylan babies were literally bathed with the maternal tears, how soon their ears became familiarized with the plaintive whine, the sobbing moan, the long-drawn sigh of their ever-suffering, yet always amiable mother, it would require a "patient reckoner" to compute.

"What ails your mother?" once whispered a sympathizing little visitor to Tiny, the eldest daughter, then about seven years of age.

Mrs. Boylan was rocking in her large, cushioned chair, having just deposited the sleeping form of her youngest hope or sorrow in the cradle. Her face was buried in her handkerchief, and from its depths there issued at regular intervals a heart-breaking sob.

"Oh! she is only having a good cry!" said Tiny, carelessly. "She takes them any time. Just see my Dolly's new shoes!"

Not that the lachrymose appeared to the world at large to be Mrs. Boylan's normal state. She was plump and rosy, even when a matron of fifty. Her tears were of that harmless and abundant kind that leaves no furrow upon the skin, no smarting of the eyes or redness of the nose. On the contrary, her complexion seemed to derive benefit, to be freshened and enriched by this liberal irrigation. If a child fell down stairs and fractured an arm; if a servant broke a valuable dish, or her husband inveighed with uncommon bitterness against her "slipshod ways," the obedient brine streamed forth to bemoan, to rebuke, to deprecate—above all, to relieve her own oppressed bosom, and in five minutes afterwards no trace of the storm was perceptible. Her face had resumed the "sweet expression" so often admired when she was the subject of remark amongst her friends, and her voice its delicious drawl.

Mr. Boylan was a shrewd business man, and he was not slow to make the discovery that his speculation in amiability was an un-

lucky investment. As we have hinted, his disposition was the reverse of lamb-like. He was quick, passionate, and uncharitable in judgment, one who needed most delicate and judicious management to render him a desirable companion for life. He tried, at the outset of the pilgrimage matrimonial, to be very patient and forbearing, very tender and considerate with his young and sensitive wife —self-control and thoughtfulness which she never appreciated, or indeed suspected. Next, he essayed argument. She opened her eyes in perplexity, and as the dim consciousness that he was finding fault with her dawned upon her misty soul, the fogs dissolved in a flood of tears, and the conscience-smitten bridegroom kissed her and begged pardon.

"But he has gotten bravely over that sort of thing!" Mrs. Boylan would say to her third daughter; the others never troubled themselves to hearken to "ma's everlasting grievances." "It is thirty-one years, next month, since we had our first quarrel, since he first got angry with me, I mean; for if I *do* say it that shouldn't say it, I never had so much as a dispute with any one in my life. Since that miserable morning—hardly two months after our wedding-day! no one knows what I have been through. Ah, girls little know what they are doing when they marry—poor, blind, silly creatures!"

"Why, ma, there are some happy marriages, I am sure," rejoined the girl cheerily. "Marian and Will are very contented together."

"Ah! your sister Marian is a wife of my training. She understands that submission is a woman's lot. That is a sad lesson that you will have to learn, Maggie, if you don't want to be miserable."

"I do not covet misery! that is certain!" and Maggie gave an amused laugh, in which there was the slightest tone of embarrassment. "But all men are not tyrants. Will is very indulgent. Between ourselves, I fancy that Marian has her way quite as often as he does, perhaps oftener. He thinks her a pattern of perfection."

"That may be so. It is very likely that she does rule him. Tiny and Marian both take after your father. You are the only child I have that looks a bit like me, or resembles me in disposition. Your sister Lizzie was my image, everybody said. Dear little thing! she was taken from the evil to come. I only hope you will have an easier time in this world than your mother has had!"

The convenient handkerchief had wiped away the large drops that foretold a threatening shower, when the door flew open, and a young lady (we call her so *par complaisance*) bounced in. No other word could so aptly describe her style of entrance.

"Just as I expected! Just *exactly* what I said!"

"What is the matter, Tiny?" inquired her sister.

"'What is the matter?' That is a good one!" Miss Boylan laughed scornfully.

"Oh! it is nothing to you! I don't doubt that! Here I am slaving myself to death, preparing for your company, while you are sitting up here, fine lady-like, gossiping with ma! It is just like you! Precisely like you!"

"I am very sorry, my dear, that your sister did not know—" Mrs. Boylan said, tremulously.

"Did not know? Oh! of course nobody knows why the house is turned upside down and inside out, if she does not! For whom is all this fuss made, I should like to inquire? It is not my coming-out party. I am an ignoramus; but that is one thing I do profess to know perfectly well!"

"I ask your pardon, Tiny," said Maggie, rising and putting aside her work—a cap she was altering for her mother. "I understood you to say, this morning, that you would not need me until to-morrow. I will do whatever I can to help you. What shall I set about first?"

"It is probable that I have time to show you your work as well as attend to mine—highly probable!" returned Tiny, sourly ironical. "A child can see that there is everything to be done, and nobody but me to lay hand to an individual thing. And I don't suppose that you are to be trusted to undertake the simplest job, unless I am by to overlook you. You bread-and-butter schoolgirls are the most useless beings in creation! The most utterly useless!"

Mrs. Boylan had retired hopelessly into the depths of her cambric before this philippic was half through. Maggie could not count upon her championship. If there was any one living whom the mother feared as much, if not more than she did her liege lord, it was this daughter. Fancy a keen, spiteful darn-

ing-needle inspired with a spirit of active hostility against an eider-down cushion, and you have a lively image of the combats that were hourly occurring between these two. If the pillow were a sentient object, it would doubtless object to the thrusts and pricks and pokes of its opponent, yet the yielding substance closes up the wound the instant the point is withdrawn, and the luxurious mass is whole and comfortable as before. It would have been singular had the children of such a woman respected her, but the contemptuous impatience that characterized Tiny's deportment towards her was indicative no less of a want of heart than ill-breeding.

Maggie flushed up at her sister's offensive observations, but her voice only betokened wounded feeling as she replied, "I don't see why you should say that, Tiny. You have not tried me yet to see whether I am competent or not. I may not be so useless as you suppose."

"Oh! you are conceited enough—Goodness knows! You always had a sufficient quantity of vanity. A plentiful supply!"

"What are you hectoring the child about now, Tiny?" asked a voice behind the shrew. "Has she been interfering with your monopoly of vanity?" Tiny wheeled about like a teetotum.

"I am 'hectoring' her, as you call it, Mrs. Ainslie, for what you are constantly upholding and encouraging her in—her incorrigible and selfish laziness! Pa may well say that but for me the house would go to wreck and ruin. When I recollect the condition of affairs when I first took the reins into my hands—"

"Fifteen years ago—wasn't it?" interrupted the married sister, maliciously.

"When I was the merest child," pursued Tiny, pretending not to hear the saucy query, "I wonder that I have succeeded in bringing anything like order out of the confusion. No one ever had more unpromising subjects to work upon. Here 's ma, who never does anything but fret and hinder me—"

A piteous moan from behind the handkerchief, and an imploring "O, Tiny!" from Maggie.

"And Maggie, who is enough to wear one's patience out—a yea-nay red and white doll, with no more character than there is in a stick of barley-sugar."

"Barley-sugar is a very popular article of confectionery," commented Mrs. Ainslie.

"And last and most provoking—my Lady Marian, who, not satisfied with hen-pecking her unfortunate husband, must be meddling continually with other people's family concerns. Pa is the only reasonable creature in the whole party."

"Because he does not happen to be present?" said Marian, interrogatively. "He has one comfort amidst all his afflictions, there is little danger that his model housekeeper—the one grain of salt that preserves the rest of us from spoiling outright—will ever be separated from him, except by the grim enemy of all man and womankind."

"Miss Tiny, a man from the confectioner's wants to see you," said a servant, and Tiny bounced out, as she had entered, drawing to the door with a concussion that shook the house.

Mrs. Ainslie laughed; her mother sobbed; Maggie sighed.

"Oh dear! I wish Tiny would not have these spells!"

"Spells! do you call them, my dear? I think it is a chronic and incurable malady. What set her at you? As Will says—'What got her back up?' He insists upon it, that she was a cat in a former state of existence."

"I was in fault, I suppose," said Maggie, contritely. "It was thoughtless in me to settle myself for a quiet chat with ma when there was so much to be done in the way of preparation for to-morrow night. I have been away from home so long that I am apt to forget household duties. Yet I thought that Tiny said she did not need my services."

"That is one of the few true things that have passed her lips to-day. One would suppose, to hear her talk, that she had some call to be busy, whereas, if your party were to-night instead of to-morrow, there would be nothing, for even such a fussy manager as she is, to do, but to arrange the flowers in the parlors and dress herself. The hired waiters will attend to everything else that remains unfinished."

"Maggie, my dear!" said Mrs. Boylan, languidly, "I think I will lie down for awhile. You can take the cap down stairs or into your chamber. And Marian is here to keep you company, so you will not miss me."

"Yes, ma'am—but I shall want you to try this on pretty soon now. I cannot finish it very well until you do."

"I am sorry, my love—but you must wait

until I get up. I am really quite worn out, in nerves and strength, by all that I have borne from you children to-day."

"Now, ma! will you never be just to Maggie and myself?" said Marian, impatiently. "Why class us with Tiny, when we are innocent of any offence against you, or her either, for that matter. It was not our fault that she preceded us into the world, and that we are blessed with better tempers than that which has fallen to her lot. Are you afraid that we will turn tell-tales, if you dare to say once that she has done wrong?"

"If you have any regard for my feelings, Marian, you will say no more of this unhappy altercation," said Mrs. Boylan, on the verge of another lachrymal overflow. "These misunderstandings between you girls have been the cause of the deepest grief to me from the time you were born. I often wonder if other people's children quarrel as mine do. You commenced it by the time you could talk. It was twenty-five years ago, last Thursday, that Tiny flew into a passion with poor, dear little Rufus, and pushed him over into the fire. The scar was on his chin when he died, two years and four months afterwards."

"Tiny alone was to blame in that fray, I suppose—was she not?" asked Marian. Your skirts and mine are clean at any rate, Maggie. It would not be safe to repeat that story in her presence. Twenty-five years ago! Think what a fury she would be in at the inference that she was old enough then to attempt and nearly succeed in the murder of a younger brother! When she would have the public believe that she is the junior of your humble servant, who is not afraid to own to her twenty-two years!"

"I don't see why you should be!" said Mrs. Boylan, sleepily. "A married woman need never be ashamed to tell her age. Maggie, child, close the blinds, and get the Affghan out of the closet there to throw over me—will you? My head aches. These pillows are getting hard! They ought to be re-stuffed. Shut the door after you, and don't let Tiny come up while I am asleep!"

CHAPTER II.

Maggie Boylan beheld a pleasing picture in the drawing-room mirror, as she stood before it upon the evening that was to introduce her to the gay world. True, her features were not, in all respects, as regular as Marian's, nor her waist, hands, and feet so diminutive as Tiny's, but she had a clear skin, rosy cheeks, large brown eyes with a loving look in their depths, red lips, abundant and lustrous hair, and she was just nineteen years old. She looked like what she was—a happy, simple-hearted, affectionate girl; such a woman as one always pictures to himself as ripening with time into the fond and faithful wife, the devoted mother, the patient, skilful nurse, a joy in prosperity—a very sun of comfort in sorrow.

Mrs. Ainslie was the most intellectual and the most queenly in stature and bearing, of the sisters. She was dark-haired and a brunette, animated in manner, and more quick than merciful in *repartee*. Still, except in retorting upon Tiny's speeches, there was seldom any venom in her raillery, and Will Ainslie, the good-natured and good-looking gentleman who was chatting with his father-in-law and attentively inspecting the trio of full-dressed belles, thought again within himself, as he had done scores of times before, that he had culled the flower of the flock.

Poor Tiny! no one awarded to her this distinction except her own self-conceit. She was short and slight—*petite* she liked to be called—with a face which parlor company deemed passable, while those in the family, and the many who had had a taste of her real character, considered it actually disagreeable by reason of the petulance and ill-nature, thinly veiled by girlish affectations. She had never kept a friend, although she was forever coveting intimacies among her associates, generally selecting the latest comer into the circle as a fit subject for experiment. The rise, decline and fall, of the intercourse between these newly-elected affinities might be predicted with a wonderful degree of accuracy by those who were conversant with the disposition of one of the parties and the inexperience of the other. If Mrs. Boylan boasted truly that she had never quarrelled with any one, her daughter assuredly did a double and treble share of this warm and lively work. If she troubled her memory with such memoranda, her list of discarded and alienated favorites must have equalled in number the years she had spent in this unstable world. Her temper was at once fiery, easily aroused, and lastingly vindictive, a phase of disposition that, luckily

for the happiness and growth of the human race, is exceedingly rare. As the eldest born, she had been more indulged than the other children during her earlier years, and still retained a considerable degree of influence over her father, partly on account of her energetic administration of household affairs and the consequent increase of bodily comfort to himself, partly from the fact that while she stood in sufficient awe of his harsh and irritable moods, to bridle her tongue when tempted to a direct encounter with him, she was, nevertheless, more free in her behavior towards him, more ready to entertain him when he desired a social chat, than was either of the deeper-hearted and more sensitive daughters, who had trembled before his frowns and invectives until fear had well-nigh usurped the place of filial love.

"It seems to me that Tiny grows more outrageous every day," Marian had said to her husband on her return home the previous day.

"What possesses the girl?" he asked.

"The fact that she is no longer a girl, I imagine," replied his wife, sagaciously. "She is crazy to catch a husband."

The truth might have been more delicately revealed, but it *was* the truth. The civilized world holds not a class of beings who are more to be commiserated than the sisterhood of undeniably old maids, who are such from necessity, and not choice. To avoid this doom, Miss Boylan had striven from twenty to twenty-five, with anxious hope—from twenty-five to thirty, with agonizing endeavor. Without beauty, she craved the incense offered at the shrine of personal loveliness; without high mental endowments, she thought herself entitled to the respectful homage due to genius; totally destitute of amiability, she was yet envious of the loving admiration that followed her younger sister's steps.

Oh! it is sad! terrible! this never-to-be-satisfied craving for the good one has not the ability to win, the merit to deserve, nor the capacity to value aright! We are apt to imagine that that deficiency or unworthiness has a corresponding influence upon the desires, whereas Nature is, in fact, seldom thus compassionate in her dispensations. Tiny wanted some one to worship and maintain her every whit as much as Marian did. If love and protection were not essentials of her existence, as they were of Maggie's, she was yet fully awake to the consciousness that they would be very pleasant accompaniments of her daily life, and she shrank with loathing from the odium that attaches itself to single blessedness. Yet Marian had been eagerly sought and exultingly won within a year after she entered society, and must, to add insult to injury, take a house within a stone's throw of her father's residence, as if on purpose to tantalize her slighted senior with the spectacle of her wedded bliss.

And here to-night was little Maggie, "hardly old enough to be out of the nursery," as Tiny had represented to her father for two years past, in opposition to Marian's assertions that it was time that she was "out"—that "little piece of nonsense and insipidity" assuming a woman's dress and a woman's place in the world!

"The baby will be thinking of getting married next, I suppose!" she said, sarcastically to Marian, whose eulogiums upon the *debutante's* appearance were perhaps the more profuse because of Tiny's annoyance.

"Of course!" Marian's eyes sparkled with fun. "It is her manifest destiny. Such a face and such a heart will attract wooers, thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa. It is a plain case of cause and effect."

Tiny tossed her head. "I pity the man who becomes the possessor of your very salable bit of finery! But I have no doubt you are correct in supposing that there will be offers for it. Men are always taken in by such 'sweet, pretty' articles without stopping to examine the quality of their bargains."

"Who can blame them, my dear? You wouldn't have them prefer shop-worn and faded commodities, would you?" said Marian, with the most innocent smile imaginable.

"'Ever since the world began,
It's always been the way'—

Hasn't it, Will?"

"Has not what?" asked her husband, throwing himself upon the sofa beside her.

"Have not all men a propensity to love beautiful and good women, and pass by the less lovely!"

"I should say that it depends upon the taste of the lover. The ugliest and sourest visaged woman I ever saw had a husband who adored her. He thanked Providence, he said, for the diversity of likings among mankind, since, but for this wise provision of Nature, every man would want his Polly."

They all laughed, for the little anecdote was told during a lull in Mrs. Boylan's talk with Maggie, and the less friendly dialogue between the married and single sister. A ring at the door was heard at this auspicious moment. Mrs. Boylan arose with a sigh and took her allotted position near the entrance, her features subsiding into the sweet placidity suitable to the occasion. Her husband growled as he stood by her; Marian sat still; Tiny bounced up, shook out her skirts with a nervous twitch, settled herself anew in her tight corsage with another twitch, cast a look at the mirror, opened and flirted her fan, and was ready for exhibition. The fair novice in festal scenes maintained her stand by the pier-glass, unaffected and therefore graceful, her fine bloom heightened by the excitement of anticipated pleasure.

Suspense was soon ended by the appearance of a gentleman of middle stature, a cheerful, frank face, whose carriage had the ease of one used to the gay world, and in the present circumstances the cordial familiarity of a friend in a friend's house. Maggie uttered a joyous exclamation, and ran forward to salute him.

"Oh, Mr. Cleveland! I am glad you came so early!"

"You see! she has not the remotest notion of dignity or even propriety!" sneered Tiny aside to Mrs. Ainslie. "Any other girl would have learned how to receive company in a whole year of parlor-boarding."

"Let us see you do the thing up brown now, Tiny!" whispered her brother-in-law. "There is nothing like a living example."

"Which you, as the eldest of us all, should set for that giddy young thing," subjoined Marian, cruelly.

During this by-play, Maggie detained Mr. Cleveland, that she might pour out her enthusiastic thanks for the beautiful bouquet he had sent her that day.

"You see I have given it the post of honor," she said, holding it up in its jewelled cornucopia. "For this"—touching the latter *bijou*, "I shall thank you by and by. I cannot say all I would at one time. But I must tell you now, that the entire gift was almost worthy of the donor!"

She bowed her arch, sparkling face, in a sweeping courtesy of mock reverence, and stepped back to let him speak to the others.

"Bravo, Maggie!" said Mr. Ainslie, in a subdued tone, clapping a noiseless "*encore*" with his gloved hands. "The witch has a style of her own—eh, Tiny?"

But Tiny, too, had something to say to Mr. Cleveland, something special and private, for he had to bend to hear it. Her breath fluttered; her words were low; her manner full of meaning. Yet the mere matter of the sentence was commonplace enough.

"They are very lovely. I thank you for them!" she said, looking down at the flowers in her hand, as if every bud were a gem of untold value.

Mr. Cleveland smiled. "I am satisfied if they please you."

It was an imprudent speech in one who ought to have known the lady thus addressed. But it was John Cleveland's practice to say pleasant things, when he could do so conscientiously. He *was* gratified that his gifts were acceptable to both sisters. It was not obligatory upon him to express the different degrees of satisfaction with which he listened to their acknowledgments. So he gave Tiny's mite of a hand a gentle squeeze, as became a favored *habitué* of the mansion, paid his respects smilingly to Mrs. Ainslie, and shook hands with her husband, who said, "How are you now, John?"

These gentlemen were partners in business, and strongly attached to one another by ties of personal friendship. When Will Ainslie was wooing Marian, he brought John along to keep Tiny out of the way, and to entertain the parents while they were in the parlor. The first six months of this intercourse were perhaps the happiest of Tiny's life. She had often hoped before, that she was on the high road to Hymen's court, expectations speedily and grievously blasted by the perfidy or insensibility of the supposititious suitors. She had never heard a tale of love, and had a natural hankering after this experience. As week after week still saw the friends steady visitors of the Misses Boylan, Tiny dared to be confident of the result. She was less irascible by day, and her eyes prevented the night-watches with waking visions of the coming glory dawning upon her woful singlehood. Then came a shock. Mr. Ainslie spoke, and Mr. Cleveland was mute. Marian was engaged with the full approbation of her family and friends, and no one seemed more pleased at the betrothal, excepting, of course, the parties most nearly interested in the affair, than did Will's partner. He came as fre-

quently as before; talked business with Mr. Boylan; brought novels to the indolent mother; frolicked and studied school-books with Maggie, a merry, winsome nymph of sixteen; chatted gravely or gayly with Tiny, as her will inclined—but, alas! never sentimentally! What ailed the man? Once a bright idea struck her. He was faint-hearted and dubious as to the answer he would receive if he declared his mind. Her maidenly modesty had misled him. She must be more encouraging in her demeanor. And encourage him, she did, to that extent that he stayed away from the house for four whole weeks without the pretence of an apology. After this voluntary banishment, he gradually resumed his old standing, with no show of unusual reserve, and the alarmed Tiny resolved to be more cautious.

Marian was married, and Maggie sent down to the city to "finish her education" at a famous institute, where young ladies were varnished in the most approved fashion and at the highest prices, and the phase of things at home underwent some alteration. Mr. Cleveland met Miss Boylan oftener at her brother-in-law's than in her father's house; yet while there was less to feed her forlorn hope, there was nothing in particular to dampen it, unless it were his continued and inexplicable silence upon the one topic. It is astonishing how obstinately a woman will, in such circumstances, cling to the ghost of a chance of finally securing the game she is pursuing. Mr. Cleveland was, as Tiny knew—but trusted that he did not—two years younger than herself, popular and respected; with a warm heart, a clear head, and sunny temper, in many, in most respects, her antipodes. He would not be likely to meet rejection from any youthful and pretty woman whose affections were not previously engaged. Why, if marriage were an object with him, should he be spending the best years of his manhood in a slow courtship of one so little charming as herself?

Once or twice, Marian, in revolving this question, and seeing, with her usual penetration, the futility of her sister's dreams, had, in genuine kindness, tried to open the latter's eyes to the truth. A tempestuous scene was, in each case, the consequence of her well meant interference, terminated by a request from Tiny that Mrs. Ainslie would, for the future, confine her attention to her own affairs and leave those of others alone. Mr. Cleveland was a favorite with Marian, and she would have regretted, for his sake, his entanglement with Tiny. She had long since ceased to fear this; still, she thought him unnecessarily polite to her, and frequently found herself wishing that the panther-temper would fly out and end the apparent intimacy. This had never occurred. Tiny's amiability before his face was both amusing and pitiable to behold, when one saw how ineffectual her sacrifices would eventually prove. She kept him by her now, by rapid questions and direct appeals for opinion and information, until the rooms were nearly filled.

The Boylans lived in one of the country towns inhabited by city people that line the Hudson for many miles above New York. Most of their guests on this occasion were from the last-named place, and all the appointments of the entertainment were equally removed from rustic incompleteness. By dint of keeping a close watch upon opportunity, Mr. Cleveland at length effected his escape from the immediate neighborhood of his fair adorer, and crossed over to where the Ainslies stood, still together, and conversing as contentedly as though they had never promised openly to "cleave to one another." John was no interruption to their lively talk.

"I am advising my wife to undertake the compilation of the next Directory," said Mr. Ainslie. "Without being unkind, her running commentary upon arrivals is instructive and amusing."

That is because you never trouble yourself to remember people's names and histories," returned his wife. "Mr. Cleveland will set me down as a regular scandal-monger, whereas I only tell you whose children, uncles, aunts, and cousins some of these friends are."

"I am not sure that a veritable pedigree of their families would not be the greatest insult you could offer to many members of our most fashionable assemblies," said John. "Few men, in our democratic country, can afford the luxury of a grandfather."

"Fie! who is the satirist, now?" replied Marian, reprovingly. "I assure you that every person here is, to the best of my knowledge, eminently respectable."

"Oh! no doubt of it! certainly!" Mr. Cleveland assented mechanically.

His regards were fixed upon a group that formed an animated tableau in the centre of

the apartment. A tall, dashing girl, dressed in the height of the mode, held Maggie by both hands in the seeming rapture of greeting. Her eyes were very black, her cheeks very red, her teeth very white, and she showed them a great deal. She had entered upon the arm of a young man, who stood now by her, and directly in front of Maggie. He was handsome, so far as features and coloring went, irreproachable in dress, yet there was that in his expression and bearing that impressed John with the idea that he was not a gentleman, according to his estimate of true breeding and character. This idea may have been suggested by the slight and habitual curl of the upper lip, not the curve of pride, but that more objectionable and peculiar one that seems always sniffing at some unpleasant odor, which the olfactories are doomed to perceive continually. Or it may have been that his steady gaze down into the eyes of the maiden hostess displeased the looker-on. True, he had himself looked into these same hazel orbs half an hour before, longer than was actually required by the circumstances of their meeting, and found the operation decidedly pleasant, but the like act was daring, positively rude, in a stranger, such as this fellow must be. John could not have told why he did not satisfy his curiosity upon this head, by a question concerning the presumptuous cavalier. He asked, instead:—

"Do you know, Mrs. Ainslie, who that lady is?"

"It is Marie Dupont—Maggie's most intimate friend at school. Have you never seen her before?"

"I think not. Is she French?"

"Her father was. Her mother is a widow now; they live in an elegant villa, about three miles below, a little back from the river."

"She is handsome."

"Yes, and very stylish. She is hardly the sort of girl whom one would expect our little Maggie to affiliate with, yet I dare say that she is very good in her way. All school-girls cultivate these deathless friendships."

"Average longevity, six weeks!" said John, smiling.

He was struggling to surmount his ridiculous reluctance to allude to Miss Dupont's escort, when Mr. Ainslie spared him the effort.

"Is that her brother with her?"

"Oh, no! it is a Mr. Lorraine—an admirer, I suspect, although Maggie is very prudent in her revelations on this subject—as in honor bound. He drove Miss Dupont up here, once last year. They, at least, are, to all appearance, a well-matched pair."

"Both 'fast'—hey?" said her husband.

"Rather!" was the reply, as Mrs. Ainslie turned away to mingle with her sisters' guests.

It was not long before Mr. Cleveland presented himself at Maggie's side. She was still with Miss Dupont and her attendant, but looked up with a bright, sweet smile, at John's approach.

"You anticipate my errand, I perceive," he said, offering his hand. "The band is calling us to the floor. You remember your promise to immortalize me by giving me the first set."

Maggie's color deepened, then faded with surprise and consternation.

"Did I?" she stammered. "I forgot!"

"My memory is more faithful, or the subject is of more importance to me than to you. The engagement is two months old. It was made the very day I learned that this party was a fixed fact."

He spoke gayly, more to reassure her than from the lightness of his own spirits.

"I am very sorry! I have just told Mr. Lorraine that I would dance with him. Mr. Lorraine—Mr. Cleveland!"

The gentlemen bowed stiffly enough.

"It was very careless—very forgetful—inexcusable in me, Mr. Cleveland," Maggie went on. "If you gentlemen will excuse me, I had rather not dance at all this set. Then, nobody can feel slighted."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Dupont, in a high, loud key, that set John's teeth on edge. "Not open the ball when you make your *début!* My child! who ever heard of such a shocking thing!"

"I am to understand, then, that you have made an engagement that conflicts with my happiness?" said Mr. Cleveland, so calmly and kindly that Maggie's fluttering sensibly abated.

"Permit me, sir!" Mr. Lorraine interposed. "Miss Boylan has done me the infinite honor to promise me her hand for the set now about to form. If priority of claim is the question to be disposed of, I believe that my right cannot be disputed. Four months since—four months and four days; I like to be exact, you see—Miss Boylan was passing the Sabbath with her friend, Miss Dupont. The subject

of this festal occasion was introduced. It was spoken of as the indispensable of school-life, and the prelude to freedom and social enjoyments. Upon the spot I solicited the boon, her granting of which has created this little discussion. Miss Dupont will substantiate my statement, if necessary."

His pompous affectation and complacent air confirmed John in the prejudice he had conceived against him at sight.

"A tale so succinct and probable needs no corroboration, sir," he said, rather haughtily. "Nor was it my intention to discuss the matter at all. The simple expression of Miss Boylan's wishes was all that I sought."

With a bow in which there was no perceptible mingling of wounded pride, he left them, and the triumphant Lorraine led out his blushing partner. Blushing, but not with pleasure. There was a troubled look upon her brow that accorded neither with the ruling spirit of the hour, nor the fancy of her attendant.

"I shall regret my declaration of rights if it has interfered with your inclination," he said, bending towards Maggie's ear.

Her glance was eager and truthful. "You know better than that! I am only sorry that Mr. Cleveland is disappointed—perhaps offended."

"He has no right to be—at any rate *you* have done nothing that should make him angry. You really forget that you had promised to dance with him."

"The only doubt is—" said Maggie, hesitatingly, "whether it was right—I would say best—to bring forward a prior engagement—"

"Which never existed?" Lorraine completed the sentence. "The spirit, if not the letter of the compact was not a fiction. I have a distinct recollection of a vow I registered that most delightful of all Sabbath evenings, that mine should be the nearest place to you in this very scene. While you and Marie were chanting the praises of liberty, I was holding out my hands—figuratively speaking—for the fetters Cupid was preparing."

The dance began, and several minutes elapsed ere Lorraine secured an opportunity to conclude.

"Granting that I invented the story entire, does not the good Book say that the end sanctifies the means?"

"Not that I ever read!" laughed Maggie, and they were again separated by the figure of the set.

The tempter was satisfied that his sophistry, however shallow, had fallen, like delicious music, upon her heart, and—not that he was forgiven, for she would never have dreamed of charging him of wrong-doing, but that her conscience was quieted.

A want of courage in speaking, even more than in action was Maggie Boylan's weakest point. The original texture of her moral constitution, although firmer than was her mother's, yet bore sufficient resemblance to it to call for great watchfulness and healthful toning on the part of those to whom her training was intrusted. It would be hard to decide who had most to do with making this latent canker palpable and chronic, the silly mother, the harsh father, or the petulant sister. All had their share in the work together, and did it so thoroughly that they blamed one another for having, as Mr. Boylan phrased it, "taken from the girl's disposition the little back-bone Nature gave it." She shrank from contention and avoided its causes. A difference of opinion angered her father and worried Tiny—therefore Maggie suppressed her sentiments, and seemed to adopt theirs. They were resolute in holding to their own way; she meekly followed where they led until she almost forgot how to walk alone. Marian fought against the like subjugation in her case, and, thanks to her paternal inheritance of intellect and will, succeeded in maintaining her individuality. But even she unintentionally increased Maggie's dependence by taking up the gauntlet in her behalf, whenever her pet was assailed in her presence.

This passivity under a prompt or plausible decision on the part of others had caused Maggie to acquiesce in Lorraine's ready falsehood, quite as much as had her preference for this one of the rival claimants for her hand. A feeling of responsibility was an unknown sensation to her. She was wax in any strong grasp, a delicate and pure material, very pleasant to the touch and beautiful to the eye—but only wax, after all.

It was easier to put aside her scruples concerning her tacit assent to the invention that had gained Lorraine the victory, than to reply without faltering to Mrs. Ainslie's inquiry, as she encountered her some time later in the evening.

"I thought Mr. Cleveland told me that you were engaged to him for the first set, Maggie. I never was more surprised in my life than when I saw him dancing with Tiny instead."

"I had forgotten a promise to Mr. Lorraine," answered Maggie, her lip trembling like a child's. "I have been so unhappy—" and the brown eyes were overcast.

"Never mind!" Marian laid her hand caressingly upon her shoulder. "Nothing must make you sad to-night. Was John displeased?"

"I am afraid so!" Maggie fingered her bouquet in perturbation, that, for certain reasons of her own, was very pleasing to Mrs. Ainslie.

"That was very silly in him. He must not be so easily huffed. I will speak to him and make it all right."

"Oh! if you only would!" exclaimed Maggie, with real joy, for the idea of being at variance with her old friend was very painful, whenever she allowed herself to dwell upon it. "You are the best sister in the world!"

Mrs. Ainslie set off upon her embassage of peace, meditating, with amused gratification, upon the guileless transparency of character that thus suffered the workings of the deepest feelings to be revealed.

(To be continued.)

A SCRAP.

"Joys are our wings, sorrows our spurs." The former lighten the load destiny has placed on our shoulders to one-tenth of its usual weight, and transplant us on the wings of fancy to angels' abodes; while they remain, our hearts seem Edenised, and flowers of a pure and lovely growth spring up, flourish, and ripen, nourished by a cream-like moisture, or dew of sparkling and enticing richness; thus the flowers, which are our hopes, are well watered by the dew, which is our strong faith, till sorrows of a heart-breaking nature dispel the bright dreams in which we had indulged; their intenseness causes our faith to waver, and we should fall into the depths of despair did they not spur us on to inward perusal of that profusely-written book—the human heart—to carefully weed it of obnoxious plants, which are gradually taking root there; and to pray earnestly and truthfully for strength to endure the sorrows, and that we may take the joys as they are given to us, as interludes, or glimpses into the abode of the blissful regions of everlasting happiness.

THE KING IS DEAD. LONG LIVE THE KING.

A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

THERE is a monarch, weird and old,
Whose magic touch all men must feel;
None but he may his sceptre hold,
None but he may set his seal:
Over every land and clime
Swayeth the sceptre of Old King Time.

There is a monarch, young and fair,
Jocund and merry, and blithe to see;
None, with him, may in youth compare,
Strong with the strongest, who but he?
Over every land and clime
Swayeth the sceptre of Young King Time.

Up to the gate of the closing year
Creepeth the monarch, gray and old;
Out, in an instant, with hearty cheer,
Cometh the monarch young and bold:
And the bells from a thousand steeples ring,
The king is dead—Long live the king!

This monarch a double budget bears:
Half is filled with reverend lore,
The tale of the ancient fears and cares,
The map of the road he has travell'd o'er.
To men of every land and clime
Shows he this record, Old King Time.

The other half of his double pack
Is filled with youth, and love, and hope,
That the wise man never trust may lack,
With all the ills of life to cope.
To men of every land and clime
Giveth he courage, Young King Time.

In the lore of the old let us wisdom choose,
In the life of the new let our nerves be strung,
That we may the double blessings use
Of this weird monarch, old and young:
While the bells from a thousand steeples ring,
The king is dead—Long live the king!

LOOK ON THE SEA!

(*Translated from the German of Geibel.*)

BY GEORGE W. BIRDSEYE.

LOOK on the sea! 'Neath the grand sun, its breast
Glows warm and bright;
But, in its depths, where pale the cold pearls rest,
Is darkest night!

I am the sea! And on the proud wave rides
My wild desire;
And on me gleams my songs, as on the tides
The sun's broad fire.

They glisten oft with love and joyous jest—
Each bears a part;
Yet silent bleeds, deep hidden in my breast,
A mourning heart!

GOING TO THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE:—HOW I WENT.

"SOYEZ TRANQUILLE."

"At seven o'clock, then, Monsieur Cavalier; you will be sure to be punctual."

"Si, si, Madame, à sept heures sans faute—à sept heures, soyez tranquille."

How could we help believing a hairdresser so emphatic, so pénétré?"

With lightened hearts mamma and I drove home, having accomplished the last of all the weighty preparations for the great event of to-morrow, my appearance, namely, at the reception at the White House, an event not only to prove my patriotism, but signalize my attainment of that delightful position in society, a "come out" young lady. (Why is there no genuine word to express the meaning of that doubtful, scarcely grammatical sentence?)

"I do not take Laura to the levees," said our worthy friend Mrs. Saveall, "because, really, now-a-days there is such a mixture that, as dear Mrs. Tiptop says, 'one is afraid of meeting one's coachman's wife.'"

Mamma, I am thankful to say, had no such fears, and held, that this evening struck from our list, was to skim off with ruthless hand all the cream from our Washington winter.

Now that the time had come, that that great responsibility, my dress, lay in awful silence in its gigantic home, the "carton," my heart began to misgive me. Could I conceal from myself that, after the fiftieth rehearsal before the glass, of my courtesy, I still trod on the skirt of my gown, and thereby pinning myself to the ground, was unable to rise without such exertion as partook more of the muscular than of the graceful? Did not visions of utter discomfiture in the crowded assembly cast their prophetic shadows on the next day's future?

"Fais ce que tu dois; advienne que pourra." That noble old motto! Mentally I pinned it to my shield, and rose from the afternoon nap which mamma insisted upon my taking on The Day, with what courage its words could inspire.

"Above all things," said Frank, with old

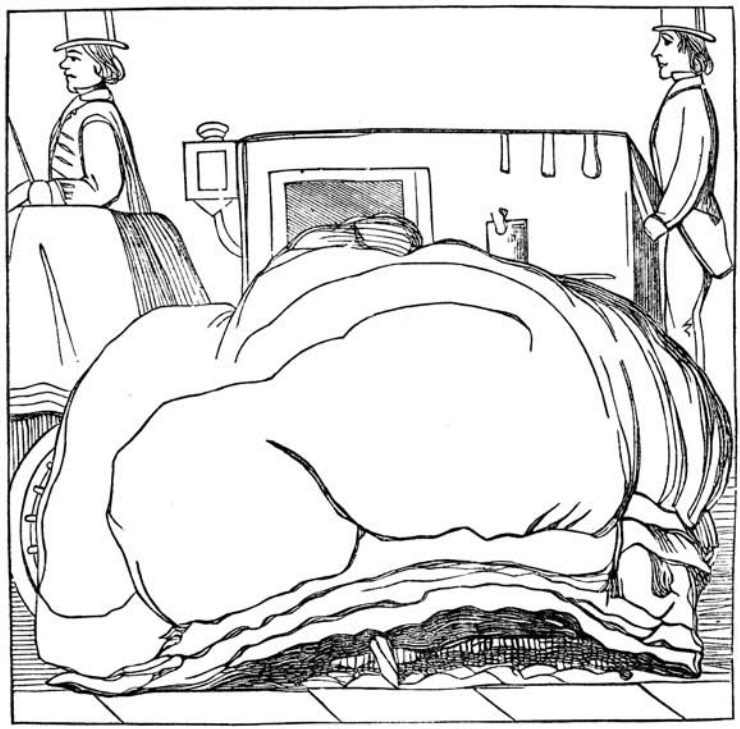
visions of West Point punctuality—"above all things, be in good time." Frank, in his lieutenant's uniform, was to be our escort. So, as we were to be at the White House at nine, and my coiffeur to come at seven, I got up from a feverish nap at four, and remained in a state of preparation quite indescribable, and which rendered me indifferent to all matters unconnected with hairpins.

The household being in that state of over-excitement which accompanies any great female movement—was to be found on the stairs in a general state of running up and down. At six o'clock I heard Frank ask sarcastically whether the cook also was going to the levee, or whether he was to have any dinner. I myself was too much "wound up" to think of eating or drinking.

Seven o'clock struck—half past—no hair-dresser. Why did the door-bell ring in that frantic way every two minutes? Is there a demon that belongs to door-bells? Who was it that was always walking up-stairs, past my door, with creaking boots?

Eight o'clock!—no Mons. Cavalier. A violent rustling next door betrayed the state of mamma's toilette. Was I going mad? or what was it that rang in my brain at every sound of that dreadful bell? I will go myself for a coiffeur! I will commit suicide! I will do my hair myself! Just as I was seizing the comb to fulfil this despairing, this desperate resolve, the door opened. A curly, shining being glided in (not an angel), stuck a comb into his glossy locks, filled his mouth with hairpins, and began that mesmeric and incomprehensible operation that terminated in a triumphant wreath on the top of my head, and two lovely puffs low on the neck.

It was just half past eight when I issued fully equipped from my room. A glass of port and a wing of chicken restored me after the fatigue and agitation of carrying all those flounces past the nails and corners in the stair-



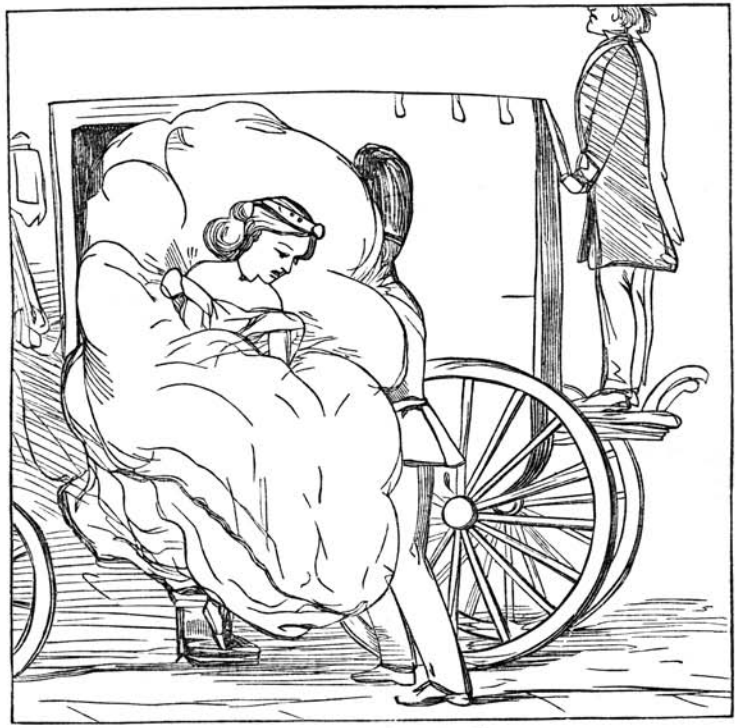
IT'S NOT "THE GETTING IN."

case. The admiring household pronounced its astonishment. Down the file drawn up in open mouthed astonishment in the hall, we passed to the carriage. There we *got in.* What small words to express so great a feat! It has since struck me that, of all the arrangements in the ceremony of presenting a *débutante* to society, there is none so perfect as

that which, previous to her great ordeal, subjects her to the minor one of passing, under the gaze of the domestic and neighboring critics, a large and observing throng of spectators, while herself in a state of forced quiescence. It is a baptism of fire. Gratifying, doubtless, was the appreciation of all the neighbor's servants clustered on the pavement, but it was insignificant compared to the verdict of the boy who, from the commanding lamp-post on which he was perched, pronounced that in all his vast experience "he never did!" After that compliment to my personal appearance, I felt so completely reassured that the supercilious eyeglasses levelled at me in the entrance hall fell innoxious on my nerves.

It was charming, the perspective of bouquets and grand hammer-cloths on the carriages filing along in front of ours. An old lady was next to us, and her rouge and pearl powder gazed candidly from under her mouse-skin eyebrows. The red-haired girls behind her will be much happier at her age. Their doubtful complexions and scraggy figures in evening costume cause them evident uneasiness.

Only two weeks ago I was in one of the crowded streets of New York, and there, while our progress was stopped by a conglomeration of cabs, omnibuses, and carts, I looked at the wonderful assembly of heads and bonnets, and formed, not only for the two-legged, but also for the four-legged of my fellow-creatures, a fate and a past history according to their appearance. To-day, in this string of carriages, moving slowly in the throng, I had the same opportunity of seeing a vast mixed multitude, and I tried to realize how that these flounced and jewelled beings were fellows to those in the omnibuses—cast in one mould, made of one flesh and blood. The very carriages, that so widely differed to the outward eye, proceeding from the same



BUT IT'S THE "GETTING OUT."

original materials! Plunging into the deepest metaphysical and abstract views of the human race, I insensibly wandered to a speculative calculation as to the amount of tulle in the dress of a "human being" in blue, and wondering whether that pearl wreath came from Foster's.

Ah, one must get out! How I envied the

Queen of Spain! She has "no legs!" How great a variety must pass before that liveried lacquey at the door. We shuddered along the wide, cold entrance hall, and stood waiting impatiently in the dense throng. Getting a seat in the church of a popular preacher on a hot day is bad enough, but trying for a seat in the hall is worse. One cannot even tip the pew-opener, and one has, in fact, to find space for two gowns instead of one.

The tests by which one is here tried are very sore. The poor, dear dowagers, their diamonds obscured by the press; the girls, standing evidently on their "second leg," knowing that the next five minutes will tint their noses with the roseate hue that is leaving their cheeks, and here and there a hapless man conscious of tight patent leather boots and splitting kids. They look like poles for standard roses, in a flower-garden, these poor men. Suddenly a movement in the throng announces the admission of part of the victims to a different phase of torture—an active phase.

There can be no truer patriot, no more loyal American than myself. The White House was sacred in my eyes, vested with all the romance that the memory of great deeds could throw over it, and my heart throbbed high, as I found myself in the reception room.

I was still breathless with the rush that carried us in, when I found myself jammed tightly between two other ladies moving, or being moved, towards an open doorway, beyond which instinct told me my fate awaited me. No time to collect my courage, to smooth my ruffled plumes (literally ruffled). Pushing as only fine ladies can push, frowning and dragging as only dowagers can, were all around me. Defiling in an opposite direction from us, through the same room in which we were, I saw those happy ones whose trial was over, and who were going to some paradise beyond where courtesies were unknown. One push more, and I was launched alone on the floor. Dim consciousness of great boots on either side of me, a sense of rustling and sweeping of my skirts behind me, *something* in front of me—no hope of rescue, no possibility of flight—I moved onward. A voice uttered my name. A gracious hand clasped mine, a kind voice said a few words of greeting; to this moment I believe it to have been my gown that made the courtesy, not myself. I, who had intended to have looked, not only at the lion, but the lionness, saw nothing but a pair of polished boots and the hem of a silk robe. I retreated to meet mamma who, paying her respects in passing, was smiling in dignified composure, and beyond her the released, having passed the dread ordeal, were sauntering about in groups, and chatting, flirting, and enjoying themselves generally.

Rest, and be thankful! One could breathe now; and how one's courage rose when the battle was over. On the soft seats we sank down, and before us passed the groups who had preceded us, and those, that, following us, had just left the President. Waxen-faced girls in white, the *débutantes*, with excited, shy faces; haughtily confident beauties in every tint of flounce and flower; brides in their wedding finery; and such astonishing old ladies! What blazing jewels! what rustling silks! A dressmaker would die of it "in aromatic pain." Such dignified old generals! Here a Spanish *attaché*, olive-tinted, with long black moustache; there a squat yellow figure grinning hideously; a bronze face, in scarlet and gold, next a smooth-faced lieutenant in new uniform; a young lady with red arms, from the country, beside a warrior so fierce that he *can* only be a volunteer. They dawdle here, and gossip, and look out for notabilities, and criticize a little, and talk a little scandal, and groups form. Gentlemen saunter about gallant and pleasant, or with severe criticism drawl out the startling fact that "You never do see a pretty face now-a-days!" Possibly it is in the hope of some day seeing one that they stare so. One more crush through the crowded hall, and then the lovely gowns and their fond wearers step into the carriages, and the levee is over.

How elated, how satisfied, how *superior* I felt when we reached home: how I, ensconced in my arm-chair with a cup of tea and a novel, fought all my battles over again, need not be told. I have "seen the elephant," made my courtesy, and Mons. Cavalier is forgiven.

PUNCTUALITY.—If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure, which is essential to happiness. For want of it, many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them into a fever too.

THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

(Pearl the First.)

"MORE THAN THESE."

"More are drowned in the wine-cup than in the ocean."

THE pictures faded on the wall;
The firelight cast a fitful ray
Of protest ere it died away,
Like early hopes, beyond recall.

Books, whose familiar faces kept
Their never-ending charm, were lost
In shadow, when their presence most
Might still the unquiet thoughts that swept

Through all the chambers of the brain,
Until, as in a dream, I stood
And watched the ocean's mighty flood
Of water ebb and flow again.

This ebb and flow had been, for years,
As constant unto Nature's laws
As is effect to proper cause
Through all the motions of the spheres.

But lo! a mighty change was here;
The tide went out and—*came not back*
Upon its old, accustomed track
As it had done, year following year.

And all the wealth that in the embrace
Of ocean had been long concealed,
Was in a moment all revealed
With all its glory or disgrace.

Here lay the wrecks of sunken ships,
And here the bones of those who slept
Where none above their graves had wept;
Whose very names were in eclipse.

All human love, all human hope
Lay buried here; the silent hands,
The lips that uttered no commands,
The eyes that nevermore would ope,

The hearts that nevermore would beat
With rapture, lay amid the sands,
Gathered from far and foreign lands,
Whose coming none would ever greet.

All these were here, and as the eye
Traced all these tokens of the dead,
I seemed to hear a voice that said,
"Count all these that before you lie

"In ocean drowned, yet MORE THAN THESE
Are in the wine-cup lost, who all
Have sunk so low, that in their fall
Their lips have sipped life's bitterest lees."

What, more than these? I said, Oh no!
Here, millions upon millions sleep;
The cup has not a lower deep,
Wine cannot bring a weightier wo!

"Go, seek the homes"—in answer came—
"Where vacant chairs abound; see there
The wrecks of all things bright and fair,
That loved or loving ones could claim;

"The eyes whose sadness knows no cure;
The hearts whose achings never end;
The feet that daily downward tend,
As if to make their ruin sure.

"The childish lips, whose silence speak
With greater force than words, of all
The sad surroundings of their fall;
Mute questionings that daily seek

"The problems of a life to solve
All vainly! these are greater far
Than all the wrecks of ocean are,
Or will be, while the years revolve."

And as the voice died on the air,
Behold, the tide came flowing back
Upon its old, accustomed track,
And ocean was serene and fair.

But looking out across the sea,
The solemn memories of years
Came in upon a tide of tears
With thoughts of all that yet might be;

For nature, feeble at the best
Temptation to withstand, might yet
The lesson of the hour forget,
And add one more wreck to the rest.

All through the highways of the land,
And in the obscure walks of life,
Is going on this tireless strife
Where Love and Hate in conflict stand.

And Beauty, Innocence, and Truth
Fall victims daily to the foe,
Whose sword is sharp and sure, though slow,
And strikes at age, nor stays for youth.

The songs of sorrow never end;
Nor tears of trial cease to flow
Amid the ranks that daily go
To roads that unto ruin tend.

And if the ocean's bosom bears
Less secrets than the wine-cup holds,
Alas for those its depths enfolds—
Those who the drunkard's ruin shares.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—The following sketch was found in an old manor house in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantelpiece of a tapestried sitting-room: "The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his *own* man; virtue his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his father, the Church is his mother, the saints his brethren, all that need him his friends; devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, charity his treasurer, pity his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter, to let in or out, as most fit. This is his whole family, made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian."

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY ONE WHO WAS IN IT.

I.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S RIDDLE.

I LOVE the country; not in the spring-time only, and the summer, but all the year round. People talk of the sombre air of autumn, and the sad thoughts it brings; when the fallen leaves strew the ground, and the trees, gloriously beautiful in their decay, stand ready to rain down more leafy showers of many hues. And they tell you of the dreary winter, when the husset of the dried leaves and grass mingles with the snow, and the bare trees stand like spectres.

But there is more of sadness, and quite as much to suggest melancholy thought in the long rows of houses in a city street. You have a sort of companionship with the trees, and feel at home with them; and the quiet life of the farm yard seems to offer you the freedom of the place. But the stately city walls, the endless rows of bricks, the closed or closely-draped windows, the doors, inviting, yet repelling entrance, create a feeling of solitude among living thousands, deeper than one knows, in the free air of the country-side. With every man you meet, whether you know him or not, you have, in the green lanes, a nod, or passing word. Even the kine, and the sober country horses, as they graze, look up at you with a silent "Good speed!" But, in the crowded town, each man is too earnest in the battle of life; each woman too busy with her own thoughts to give a stranger even a look, to say nothing of a gesture which might indicate a wish for any acquaintance, or the betrayal of the slightest interest in you. There is no loneliness like the solitude of a stranger among the busy thousands in the crowded town.

So felt Charles Merrill—Uncle Charlie—as he threaded his way through the city on New Year's day, many years ago, to pay his invariable visit at his brother's house. Uncle Charlie loves the country as dearly as I do. He was, at the time of which I write, a country gentleman, well to do, with all the refinement of education, and the true polish of Christian courtesy. You would know him anywhere for a man who could be trusted. In a crowd he was the man whom you would single out, if you wished to ask a question. And still he was just the person whom an impostor would avoid. Nobody tried him with tales of feigned distress. Nobody offered him gilt watches as gold, with which the owner was compelled to part. No "confidence-man" approached him, for there was something in his clear gray eye which told you that he could see through the arch device, conceal it never so wisely. The honest applicant, in real need, never failed to address him, and was seldom disappointed; for Uncle Charlie had that species of free-masonry which honesty establishes among honest people.

So it was no wonder that a little girl, scantily clad, but very neat, timidly approached him, and touched his arm. She had been repulsed many times on that New Year's morning; sometimes by those who rudely scolded or curtly answered her, sometimes by others who tendered her small money to escape her importunity. She held a handful of small coin, as if she really did not know what to do with it, how she came by it, or why people gave it to her. Uncle Charlie looked intently at her face, and then at her blue arms and fingers, which trembled with the cold, as in one hand she held her money, and with the other drew her thin shawl about her.

"Why, child," he said, with a smile the least shade satirical, "you should hide that money in your pocket, before you ask for more. There is more in your hand already than 'two or three pennies to buy a loaf of bread.' Poor child!" he added, in a kinder tone, "perhaps, as you have little use for a pocket, you indulge in no unnecessary luxuries."

"I did not ask you for money," said the girl. "And I did not ask those who gave me this. My mother did not send me out to beg, and we have a loaf of bread for to-day, and one for to-morrow."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"I wish somebody in all this great city to go and see my mother, for she told me to-day that she had not a friend in the world!"

"And you could not find a friend in all this

great city, and so have taken me who come here a stranger. Why, little one, you don't think to take *me in—me*, a right sharp man, just from the Jerseys."

"Oh, sir, don't tease me, please. Don't joke with me, for I am quite ready to cry. I know you are a kind hearted man, whatever you may pretend."

Uncle Charlie's first thought was to shake her off. He read the newspapers, and knew all about the tricks which are played in the cities upon innocent travellers. The little girl still stood shivering by his side. She waited his decision without saying another word; but her eager eyes furtively scanned the passing crowd, as if looking for some one else whom she might accost. Uncle Charlie put his hand in his pocket—

"Now don't do that, for I will *not* take your money."

"Well, you are a strange"—beggar, he was going to say, but he thought better of it. "Go on, and I will follow."

And so they went, Uncle Charlie all the while thinking that he would *not* figure in the "local columns" of the newspapers, even if he lost his watch and pocket-book. He would suffer and be silent, and no alderman's office should hear the story of his wrongs. But his decent opinion of himself assured him that nobody could impose upon him! No, indeed! The child, as she hurried along, looked less and less like a little rogue. Uncle Charlie began to think that she was pretty, and as he scanned her appearance he noticed that her garments, though scanty, were the well-saved witnesses of better days. She turned down a court, and Uncle Charlie, following, soon found himself suddenly ushered into a room where he was little expected. The single inmate was as much surprised as he.

"Mother," said the child, "you said you had not a friend in the world. I have brought you one." And the curious child looked round complacently, as if she really thought she had done a clever thing.

The mother's face expressed bewildered astonishment. But in a moment, though unused to mirth, an involuntary smile succeeded. "I could be angry with you," she said, "you strangest of all children. But I know you think you have done right. And I must tell you, sir, that whatever my little girl has said to you was of her own motion, and not of mine. I sent her of an errand, hours ago, and had begun to be frightened at her absence. What is that you have in your hand, Edith?"

"I did not ask for it," said Edith, as she put the money on the table. "They would give it to me, and there it is. I said I was no beggar."

The mother sank in a chair, overcome with mortification, and hid her face in her hands. The discomfited child leaned against the wall, and steadily looked at the floor. Uncle Charlie helped himself, uninvited, to a seat, and feeling that his watch and purse were still safe, determined to see the adventure out. "Pretty clever acting, if it is acting," he thought. He took in the whole situation with his keen eyes, and failed to find anything suspicious. The apartment bespoke need, not absolute poverty. All he saw only exhibited that unhappily common case, the falling into necessity, of those who have known better days. And Uncle Charlie could sympathize with that; for there were those near and dear to him who had met the like misfortune.

"If I can be of any service to you," he began. But he did not finish, for the mother's eyes were fixed on him, and only respect for his evident good intentions prevented the flash of defiant anger from them. They were splendid eyes, as Uncle Charlie has said many a time since, and is ready to say still.

"This is very awkward," she said, at length. "I could cry, but it is better to laugh. You must be aware that I cannot, under such peculiar circumstances, make a confidant of a stranger. And I can mean no disrespect to one whom I never saw before, if I say that I cannot become indebted to you, sir, for anything. I hope I am still entitled to think myself a lady"—.

"Every inch a lady," thought Uncle Charlie.

"And I must therefore thank you for the kindness you intended"—.

"Poor and proud," thought Uncle Charlie.

"And bid you good-morning."

"Done like a queen," thought Uncle Charlie, as he rose, and found his watch and money still safe. "I have two requests to make of you," he said, "since you will receive nothing of me."

"I am ready to hear," she said. That much, she thought, is due to your good intentions, if you had them, and you really do not look like a bad man.

Uncle Charlie looked like anything else. He said:—

"One is that you shall not reprimand or punish my little enigma for bringing me here."

"Granted."

"The other that you will allow me to call again."

The lady shook her head.

"With my sister, this afternoon."

The lady considered a moment. "I am very much embarrassed," she said, at this remarkable interview. But you may call; it will not do to suspect everybody, though Heaven knows I have reason enough." A shade of deep sadness came over her face.

"You are certainly very handsome," thought Uncle Charlie, as he took his leave, "and more interesting. It is quite a New Year's adventure." He did not feel for his watch and purse till he was clear of the court. Still finding the integrity of his pockets preserved, he walked briskly away, full of curiosity and determined to satisfy it, if possible.

It is an agreeable amusement as you walk along the streets, to speculate upon the inhabitants of houses, and to people them with folks of your own fancying; to imagine who ought to live in this house, and who in that, to preserve the unities. Uncle Charlie would no doubt have indulged in such day-dreams, if his head had not been full of the wonderful place he had just left; wonderful, for its very simplicity, as a fairy bower; with its remarkable child, and the quiet, lady-like, self-possessed mother. The tenement had to a Philadelphian nothing noticeable about it. It was one of those small houses peculiar to the Quaker City, with the street door opening directly into the best room, with a very narrow front and not much depth. But it was one house, a whole house, though small for one family; such a tenement as a widow could have all to herself at small cost, or a clerk or other man of modest means might occupy, and not be forced into a mixed residence with other people.

And the furniture had evidently been removed here from a place more commodious. The piano took up more than its fair share of one side of the room; and other articles said, as plainly as they could speak, that they were never purchased for their present quarters. These things were not the puzzle of the place to Uncle Charlie. What did that child mean by taking him home with her? And what did the mother mean by saying that she had no friends? If she had only entertained him with a plausible story, he would have understood at once that the whole thing was palpably a trap.

While Uncle Charlie walks and wonders, we will slip on before him to the house where he would have been long before, if the little enigma had not beguiled him out of his way.

II.

HOW THE RIDDLE WAS SOLVED. NEW SURPRISES.

HERE too were the evidences that the inmates had seen more cheerful days. But none of the thousands who passed the modest mansion, scrupulously neat, could have guessed that anything but prosperity was within. The well-washed marble steps, were kept so by a compromise with the single woman of all work. That functionary took a turn at street sweeping, window-washing, and passenger gazing, while her mistress supplied, for a time, her place within doors. And thus the house was managed, as many such are, in the "Quaker City."

It is a paradise for people of limited income, and for the poor and respectable, where by decent fictions in housekeeping, and laudable hypocrisy, a good appearance may still be made; and honest self-respect may be preserved, after the wealth which once made all things easy has slipped away.

In that house, a cheerful voice had broken everybody's slumbers betimes, with "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" Of course it was a child's voice. Children are the last to learn that it is proper and sensible to mar our present by regrets over the past. And it was a boy's voice; for little girls, like our strange friend Edith, will sometimes acquire a precocious and unchild-like knowledge of the world's cares and perplexities. Girls are more discerning in many things—more wise, more prudent, than boys. They are admitted behind the scenes in the little drama of domestic acting, in which the family "weep as though they wept not." Boys know less than girls. And so do men than women, *I* think. But then I am a woman.

Uncle Charlie called this little boy his mother's "sunshine." And so he was. All children, in some degree, deserve the name, but it was little Geordie's pre-eminently. God, in his wisdom, has made these little ones

angels in the house. They will see only the bright side. Little sorrows afflict them, but their tears pass over like April showers, and they will not be defrauded of the happiness that is left, and are willing to be pleased still, after all reverses and disappointments.

If little Geordie was "sunshine" to his uncle, Uncle Charlie was the whole solar system to his nephew. The boy lived in his uncle's light. His mother was dear to him, very dear. But then mother was with him always, and Uncle Charlie came in like the wonder in a fairy story, just when he was most wanted and most welcome. Mother was sad, and often perplexed, and though always kind, sometimes slow to answer the thousand questions of childhood. But Uncle Charlie was always light and cheery. He never looked perplexed, for nothing could puzzle him. Oh no! And as to questions, he always answered them, even the most difficult, though candor compels the confession that his replies would not always bear verification under oath or affirmation.

Mother, Geordie was compelled to believe, was somewhat helpless, like himself, but Uncle Charlie could do everything. Geordie had only to hint his wishes, and if his uncle could not quite accomplish them, he could suggest something else which he maintained, and the child believed, was a great deal better. Geordie longed, Oh how much, for a live pony. Uncle Charlie bought him a rocking horse, which would neither kick nor run away. Besides, it would eat nothing, and Geordie was easily convinced that the wooden pony's moderate appetite was a great recommendation. He could make believe feed it, you know, and a horse that only makes believe eat, is a very profitable animal.

"Will Uncle Charlie come to-day?"

The mother sighed, as she said, "I hope so, Geordie."

"O, mother, I know he will, for he always came on New Year's, when father was at home."

Mrs. Merrill could no longer stay her tears. It was a sad New Year's day to her; for she had no assurance—scarce a hope—that the husband and father, who, a year ago, was the light of the household, was longer among the living. Early in the year just closed he had left her for El Dorado, the wonderful land which once carried away all our restless population; the land fruitful in gold to few, in anxieties and tears to all the friends who were left behind. Months had passed, and no tidings were received from him. It was a sad wintry day to the hearts of those who sighed for the absent. And yet the streets were full of promenaders, people of light heart and cheerful demeanor, who passed the window where the deserted wife and mother sat. The thought was forced upon her, whether through the year just opened, she should strive to keep together her husband's home comforts; or whether she must not relinquish all, and thus confess that she hoped no more for his return.

She had almost forgotten Uncle Charlie, when she caught a glimpse of his familiar face.

"I knew he would come! I knew he would come!" shouted little Geordie, and before his mother could reach the door, the happy boy was tugging at the latch. We need not describe with what joy Uncle Charlie was welcomed; or how before his pleasant smile—pleasant though sad, for he could feel—the gloomy thoughts of Mrs. Merrill gave her respite. Wonderful were the stores of toys and bon-bons which came out of Uncle Charlie's pockets for his little nephew. Deep was the blush with which Mrs. Merrill received a sealed envelope, which Uncle Charlie bade her to put in her pocket and to hold her peace.

"Charles, you are robbing yourself."

"Me! and I a bachelor, without wife, or chick, or child. Besides, it 's all charged, and will be paid when your husband comes home."

Mrs. Merrill sadly shook her head. Uncle Charlie knew her forebodings. Perhaps he shared them. But Uncle Charlie was always a child. In the darkest day he could see sunlight. If he had been a broker, he could have carried the most forlorn stock, and when forced to give way, drop his load, and rejoice that he was released from a burthen. The man's confidence was as adamant, and his spirits as a perennial fountain. He was determined to believe that his brother would return, and if the absent never came back, so much the more was *he* bound to keep up, for the happiness of his widow and child.

"Why, Uncle Charlie!" said George, as he surveyed his presents, "you did not bring me one book!"

"No more I did," said Uncle Charlie. "But I will give you all my books when you are a man, and you shall be a lawyer like me.

You might look at Jack the Giant Killer, which I gave you last year, if you had not torn it all to pieces!"

"Oh I haven't, you naughty uncle," said the child, as he produced in triumph the well kept classic.

"By the way, sister," said Uncle Charlie, whose thoughts now reverted to his morning's adventure, "I want you to shock all the proprieties, and frighten Mrs. Grundy out of her wits, this afternoon."

Little Geordie looked up, wondering what kind of a New Year's game this might portend.

"I met a little witch, this morning."

Geordie's eyes were ready to burst from his head, and his mother divided her smiles between the lively uncle and the astonished nephew.

"And I wish you to call and see her with me."

"Oh, I should so like to see a witch!" cried Geordie. "Is it in the menagerie?"

"Never you mind, Geordie. You'll see the witch soon enough."

[So he did; but I must not get before my story. He is looking at her now, over the top of his everlasting newspaper.]

Mrs. Merrill was not hard to persuade to accompany her brother. She was accustomed to his erratic movements, and never thwarted them; for whatever conventional rules might be laughingly broken, the man was always right, for his heart was kind, and his head was sound. So little Geordie was left, with Jack the Giant Killer, in charge of the house, and Uncle Charlie took his sister with him to keep his appointment with the little enigma and her mother.

We need not go with him on his second call, for the result of the interview will develop itself. When Uncle Charlie and his sister returned, a new tableau met their eyes in the parlor. A stranger, with huge moustache and beard to give an upholsterer an outfit, was sitting in the best and coziest chair; and Geordie, on the stranger's knees, was comparing his hirsute visage with that of Jack of high renown. Uncle Charlie stopped a second in the door. Mrs. Merrill rushed past him, with a scream of delight, and in a moment more Geordie was rolling on the carpet, with the force of the concussion, Mrs. Merrill's head was lost in the forest on the stranger's face, and Uncle Charlie was giving three cheers and a tiger. In this little Geordie vociferously joined while he rubbed his knees; concluding, like a sensible boy, that to shout was better than to whine.

All forthwith began to talk at once; and we cannot undertake to tell half they said. Of chief interest to our tale is the explanation which Mrs. Merrill gave of her absence; how she went to see Mrs. Oliver, whose husband went to California—

"And died there," interrupted Mr. Merrill.

"She knows that, poor soul," said Uncle Charlie. (I don't think uncle was half as sorry for that death as he pretended.)

"But she don't know," said Mr. Merrill, "that her husband left her fifty thousand dollars. He was my partner, and we were very fortunate. I wish he could have lived to return with me. But he died full of love for his wife and child, and charged me with many messages to them. I closed his eyes; and from that day set my face homeward."

"Why did you not write?"

"So I did, a dozen times. But where is Charles fled? I have not so much as shaken hands with him yet."

"I guess he 's gone to see the witch," cried little Geordie.

"Or the witch's mother," said Mrs. Merrill.

Uncle Charles soon returned, and confessed the fact, that he thought it *his* duty to break the intelligence to the widow. And his duty has been very much blended with hers ever since. Her fortune she settled upon Edith—her hand, at proper time, she gave to Uncle Charlie, and she never has said, since that New Year's morning, that she had not a friend in the world.

III.

THE AUTHOR'S CONFESSION.

I AM putting the finishing words to my narrative on this 31st day of December, A. D. 1862. I am sitting in my husband's "den," as he persists in calling the most inviting room in the house, especially inviting to me when he is in it. I sometimes enter when he is away; but confess that then the dead smell of tobacco-smoke is not so agreeable. I would, in his absence, put his room in order, and have once or twice attempted it, but have received anything but thanks for my officious service.

I am—or rather was—little Edith. Another

little Edith is just now gone to bed, and the four corners of her crib are hung with stockings. The grand New Year's demonstration is, however, in the back parlor, the second edition of a huge Christmas tree. George (no longer little Geordie) will spoil the child, and I tell him so.

George's father and mother, and my father and mother (for Uncle Charlie is my father now), will dine with us to-morrow. We dined with him on Christmas day, as we always have since we were married.

George sits now on the other side of his big library light, a wasteful gas consumer. I can't make him content with a blaze of proper size; and so am forced to turn down the parlor gas, and sit up here for economy's sake, when there is nobody in the house but ourselves. How easy it is to find excellent reasons for what you wish to do! But then I know if I did not come and sit with him, he would carry his awful pipe—

["Get away, George! You hateful man! Your whiskers and moustache are worse than a Turk's; and your meerschaum breath is intolerable! Take that! and that!"]

I do not know whether I have hurt him or not, for his pachydermatous skin is tougher than a rhinoceros. My own fingers smart and ache so that I can scarce resume my pen. But, hear! hear! George Merrill, Esq., Counsellor and Attorney at Law, has struck an attitude, and is going to make a speech.

"What is the use of this?" holding up his smoking cap, an ante-nuptial present from me, "what is the use of *this*, if under it, as a helmet, I am not to smoke? And of *this?*" thrusting out the meerschaum, which I blush to say I gave him in my maiden folly. "What is the use of *this*, if I am not to smoke? All honor to the German Father Land, which has released us from the costly tyranny of the cigar, and gives us comfort in the celestial clay, which our sweethearts and wives present to us!

"You women are the heralds of prudence. You have lectured me on the extravagance of little Edith's presents, though you know in your heart that you enjoy them more than she. What is the use of children?"

[I trembled a little here. For when Edith fought me this morning in the bath-tub, I asked *myself* this question. But I never told George.]

"What is the use," he continued, "of children? Listen, Light of my Eyes, purveyor of my pipes and smoking caps, and, thus, inferentially of my Lynchburg, and I will tell you. It is a blessing that children come along in relays, to mark the post-houses in the journey of life. But for the children, there never would be any anniversaries. After thirty, the women, and after forty, the men would forget that ever they were born, if our children did not keep our birthdays.

"Christmas would be nothing without the children. And as to New Year's, that has but a bilious look; and without the children, would be intolerable. Everybody is forced upon some committee of ways and means, and stationers advertise new blank books, as if the old were not blank enough, and all the blanker for their entries.

"But for the children we could be glad to forget that there is such a thing as a New Year, that there was such a thing as an old. But they lighten us along the road of life, and make the holidays jubilant. Christmas and New Year's are delightful for their presents, and for the many other things we buy and do to please the children! Why, there 's that duck of a what-do-you-call-it, you've just been embroidering for Edith; where could we find excuse for such pretty things, except for the children? And where, without Godey, could you get the patterns? New Year's is the time to kiss your babies, pay your bills, and subscribe for the Lady's Book: the first and the last make a pleasant sandwich for the mustard of the duns between. And now I will set down, amid great applause."

The applause came in loud screams from Edith's cradle. *Exit Author.*

SONNET.

BY KRUNA.

BLEAK wintry winds had bared the shivering trees,
And whirled their brown dead leaves to snow-filled graves;
All summer's treasures locked in secret caves,
I mourning said, and nothing left to please
But winter's ruthless grasp must sternly seize—
When lo! beneath a sheltered bank there waves,
Sweetly unconscious of the storm it braves,
One crimson-lidded daisy—a heart's-ease,
Green-leaved at root, and with a double bloom
Of fair twin flow'rets, to the daisy smiled—
Sweet flowers, ye shall no longer brave the wild,
But sheltered safe with me breathe sweet perfume.
So oft doth God to his dear children say,
"Long have you smiled through storms—come, bloom with me alway."

ALICE B. HAVEN.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned."

In a recent number of the Lady's Book, the death of Alice B. Haven—better known to some of our readers as Alice B. Neal—was announced. In addition to the true and beautiful eulogy uttered then by one who knew how to appreciate not only her genius, but her rare Christian character, it is believed that a brief history of her life will be welcome to the readers of this magazine, who for so many years knew her in connection with its pages. To very many of them, doubtless, the announcement of this death was a shock of grief as well as surprise; for we know that she was held dear, for the sake of her pure, womanly writings, in hearts that knew nothing of her otherwise. For such as these we write, believing that the lesson of a life so rich in all good words and works, will be gladly received, and can hardly fail to be fruitful for good.

"Being dead, she yet speaketh"—oh, how clearly and with what solemn utterance! in the memories of those who beheld her daily life and conversation, and can bear witness how entirely both were consecrated to the service of the Master she "delighted to honor." It is but fitting that through these memories she should "yet speak" to a wider circle than could be reached by her direct personal influence, far-extended and nobly exercised as that was.

The story of her early marriage and widowhood is an old story, perhaps, to many, and yet to many more it may be new. In either case it deserves mention in any sketch of her life, for the secret of much that she accomplished in after years may be traced to the sharp discipline that moulded her character in that period of trial.

Its origin was in a playful assertion of her powers when a young girl at boarding-school. Her companions were familiar with her fancy for authorship, which had found various outlets already, and challenged her to test her ability by sending a story to *Neal's Gazette*, in those days a literary journal of recognized authority. She did not dream—full of wild and romantic dreams as her girlish fancy might have been—what strange consequences were to follow this half careless, half earnest venture of her youthful ambition. Nor did any shadow of the future darken her pride and delight in the reception, flattering beyond all her hopes, which was awarded to her graceful little story. For Mr. Neal's quick and delicate perception recognized at once the genius of the young aspirant, and by his genuine admiration and warm encouragement stimulated her to new and greater efforts.

She became a frequent contributor to the *Gazette*, and a personal correspondence with Mr. Neal followed. This was carried on in the assumed name of *Alice Lee*, and her compositions appeared under the same; so that Mr. Neal believed it to be her own, and did not discover for some time her lawful title to the very different appellation of *Emily Bradley*. The name of "Alice" had become too much endeared to him by this time for him to be willing to exchange it for any other, even the one that belonged to her by familiar household use; and when the correspondence ripened from friendship to love, and ended finally in his seeking the young girl in her quiet home and winning her for his wife, he chose to adopt it entirely. She had assumed it at first from a mere fancy, never dreaming that she was destined to wear it henceforth, to the utter forgetfulness and disuse of her household name. But there was a harmony between it and her that made the graceful title her own by a higher authority than family use or baptismal registers. The mingled strength and sweetness of her character were far better expressed by "that silvery sound," "true omen," indeed, to her, "of a life's long melody." For linked with it, "as words to music," are, oh how many memories! of tender, patient love, of silent self-abnegation, of brave and hopeful effort, of sweet and ever-ready sympathy, of the "pure religion" that is recognized as "undefiled before God and the Father," of gentle wisdom and graceful wit—all the sweet chords that go to make up life's divinest melody!

It was in December, 1846, that the marriage with Mr. Neal took place, and she left her home in Hudson for his in Philadelphia. Up

to this time she had been, as it were, in "leading-strings," carefully guarded and guided by others; but her ability to stand alone was put to the test very soon. Mr. Neal's health, which had not been strong for years, began to fail rapidly. A distressing malady, affecting mind and body alike, gained ground; and the young wife found her married life, from which so much had been anticipated, clouded with heavy care and anxiety almost from the beginning. She did not fail under it, inexperienced and unprepared as she was: her courage rose to meet the emergency, and her unselfish devotion soothed and comforted in untold ways, though it could not avert the final calamity.

Mr. Neal died suddenly in July, 1847, leaving this widowed girl defenceless, and thrown upon her own resources, at the age of nineteen. It was the beginning of a story of toil, self-sacrifice, and endurance, which has few if any equals. Young as she was, she decided at once to assume her husband's editorial duties, and fill his place as far as possible to his widowed mother, who resided with them. The assistance she had already rendered him in his literary labors, and his kind and careful direction of her own powers, made her in spite of her youth competent to undertake the responsible position, as her faithful and conscientious fulfilment of all its requirements fully proved.

But it was nevertheless a heavy burden for those fair young shoulders to bear. The fragile constitution and keenly sensitive temperament, combined with an unusual personal loveliness, seemed ill-adapted for resistance or endurance; yet those who looked to see her faint and fail beneath accumulated difficulties, saw instead the resolute opposition to every encroachment of despair, the steadfast determination—based on her simple reliance in the Source of all strength and courage—to "endure unto the end," and accomplish the work that was given her to do.

Few, even of those who knew her private life intimately, comprehended the trials and struggles, the privations and temptations that she met and overcame. For the natural tendency of her temperament was ease-loving and self-indulgent. She had a keen enjoyment of all beautiful and luxurious things, a taste for social pleasures, and a perfectly natural consciousness of the admiration which her own beauty and vivacity never failed to elicit. Yet with all this to tempt her away from the path of self-denial and sacrifice which she had chosen, the instances in which she swerved from it are few and far between. While they come in troops—the records of self-forgetting labors for others. That one and another might be supplied with needed comforts, she denied herself everything but the simplest necessaries, and much that would have been considered indispensable by a majority of judges. Her dress, her table, the furnishing of her house, every personal surrounding, evinced the same principle of economy in opposition to natural tastes; for in spite of the rigid simplicity enforced, there was about all an air of grace and refinement which was perfectly inseparable from her, and with which everything she touched was at once invested. This subtle attribute was one of her chief charms: those who knew her sufficiently to appreciate the delicate shades of her character will recognize it readily, and remember how all-pervading it was.

But the self-denial which was at first a matter of necessity, soon grew to be a deep and abiding principle. The task of winning subsistence for herself, and others dependent upon her labors, became easier in time, as her unceasing industry met a more fitting recognition and reward. New opportunities opened to her; her growing merit as an author was acknowledged, her contributions sought after, and her work well remunerated. But instead of resting from her labors, or considering, as many would have done, that she had won the right to personal indulgence, increased means with her became only increased occasion for usefulness. The gratification of taste was as resolutely resisted, the daily economies as persistently practised; for always present with her was the remembrance of the "fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed," to be defended and provided for.

It would be difficult to enumerate these labors of love, performed so silently and unostentatiously, and rendered possible only by a perpetual renunciation of her own pleasures. Day by day the little fair hands toiled in concert with the active brain; through weakness, and weariness, and physical pain oftentimes, that would have been abundant reason for idleness with any one else, yet never was such with her while she had strength to wield her pen. And the pecuniary returns

for her toil were portioned out and divided with conscientious care, each to do its appointed work, and all to be accounted for diligently as not her own, but held in stewardship at the Master's will. Any sum appropriated in her own mind to a certain purpose, was considered as spent already; and though it might lie in her hands for months, no temptation or emergency would induce her to touch it until it went upon its own peculiar mission.

This delicate conscientiousness prevailed in everything, in the use of time as well as of money. The old proverb of "a place for everything and everything in its place," was illustrated in its deepest meaning throughout her life. She could never have accomplished, otherwise, one-half of what she was enabled to do; but by adhering to it faithfully, an amount of work was done that seemed incredible sometimes, when one remembered the frail health and slender physical strength that she had always to bear up against. For she was never robust, even in her early youth. Her childhood, from her first remembrance, was a period of physical suffering: the little life was hidden in darkness at intervals, through a disease of the eyes that caused total blindness for weeks and months together; and as she grew older, the natural delicacy of her constitution found its outlets of suffering in prostrating headaches. She could never remember any time when she had been what we call "in perfect health;" and it is easy to imagine the effort it must have cost her, from this cause alone, to keep up always to her own standard.

That she did so "was not of herself, but the gift of God," she would have said. And truly it was only "the gift of God" that could have sustained her as she was sustained, through all things, and crowned her patient, persevering efforts with the blessing that she most desired. "The work of her hands was prospered," in wonderful ways oftentimes. She seldom failed to accomplish what she undertook; for she undertook nothing without thoughtful consideration and earnest prayer. "In all her ways she acknowledged Him," and with a child's simplicity and confidence, believed in and sought for the promised direction of her actions.

"I cannot afford to make mistakes," she said once. "So much depends on my judgment, that I must decide for the best. And I cannot do it of myself, so I ask God to lead me, and show me exactly what to do."

"But that is such an intangible, far-away leading," was objected. "How can one ever be sure of it?"

"He leads me like the blind, sometimes, by a way that I knew not," she said. "But when I have given up my own will in the matter entirely to His, I know that I shall not be left without help. And something always happens to make it plain. I never asked for guidance in vain, and the result in the end always verifies my dependence."

"That is because you have so much faith. There are not many who are gifted in the same way."

"But every one might be," was the answer. "Even Abraham's faith was not of himself, but the gift of God; and I dare say he had to ask for it."

The sweet, arch smile that gave significance to her words, brightens before us still, as we recall them. It is hard to remember that all smiles are faded now; loving lips and tender eyes sealed forever; large heart and busy brain at rest from all their labor. But God be thanked, faith is no longer with her "the substance of things hoped for but not seen." Its full fruition we may faintly imagine—

> "For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
> What must Thy glory be!"

We are tempted to dwell at too great length upon the beauty unfolded in a life like this. Words seem so weak, that we long to repeat instances and recall occasions that will more fitly illustrate the character we seek to portray. But the limits of our sketch forbid such details, and we must hasten to complete the mere outline which is all that may be attempted.

Her widowhood lasted for nearly six years, during which time she resided constantly in Philadelphia, and was a regular contributor to this Magazine, whose publisher was one of her earliest, and never ceased to be one of her warmest and kindest friends. His generous sympathy and encouragement gave her strength in many hours of trial and despondency, and was never wanting in any vicissitude of her after life. There were others also, whose names we forbear to mention, but who know well in what grateful remembrance she always held them, and how to the last the friendship was prized, which had been so tried and proved in the hour of need.

In January, 1853, she was married to Mr. Samuel L. Haven, and exchanged her home in Philadelphia for one in New York. This again was exchanged, a year or two after, for a residence at Mamaroneck, Westchester County; and here she continued to dwell until her death.

This second marriage was the beginning of a new, and in many respects a very different life for her. She found in it a happiness and a satisfaction which had been wanting in the first, in spite of girlish romance and the tender affection with which she had been cherished. The sweet duties of maternity came to her now, for the first time, and childish voices made still more glad the home that had been rich in love and thankfulness before. Her wifehood and motherhood crowned her with a new grace and dignity, and year by year developed new beauty and excellence in a character that was forever progressing in intellectual and spiritual attainment.

The duties and cares of her married and social life, however, did not prevent her from using her pen as diligently as before. The same conscientious appropriation of time which had enabled her to accomplish so much in other circumstances, gave her power to do still more now. Books, stories, poems, editorials, flowed from her facile pen as constantly as if she had no other cares to occupy her. Yet neither household nor social duties were ever defrauded of their proper interest and attention. Her pretty house was kept always in delicate order and neatness; and her husband's evening home-coming welcomed unfailingly by children, whose sweet faces and clean dresses tempted kisses, and a wife, about whom no "blue-stocking" suspicion could ever linger.

We cannot refrain from making a brief comment here—sacred and delicate as the subject is—upon her estimate of wifely duty and responsibility, and her fulfilment of them. The marriage vow of "love, honor, and obedience," was to her no mere form of words, but a binding law enduring as life, strong as death. How entirely, with what sweet submission, and gentle pride, and outflowing, unfailing tenderness, she fulfilled its every requirement, "the heart of her husband," that "safely trusted in her," can make answer. And others, less happy, or less faithful in such relationship, can bear witness, also, in loving remembrance of the gentle counsels as well as the sweet example by which she strove to recommend her own practice. We know of more than one instance in which her influence in this respect has been exerted to good purpose; and it seems only due that this mention should be made of a principle of conduct which is too lightly estimated in these days, we fear, and which was productive of so much benefit to others as well as happiness in her own home.

This, however, was but one of many ways in which her influence was exercised for the good of others. She held that also as a gift of God, a talent to be diligently improved, and account of it rendered; and she never suffered opportunities of its use to pass unnoticed. Innumerable instances might be given, and there are many more of which the only record is in loving, grateful hearts. For no one ever sought sympathy or counsel of her in vain; she was never too engrossed by her own cares and occupations, multiplied and absorbing as they were, to withhold interest from anybody's troubles, or perplexities, or necessities. "All who were afflicted in mind, body, or estate," had claim upon her, so fully recognized and responded to, that the very guiding principle of her life, its theory and its practice, seemed to be explained in the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

She did bear these burdens to the last, even when bowed down by burdens of her own that many would have thought insupportable. For the hard saying that "whom He loveth He chasteneth" was verified through her experience in manifold, oft repeated ways. Mingled with the many joys of her married life was many a sharp and bitter trial of her faith, many a cup of anguish which she was forced to drain to its dregs, for all her pleading cry, "If it be possible, let it pass from me."

Amongst these was the terrible shadow of death and loss, that once more hung threateningly above her. Her husband's ill-health had excited anxious apprehension for a long time; and her worst fears were verified in the winter of 1860, by a violent hemorrhage which brought him to the very verge of death. It was not God's will, however, that she should be left desolate, and Mr. Haven's health was sufficiently restored to enable him to make a journey to Florida, accompanied by her. They spent the winter and early spring there, and he returned greatly invigorated. But the shadow of fear and apprehension hovered

always about her, growing more distinct and tangible again as the second winter approached, and it became apparent that he must leave home once more. It was not practicable for them to go together at this time, and he sailed alone for St. Croix, leaving her to follow him a month after. This voyage, which she undertook in midwinter, entirely unaccompanied, and in a small, uncomfortable sailing vessel, may give some idea of her courage and unselfish devotion. A stranger amongst strangers, a delicate woman going unprotected to an utterly unknown land to meet—she knew not what dreadful possibility on her arrival! We can comprehend in some measure the physical discomfort and weariness, but hardly the hidden apprehension and dread that haunted her in a thousand forms during that tedious voyage; still less the unspeakable joy and relief of the meeting that took place at its end.

But the gain in health and strength for her husband repaid her for all. The winter in Santa Croix benefited him so much that they returned full of hope; and for a time the shadow seemed to be lifted from their heart and home. It came back before long, only now it was the wife, not the husband, for whom the still, small voice was calling. The frail form grew frailer that summer, the little white hands more slender; and the flush that brightened her cheek was belied by the weary look in her eyes. Still it was nothing, she said, and heart and hands intermitted none of their usual labor.

That summer was finished "her beloved life-work, 'The Good Report;'" a book upon which she had been engaged for more than four years, and into which was compressed the best fruit of all she had learned and attained in her life-long spiritual training. It is unpublished yet, for though the actual work was completed at that time, she kept it by her to revise and remodel, as new ideas suggested themselves; and had always, we think, a certain prescience that it would not be given to the world until after her death. Its name will have a deeper significance now than she meant it to have; for the book will truly be "a good report" of the pure and beautiful soul which gave it being.

Various other literary works were accomplished during that year, and more than one "labor of love" whose very remembrance is fruitful still for blessing. One we must chronicle, though, by some strange providence, it seemed suffered to fail of its intended purpose. For years, during her residence in Philadelphia, she was a teacher in the Sunday-school of St. Peter's church. Her marriage and removal to New York separated her from her class, but she never forgot, or ceased to take a loving interest in each member of it. On every subsequent visit to Philadelphia, she would seek out her old pupils, as far as practicable; renewing her old teachings, if only the opportunity for a few words was obtained, with new earnestness and tenderness. And every Sunday afternoon she made a habit of praying for each one of them by name.

In the fall of this year the impulse came to write to each one of them—a simple, affectionate letter of warning and appeal, urging them if they had not already done so, to make up their minds to be truly Christian men and women. Inclosed in each letter was a copy of a prayer, marked "For my Sunday-school class, to put in their Bibles," and written especially for them in the simple and beautiful language which she knew so well how to use. These letters were directed with such knowledge as she could obtain of the different whereabouts of the class, and sent, as we can well believe, with an earnest prayer for God's blessing upon them. But none of them, we believe, reached their destination at all. A number, at least, were returned a long time after, through the dead-letter office, to their writer; and were rescued by the writer of this from a waste-paper basket some weeks ago. Reading them over now, lingering upon the lines traced as we know in weakness and pain, yet so filled with the very spirit of Christ in their fervent and tender appeals, we wonder why it was that some heavenly messenger was not charged to speed them on their errand of love. But God's ways are not as our ways, and the work that He meant them to do will be accomplished in His own good time, we must believe.

In the winter following this fall came the first actual breaking-down, the first acknowledgment that her physical strength was no longer equal to the strain of nerve and brain. An attack of fever, and "pleurisy," so called, prostrated her utterly for a time, and was followed, after a period of partial recovery, by a hemorrhage of the lungs. Life and death trembled in the balance, for a space of unutterable anguish and dread. But her life-work was not yet completed, and "a little longer"

was granted to "the earth-love, growing stronger" as we felt her slipping away from our clinging hold. A milder climate was ordered, and three months in the Bahama Islands worked a seeming miracle. She came back so changed from the frail, spirit-like creature that had departed, that she seemed almost robust; and hope blossomed into new life in the hearts that were so ready to seize upon hope.

Throughout the summer following her return—the summer of 1862—she interested herself chiefly in hospital service, visiting and relieving the sick soldiers quartered at David's Island, near New Rochelle. She had been compelled to discontinue her literary labors since the previous winter, and it was not in her nature to be inactive while there was anything that her hands could find to do. In the summer of 1861, she and other ladies of Mamaroneck had provided and made up with their own hands a large quantity of hospital garments for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. This summer, in co-operation with one or two dear friends, like-minded with herself, she went to minister to them personally; and the sweet face, and soft voice, and gentle hands, were watched and waited for through those weary summer days, by many a poor sufferer to whom her mere presence was balm and healing, as it were, in itself.

An article called "One Day," published in *Harper's Magazine* that autumn, was a simple record of what might be seen and done in one day's hospital experience. It thrilled the hearts of all who read it, especially of far-away soldiers, grouped around camp-fires, reading it aloud to one another, and shedding irrepressible manly tears over its simple, graphic details, so full of vivid interest to men who might at any moment be candidates for similar offices. Many were the testimonials from different quarters of such effects produced by it, and how it stimulated other good and true women to lend their aid and interest to the same object. But it was the instrument of accomplishing a still higher and holier work; for by means of the sum accruing from its publication, she was enabled to print for gratuitous distribution a little tract, which she also wrote that summer, called "In the Hospital." Simple, tender, and earnest, without any dry arguments, or harsh, repelling doctrines, this tiny book was just fitted to reach the attention and touch the hearts of the weary, suffering men who lay in hospital wards, longing for home, and needing just such comforting, helping words. We can imagine how many grateful hearts blessed the unknown author who brought to them this "cup of cold water;" and she, perhaps, ere this, has won her reward in the knowledge that it was as "drops of healing" to some of those neglected "little ones."

In November of this year, 1862, she left her country-home to spend the winter in town with her husband and children. For various reasons it was not considered advisable that she should go to the islands again; and by careful avoidance of exposure it was thought that she could spend the winter in New York to better advantage. For a time her health seemed to improve, and her Christmas and New Year holidays were brightened with hope and happiness. The first of January, 1863, was the tenth anniversary of her marriage, and, as she said, "the sweetest and happiest of all." They did not, would not believe it could be the last.

But she began to fail very soon after this. There was no further hemorrhage, but a most painful and distressing affection of the throat took place; and from this time until death brought release, she had seldom a brief space that was free from suffering. Often acute and extreme, always wearing and wasting—it wrung with anguish the loving hearts that would have died for her, and yet none could bring relief.

In May they returned to their own pleasant home at Mamaroneck—"The Willows." It had been newly repaired and refurnished, and everything was made fresh and beautiful for her. In the house the graceful and luxurious things that she had denied herself all her life, were gathered together for her enjoyment by her husband's tender love; and without, the lovely grounds seemed lovelier than ever in their exquisite spring garniture. In a letter written in June, she says:—

"All my life long I have loved beautiful and dainty things, and have never had an opportunity to indulge the taste; indeed, I had entirely given up the thought, or longing I might call it, till this summer every one conspires to indulge me. The house outside and in, my lovely room, the out-of-door beauty everywhere—I cannot tell you what delight and enjoyment I take in them all."

She did indeed gather much enjoyment out

of that summer, albeit so full of pain and suffering, and destined to be the last summer of her exquisite earth-life.

On the 21st of July her baby-girl was born; and after that it was hoped that her disease would be arrested and health restored. But the little fair child thrived and grew strong, while the mother drooped and failed. There was a brief rallying, the last flashing upward of the wasting flame, when the baby was a few weeks old. But the false hope was too quickly dashed, and a few weeks more found the little new-comer motherless, the household desolate, and life robbed of what seems now its sole treasure, to one who

"Will miss her and go mourning
All his solitary days."

On Wednesday, August 19th, she had been lifted from her bed to a large easy-chair, in which she was accustomed to sit for a little while every day. Resting amongst the soft pillows, wrapped in a Shetland shawl, and her exquisite hands folded across her prayer-book, open at *the Litany*, she never had looked lovelier, it seemed to those who lingered beside her. Her eyes were full of tender light, her cheeks flushed with the hectic that wears such a fatal beauty, and the rich masses of her hair shading her wasted temples, all combined to make up a picture of such exceeding loveliness as will never fade from the memories of those who gazed upon it.

Its sweet repose lasted but for a very brief space. A fit of coughing, or rather an attempt to cough, resulted in a suffocating spasm of the throat; and for a time which none measured—its duration seemed ages rather than moments—the very pangs of death were suffered, in their sharpest form. Wasted and weakened by her long suffering, the physical agony seemed almost to overpower even her faith; and the despairing cry, "I am dying, oh pray that it may be short! O my God, let it be short!" was too full of anguish to be remembered calmly.

Thank God! the prayers were heard: relief was granted, and for a little while she was given back to the love that clung to her so desperately. Through the night following she lay awake much of the time, murmuring repeatedly words of prayer and grateful acknowledgment for the deliverance that had been sent her.

"It was all needed," she said once, "every pang. But I was so weak, I thought I could not bear it. God was better than I deserved. He has spared my life."

Another time she asked, in a half-wandering way, waking from a brief sleep—

"Do you believe there is really a God, who is our Father? who loves us, and cares about us always?"

"I do not believe, *I know*," was the answer. "And so do you, Alice. No one knows it so well as you."

"Oh, yes, surely!" she exclaimed, with a lovely smile, consciousness and memory flashing back. "*The everlasting arms*—they are bearing me upward now!"

Bending over her at another time, in the darkness, one who watched heard her whisper, "I thank thee, O my Heavenly Father, for all Thy dear love. I thank Thee for my precious husband and my dear children; *I thank Thee for all my agonizing suffering.*"

Three days more were all that remained of life or suffering to her, and of the latter it pleased God to spare her much. She slept, or was unconscious a great deal of the time, mind and body growing weaker together, as her feet drew nearer the brink of the Dark River. On Saturday, towards nightfall, the Death angel made his presence felt in the shadowy room. But he came gently, not with pain or terror. The anguish of that extreme hour was all for those who watched the failing breath and fading eyes, not for her in whom the awful change was taking place in such serene silence. No further agony of the wasted frame and weary spirit was allowed; and hour after hour stole softly by, while the calm sweetness of her rest was undisturbed by any passing pain. The murmured words that dropped from lips half unconscious, told only of love and happiness; and while the solemn shadow of that unseen Mystery brooded above, the heavenly light of "the peace that passeth all understanding," made her face "as it were the face of an angel."

None of those who stood by that death-bed will ever forget its holy serenity, least of all the ineffable beauty of that supreme moment which marked—

"The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes."

No words could picture the sudden rapture that illuminated the whole countenance, flashed out from eyes we had thought closed in slumber, gleamed across lips that seemed sealed from smiling forever more. It was as

though the realization of what "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," was revealed in one unutterable vision. The tear-blinded eyes fixed upon hers, might not behold what she beheld, but they saw its glory reflected for one brief moment, never to be forgotten till the veil of this mortality is withdrawn, and we also behold "The King in His beauty."

One word more we must claim, for a passing glimpse at the funeral services, rendered with beauty and harmony rarely witnessed. In the simple village church, before the altar where she had knelt for so many years, they laid the polished casket that held all that remained of a jewel too precious for our keeping. Rare flowers—only less exquisite than the face they circled, the hands in which they were clasped—were heaped about it in lavish loveliness; for friends and neighbors had vied with one another to adorn her death, even as they had done to gladden her life, with these sweet tokens of their reverent love. One fair hand held sprigs of heliotrope and violets, placed there by the little fingers of her children, but the other clasped, lying upon her breast, a cross of snow-white, fragrant roses. All her life long she had clung "simply to Thy cross;" it was fitting that she should hold the frail emblem in death, as all felt when that sweetest of hymns, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," swelled through the church in its soft, heavenly minors.

Seldom, at any funeral, have been gathered so many, brought together by one sincere impulse of love and sympathy. In the throng of earnest faces, not one careless or indifferent gazer could be seen; young and old, rich and poor, met together in a common sorrow, for all in the parish counted her as a friend. And the tears that rained from so many eyes, the sobs that shook even manly breasts, as they drew near for one last look at the placid face, bore witness to the universal love and reverence she had inspired.

The pastor who had baptized her children, one after another, and broken the "bread of life" to her, kneeling at those same chancel rails by which her coffin stood, read now the solemn, beautiful burial-service above her head. And one who had a still nearer and dearer right to share in this sacred office, spoke the fitting and expressive eulogy, which will be remembered long, for its eloquence and unutterable tenderness, as well as its deep truthfulness to her character, by all who were present.

We are fain to linger over this closing scene, beautiful beyond any idea that our poor words have given; inasmuch as it was in perfect harmony with a life whose beauty has been rarely equalled. But our loving task must be brought to a close, imperfectly, faintly fulfilled as it has been.

We have said little concerning her writings, but that was scarcely needed, for those who through so many years were familiar with her varied powers as a story-teller. Any one who has read "Margaret's Home," "Incompatibility of Temper," "Carriage Friends," "Renting a Furnished House," and numberless others that have enriched the pages of the Lady's Book, will need no elaborate criticism to make him understand the grace and spirit, as well as the rare fidelity to human nature, and sympathy with human feeling, that all her writings display. Few have written so well who have written so much, and on such varied themes. But she did nothing carelessly, or simply for its pecuniary recompense. She wrote rapidly, but conscientiously always; with an honest purpose to do justice to her own talents, intellectually as well as morally and spiritually.

Her books for children are amongst the very best that our literature can produce, and will bear comparison with the standard works of English juvenile writers. Her "Home Books," a series of seven or eight volumes, published by the Appletons, under proverbial titles, are all admirable; full of graphic and natural incident, and teaching the purest moral lessons. One of them, "Patient Waiting no Loss," is one of the sweetest books for children we have ever read; full of the truest pathos and fidelity to childish nature. Yet charming as it is, it was written in a space *of three weeks*, during a visit in Virginia, and under varied disadvantages that any author could appreciate. It has been reprinted in England, together, we believe, with others of the series.

The "Helen Morton" books, in three volumes, published by the "Church Book Society," are equally lovely. They have also published "Pictures from the Bible," and "Charlie Hope."

"Margaret's Home" and "The Coopers," are books for older readers; and combine with graphic incident and a ready, graphic wit,

which was a prominent characteristic, the earnest teachings that she always strove to infuse in everything she wrote. Her contributions to various periodicals, in the shape of poems, sketches, and stories, are too numerous to mention. It is intended to collect some of these into volumes; a preservation of which they are well worthy. Her poems especially, spirited and tender, full of thought as well as of graceful expression, deserve a more permanent and general appreciation than they have obtained, scattered as they have been here and there, unclaimed and uncredited in many instances.

The task of collecting and arranging such memorials will be shared by various loving hands, that will find a sad satisfaction in performing this last service for one so deeply loved and mourned. An extended biography is also in contemplation, which will contain extracts from her abundant letters and journals, that illustrate even more fully than her published writings the breadth and richness of her mind and character.

In concluding this incomplete sketch, we can enforce in no better way what seems to us to have been the lesson of the life of ALICE B. HAVEN, than by repeating the words so often uttered by her own lips, and graven now upon the pure marble cross that rises above her grave:—

"*Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*"

DIARIES.

HAVING for many years kept a diary, and having found it useful in more ways than one, we are induced to recommend the practice to those who have never tried it. Its use as a remembrancer is obvious. A good memory is not everybody's property, but a diary, which is often an efficient substitute, is within the reach of all, and if regularly written up each evening or morning demands but little time or trouble. The entry in a diary is authoritative, where a mere recollection might be disputed; and we believe it is admitted as evidence in law, as we sometimes read of cases in which an appeal is made to its pages. When some years have passed, with the changes that time never fails to bring, there is a peculiar pleasure in looking over the leaves of an old diary, recalling scenes and incidents which had nearly passed from the memory, but which spring again into being as we glance over the record. However slender the outline, it serves to recall the events, and memory finds then little difficulty in filling up the sketch. It may be, indeed, that there is something sad in many of these resuscitations; but it is undoubtedly true that there is a pleasure in sadness where the cause is remote, where the degree is slight, and where it can be dismissed from the mind if desired. But, besides being a record of events useful for reference and interesting to look back upon, we have often thought that one benefit of keeping a diary is the influence it exercises over one's daily doings. If it faithfully records, as it should, whatever we do, it is sometimes a salutary check upon our actions to remember that they must be set down that evening in black and white; and the sense of waste of time is rarely stronger than when, pen in hand, we can recall nothing worthy of record among the occupations of the day. There is a feeling akin to that of the emperor of old, when he exclaimed: "I have lost a day." It impresses one with the want of results when the doings of many hours will not fill a few lines, while it is a real source of satisfaction when we note the successful accomplishment of some useful object, or some worthy project pushed on nearer to its end.

LOVE WITHIN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

WITHOUT, the world is white with snow,
And polar quiet reigns;
Ice crusts the gaunt and leafless trees,
And glitters on the plains;
The river glides on still and slow,
Bridged o'er by piers of pearl;
And upward from the intervals
The fleecy frost-wreaths curl.

The moon gleams out, a frozen lamp,
Hung grandly up on high;
There is a thrill of vague unrest
About the solemn sky;
The stars look down—pale, far away,
In misty doubt they seem—
Like the gold gleams that sometimes light
The vagaries of a dream.

'Tis cold without, but warm within,
Here by the hearth's red glow;
With home and love we little care
For cold, and ice, and snow;
So long as dear hands clasp our own,
And royal love is ours—
Though winter holds his court without,
Within are summer's flowers.

THE YOUNG ARTIST: A TABLEAU PICTURE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

(*See Steel Plate.*)

It lies before me now, this story of a man's trials and a woman's love, in a confused mass of papers, letters; pages from journals, with sometimes a break where hearts were too sad to write the record, and there my memory must tell from its own collection of odds and ends, the story as it lay before me. First, then, from my pile of papers I draw some loose leaves from Margaretta's diary. Let our noble artist cousin tell her own story:

Feb. 18, 18—.

Too wakeful for even a pretence of sleep, I leave my bed to come to you, my old friend and confidant. I have neglected you shamefully, dear journal, in my dream of happiness, my busy labor of love, that has filled the past months, but now, when my cup of joy seems full, and my heart trembles over its own content, let me write the record of the blank pages.

Turning the leaves one after another to discover the date of my last entry, I find each one filled with the hope, the longing aspirations of my whole life; I find there recorded the labor, the failures, the partial successes, the discouragements, the perseverance that have led me through the hard study, the nights of wakeful hope, upward and onward, till I stand now on the pinnacle my prayers have so long pointed out, and am acknowledged an artist. My dear uncle, whose kindness has so long encouraged me, and placed before me every facility for study and success, has to-night given me the publicity that must make the starting-point for every aspirant for fame.

I have written already of my dear cousin, Amy, the heiress of my uncle's wealth, the darling of his house. When, two years ago, my uncle brought me from my country home, from my father's grave, he knew the aim of my life. He knew that from my childhood my father had trained my hand and eye to learn his own profession. How from the hour when, seated on his knee, he had guided my hand over the paper to make curves and lines of beauty, till the sad day when he wearily laid aside his brush for the last time, it had been his dream and mine that I should take the place of the boy, whose blue eyes closed in babyhood to sleep beside his mother's grave, and carry down to posterity the artist's name.

I had begun to fear that this hope was a vain one, to see in my efforts only dead figures when I had aimed at lifelike representations when my pencil was guided and gilded by a new hope.

I have never written of James Gordon, never put down even on your pages the history of our friendship. Only five short months have passed since my uncle first brought him home, yet he has become to me dearer than those around me, who have made my life pleasant for two years. I am not ungrateful, but God has placed one spot in a woman's heart that only one voice can stir to life, one love bind fast forever. I scarcely know where or how I began to love him. Amy, whose fair face is usually the magnet for our gentlemen visitors, sits shy and silent when *he* is here, seldom singing for him, seldom conversing with him, so he turns to me, to pour forth for me the treasures of his grand intellect; to stir my heart with his sympathy in my artist dreams; to meet my cravings for understanding advice, by some subtle knowledge of the want; to draw my soul to his feet by his noble nature, revealed in every word and action. He never speaks of love, has never pressed my hand, or clasped my waist; yet I feel that he comes to me for sympathy and friendship that I alone can give him. It was James who first suggested to my uncle the plan that was perfected this evening.

I have been for several weeks engaged in painting Amy's portrait, a birth-day gift for her uncle. Every day while my pencil was so occupied, James has come to the room I call my studio, to praise or criticize, and linger hour after hour telling us of himself, his travels, his early life; painting for me the similarity of our childhood, for he too is an only child, and motherless. His love for his father is almost idolatry, and as his eloquent praise of him falls on my ear, I can believe

his father all he paints him, looking at the handsome face where every virtue he portrays has set its seal. At last the picture was finished, and put in the parlor for criticism, and then James suggested exhibiting it more publicly for our numerous friends and visitors. He proposed to have a tableau party, I to arrange every scene, with, for the final one, the "Tableau Picture" of the painting of Amy's portrait. She had chosen a dress of the last century with a wreath of jasmine on her fair waving hair, and James insisted that the likeness would be much more striking thus brought into notice than with the portrait contrasted by visitors with Amy's every-day dress.

All has succeeded to our wishes. The tableaux were much admired, and the final one met warm applause. Amy, in her piquant dress, looked lovely, and the portrait on the easel met with unanimous approval. The days of planning when James, Amy, and I have arranged and rearranged every position and scene, are over now, and I sit here with the gray dawn just peeping in at my window, to chronicle my happiness, and mark my approval of this sleepless night.

Feb. 28, 18—

Only ten days since I wrote from my full happy heart, and again I come to you, my journal, to pen with a weary hand and a sad heart, my farewell to this home made so happy by love. I am going to Italy. An old friend of my father's, whose wife is recommended to travel there in search of health, has offered me the advantage of studying there for three years, and to-morrow we sail. One month ago, my whole being would have been filled with ecstasy at such a prospect; now I can only realize the parting from home, Amy, and—ah, it must be written, from James! Had he spoken but one word, I would not leave, even for the fulfilment of my life's hopes, but he has gone away for a month, and in his parting from me, not one word fell from him that my love could construe into a return of its passion. Calmly and gently, with a brotherly interest in my plans and hopes, he bade me farewell, for three long years, with no more emotion than a dear friend would show at such parting.

He does not love me! I have let my own vanity lead me a wild dance of visionary dreams and hopes, and the goal to which it has brought me is the bitter shame of a woman's heart over unrequited, unsought love! Better for me, now, to carry my misery far from this happy home, and in the search for perfection in my art—learn to forget.

Next in my pile of reference, I find a daintily written letter on the thin paper used for foreign correspondence, and directed: "Miss Margaretta Seymore, care of John Reynolds, Esq., Florence—Italy," and opening this, I find another page from a woman's heart.

DEAR RETTA: You have been now, for so long a time, my confidante in every little secret that a young girl admits in her heart, that I must write to you first, of my joyful prospects. Lying before me on the paper, where I can see it while I write, is my left hand, and on the second finger, just where he placed it yesterday, is my engagement ring, a cluster of blue stones forming a forget-me-not, with a great diamond dew-drop in the centre. You will ask me who he is, and will I know rejoice when I tell you he is your old hero, as well as mine, James Gordon.

I had thought, though I blush now to think how blind I was, that he loved you, Retta; his words were always for you, though he tells me now of little positions and actions of mine, that prove how closely he was watching me, even then. Do you remember how he haunted the studio when you were painting my portrait? How he criticized and altered every fold and attitude, and how warmly he praised at last? He loved me then, Retta, when I was half jealously wondering if anybody would ever take as much interest in my actions as he took in yours. Did you see his love? He says you must have marked it even then, though I was so blind, for that your praises of your little cousin were the sweetest music your voice ever made.

After you sailed, he came here as usual, conquering the shyness that had ever made him engage a third person in conversation, and began to teach me that his voice and step, his praise and love were the dearest of earthly pleasures to me. I was an apt scholar, for no one could see his modest dignity, his cultivated intellect, his warm, generous heart laid at their feet, suing for love, and not feel glad and honored to give it from their inmost heart. I have been a gay, laughing girl, Retta, but his wife shall be worthy of his noble nature.

His father called upon me to-day. I was prepared, having heard him speak so warmly and lovingly of him, to meet a genial man, who would be second only to my own dear father in my love, but I found him grave, taciturn, and almost stern. Looking from his height (he is as tall as James) down upon me, he seemed wondering what his son found to love; and when he spoke, it was with a strange, cold reserve that chilled me instantly. With father he was more cordial, and spoke more freely of his pleasure in his son's prospects. I did not know until father told me to-day that he is one of the richest men in the city; one of those fortunate and rarely found speculators, whose touch turns every scheme into gold, and whose name at the head of a company or fund was the guarantee for success and the sale of the shares. James will be heir to all his wealth; yet I am glad I did not know this before. I would not wish to have my choice influenced in the most remote degree by mere money. Honor, goodness, an unstained name, and a loving heart, these constitute the wealth I ask from my husband's hand, and these he offers me.

We are to be married very soon, Retta, at Christmas, and now I come to the very cream of my letter. We are to travel in Europe, and I need scarcely say that our first trip will be to Florence to seek Retta Seymour, the distinguished artist that is to be. James wants to see your last improvements, and I want to feel your kisses on my lips, and hear your cordial, loving voice again. Mother says I have been cross ever since you left, but that is a slander; I have only been, as the nurses say, "wearying" after you. Tell Mrs. Reynolds I have a famous scheme for tempting her nurse from her, and bid her get her roses all in order to welcome me. Hark! There is the voice I shall soon promise to obey, pleading for me to stop scribbling and come down to him; so I shall close this long letter, wishing your heart may always bound to as joyful a tune as your cousin AMY'S.

September, 18—.

And now I search in vain for any record of the dark time that followed this happy autumn, and must trust my memory to paint the record.

Memory paints for me a winter scene, with the snow lying in heavy masses over a long country road in a county in Pennsylvania. The houses are few and far between, the wind blows a fearful gale, scattering the falling snow into the wildest dance of winter. Down the wide road, plunging into the heavy snow drifts, buffeting the wind as it meets him, with a strong muscular frame, comes a man clad in the poorest dress of the laboring class; when the wind goes down with the deceitful lull in which it gathers its force, this man's arms fall at his side, his face is bowed low on his breast, and his step lags wearily over the road; but as the storm rouses again his physical resistance, he throws back his head, lets his broad chest meet the blast, and stands erect and manly battling the elements. As he passes the white house, just visible in the gathering twilight, he pauses, turns irresolute, facing the road again, but at last opens the gate and gains the door of the farm kitchen.

Leaving him there, look inside! The shutters are all drawn in close, and the blazing fire gives light enough for the dame's knitting and the good man's nut cracking. A good-natured, fat, homelike couple, Farmer Schmidt and his frau, who have lived on this little farm since they left the old country nearly fifty years before, and who have prospered, as they deserved, in all their undertakings.

"Is that some one at the door?" said the frau, pausing in her knitting to listen. She spoke in German, and her husband in the same tongue replied:—

"Knocking! Everybody is asleep this stormy night, Jeannette. Knocking, indeed!"

But it was knocking, and two or three strong decisive blows convinced the good man of the fact. With a hospitable desire to draw the visitor, whoever he might be, from the storm outside to the genial firelight, he opened the door to admit the man who had battled the storm throughout the long day.

"Can I rest here for an hour?" he asked, wearily.

"If you leaves dis house dis night"—began the farmer, when his visitor interrupted him, speaking the tongue of his fatherland.

"Thank you! I am very weary, and have been out in the storm all day."

"You are a German."

"No, but I have lived in Germany."

The door was bolted with so decided a determination to let no one out, that the pale weary face of the intruder lighted with a grateful smile. The frau, everybody called

her so, bustled about till a supper stood smoking before the traveller, who had meantime been talking to his host of Germany, her customs, her cities, his own native town, and showing a familiarity with the spots so dear to the old man's memory that the tears stood in his eyes.

It was scarcely upon record that the worthy couple had sat up after eight o'clock on a winter's evening, but the old clock on the mantel had struck midnight when they bid their visitor good-night at the door of the little room where he was to sleep.

To see some one who had left their old home only two years before. To hear of the changes of some localities, to recognize in his vivid descriptions the unaltered aspect of other spots, to hear the language of home in the sonorous musical voice of youth, and be carried back over the fifty intervening years, this was happiness enough to keep the old couple awake even after they tried to sleep. The next day, frankly and humbly, the visitor asked for work. He told them that he was not expert in farm service, but that he would serve them faithfully and study to please them. His pale, sad face, his earnestness, and, above all, his German, secured him in their favor, and he was not only permitted but urged to stay.

In the long winter evenings as he sat near the fire sorting seeds, or mending the tools for the farm, the old German gave him theoretical instructions about sowing and reaping, the time for planting each seed for crop, the advantages or disadvantages of ground and situation, and finding him so apt a pupil poured forth for him the experiences of his long life of farming, well repaid by some anecdote of his old home, or some legend told in his own language.

All the long days the new hand, Karl, worked with the farm servants, pale and sad, making no friends, avoiding rather than seeking notice; all the long night, weary and yet restless, the pale face set with some heavy sorrow, bore the impress of suffering in sleep, or waking quivered with sighs from an overburdened heart. Only in the evening, with the old couple, would the eyes lose their gloomy light, or the voice its patient weariness.

Spring opened, and the frau died. The old man, pining for her, resolved to recross the ocean and die at home. He first looked for a place for Karl, and the young farmer was sent on trial to the great man of the village near, Marston Loring. Here he worked as before, patiently and faithfully, drawing his wages on Saturday, sleeping over the stable in the loft set aside for the workmen, making no friends, and striving to do well his daily task of stern manual labor. Looking into his face, you could see that round the high forehead the dark hair was threading with silver, the face, sunbrowned and healthy, was drawn in deep lines under the eyes; the large dark eyes had a mournful sternness in their depths, and the lips were closed with a firm resolute expression that told of bitter sorrow subdued by a man's strong will, the heavy dark moustache and beard shading them, being marked by the same lines of silver that have set their seal upon his hair.

He was in the hay field mowing with the long sweeping strokes of a strong arm, and watching the heavy grain falling beneath his strokes, the summer sun falling on his face, when the loud voice of the overseer called him:—

"Karl!"

He had passed for a German, a *protégé* of Schmidt, on the farm, and his reserve had been attributed in a measure to his supposed foreign tongue.

"Karl!"

He threw down his scythe and came across the field to answer the call.

"Mr. Loring wants to speak to you in the library."

"To me?" questioned Karl, shrinking back.

The man eyed him keenly, suspiciously for a moment, then said, shortly—

"Yes, to *you*."

There was no denial to the summons; but the cloud deepened on the sunbrowned face, and the old slouching step took the place of his recent erect walk, as he went slowly toward the house. Twice he turned half round, as if he would flee from the place, then setting his lips together sternly, he strode forward and reached the house. To have studied his face, an observer would have thought that he dreaded some fearful blow, some crushing sorrow in the coming interview, but when he stood facing his master, the mighty business was simply—

"Karl, the coachman has sprained his wrist, and I am expecting visitors by to-day's train from Philadelphia. Can you drive to meet them?"

A long sigh of relief preceded the "Yes, sir;" but the face clouded again, as Mr. Loring said, in German—

"I have been wont for many years to call my laborers my friends, and there is scarcely one among them but makes me the confidant of his troubles. I have been remiss that I have not spoken to you sooner, seeing your grief, but I have waited, not wishing to *intrude* upon your sorrow, hoping you would come to me. Can I not aid you in any way?"

The stern lip quivered, as Karl answered: "Thank you! No one can aid me."

"I have studied your face when you little thought you were watched, Karl; shall I tell you what I read there?"

He only bowed.

"Sorrow such as but few men can know and live, some crushing calamity that has turned your youth to age, and darkened your life; but there is no sin. I have seen you kneeling to pray, with as pure and sinless a face as a little child's. I have seen the words from the pulpit break up your enforced sternness, and a great peace settle on your face. I read no harsh judgment, no cynic's satirical musings in your expression; you are in sorrow, but you have no guilt on your soul."

"Spare me! Do not watch me, sir! I can tell no man my trouble!"

"You are homesick, too!"

"Oh, so bitterly homesick!"—and the wail in the voice moved the questioner as if he had seen his servant weep.

"I see you cannot admit me to your confidence yet; but promise me to think of me as a *friend*, and if you can at any time break this reserve, you will come to me as to a father."

A strong shudder shook Karl's frame, but he gave the promise. Turning to leave the room he reeled as from a blow, and with a white face and shuddering figure he caught at the nearest chair. Attributing his emotions to their conversation Mr. Loring insisted upon his seating himself, and went to get him wine. Scarcely had the door closed, when Karl was on his feet, gazing with hungry eyes, and his figure raised longingly at a picture that hung before it. All the stern expression had vanished, the gloom was broken, only the light of unutterable, unalterable love shone on his face as he looked, seeming to fairly devour the picture with his eyes.

The click of the door roused him from his stolen ecstasy, and as he entered the room, Mr. Loring found his "man" pale and impenetrable as ever, standing, hat in hand, ready to go.

"Drive round for me at three o'clock, Karl; I will go to the depot with you. And by the way, Karl, suppose you put on your best suit; there are ladies coming."

"Ladies?"

"My nieces."

Another question was near Karl's lips, but he kept it back, and bowing, went out.

The ride home from the depot brought to Karl's face so strange a look of desperation, so heart-breaking and bitter an anguish that Mr. Loring started as it met his eye.

The next day when the men gathered to their daily work Karl was gone. Various speculations were rife. He was too proud to drive the carriage; he had stolen something; Mr. Loring had dismissed him the day before; and the master himself feared that his well-meant conversation had deprived him of his mysterious servant.

In the meantime, where was Karl? All day he was hiding in the barn of Schmidt's still vacant farm, all night he was prowling around Mr. Loring's house. Crouching under the windows, stealing near the porch, listening for the faintest sound of one voice, watching for one pale face, hungering and thirsting for the happiness once in his grasp, now gone from him.

And one evening as he so watched and waited, this was what he heard. He was hidden in the deep foliage at the back of a little summer house, and Mr. Loring with his nieces was inside, when the old man said:—

"And now, my darling, tell me what has made my little girl so pale and sad since I saw her last!"

His little girl was sitting close beside him, her head on his breast, her pale cheeks under his caressing hand, when she answered, and peering through the foliage Karl's large eyes rested on her face.

"You were away, dear uncle, when my father gave his consent to my marriage, and never knew that I was to have been a bride last winter. My promised husband was the noblest and best man that ever lived. You smile, and I know you are thinking this is every loving woman's boast, but from me it is only justice to him. It wanted but two weeks to our marriage when my preparations were nearly all made, and I was dreaming as girls

will of perfect happiness, when—when—" The white lips quivered and were still, but another voice took up the story.

"His father was discovered to have committed forgeries to a vast amount, to be engaged in numerous swindling companies, and was arrested, tried, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, but committed suicide on the night of his conviction."

Again the first voice, now infinitely tender in its tone, spoke:—

"He was with him from the hour of his arrest until his death. His own noble, pure nature was pitiful to the father who, with all his faults, loved him, and he could take the sin hardened soul close to his own to comfort and protect it. No scorn of the world could win him from this allegiance, but when his father died he fled, leaving me to bear my sorrow alone. He wrote to me, such manly honorable words as commanded my respect with all my grief, and gave back the promise he had won in happier days. Oh, he little knew the love he threw aside. For him, with him, I could brave even shame; without him, I am dying."

"My darling, he was right. What else could a man of honor do?"

It was the other voice that answered:—

"Live down the shame that is not his own, only his heritage. Prove to the world that he is noble, pure, and true, spite of his name of shame, and save the life of the woman who loves him."

In the doorway, his heavy waving hair thrown back from his broad forehead, his form erect, and his eyes lighted by an infinite tenderness, stood Karl. Half angry at the interruption, Mr. Loring put his niece from him, and arose, but, unheeding him, the young man spoke, only one word:—

"Amy!"

With a cry of mingled surprise, joy, and hesitation, she sprang to meet him. A long, searching look into his face, and she was sobbing in his arms, while Margaretta stood pale and half fainting, leaning heavily on the side of the arbor.

For a moment no sound was heard but Amy's weeping, then James Gordon spoke:—

"You are right, Retta, our noble, brave cousin. It was cowardly to desert Amy, to flee from my place. I *will* return, *will* live down my father's fault, *will* win a place my wife need not blush to share."

It was a hard, hard task to answer him, but Retta's voice was clear and calm, as she said:—

"And I will keep her for you, James, till you come to claim her. She has been true and loving through your cruel silence, she will be faithful, knowing that you are working for her."

Silently Mr. Loring led the way to the library, and there, facing Retta's portrait of Amy, which her father had sent to her uncle, they talked of the six months of separation, and planned their future.

There were cold looks to meet the forger's son when he returned to his old place, but there were also warm hearts to welcome him, hands stretched out to aid him in his manly course of facing his trouble, kindly voices to cheer him, as he toiled upward and onward. Fifteen long years it took to clear away the debts that were against his father's name, but when at last a middle aged man, with hair prematurely gray, but with honest soul-lit eyes, and a name freed from its inherited ignominy by its own honor, he claimed his wife, it was Retta who put Amy's hand in his, Retta who was her cousin's bridesmaid, Retta whose clear voice, gentle manner, and bright face make her now their most welcome visitor.

AFFECTATION.

Affectation is an artificial garb assumed by those who make pretensions to qualities which they do not possess. This evil propensity, for such we unhesitatingly designate it, has, alas, a deep and wide-spreading influence. From the sublime subject of religion down to the slightest punctilio of deportment, what is there in any way noble, "lovely, or of good report," that affectation is not impudent enough to counterfeit? But happily for the interests of simplicity and truth, the counterfeit is as different from the reality as the paltry tinsel from the pure and solid gold, and though the one may glitter and dazzle for awhile, yet the other only will stand the test of time and trial. The triumph of hypocrisy is short, and even when at its highest glory the flimsy disguise reveals more than it conceals. But this is a fact of which those who wear the mask are probably not cognizant; for had they the power "to see themselves as others see them," they would cast the disguise aside. This idea is eminently suggestive of the source from which affectation springs, namely, a heart

that has never been subjected to the scrutinizing process of self-examination. Hence we shall find that an affected person is invariably a self-ignorant person, and one who possesses a mean mind.

The kinds of affectation, as before hinted, are both many and various. There is the affectation of piety, of mental endowments and acquisitions, and of benevolent and sympathizing feelings. The Pharisees in the time of our Saviour were remarkable instances of the affectation of piety; the fair display they made well nigh deceived their fellow men; but He who looketh at the heart and not at the outward appearance, penetrated their real characters at a glance, and rewarded them with that severe and open censure which their base deceit so richly merited.

In the ranks of literature, too, we shall find many pretenders, yes, many who, in order to gratify their desire of shining, provide a fund of witty sayings or learned observations and remarks, which they do not scruple to pass off as original. Such persons resemble the gamester who plays for more than he is worth. Then again there are the finer feelings of our nature, amiable and beautiful as they are when perfectly natural, but when dissembled, how odious and contemptible! yet the instances of deception in this phase of our subject, are, sad to say, not at all uncommon. We know there are many who, at the recital of a tale of distress, can assume an air of the tenderest sympathy, when the real feeling of their hearts is utter indifference; these hollow sympathizers find little difficulty in obeying the apostolic injunction, they can readily "weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice."

It is indeed melancholy to reflect upon the universality of this principle of deceit; we can hardly be too severe if we take up the grave poet's strain, and say: "The world 's all title-page; there 's no contents:" so much is fashionable society disfigured by the masker's presence. But surely genuine politeness does not need such baseless aid; *that* should flow as the heart dictates and as Nature teaches; and Nature knows no affectation, but a charming and unstudied simplicity is seen in all her works. Let us endeavor to copy her, for she is the standard of perfection, and only so far can we hope to advance toward true excellence as we approximate to her likeness.

"OUR MOTHER."

BY MARY N. KIRKE DILWORTH.

Oh, many lips are saying this,
Mid falling tears to-day;
And many hearts are aching sore,
Our mother 's passed away;
We watched her fading year by year,
As they went slowly by,
But cast far from us e'en the fear
That she could ever die.

She seemed so good, so pure, so true
To our admiring eyes,
We never dreamed this glorious fruit
Was ripening for the skies;
And when at last the death-stroke came,
So swift, so sure, so true,
The hearts that held her here so fast,
Were almost broken too.

We robed her in familiar dress,
We smoothed her gray hair down,
Gave one last kiss—then laid her 'mid
The autumn leaves so brown:
Then each took up the broken thread
Of life and all its cares,
How sad the heart 'mid daily tasks,
We miss our mother's prayers.

We ne'er shall know from what dark paths
They may have kept our feet;
Yet holy will their influence be
While each fond heart shall beat:
And as we tread the thorny way,
Which her dear feet have trod,
Ever shall feel our mother's prayers
Leading us up to God.

And for the *one* still left to us—
Our *Father*, aged and lone,
Who hears perhaps by night and day
The old familiar tone,
We 'll gather closer round him now,
To guard from every ill,
As near the darksome river side,
He waits a higher will.

And when the storms of sorrow come
To each bereavéd heart,
Let Faith glance upward to the home
Where we shall never part:
Where *one* awaits with loving eyes
To see her children come,
As one by one we cross the flood
And reach our heavenly home.

Unsociable Tempers.—Unsociable tempers are contracted in solitude, which will in the end not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better by flying from or quarrelling with them.

ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS," "THE RASHER FAMILY," ETC.

Mr. Oliver Griggs came suddenly to a resolution long-deferred, and in order to strengthen it, he pushed his breakfast away from him, and going to his dressing mirror, took a careful survey of the pleasant reflection which he met there. Apparently, the review was satisfactory, for when he turned away it was with a gentle, satisfied smile. When he went back to his coffee, it was cold; but that did not matter—he had lost his appetite—the gentle stimulus of his resolve pervaded his frame, preventing the need of any other. Leaning back in his chair, he put his feet on the table and continued his reverie.

While he is indulging in this placid employment let us find out who he is, and what it is that he is so seriously resolved upon. Briefly, then, to the world he is known as Mr. Griggs, a hardware-merchant, recently retired from business with a competency of perhaps sixy thousand dollars, of unimpeachable integrity, good social standing, a round face, a head slightly bald, neat clothes, and a supposed confirmed old bachelor. This is about the idea he presents to the majority of his acquaintance; but we are destined to know him more intimately, to learn to read every emotion of the heart which throbs within that lilac waistcoat, and to revere the excellent qualities of an individual whose slight misfortunes we pity, even when constrained to smile at them.

"I never felt as I did last night, never!" murmured Mr. Griggs, taking his feet down from the breakfast table, and pacing hurriedly, considering the warm state of the weather, to and fro across the floor, stealing a glance at himself each time that he passed the mirror. "I do believe it was that baby's blue ribbons that did it!"

He had made up his mind to get married; and as he had lived forty-three years before coming to this conclusion, it is no wonder that he was slightly agitated, so that his flowered cashmere dressing-gown streamed out wildly behind him, and his round face grew rosy with the warm resolution and warmer exercise—for Mr. Griggs was only five feet five, and rather fleshy, so that an excited promenade like this flushed him up considerably.

What had brought him to this frame of mind it would be impossible to tell. The previous evening, while spending an hour in the private parlor of a young married pair who boarded at the same house with him, he had suddenly felt lost and lonely, and as if he needed somebody to take care of him—albeit, his landlady took that kind and tender thought for his comfort, that only a smart widow of thirty-five can take for a gentlemanly, desirable, ready-pay single gentleman. Whether it was the sight of the baby, with its blue shoulder-knots, crowing in the arms of its smiling mamma, whether it was Fred's devoted air to his wife, or whether it was the effect of a slight headache with lobster-salad, no one will ever know; *something* awoke the Rip-Van-Winkle sleep of his affections, and he went to bed and awoke firmly resolved upon the step we have mentioned. Our own solution of the problem is, that all these various causes combined with still another more prominent one.

At this time he had been out of business about six months. Wearied with twenty years' faithful devotion to the firm of Higgins & Griggs, he had resolved to retire, and enjoy, modestly and prudently, the competency which he had acquired; he had therefore sold out his share of the concern to a Mr. Biggs, had shaken off the shackles of the hardware business, unbound himself from its chains, cut the ties which held him to it, as it were, with one of his own knives; and the consequences were that for a long time he felt com-

pletely unhinged, and had like to have been the butt of his own fortune. For after a man has been, the better part of his life, in the steady routine of a flourishing business, spending so many hours each day in his warerooms and at his books, he cannot, all at once, become a gentleman of leisure, without experiencing the heaviness of a great many idle hours, which hang upon him almost as weightily as his whole stock of hardware had hung upon Mr. Griggs.

During the continuance of the winter season he had got along tolerably, by means of going out a good deal of evenings, and attending to the settling up of his affairs; but now that the opera was over, the married ladies of his acquaintance going to the country, and his money safely invested where it would pay eight per cent. interest, time began to hang heavy on his hands—and to the necessity which every individual feels for some object to live for, do we attribute the novel and exciting resolution which took possession of him.

Three times that morning, in the midst of his promenade, he paused before the glass to take an inventory of his personal graces; he was not displeased at the sum total, and he had no particular reason to be. It is true that he was slightly bald, and a trifle too fleshy, but these were the graces of maturity, and added an air of dignity to the general rosiness and benevolence of his deportment. Mr. Griggs had nothing of the slovenliness attributed to his class; he was neatness itself; he had always been particular about his dress; but now, as he gazed at himself, he resolved to somewhat change the style of his attire. Hitherto it had been in somewhat of a business style, fine and good, but with the air of a well-to-do hardware merchant clinging to it. He still wore upon his bosom the emblematic pin which one of our best jewellers had manufactured to his order, and which he had worn for many years with honest pride. It was a padlock, of solid gold, handsomely finished, with diamond rivets and a real keyhole. This pin, which was the sole device of its wearer, was ingenious and appropriate in two ways; in the first place, it gave a hint of his business in the sale of padlocks in general; in the second, it hinted delicately, but firmly, that the treasures within were not in the market—that the bosom of Mr. Griggs was safely locked from the predatory visits of artful females. And thus far it would seem indeed as if that golden padlock had resisted every assault upon the heart which it guarded. Looking at it now, he resolved that he could not lay aside his favorite ornament; but his brilliant fancy immediately conceived the idea of attaching a little chain to the padlock, from which should depend a tiny key, signifying that his affections awaited only the fairy touch of the proper fingers to be flung open to the reach of her who should unlock them. Other changes in his dress suggested themselves to his mind; also, the best means to take to get acquainted with a pretty and amiable girl right away; in short, he was so busy with his plans, that he did not hear the knock at his door, and was not aware of the intrusion until a tall young gentleman, who had stepped into the room, called out—

"Good-morning, Uncle Oliver. I took my breakfast an hour ago, with the others, at the table. Don't you find it stupid eating alone?"

Now this nephew was the only incumbrance of Mr. Griggs; he had been named Stanley Oliver Griggs, after his uncle; his parents had died years ago, leaving him unprovided for, and his godfather had done his duty by him to the fullest extent. Master Stanley had just graduated from college about a fortnight since, and was making a visit to his uncle, who wished him to stay with him until he decided to what profession or business he should attach him.

"Bless me, child, I'd forgotten you were here! I had, indeed, I've been so occupied with some plans of mine. The fact is, I've about made up my mind to take a little trip to Roseville—the place where I used to go to school when *I* was a boy like you. It's a nice village in summer-time, some nice people there. If I get tired of it, I'll go on to the Springs. Fact is I don't think I exercise enough—too quiet, lately. Must stir around a little or I'll get too fat—hey, Stanley?"

"And what am I to do? Stay here alone?" asked the nephew, ruefully.

"Alone? no, bless me! Here's plenty of people. And Mrs. Boardman will take good care of you, if I ask her to. He's a good deal of a child, to be sure," he added to himself, "to be left so long. Perhaps I'd better take him with me. He won't be much in the way, and it'll please him."

So he offered to take his nephew along on the little tour in search of a wife which he

had already arranged in his mind. The wisdom of this plan will be apparent, when it is perceived what a mere boy this nephew was —only twenty-one—a mere child, who couldn't possibly be left alone in a New York boarding-house, not even with an anxious and attentive landlady to watch over his health and comfort. That Stanley Oliver was slender and handsome, with plentiful curling brown hair, and no bald spot on the top of his head—that Stanley never wore spectacles when he read the morning paper, and that he was nearly six feet in his boots—those little facts never presented themselves as any objection to the kind plan of his affectionate uncle.

"It will make no difference," said Mr. Griggs to himself, "it will make no difference!"—but he didn't know.

"Hurrah for you, Uncle Oliver!" cried the boy, at the promise that he might go along, exhilarated with prospects of trout streams and gunning excursions. "We 'll have high times fishing, and boating, and all that, won't we?" and he lifted his uncle two feet from the floor in the excess of his joy.

"Bless me, how you frighten a person," murmured Mr. Griggs, after he was set down. "There, run along and get ready to go out with me. As soon as I'm dressed we 'll go out and do our shopping. If it 's possible, we 'll take the train this afternoon. I *hadn't* thought of taking him," he continued, after his nephew had vanished to obey his injunction, "but he will enjoy himself so much, and it makes no difference!"

That was a busy morning for the two. The first place visited was a jewelry establishment, where Mr. Griggs left his bosom-pin to be improved in the manner we have described, with orders to send it to Roseville by express, as soon as it was completed. Here he purchased a watch for Stanley, and took occasion, while the boy was absorbed in delight at this, to select and buy a lady's finger-ring, set with a diamond, for which he paid fifty dollars. In doing this he only pursued his usual business habits of being provided beforehand for expected liabilities. Then came the furnishing store. Stanley never before suspected how difficult to please was his uncle's taste. The lilac cravats and primrose gloves were numerous, and he was constantly consulted as to what was becoming to Mr. Griggs' complexion. "There isn't *anything* very becoming to it," he said, in despair, as purple, orange, and sky-blue were laid beside the round, red cheeks of the good man. "Pick out that which agrees with me best; I feel quite particular going among old friends, you know, and get yourself a fishing-suit, my child, and a rod, and everything necessary—there 's fishing tackle a block below this—and get some gloves now, plenty of 'em. I want you to do me credit, my boy!" and his face shone with benevolence and perspiration.

Stanley promised to do him credit if he could. Alas! Mr. Griggs knew not how admirably that promise would be kept! The purchases were at length completed, the goods sent round, the baggage packed, the express sent for, and uncle and nephew partook of their last (for some time) dinner with Mrs. Boardman, who shed tears of real disappointment, when she saw the carriage drive away from the door, which held the losses of a season, blighted again by this sudden move of her most promising boarder. Mr. Griggs, modest as excellent, saw not the wreck his departure had made.

Roseville was a pleasant inland village, which the travellers reached by rail at midnight, when they had their baggage sent to the hotel, and immediately followed it, ordering two of the best rooms, and retiring as quickly as possible, in order to be fresh for the campaigns of the coming day. Fish floated in the dreams of the younger gentleman, silvery trout splashed in the stream of his fancy—while the elder, with the moonlight resting tenderly on the tip of his rosy nose, had visions of sparkling eyes, pouting lips, the hardware business from which he had retired, diamond rings, lost baggage, officiating clergymen, etc., heterogeneously compounded.

"I give myself a month!" murmured Mr. Griggs, to himself, as he tied one of the new cravats at eight o'clock of the next morning.

"To do what? to stay in Roseville?" inquired Stanley, who had entered unbidden, his knock having been unheeded by the uncle, plunged into a rose-water reverie to his eyes.

"I wasn't talking out loud, was I?" replied Mr. Griggs, blushing, and looking guilty. "What did I say?"

"That you were going to stay here a month; and I think I shall like it, uncle. See those mountains stretching away; just the country for trout-streams! We 'll have some fried for supper to-morrow."

"Very well, Stanley; I've no objections.

But you must make a call or two with me this morning. I have distant relatives here, who will be curious to see how my little boy is growing up. And then there 's my old friend Perkins—I used to know his wife when she was a girl. They have two or three children, I believe. Little Emily, the oldest, was a graceful little thing about eight years old, when I was here last. Let me see, that was eight years ago. I declare it don't seem so long! how time flies! eight and eight are sixteen. She must be almost grown up, by this time. I wonder if she looks as her mother used to, when we went to school together?"

"Who, uncle?"

"Why, Emily Perkins, to be sure. Put on your best things, Stanley; I want you to do credit to my guardianship."

"I'll try to, if affection and gratitude, shown by my behaving myself, will do you credit, dear uncle. Only I hope there won't be many calls to make, they 're so stupid, and I want to be asking the landlord about the fishing."

After a leisurely breakfast, the two gentlemen prepared to walk out. Mr. Griggs was a good while brushing his hat and putting on his gloves; he lingered some time at the glass, while Stanley threw only a careless glance at the handsome young figure he saw there, with its animated face, the brown curls and bright eyes set off to good advantage by the white chip hat. While his uncle was fitting on the primrose gloves, he unpacked a fishing-rod and put it together.

"This is the very place!" said Mr. Griggs, an hour later, pausing before a gate leading into a large, shaded lawn, in the centre of which stood a plain, but pleasant and roomy mansion. "It looks just as it used to. Let us go in, Stanley. It 's eleven o'clock; and Mrs. Perkins will excuse my calling without sending my card, as we used to be so friendly. She 'll invite us to come often, and perhaps make a party for us, so that we 'll have no difficulty in getting acquainted in the village. I hope she knows some of the young ladies."

He opened the gate and advanced up the walk, shaded by elms and locusts. A cool breeze rustled the green leaves, and stole the perfume of the roses which overran the pillars of the portico; it certainly was pleasanter than the city. As he came near the portico, followed by his nephew, he was suddenly so nearly overcome as to be incapable, for an instant, of moving. In one of the low windows which opened to the floor, sat a young girl reading. She had been out in the garden not long before, for the lace curtains that canopied her had a garland of fresh roses catching them back; there were flowers in her hair, and a heap of neglected flowers and myrtle on the floor at her side. She wore a blue morning dress (Mr. Griggs' favorite color!), and there were blue morning glories in her glistening hair, and her eyes, when at last she looked up and perceived the strangers, were blue. She was lovely. There was no doubt of that. Even Stanley, with his thoughts all tangled up in fishing-lines and hooks, was dimly conscious of it, as he modestly kept in the shadow of his uncle, while that gentleman, catching the young lady's glance, made a bow so profound, that for nearly a moment she saw nothing but the bald spot on the top of his head, and she would have seen nothing else, had not her glance darted over it and met that of the young man in the background.

"Is it possible that I have the pleasure of seeing little Emily?" asked Mr. Griggs, as he ascended the steps, holding out his hand and beaming like the sun. "My gracious, how you have grown!"

"I suppose so," answered little Emily, laughing, and giving her hand, though she had not the least idea to whom she was giving it, nor why he shook it so warmly; but Mr. Griggs' countenance was a letter of introduction which would have opened the severest door to him, it was so made up of mingled goodness and politeness.

"Dear me! I had no idea! indeed I hadn't! never was more surprised—*agreeably* surprised," continued the visitor, growing more and more radiant. "How 's your mother, Miss Emily? and your father? Can I see them this morning?"

"Mother is at home. Who shall I say wishes to see her?" inquired the young lady, with another glance at the young man still unintroduced.

"Bless me! I forgot that you couldn't be expected to remember me as well as I do you! It 's eight years since I was in Roseville last. Tell her Mr. Griggs—Oliver Griggs, from New York, would like to see her this morning, if she 's not too much engaged. Excuse me, Miss Emily, this is my nephew, Stanley Oliver Griggs, named after me, you see."

The nephew and the young lady bowed,

and both smiled. Uncle Oliver was so suffused. with sunshine that they caught the infection.

"I remember you now, Mr. Griggs," cried Emily; "mother will be delighted to hear you are in Roseville. I remember you very well now. I have some remains yet of the wax doll you gave me when you visited us before. It 's strange I did not recognize you at first."

"Did I really give her a wax doll?" thought Mr. Griggs, as she showed them into the parlor, and went away to call her mother. "How absurd! But of course, then, I had no idea—she was a little girl, then. The next present I make her won't be of a doll, that 's certain!" and as his heart gave a slight throb, it pressed against the diamond ring stowed snugly away in his vest pocket.

"Don't you think it was lucky we decided to visit Roseville?" he inquired of Stanley, who was gazing vaguely at the shadow of the vines on the floor of the portico.

"I don't know yet, uncle, until I 've tried the trout-fishing. It seems pleasant enough, certainly."

"It seems as if fate had led me to the very spot," remarked the uncle.

"I hope it will prove so," replied the nephew.

"They 're as blue as the sky," murmured the uncle.

"I thought they were speckled," answered the nephew.

"Speckled! what are you thinking of, Stanley?—and grown so remarkably."

"From three to five pounds, the landlord tells me."

There was some danger of the two gentlemen getting inextricably tangled in each other's ideas, when they were relieved by the entrance of the ladies. Mrs. Perkins was glad to welcome her old friend; and cast a friendly and admiring eye upon the nephew by whom he was accompanied. Roseville was a small village, to which the visits of eligible strangers were rare. All her motherly instincts were aroused and on the alert. She knew that Mr. Griggs was a person of irreproachable character, of considerable benevolence, of great kindness of heart, and that he had sixty thousand dollars well-secured. This knowledge made it a very pleasant thing to look back to and talk over old times. She observed closely the extreme affection and indulgence which he displayed towards his nephew—a young man, she was sure, in every way worthy of his excellent prospects, if his handsome face, frank and graceful manners, and veneration for his kind uncle, could be taken in proof.

Things went on, as Stanley would have said, "swimmingly." The long and pleasant call was ended by accepting an invitation to tea that evening, when Mr. Perkins would be back from the court at which he was at present busy as Probate Judge, and would be delighted to welcome his friend Griggs, with his nephew, Griggs, junior.

If it had not been for the excellent dinner which the host of the hotel served up to his two new guests, time would have been intolerable, while they waited for the appointed six o'clock—for Roseville people kept country hours. But with dining, and dressing, and consulting watches, the hours did finally pass; Stanley finished a book which he had purchased on board the cars the previous day—and attracting many sly glances from behind the decorous window-curtains of the white mansions along the way, the uncle and nephew, in irreproachably neat and elegant summer attire, walked again to the residence of "Judge" Perkins.

Mr. Griggs' heart grew a great deal softer than the butter during the hour passed at the daintily-spread table; the butter had a dish of ice to repose upon, but his susceptible heart was cased in no such armor. It fairly melted within him beneath the rays of light which flashed from the blue eyes opposite. Emily had been as pretty as she could be, in the neat carelessness of her morning-dress; and yet she was prettier still in the floating, flowing muslin, the lace cape and burnished curls of the afternoon. Her dress was white, like her shoulders and arms; but there was a bit of blue ribbon run through the edge of the transparent cape; there was a richer bloom on her cheeks, called up by the excitement of the occasion, while the half shy, half mirthful glance which shot from beneath the long lashes was perfectly bewitching. She had already taken a strong liking to "Uncle Oliver," as the young gentleman (whom she scarcely noticed) called him. Memories of the wax doll which had been her childish glory prepared the way for still kinder perceptions of his goodness and indulgence. She was not afraid to say all the little tormenting, piquant things to him which came into her gay little head. A thousand times Mr. Griggs mentally

thanked his stars for leading him to this place of all places for carrying out the plan which he had formed. His breast thrilled when he observed the innocent signs of liking which she was too young and artless to conceal. His mind was fully made up, long before the strawberries and cream were served. As for the disparity of ages, it wasn't much. She was a good deal of a child to be sure, but *he* was settled and sedate enough to make the match even. In his eyes there did not exist a single objection worth thinking of. Stanley was left entirely to the attentions of the father and mother, who certainly did all in their power to make their young guest enjoy himself; Mrs. Perkins was as tender as a mother in her interest in his college-life, until the judge began to expatiate upon the scenery of Roseville, including the mountain lake and the trout streams, when the interest of the young gentleman became absorbed, so as to leave her at full liberty to dispense due portions of sugar and cream to each saucer of strawberries.

Stanley enjoyed himself very much also; for the tea was delicious, he was flattered by Mrs. Perkins, and he obtained all the information he desired on the subjects of gunning and fishing. Uncle Oliver would have affirmed that his nephew didn't know the color of Miss Perkins' hair or eyes, for he only saw him look at her twice, and speak to her once; while as for the little witch herself, she hardly took notice enough of the boy to be polite to him. Probably she didn't yet look forward to being his affectionate aunt in the course of a month or six weeks. Uncle Oliver smiled slily as he thought of it.

The tea-party inaugurated a fortnight of gayety such as had never before bewildered the brain of Emily Perkins. She was the envy of every girl in the village. Each day, either in the cool of the morning, or in the afternoon, after a light shower had laid the dust, Mr. Griggs took her out riding in the handsomest establishment which the livery stable could produce. There was no impropriety in this, he being such a very old family friend, merely playing the part of a good uncle, as it were. Sometimes Stanley galloped beside the carriage on the "spirited steed" which Uncle Oliver had purchased for his use. Dear, kind, indulgent Uncle Oliver! every day the heart of the young man expanded more and more under the warmth of his goodness. His lips overflowed with praises when Mrs. Perkins gently and cautiously broached the subject of his relations with his uncle. And when that worthy lady drew from the generous Mr. Griggs his intentions towards his nephew, they were entirely satisfactory to a prudent mind; he avowed his purpose of setting Stanley up in some flourishing business, and also of making him one of his principal heirs—"Always provided," he added, with a smile, "that *my own* boys don't want it all!" and the mother smiled at the delightful humor of the incorrigible old bachelor.

In the meantime the rest of Roseville was not to be shut out from a fair chance at the envied prize. Mr. Griggs was an old friend of many of the inhabitants; they recalled the time when he attended the academy along with them, and hastened to invite him to renew the ties of the past; parties followed parties—one every twenty-four hours, in the evening—besides picnics, rides, drives, dinners, teas, and the sewing-society *ad interim*. It was palpable to the dullest comprehension that Emily Perkins did not or could not wish to marry both the new arrivals—there would be *one* left for some other fortunate female. It was the general impression that Mr. Griggs, believing it calculated to secure the steadiness and prosperity of his nephew, was interesting himself in getting him settled for life, and had picked out for him the daughter of his old friends. But what if he, Mr. Griggs himself, could be induced—should happen to change his mind—should, in short, fall in love and get married himself! The very thought of it set the heart of Miss Briar to palpitating—for, of course, should he happen to be attracted, it would be towards some one nearly of his own age—and caused Mrs. Bell to give a very small, select party, the first company she had invited since her dear Mr. Bell's decease.

We do not propose to relate the history of the picnic and the other gayeties in detail. We will only say that if ever a man received aid and encouragement in the new undertaking which he proposed, that man was Mr. Griggs. Before the fortnight had expired he had plainly hinted his purpose to the parents, who received it with the serenity of the deepest content. Twice or thrice, amid little coughs, and flurried breaths, and rosy blushes, he had cast out soundings in the dimpled and sparkling sea of the little maiden's affections;

and his faint approaches towards the subject which now engrossed his thoughts had been met with changing color, and glances shy, indeed, but very kind. A less complacent egotism than always shone in the round face of Mr. Griggs would have been content. He only wanted an opportunity to press the ring upon the maiden's finger and get her to set the day.

So absorbed was Mr. Griggs in his own happiness that he paid less attention than usual to his nephew. It struck him, once or twice, that he had suddenly lost his passion for fishing and gunning, though when he asked him if game was scarce, he had been informed that it was not. But, although he had nearly given up his long, solitary excursions, Stanley seemed perfectly contented with Roseville, never once asking his uncle when he was going to leave it.

"He 's a good boy," said Uncle Oliver, to Emily, as they were riding out together, while Stanley spurred his horse up a bank to gather a bunch of wild roses which the exacting little lady had said she admired—"He 's never disobeyed me, nor made me any trouble. A little high-spirited, but controls himself well. You 'll never find him any trouble; he 'll always be respectful and affectionate, no responsibility at all, I assure you, although such a mere boy. You 'll be proud of him, I assure you—that is, of course—if you—you understand, Miss Emily," and Mr. Griggs actually squeezed her hand as he grew more embarrassed; while the maiden blushed and stammered and smiled, with half-averted face, which drove her admirer into such an ecstasy of hope and anticipation that he resolved that very evening should find the words said. Indeed, he would have rushed into the fearful ordeal then and there, had not Stanley been returning with the roses. A sudden, happy conceit came to the relief of his uncle; he would throw out a bold hint, which not only could not be misunderstood by the lady herself, but would also give the boy an idea of what was going on. Doubtless he would be interested in this important change in his uncle's mode of life, while the little maiden, if she was not so pleased as she looked, could repel him then, and save him the mortification of a refusal. He reached out his hand for the roses, and as he took them and handed them with a gay flourish to the girl by his side, he said, musingly—

"Thank you, Stanley. Mrs. Griggs is much obliged to you," and then laughed as if it were only a joke, but looked very nervous. He was so confused at his own audacity that he did not see how his nephew blushed to the brim of his straw hat, and looked at Emily, who gave him one swift glance, and then laughed to cover her blushes, and struck Mr. Griggs on the arm with the roses, and cried—

"For shame, Mr. Griggs! How can you!" in a voice not the least angry. She looked so saucy and sweet, and loving and defying—such an arch little coquette as she was—that he could have eaten her up if his nephew had not, for once, been in the way.

The rest of the ride was delightful. Emily was as gay and bewitching as she could be, letting him see plainly how well she liked him; while Stanley was in the best of spirits, seeming somehow to be strangely grateful to Uncle Oliver for all of the goods, mental and physical, which blessed him.

"I believe I 'd got married years ago, if I 'd have realized how cosey and pleasant courting is," thought Mr. Griggs, between the ride and tea-time. "Nobody's laid a straw in my way so far. Parents, nephew, and everybody agreed, if the chit herself is as pleased as she looks. Bless me! I might have been settled years ago, but then, I shouldn't have married Emily Perkins, and no other girl would have suited me so exactly. Bless me! what eyes she has! full of mischief as an egg is full of meat!"

When Mr. Griggs started, that evening, to call on Emily, he did not ask Stanley to go along; he had important business on hand which did not require the presence of a third person; besides which, the young gentleman had been absent over an hour, having gone out directly after tea without saying where he was going. When he reached the lawn of Mr. Perkins' mansion he was surprised to find his nephew walking in the moonlight, on the vine-wreathed piazza, with the little white hand of Emily resting on his arm, and her face turned up to his in the most confidential manner. Not that he was displeased at the sight! oh no! he had no doubt the pretty aunt was making herself agreeable in a dutiful sort of way to the nephew elect—but Mr. Griggs had supposed that Stanley was off with a party of young men on a moonlight boating excursion which he had heard them speaking of.

When they saw him coming the young

couple paused in their promenade, waiting for him to come up the walk, looking very brilliant and happy, as they stood on the step, all smiles to receive him.

"Got the start of me, did you, my boy?"

"Yes, uncle!"

"Well, well. Better late than never. Bless me, Miss Emily, what 's the matter with your cheeks?"

"Why, what is, Mr. Griggs?" with the most innocent concern.

"Look as if you 'd been rubbing in a few of those roses. I thought you were going to the lake, Stanley, didn't I hear you promise?"

"I believe I did, uncle. I 'd forgotten all about it. It 's too bad! I don't want to go a bit this evening, but the fellows will wait for me, and it wouldn't be fair, after they made up the excursion on my account. Half-past seven was the hour, and it 's eight, now. Good-night, Miss Perkins, excuse me, uncle. I'm dreadfully sorry I 've got to go."

Uncle Oliver wasn't sorry a bit. Here was the opportunity which the ardor of his feelings would no longer allow him to delay. Mrs. Perkins had retired with a headache, and her father was out, Emily said; there were no visitors, and no engagements for a wonder. Resolved that there should be *one* engagement before the moon was an hour higher, Mr. Griggs drew the blushing and willing girl to the rustic sofa at the farther end of the piazza. He trembled inwardly and was very nervous, but the moonlight was inspiring to his courage, and there was nothing in the manner of the artless young creature beside him to make him less bold.

"Miss Perkins," he began, "dear Emily, you must have long since guessed the object which brought me to Roseville."

Here he paused, she was silent, her head drooped, and the long curls partially hid the glowing face, but the hand which he gathered up and squeezed in his own was not withdrawn, which was encouraging.

"Your parents must also have seen what my purpose was. Perhaps I ought to speak to your mother first, but"—

"Mamma has the very highest opinion of your judgment in such matters, Mr. Griggs; I don't think she 'll be displeased at your speaking to me," murmured the fair girl, drooping still more, but always towards her companion.

"And *you* are not displeased. O Emily!"

—three squeezes of the little hand—"then you don't think the difference in age any objection?"

"Not in the least; I never thought of it," and she gave him one timid glance.

"You know that you shall never want for anything within the bounds of my fortune. I shall make it my study to secure your happiness."

"Dear, kind, generous Mr. Griggs!"

"Do you love me, then, darling Emily?"

"I 've always liked you, ever since you gave me the wax doll. But I never thought you 'd take so much pains to make me happy."

In the rapture of the moment he caught her in his arms; there were actually tears on her cheeks as he kissed them; she gave him a gentle kiss in return, smiled at him, and patted his cheek.

"What a child she is!" he thought, delightfully. "How blissful, how heavenly it will be to have such an artless and affectionate creature lavishing her innocent caresses upon me. She is too innocent even to be reserved."

The moment had come for drawing the diamond ring from its hiding-place. He took it carefully from its wrappings and slid it upon the taper third finger of the left hand which he held in his. She held it up to the moonlight, laughing like a baby with a new toy, as it sparkled brightly.

"Is it a real diamond, Mr. Griggs?"

"Yes, a real diamond, darling; it cost fifty dollars. I bought it in anticipation of this happy event."

"Oh dear, how considerate! Did Stanley know of it?"

"No, indeed. I can keep some things secret even from my boy, little Emily."

"He will be so surprised and pleased. You see he was a little doubtful. He didn't want to say too much till he knew."

"Of course not. And I didn't want him to know too soon. If I had been mortified, now, by your not caring, I should rather he knew nothing about it."

"It 's so thoughtful of you to want to save his feelings." The white arms went of themselves about his neck, and Mr. Griggs received a delicious hug.

"And my own, too, you little witch! But now the engagement ring is on, my pet, you must set the day! You will, won't you, now, little girl? and don't let it be far off. I must

be back in the city by the first of September, and if the wedding could take place about three weeks before that—say in about a month, so that you could go on a little bridal tour before beginning your city life, it would be all that I desire. Speak, dear, dearest Emily!"

He paused beseechingly. She was completely overwhelmed by the proposition. Blushing and trembling, laughing and crying, she stammered out—

"So soon! dear me! I never dreamed of it; I couldn't get ready; I couldn't leave mamma. Oh dear, it's so *very* soon, Mr. Griggs!"

"The sooner the better, when there's no reasons against it."

"Dear me! you frighten me! I never thought—Stanley never spoke of it. He expected to wait at least two years. I don't know, really"—

"What has Stanley to do with our wedding-day, little girl? I suppose he can stand as groomsman, if he wishes, but I shan't wait two years to please anybody."

"What did you say, Uncle Oliver?" asked the maiden, starting back from his shoulder, and looking at him with eyes open very wide.

"What do you call me Uncle Oliver for? Oliver will do, without the uncle, for my little wife, I think. I said I didn't know what business Stanley had with setting the day."

"I should think he would naturally be interested in his own wedding-day."

"Why, is Stanley going to be married, too?"

"How could I get married unless he did, Uncle Oliver?"

"What do you mean, Miss Perkins?"

"What do *you* mean, Mr. Griggs?"

"I mean that I labor under the impression that you have promised to marry me, Miss Emily."

"To marry *you*, Uncle Oliver!"

For a moment she stared at the face before her—the round, shining face, out of which the glow was fading like the red out of a sunset; she tried hard to control herself, for she felt sorry, but the shock was too sudden—she burst into a long, ringing, silvery peal of laughter, in the midst of which Mr. Griggs walked hastily towards the gate.

"O dear! Uncle Oliver, excuse me, forgive me!" she cried, running after him. "You've left your hat and your handkerchief. I'm afraid you'll take cold in your head. Please wait for them. Upon my word, I never suspected—neither did Stanley. It's only this very evening he spoke to me, and I—I"—but Mr. Griggs had passed out of hearing, leaving her standing at the gate with his hat in her hand. In vain she peered anxiously after the short figure trotting rapidly through the dim moonlight, bareheaded, and vanishing in the distant shadows. Mr. Griggs had faded into night—nothing but his hat was left.

Alas, that the key of that golden padlock should have been given into such careless hands!

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

SEVENTH LESSON.

As you are now able to draw outlines correctly, it will be necessary to study light, shade, and reflection, which will give the appearance of substance to the objects you wish to delineate.

If we consider light as applied to drawing, we must do so under four distinct heads. 1st, as *natural light*, or that emanating from the sun when it rises—

> "At morning, flinging wide
> Its curtain-clouds of purple and vermilion,
> Dispensing life and *light* on every side;"

2d, as *artificial light*, or that derived from combustible bodies; 3d, as *direct light*, or that light which reaches an object directly, without passing through, or being reflected from, one object upon another; and 4th, *reflected light*, or that light which, when it is received by one object, is thrown off or reflected upon another, as from glass or water.

However, we must request our pupils to try some simple experiments for themselves with regard to light before they enter upon their drawing-lesson of light and shade.

Place a cork upon the table in front of your window, and let its end rest upon a sheet of paper. You will observe a pyramidical *dark shadow*, the base of which commences at the cork, and also a pyramidical *faint shadow*, the apex or point of which corresponds with the base of the dark shadow; and you will also observe that a portion of the cork is *faintly*, another portion *deeply*, and another portion *semi*-shadowed.

Place the cork upon its side, and you will obtain nearly the same results; but with this difference, that the shadows are broader, and the effect produced less striking.

Substitute a billiard-ball, a marble, or a bullet for the cork, and the effect is nearly the same, only that the shadow is elliptical, or somewhat oval, instead of pyramidical.

Roll up a piece of paper so as to form a cone, gum down one of the corners, and cut off the base, so as to be even; then set this upon a piece of paper, and you will obtain the same shadows as when you employed the cork, which may be easily proved by placing them side by side.

Many similar and simple objects will readily suggest themselves to the pupil, and should be used as familiar examples to practise light and shade.

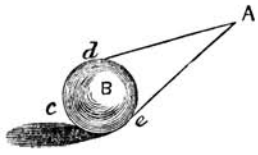
From what you have seen, it will be evident that all opaque or non-transparent objects upon which light happens to fall must be partially in shadow, whether the light falling upon them be reflected, natural, or artificial; while other parts will be illuminated, and therefore placed in strong contrast with those parts of the object that are in shadow.

SHADING is intended to impart the appearance of solidity to objects, so that the amount of depth of shading in a drawing conveys the idea to the mind of the beholder—1st, that the object delineated is in relief, or projects from those surrounding it; 2d, as regards the relative position of one object with regard to another; and 3d, the distinctive distances of objects from the person viewing them.

Shadows are either natural or accidental. *Natural shadows* are those that the lover of nature beholds as he rambles through the lone copse, the tangled wood, or river's margin.

If a ball is placed upon the table, and a ray of light is allowed to fall upon it, the side near to the light will appear different from the other part upon which the light does not fall, as may be seen in Fig. 27, in which A represents the point from which the ray of light

Fig. 27.



proceeds until it falls upon part of the ball, *d e*, which thus receives direct light, while the other part (*c*) is in natural shadow or shade. You will also observe that there is a long pyramidical shadow thrown upon the table, the result of the non-transparency of the ball.

Having directed your attention to the preliminary and important points connected with light and shade, it now becomes necessary to make some observations upon shading.

In shading there are three kinds of manipulation requisite—1st, waving; 2d, stippling; and 3d, cross-hatching. There are certain rules connected with shading which must be generally observed; for it will be found that much of the appearance of objects depends upon the shading employed; for it is by means of the kind of lines used that the projection of bodies from one another, and the appearance of the materials of which they are constructed, are conveyed to those who only possess the opportunity of viewing the sketch. Color is at all times better adapted to depict the skies, portraits, etc., than drawings of uniform tint, however well the latter may be executed.

The strokes used in shading may be of uniform thickness or not, and they may also be placed at regular or irregular distances. If of uniform thickness (as *a*, Fig. 28), they give

Fig. 28.

the same tone to a drawing that one color would if it were placed upon the paper; but if the same strokes are drawn closer together in one part of the drawing than in the other (as *a*, Fig. 28), then that part will have a deeper tone. The same result holds good with respect to oblique lines, as in *b*, Fig. 28. If the lines become darker or broader, and nearer to each other as they recede from the light, then they will convey the impression of an increased depth of tone (as in *c*, Fig. 28), whether the lines be oblique, perpendicular, or horizontal. All lines used in shading do not take the same direction, as, in addition to those mentioned above, some are semicircular.

Here is a figure (Fig. 29) that combines outline and shading, and forms an excellent study for the beginner in both, as, in the former lesson, it serves to illustrate the beauty and grace of curved lines, and in the latter, of uniformity of shading.

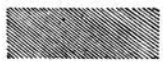
Waving shading is produced by a succession of strokes close together, by using a soft pencil (F or B) with a worn point. If these lines are made with a fine-pointed pencil there is

not a uniformity of tint produced, and therefore the lines should not overlap one another,

Fig. 29.

but be drawn as in Fig. 30. Foregrounds and deeply-cast shadows, broken earth, etc., require this kind of shading.

Fig. 30.



Stippling consists of a series of dots, which impart a depth or lightness of shade, just as they are made large or small, or closer or farther apart; the general rule being to make them large and close together in the depth of the shade, and gradually small and wider apart as the light is approached.

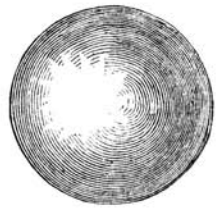
Cross hatching is produced by drawing a number of lines in such a manner that they cross one another at right angles. They should always be commenced from the outline, as in Fig. 31, and one direction of lines

Fig. 31.

finished before the other crosses them, otherwise unevenness of tone will be produced. They should always be thinner as they approach the light, and also wider apart. In curved objects it is necessary to observe the relative convexity and concavity of the surfaces, and to represent them by lines exhibiting a greater or lesser curvature, taking care to increase their breadth in certain parts, and diminish them in others, as may be seen in the most common engraving of concave or convex objects.

The general rule for shading is, that flat surfaces must be represented by straight lines; convex and concave surfaces by curved lines, as in Fig. 32, which represents a ball,

Fig. 32.



and shows the manner of increasing the depth of tone by drawing the lines closer to each other; and all surfaces of a mixed appearance must be dealt with according to circumstances, some parts requiring curved and others straight lines, while others again will require cross-hatched lines both curved and straight.

Remember that much of the perfection of shading consists in the knowledge of how much you can do, and no more, and how much your pencil will do. In order to attain perfection, or even mediocrity, in this department of drawing, you should practise strokes of every description, with each kind of pencil, upon sheets of paper marked at the top thus: H, HH, HHH, etc., and practise with fine-pointed and worn-pointed pencils, sometimes plain, at other times curved, and also cross-hatched strokes. By this means you will ascertain the power of your hand, and the tone of your pencil.

MR. SURLY HARDBAKE ON TIGHT-LACING.

Mr. Surly Hardbake has just returned from a lengthened tour over Europe. His broad, honest face is of a deeper brick dust hue than ever, his hands seem as if they had been baked in the sun, and he wears a beard which reaches down to the first button of his waistcoat. I believe, indeed, that it was with a view to growing this latter ornament that the worthy patriot expatriated himself.

Meeting him by accident in a time-honored haunt of his, I had a pleasant hour with him in talking over his experiences of the Rhone and the Danube. Whether the conversation had been induced by observations as to foreign

ladies, and Mr. Surly's love passages abroad or not, I do not know; but, all at once, we found ourselves discussing the vexed question of tight-lacing.

"I'll tell you what it is sir," said Mr. Surly, with vehemence, tight-lacing is the same sort of thing as Dutch gardening. Have you a yew-tree such as Nature made it—graceful, if rather heavy, nicely proportioned, beautiful, as everything natural is; but it doesn't suit your gardener of Dutch William's days? Beautiful! he has his own idea of what beauty is. Nature—pooh! So he takes his shears and goes to work on the unfortunate tree; he clips here and clips there, and shapes it into a pyramid, or a peacock, and then stands afar off contemplating his work in silent ecstasy. But what has he done? Ruined the tree of course; produced a hideous nothing, not a tree, or a peacock; something that won't harmonize with anything in Nature, something with which all the beautiful shapes of Nature's foliage around it will not and cannot harmonize. If you had asked a thorough Dutch gardener which was the most beautiful, a spreading umbrageous tree, just as Nature has left it; or one of those clipped, cropped monstrosities, can you doubt to which he would have given the palm? The natural tree would be rugged, uncouth, not *what his* production would be, the perfection of symmetry. It is just the same with the girls' waists. Nature has done one thing, and we are not satisfied with it; we must get out of Nature's leading strings, it would seem. We must have a beauty of your own, like the Dutch gardeners! It 's no use talking to people like 'Admirer' about Nature; they either knock you down with Fashion, or else tell you Nature is wrong, and mantua-making right. If somebody had started an idea that there was a finger too many on our hands, there are plenty of fashionable fools who would send for the chopper and rectify Nature's exuberance! It 's no use saying that Nature knows better than we do, and that if mankind needed anything like corsets they would have been born with 'em. As to the matter of beauty, I don't care what is said about statues being ugly or clumsy when they are dressed. They are beautiful when nude, and the fact that the dress makes them ugly, if it is a fact, only proves that our theory of dress is wrong. But, hang it! just set side by side the Greek Slave with a dress over her natural waist, and a dressmaker's dummy (one of those out of the shops, say), with a waist drawn in like a lawyer's blue bag when tied tight round the middle, crinoline below forming one triangle, the apex of which is at the waist, the bodice above forming another triangle, with its base upwards at the shoulders. Which is the best? Fashion will tell you the dummy. All the lines which Nature drew are distorted; all her proportions set wrong, and yet that is beauty. Nature never intended that the body should be half cut into two by staylaces; and she revenges it, of course, by ruby noses. Perhaps they are beautiful? But supposing that a statue, beautiful when nude, looks hideous when dressed; supposing that dress is a mistake, and that to be beautiful we must wear flesh-colored tights, or else lace our stays like grim death; which is best—to attain to that ideal beauty and lead a life of misery and doctor's bills; or look a little clumsy and be as hearty as a bullock? Talking of bullocks, I wonder what would be said of an agriculturist who had an idea that Nature had made a mistake as to horned cattle, and insisted upon clapping all his bullocks into stays? Of course his friends would collar him, and lead him away to Colney Hatch—and serve him right.

"If there is to be another great fire, I hope it will break out in a corset manufactory. Now, look here: the inside of a young lady is, at least, as important as that of a bullock. I doubt whether most young ladies ever think that they have insides at all. Is it possible that when Nature has given a space of twenty-two inches, say, for certain important functions necessary to life to be performed in, that everything will go on as well when you squeeze the space down to twelve inches? Pooh! Nature hasn't got sufficient elbow-room, I tell you! Now, we have been pretty sensible of late years in the matter of dress (barring excessive crinoline), but don't let us make fools of ourselves again. Wherever you go you see fresh, charming young creatures with the natural bloom of health on their faces. I should think never, since the primitive ages of the world, were there so many healthy and beautiful girls. I don't think the girls of my youth were half so bewitching as those I meet now, and sigh that I am too old for 'em, or else I should have had a Mrs. Hardbake long ago. Well, what is the reason of this? I believe, loose clothing, fresh air and exercise.

Once begin the abominable tight-lacing again, and you will soon see cheeks like chalk, obliged to be raddled in the middle; noses like Orleans plums, obliged to be coated with pearl powder; you will have wheezy, panting, die-away creatures, painful to look at. Exercise and fresh air can't be taken in sufficient quantities, because the corsets forbid exertion; the want of fresh air and exercise will soon tell on the pinched-up damsels—it would even upon a Hercules; they will pant and wheeze and faint through life, instead of freely inhaling the fresh air and tasting a pleasure in the mere sensation of living. Fine mothers of future soldiers they will make, won't they? If it is to come to a tug, other things being even, I'll lay my old hat on the side of the people whose mothers do not wear tight stays. Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good—the doctors will flourish, that 's certain, perhaps I had better change my profession to be ready."

"But do you think the young fellows like their waists?"

"I don't believe it; if they do they 're fools, that 's all; but I think they don't. Every fellow with sense likes an armful of humanity, not a waist of buckram and jean, as stiff as a lamp-post. Did you ever waltz with a tight-laced young lady; it 's like spinning round with a clothes-prop, ain't it? As for the statue and garment question, I tell you the only people who thoroughly know how to dress their women were the Greeks. Look at Parthenia, in 'Ingomar;' what a charming dress! Some pleasure in waltzing with a girl like that; but let 's drop the subject and talk of something else."

THE BANANA TREE.

This remarkable production of the tropics, which, in its varieties, furnishes one of the chief articles of consumption to the inhabitants, attracted the attention of the great traveller, Von Humboldt. These are some of his statements concerning its great productiveness. He doubts "whether there is any plant on the globe which, in so small a space of ground, can produce so great a mass of nutriment. The fruit is yielded in bunches, containing from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty bananas or plantains, and weighing from sixty-six to eighty-eight pounds. Eight or ten months after the sucker has been inserted in the ground the banana begins to form its clusters, and the fruit may be gathered in less than a year. When the stalks are cut, there is always found among the numerous shoots which have put forth roots, one that bears three months later. A spot of ten hundred and seventy-six feet contains from thirty to forty plants, which will yield more than forty-four hundred and ten pounds in a year. The produce of the banana to that of wheat is as one hundred and thirty-three to one, and to that of potatoes as forty-four to one. The same spot cultivated with banana will furnish subsistence for fifty individuals, which, in wheat, would not furnish food for two."

ILLUME MY PATH, O LORD!

BY ADA ALGERNON.

"Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined."
"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."

Illume my path, O Lord! So let the light,
The bright effulgence of Thy glory shine,
That these poor weary eyes may see aright—
That these poor weary feet may follow Thine.

Illume my path, O Lord! Thou who didst lead
Thy chosen Israel o'er the parted sea,
And through the wilderness: my spirit's need,
The pillar and the cloud vouchsafe to me.

Illume my path, O Lord! Thou who didst dwell
In olden times between the cherubim,
From whose o'ershadowing wings deep sounds did swell,
Even as Thy voice, the temple's courts within.

In deep humility I seek Thy grace;
In deep humility, O Christ! I kneel
Low in the dust. Shine from Thy holy place,
Thy footprints in this desert wild reveal.

My soul is longing for the pearly gates,
Which Thou hast promised in thy sacred word,
And in the dark and gloom of midnight waits,
In trembling hope. Illume my path, O Lord!

THE FORSAKEN.

BY JOHN CALVIN GITCHELL.

She sits alone in a hush profound,
And listens in vain to catch the sound
Of a voice that she listened to too long;
For it won her to love, and led to wrong.

Her face is pale, but her curls of jet
Half hide her cheeks that with tears are wet,
While she leans her head on the whitest hand
Of any proud lady in all the land.

Early in March, when the warm winds blow,
To melt from the hills the winter's snow,
A grave will be made in the trysting place,
And she will be laid to the earth's embrace.

NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY.

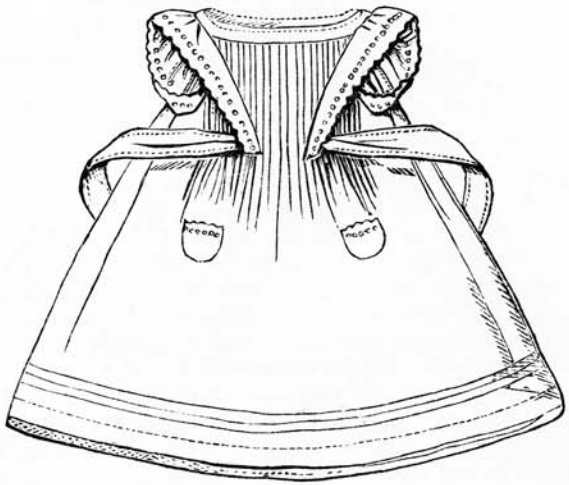
INFANT'S ROBE, APRON, ETC. ETC.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.—Infant's Robe. The apron is composed of narrow tucks, divided at intervals by embroidered borders and double rows of frilling. We have given this illustration to show the arrangement of the tucks, etc., which may be purchased ready worked, the entire

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.



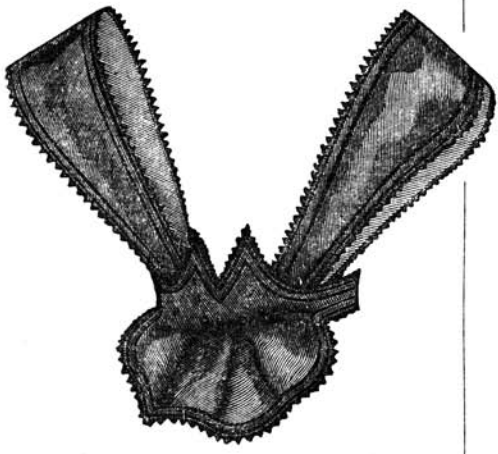
garment being tacked together so that only the embroidery has to be done. The frilling should have a scalloped edge, and two rows should be whipped and put on together. When nicely gauffered, these little frills have a very pretty effect.

Fig. 2 is an infant's hat, made of white merino, embroidered or braided, and trimmed with white ribbons.

Fig. 3.—Child's slip.

Fig. 4.—New style of bretelle and girdle for a little girl. It can be made of either black

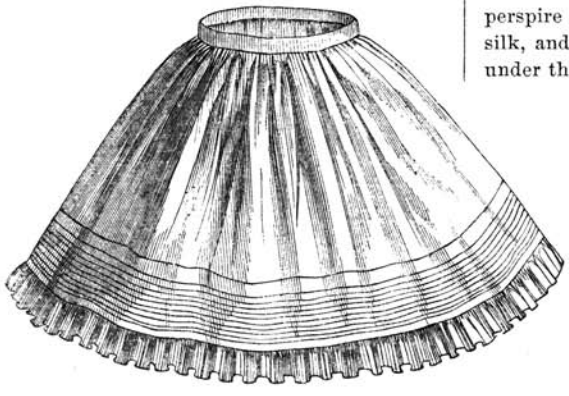
Fig. 4.



or a high-colored silk, trimmed with a bead gimp or black velvet.

Fig. 5.—Petticoat for a child six years old. It is of white muslin, trimmed with rows of

Fig. 5.



narrow scarlet braid, and edged with a fluted ruffle.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

Florentine Dress.—This dress is composed of Magenta-colored crape maretz, and the skirt is ornamented with a flounce, headed by a silk ruching, and with double loops, also composed of silk ruching, placed at intervals.

The body is cut square and low, and is surmounted by a band of elegant braid-work, which forms a deep yoke. Short puffed sleeves. The ruching is of course used to edge the body and sleeves.

The New Dress "Shields."—Ladies who perspire freely, and thus so soon destroy light silk, and other dresses, by discoloring them under the arms, will find complete protection by using our light and convenient "Shields," made of a new material,

and perfectly adapted to their use. They can be applied in an instant, are taken in and out

without any trouble, and add no encumbrance, which can be inconvenient or disagreeable to the most fastidious.

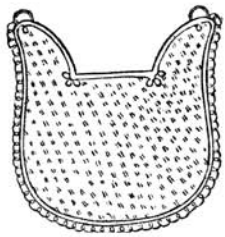
Elena Dress.—This pretty gored dress is of lavender silk, in a small check, trimmed with ruffles of the same, pinked on the edge. With long full muslin sleeves, closed at the wrist, and ornamented with narrow black velvet, it

constitutes an elegant little party dress, either for day or evening. A wide sash is made to match, and tied in a large bow behind. Ten yards of checked silk of the ordinary narrow width will be required to make the dress for a girl of from eight to ten years.

Augustine Coat.—Dress sack in dark gray

Melton cloth; the straps on the sleeves and down the front bound with black. Suitable for a boy of ten or twelve years.

Infant's Bib, made of quilted dimity, or a light quality of Marseilles. If of the latter material it will not need quilting; the edge of the bib is finished with tatting, or tape-work; the loops on the shoulder are to fasten to a

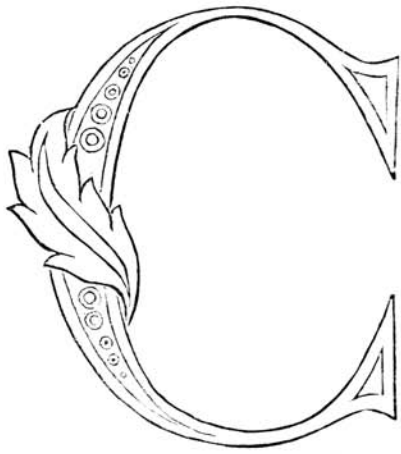


button on the dress, or the ribbons that tie up the sleeves may be passed through the loops and so fasten the bib.

Yoke Waist.—A very pretty variation from

the plain Garibaldi. It is made of rose-colored merino, the yoke, belt, and cuffs braided with black.

INITIAL LETTER FOR MARKING.

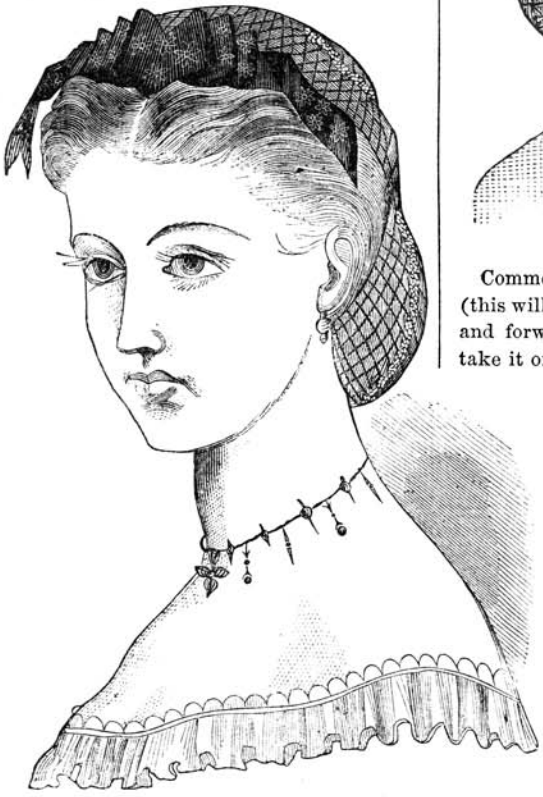


HAIR NETS.

NETS for the hair being much worn at the present season, we have chosen a few of the most fashionable for illustration, and as several of our subscribers have written for patterns of this description, we have given directions for both useful and ornamental nets.

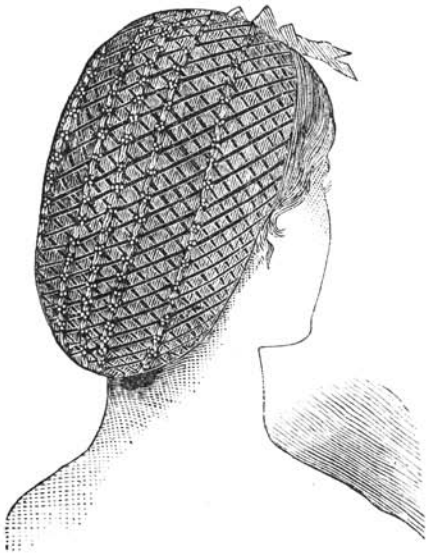
The Marie Louise is an entirely new design, the ornamental part being formed of narrow bands of Russia leather, secured with steel beads; the front is trimmed with small stars, worked in tatting, and of the same color as the bands. The net is of Alexandra Blue Braid, or, if preferred, black may be substituted; and it can of course be made in any color, but blue or black harmonizes best with the ornaments.

MATERIALS.—For the net, a piece of colored braid, a large netting needle, and a flat mesh



THE MARIE LOUISE.

three-quarters of an inch in width. For the trimming, a bunch of steel beads, No. 9, and seven bands of narrow Russia leather, which are usually sold twelve inches in length, and are stamped with a small gimp pattern. For the stars, a skein of tatting twine the color of the bands, a small shuttle, and a ring and pin. To trim the front, one and a half yards of blue ribbon, one and three-quarter inches wide, and one yard one inch wide. Also one yard of elastic.



THE NET.

Commence on a foundation of 8 stitches (this will make a large size), work backwards and forwards for 16 rows in plain netting; take it off the foundation, and stretch it open, when it will form a square, which is for the centre of the net; the following rounds being worked on the edges of this square, to do which a foundation thread should be run along the four sides a few stitches from the edge; then work down the selvedge formed by the side of the rows, netting a stitch in each of the seven loops; at the corner, increase by netting 2 stitches in one stitch; then net along the first row, and repeat all round, increasing at each corner.

Net 10 rounds plain, and fasten off. The elastic is to be run in the last round.

To ornament the net see small figure. Take a band, and, commencing on one of the knots formed by the stitches of the net, sew the band to it, then thread on six beads and pass

them across in a slanting direction, taking a stitch in the net to secure it; then thread 6 more beads, and placing them across the first 6, secure them, and fasten off. Work the same at each knot straight across the netting to the opposite side. Attach two more bands parallel with the first and on each diamond of the netting; then a fourth band, leaving two diamonds of the net between, and a fifth band on the other side of the first, leaving two diamonds between to correspond with the other side.

THE STARS (in Tatting).—Fill the shuttle with the twine, and, commencing a loop, work a double stitch, then (1 pearl loop and 2 double stitches alternately, 7 times); 1 pearl and 1 double more, draw the loop quite close, place the two ends together, knot them, and cut off the twine. Make 22 of these stars.

Take about eight inches of wide ribbon wire, and cover it with the narrow blue ribbon, placing the wire in the centre of it, so as to leave equal lengths at each end for strings; these are tied at the back of the net, and the part with the wire sewed to about ten stitches of the net.

Take the wide ribbon, double it so as to commence in the middle, and at one edge make a plait or fold so as to form the point in the centre; make two loops or bows on each side of the centre, and leaving a longer space between them, make two more bows; the rest of the ribbon is for the ends. The stars should now be tucked on, placing three beads in the centre of each; this ribbon is then attached to the band in the front.

SIMPLE SLEEPING NET.

Materials.—Crochet cotton, No. 2; a flat mesh a quarter of an inch in width, and a netting needle. Narrow cotton braid may also be used.

Commence on a foundation of 50 stitches, net them, and make it round by working a stitch in the first stitch; then net 25 rounds quite plain.

27th round.—Decrease, by netting every two stitches together as one stitch.

28th.—All plain.

29th.—Turn the cotton once round the mesh, and net a stitch; repeat all round; when the mesh is withdrawn these loops will be double the length of the previous stitches.

30th.—Net every two stitches together; then 2 rounds plain, and draw up the remaining stitches, fastening them firmly.

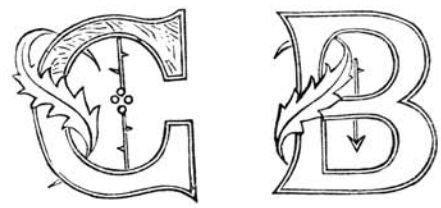
Take it off the foundation, and run an elastic in the first round.

INVISIBLE NET.

Materials.—Fine sewing silk, or that known as "Invisible" silk; a flat mesh, a quarter of an inch in width; and a steel netting needle.

Commence on a foundation of 16 stitches (this will make a large size), and net 32 rows plain, working backwards and forwards; take it off the foundation and stretch it open, when it will form a square, which is for the centre of the net; a foundation thread must therefore be run along the four sides of it a few stitches from the edge. Net along the four sides, working 2 stitches in each of the corners; then net 20 rounds plain, and fasten off. After the first 4 rounds are worked, it is advisable to run the foundation thread into the first of them, which will keep the netting even.

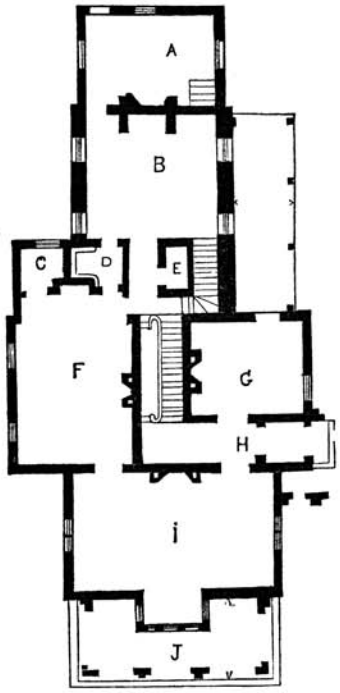
LETTERS FOR MARKING.



ITALIAN VILLA.

(*See engraving, page* 13.)

First Story.



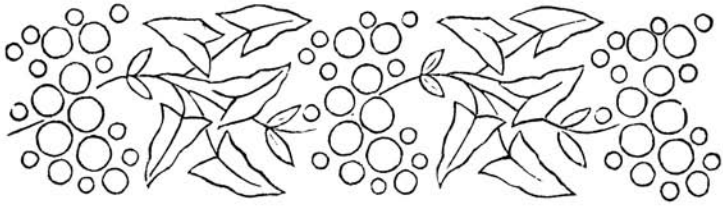
A Summer kitchen, 11:6 by 17:0″.
B Kitchen, 16 by 17.
C Pantry.
D Butler's pantry.
E Closet.
F Dining-room, 21:6″ by 14:6.
G Library, 11 by 13.
H Hall, 6 feet.
I Drawing-room, 15 by 25.
J Porch, 11 feet.

Second Story.

K Bed-room.
L Bath-room.
M Closet.
N Closet.
O P Q Chambers.
R S T U Closets.
V Chamber.

EMBROIDERY.

INSERTING.



A BIRD CAGE SCREEN.

Materials.—Two reels of cotton, No. 10, No. 3 Penelope Hook.

1*st. Row.*—Make 60 ch unite and work 4 rows of Dc. (This aperture is for the suspending ring of cage).

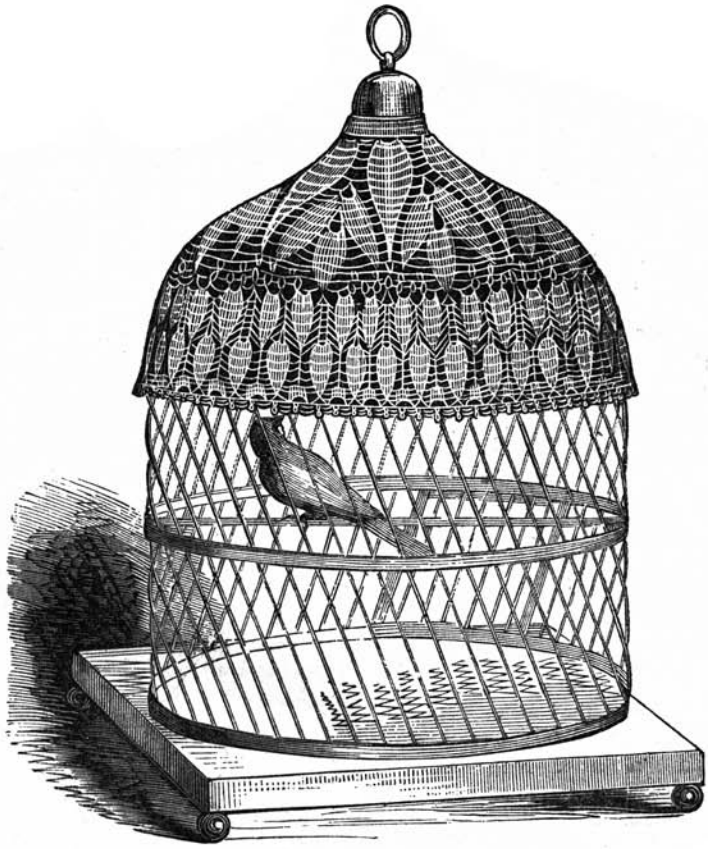
5*th.*—9 ch Dc in every 5th loop. (12 *chs of* 9).

13*th.*—5 ch 2 L in every loop of the 13th L; 5 ch 14 L. Repeat.

14*th.*—5 ch 1 L on every one of the 26 L; 5 ch 12 L. Repeat. End with 12 L.

15*th.*—6 ch 12 L, the 1st on 2d L; 7 ch 12 L, the 1st in next loop; 6 ch 10 L. Repeat. End with 10 L.

16*th.*—7 ch 10 L, 1st on 2d L; 3 ch 13 L *u*



6*th.*—3 ch * 13 L *u* 9 ch; 5 ch Dc *u* next 9 ch; 5 ch. Repeat from *. End with 5 ch Dc *u* 9 ch.

7*th.*—5 ch * 2 L on every loop of the 13 L; 5 ch. Repeat from *. End with 26 L.

8*th.*—* 4 ch 24 L the 1st on 2d L. Repeat. End with 24 L.

9*th.*—5 ch 22 L the 1st on 2d L.

10*th.*—20 L 7 ch. Repeat. End with 20 L.

11*th.*—5 ch 1 L in 4th loop of 7 ch; 5 ch 1 L on same loop; 7 ch 18 L 1st on 2d L. Repeat. End with 18 L.

12*th.*—5 ch 13 L *u* 5 ch; 5 ch 16 L. Repeat.

7 ch, 3 ch 10 L the 1st on 2d L; 7 ch 8 L, 1st on 2d L. Repeat.

17*th.*—9 ch 8 L, the 1st on 2d L; 3 ch 13 L on L, 3 ch 8 L, the 1st on 2d L; 9 ch 6 L, the 1st on 2d L. Repeat. End with 6 L.

18*th.*—10 ch 6 L; 7 ch 11 L, the 1st on 2d L; 7 ch 6 L; 10 ch 4 L. Repeat. End with 4 L.

19*th.*—13 ch 4 L; 9 ch 9 L; 9 ch 4 L; 13 ch 2 L. End with 2 L.

20*th.*—6 ch 1 L in 5th loop; 1 L in 3d loop (*without making chs between*) repeat from * 3 times more (*a*) then 6 ch 7 L the 1st on 2d L;

6 ch 1 L in 3d loop; 1 L in next 3d loop. Repeat from * to * 6 times more, then repeat from (*a*).

21*st.*—* 3 ch 1 L on L; 6 ch 1 L on next L *. Repeat this 3 times more (*b*); 9 ch 5 L 1st on 2d L 9 ch. Repeat from * to * 8 times more, then repeat from (*b*).

22*d.*—3 ch Dc *u* 1st 6 ch * 9 ch Dc *u* every 6 and 9 ch for 3 times *, 9 ch 3 L the 1st on 2d L; 9 ch Dc *u* every 9 and 6 ch for 9 times. Repeat from *. End with 9 ch Dc *u* 6 ch before the 3 ch.

23*d.*—* (*a*) 3 ch 13 L *u* 1st 9 ch; 3 ch Dc *u* next. Repeat from * again, then 7 ch Dc *u* next 9 ch (*a*). Repeat from (*a*) to (*a*) all round. End with 3 ch Dc *u* 9 ch and Dc on next Dc stitch.

24*th.*—* 3 ch 11 L, the 1st on 2d L; 3 ch Dc on Dc. Repeat this again, then 7 ch Dc on Dc. Repeat from *. End with 3 ch Dc on Dc.

25*th.*—* 4 ch 9 L 1st on 2d L; 4 ch Dc on Dc. Repeat this again, then 7 ch Dc on Dc. Repeat from * all round. End with 4 ch Dc on Dc.

26*th.*—* 7 ch 7 L on L; 7 ch Dc on Dc. Repeat this again, then 7 ch Dc on Dc. Repeat from * all round. End with 7 ch Dc on Dc.

27*th.*—The same only making 8 ch and 5 L.

28*th.*—The same only making 9 ch and 3 L.

29*th.*—3 ch Dc *u* 9 ch *; 7 ch 1 L on centre L; 7 ch Dc *u* 9 ch; 7 ch Dc *u* next 9 ch. Repeat from *, again omitting "*the* 7 ch Dc *u next* 9 ch" the second time make instead, 5 ch Dc on Dc; 9 ch Dc on Dc; 5 ch Dc *u* 9 ch. Now repeat from first *. End with 7 ch Dc *u* 3 ch at commencement of row.

30*th.*—7 ch Dc on L stitch; ch 13 L *u* 2d 7 ch; 7 ch Dc on L stitch; 7 ch Dc on L stitch; 7 ch Dc *u* 5 ch; 13 L *u* 9 ch; Dc *u* 5 ch. Repeat. End with 13 L; Dc on Dc.

31*st.*—7 ch 11 L, the 1st on 2d L; 7 ch Dc on Dc. Repeat.

32*d.*—Same as last, only making 9 L, instead of 11.

33*d.*—Same as last, only making 7 L. End with 7 L.

34*th.*—7 ch 3 Dc *u* 1st 7 ch; 3 Dc *u* next; 7 ch 5 L the 1st on 2d L. Repeat. End with 5 L.

35*th.*—7 ch 8 Dc, the first in loop before the 6 Dc; 7 ch 3 L the 1st on 2d L. Repeat. End with 3 L.

36*th.*—9 ch Dc on 2d L; 9 ch 6 Dc, the 1st on 2d Dc.

37*th.*—10 ch Dc *u* every 9 ch.

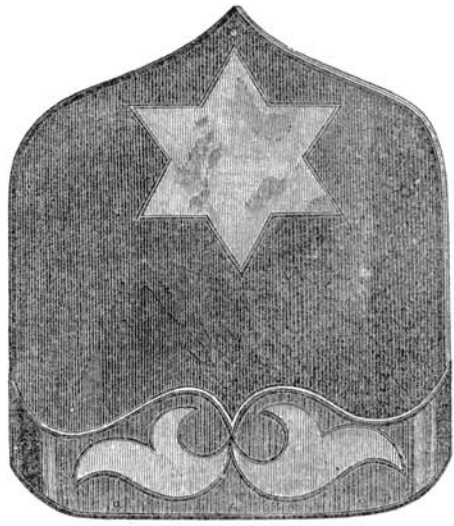
38*th.*—11 ch Dc *u* same 9 ch; 10 ch Dc *u* next 9 ch; 11 Dc *u* same, making the Dc stitches come close together.

39*th.*—10 ch Dc *u* 11 ch; 13 ch Dc *u* same. Repeat.

A fringe would give a better finish to this pattern, but as birds are apt to nibble and swallow the cotton it is omitted.

HELP TO MEMORY.

The little article, the engraving of which is given below, is intended to hang over a gentleman's writing-desk, for the reception of unanswered letters, and is a pretty as well as useful present. The material is fine, polished patent-leather, inlaid with Turkish morocco of crimson. The stitching must be done on a sewing-machine, and either black, white, or crimson silk may be used. Cut two pieces of leather the shape of the back. Then with a sharp penknife cut out the star, on one piece. Stitch the crimson morocco on the wrong side



of the leather, to fill up the star-shaped hole. Then put the two pieces of leather together and stitch all round. The front is cut and made in the same manner, cutting out the pieces for inlaying the morocco, the shape given in the pattern. Have a piece of thin board, cut in the shape of a half oval, paint it black and varnish it. Then tack the front

to the round of the oval, with small curtain tacks, and put on the back to the straight side of the board in the same way. Cut and stitch round a buttonhole in the point of the back, to hang the letter-box on a nail.

LADY'S BOOK PINCUSHION.

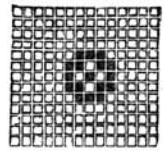
(*See engraving, page* 21.)

We give among our illustrations a very ornamental as well as new kind of pincushion. It is composed of scarlet cloth or satin and chalk white beads. A number of small circles are cut accurately in card-board, and covered neatly with the cloth or satin. On these circles a small pattern is worked in the white beads according to the engraving, with a small loop of beads round the edge, leaving a space sufficient for the next to wrap over. These small circles are all arranged round a larger circle cut in a firmer card-board, in the form of a wreath, each projecting slightly over the last, leaving a space for the cushion in the centre. A round cushion is then made sufficiently large to fill the centre, covered with the same material. It is drawn down either with a scarlet cord, strings of white beads or gold thread, so as to form four quarters from the centre, and is attached by means of this cord to the card-board foundation. This cushion should be sufficiently full to look well-raised and handsome. The foundation circle should be covered with a slight material previous to the ornamented circles being placed upon it. It has a very pretty effect when completed, the bright red contrasting well with the white drapery of the toilet table. The Berlin watch-pocket and this pincushion are arranged to match. The beads should be worked on with No. 20 Crochet Cotton.

NEW STYLE OF RAISED EMBROIDERY ON NETTING.

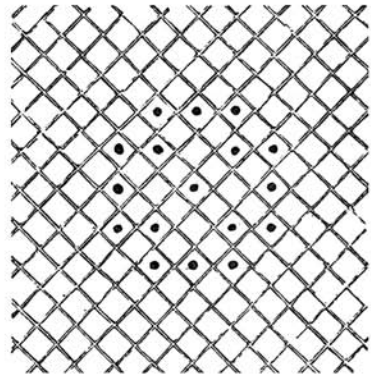
This style of work produces a better effect than darning, and can be used for a great number of articles—window curtains, counterpanes, antimacassars, etc. It can be worked from any crochet or netting patterns, as well as from all Berlin work patterns, but a certain rule must be observed. Thus, all the stitches placed in a straight direction in the patterns are worked in a slanting line on the net—that is, in the direction of the diamonds, touching each other at the point; the stitches placed in a slanting direction in the patterns are, on the contrary, worked in a straight line on the net, but one diamond should always be left between two diamonds that are to be worked. To render this explanation clearer, we give an illustration of a specimen of Berlin work, Fig. 1, consisting of seventeen squares in cross-stitch; then a specimen of netting, Fig. 2, on which the diamonds to be embroidered for working this pattern are shown by dots. By comparing these two illustrations all difficulty will be done away with, and our readers will be able to work on a netted ground any sort of pattern in Berlin work. The working of this embroidery is very simple. Take em-

Fig. 1.



Design for Raised Embroidery.

Fig. 2.



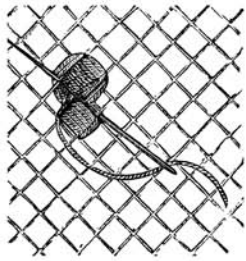
Raised Embroidery, showing the direction in which the stitches should be taken on the netting.

Fig. 3.

Raised Embroidery on Netting, showing how the 2d stitch should be commenced.

broidery cotton of the coarsest size; fasten one end to the netting; cover this diamond with five or six stitches which go round twice, by passing the needle from one corner to the other, alternately under two threads and over two threads of the netting (see Fig. 3). The diamond thus filled up is reckoned for one cross-stitch; Fig. 3 shows one of these diamonds when completed, and the direction in

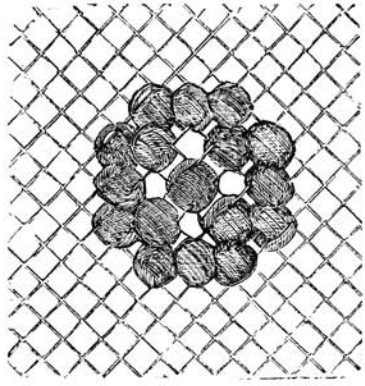
Fig. 4.



Raised Embroidery, showing the 1st and 2d stitches nearly completed.

which the needle is to be placed to form the next. This latter is filled up like the preceding one, and worked round in the same manner, the needle being inserted underneath the two outer circles of the previous diamond, as seen in Fig. 4. The engraving, Fig. 5, represents the pattern complete. A pretty effect might be produced for an antimacassar by working these stars in colored wools, in the same manner as we have just described. The wool would fill in the holes of the netting

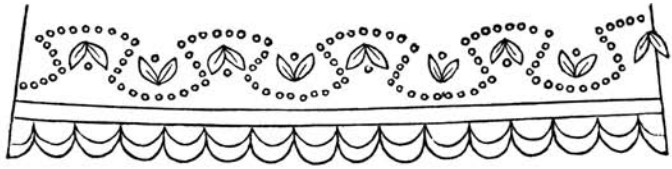
Fig. 5.



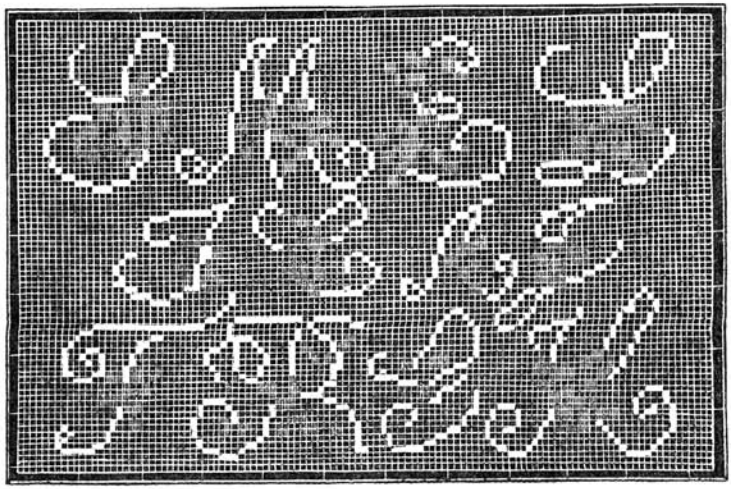
New Style of Raised Embroidery on Netting.

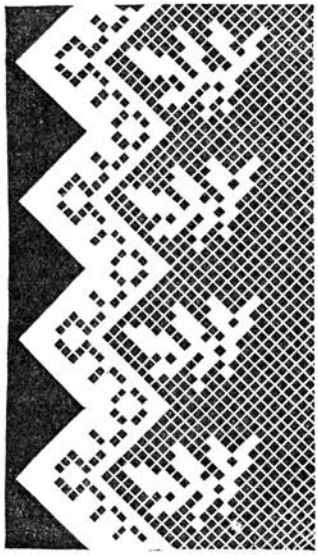
nicely, and the work would have a rich raised appearance.

EMBROIDERY.



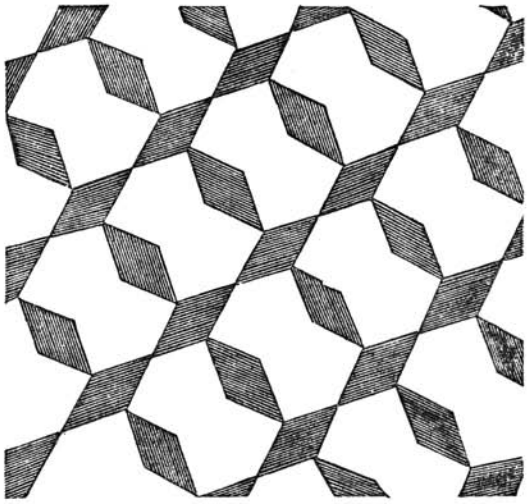
SAMPLER PATTERN FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.



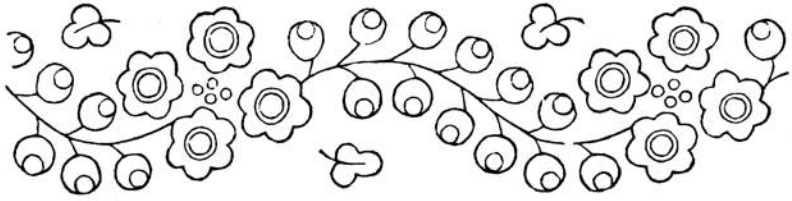


DESIGN FOR DARNING THE BORDERS OF NETTED WINDOW CURTAINS.

QUILTING PATTERN.

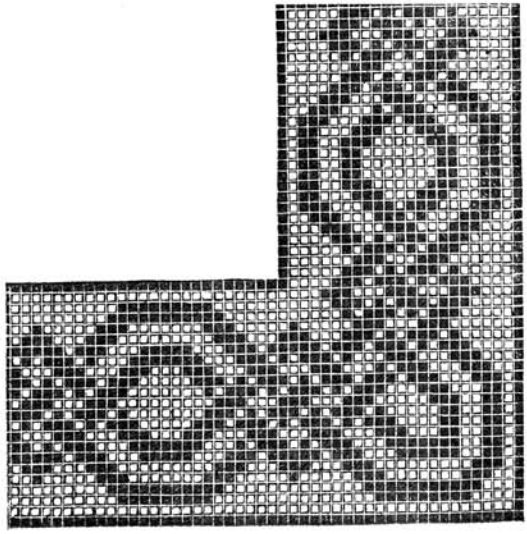


EMBROIDERY.



NAME FOR MARKING.

BORDER PATTERN FOR NETTING OR CROCHET.



Receipts, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

BEEFSTEAKS WITH MUSHROOMS.—Take four pounds of the best sirloin steaks, cut thin. Season them with black pepper, and a very little salt. Put a large tablespoonful of good lard into a frying-pan, and set it over the fire. When it is quite hot, put in the steaks and let them brown. Have ready a quart of mushrooms, stemmed and skinned, and moistened with a pint of water, seasoned with a little pepper and salt, and thickened slightly with a good dredging of flour. Pour it over the steaks in the frying-pan, and then let them cook till thoroughly done.

Venison steaks will be found excellent dressed in this manner, but the venison must be fresh.

MINCED BEEF.—Take the lean of some cold roast beef. Chop it very fine, adding a small minced onion; and season it with pepper and salt. Put it into a stewpan, with some of the gravy that has been left from the day before, and let it stew for a quarter of an hour. Then put it (two-thirds full) into a deep dish. Fill up the dish with mashed potatoes, heaped high in the centre, smoothed on the surface, and browned with a salamander or a red-hot shovel.

Cold roast mutton or lamb may be minced as above, adding some sweet-marjoram to the seasoning, and filling up the dish with mashed turnips instead of potatoes.

Also, cold roast-pork; flavoring the seasoning with a little chopped sage. Cover the top with sweet potato, boiled and mashed, or with apple-sauce, that has been stewed as thick as possible.

CORNED FILLET OF VEAL.—Take a large fillet of veal and make deep incisions or cuts all over it with a sharp knife, and insert a slip of the fat into each, pressing it down well to keep it in. Mix a tablespoonful of powdered saltpetre with half a pound of fine salt, and rub the meat all over with it. Make a brine of salt and water strong enough to swim an egg on its surface, adding a lump of saltpetre about the size of a walnut. Put the veal into the brine (of which there must be enough to more than cover it), and let it remain ten days, turning it every day. Then take it out, wash off the brine, and boil the veal till thoroughly done and tender all through. It is best to eat it cold, and sliced thin.

FRENCH WAY OF DRESSING A SHOULDER OF VEAL.—Cut the veal into nice square pieces or mouthfuls, and parboil them. Put the bone and trimmings into another pot and stew them slowly a long time, in a very little water, to make the gravy. Then put the meat into the dish in which it is to go to table, and season it with a very little salt and Cayenne pepper, the yellow rind of a large lemon grated, and some powdered mace and nutmeg. Add some bits of fresh butter rolled in flour, or some cold dripping of roast veal. Strain the gravy and pour it in. Set it in a hot oven, and bake it brown. When nearly done, add two glasses of white wine, and serve it up hot. Any piece of veal may be cooked in this way.

STEWED LAMB.—Take a fine quarter of lamb and, for a large dish, cut the whole of it into steaks; for a small dish, cut up the loin only; or slice only the leg. Remove the skin and all the fat. Place at the bottom of a large stew-pot a fresh lettuce split into long quarters. Having seasoned the steaks with a little salt and Cayenne, and some powdered nutmeg and mace, lay them upon the lettuce, pour on just sufficient water to cover the whole, and let it stew gently for an hour, skimming it occasionally. Then put in a quart or two of young green peas (in proportion to the quantity of meat), a sprig of fresh green mint, a lump of loaf-sugar, and some bits of fresh butter. Let it cook slowly about half an hour longer, or till the peas are all soft and well done. In sending it to table, place the meat upon the lettuce, and the peas round it.

FILLET OF MUTTON.—Cut a fillet or round from a leg of mutton; remove all the fat from the outside, and take out the bone. Beat it well on all sides with a rolling-pin, to make it more tender, and rub it slightly all over with a very little pepper and salt. Have ready a stuffing made of finely minced onions, bread-crums, and butter, seasoned with a little salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and well mixed. Fill, with some of this stuffing, the place of the bone. Make deep incisions or cuts all over the surface of the meat, and fill them closely with the same stuffing. Bind a tape round the meat to keep it in shape. Put it into a stew-pan, with just water enough to cover it, and let it stew slowly and steadily during four, five, or six hours, in proportion to its size; skimming it frequently. When done, serve it up with its own gravy.

Tomato sauce is an excellent accompaniment to stewed mutton.

TO ROAST CANVAS-BACK DUCKS.—Having trussed the ducks, put into each a thick piece of soft bread that has been soaked in port wine. Place them before a quick fire and roast them from three-quarters to an hour. Before they go to table, squeeze over each the juice of a lemon or orange; and serve them up very hot with their own gravy about them. Eat them with currant jelly. Have ready also a gravy made by stewing slowly in a saucepan the giblets of the ducks in butter rolled in flour and as little water as possible. Serve up this additional gravy in a boat.

CANVAS-BACK DUCKS DRESSED PLAIN.—Truss the ducks without washing, but wipe them inside and out with a clean dry cloth. Roast them before a rather quick fire for half an hour. Then send them to table hot, upon a large dish placed on a heater. There must also be heaters under each plate, and currant jelly on both sides of the table, to mix with the gravy on your plate; claret or port wine also, for those who prefer it, as an improvement to the gravy.

CAKES, PUDDINGS ETC.

AN EXCELLENT PUDDING.—One pint of nice fine bread crums to one quart of milk; one cup of sugar; the yelks of four eggs beaten; the grated rind of a lemon; a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teacupful of sugar in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly or any sweetmeats you prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this, and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream.

THE PRESIDENT'S PUDDING.—Six ounces of fresh butter worked up to a cream, four ounces of loaf-sugar mixed in with the butter, four yelks of eggs beaten, six ounces of bread crums, two rinds of lemon grated. Line the dish with a light crust, and a layer of jam or marmalade; then pour in the mixture and bake in a very slow oven for half an hour. Froth the whites of the eggs with a little loaf-sugar and place them over the pudding, and put in the oven just before serving.

THE SECRETARY'S PUDDING.—Chop four ounces of apple the same quantity of bread crums, suet, and currants,

well washed and picked; two ounces of candied lemon, orange, and citron, chopped fine; five ounces of pounded loaf-sugar, one-half a nutmeg grated. Mix all together with four eggs. Butter well and flour a tin, put in the mixture, and place a buttered paper on the top, and a cloth over the paper. If you steam it the paper is sufficient. It will take two hours' boiling. When you dish it, stick cut blanched almonds on it, and serve with wine sauce.

APPLE JELLY.—One pound of moist sugar, one pound of apples, one lemon—the juice of the lemon to be used and the rind added—cut very fine. Boil the whole till it becomes a perfect jelly. Let it stand in a mould till quite firm and cold. Turn out, and stick it with almonds; set custard round. If for dessert, use a small mould, plain.

NUNNERLEY PUDDING.—One-half pound of raisins chopped, one pound of suet, four tablespoonfuls moist sugar, four ditto flour, and four eggs. To be well boiled and served with wine or brandy sauce.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—Two pounds flour, one-half pound butter, one pint molasses, one-fourth pound sugar, one ounce ginger, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

CORN CAKE.—Take one pint of corn meal, one quart of sour milk, four eggs well-beaten, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and soda enough to sweeten the milk. Mix all well together, and bake in pans. To have any corn cakes with eggs light, the eggs must be well beaten.

MACAROONS.—To a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, take four teaspoonfuls of orange-flower water, the whites of six eggs, and one pound of sifted white sugar. Blanch the almonds (remove the brown skin), and pound them with the orange-flower water, or some of the white of an egg; then whisk the whites of the eggs and add them gently to the almonds. It is important that these two ingredients should be carefully added, or they will "oil" or separate. Sift the sugar into the mixture until the whole forms a paste, not too stiff to drop upon white paper, which should be placed in a tin, or on a plate, and the whole baked in a slow oven till done.

TO MAKE APPLE FRITTERS.—Take one pint of milk, three eggs, salt just to taste, and as much flour as will make a batter. Beat the yelks and whites separately, add the yelks to the milk, stir in the whites with as much flour as will make a batter, have ready some tender apples, peel them, cut them in slices round the apple, take the core carefully out of the centre of each slice, and to every spoonful of batter lay in a slice of the apple, which must be cut very thin. Fry them in hot lard to a light brown on both sides.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

THE following receipt was presented us by a lady, with a piece of the soap manufactured after the receipt, and we can pronounce it a good article:—

HARD SOAP.—Four gallons of water, six pounds of washing soda, six pounds of clean fat, three and one-half pounds of stone lime. Put the lime and soda in the water and boil until the soda is dissolved; then pour it into a tub and let it settle; then pour off the water gently, with as little lime as possible; then add the fat and boil it until done. Take a little out in a saucer, and if no water remains under when cold it is done. Pour it in deep pans, or a tub, and when cold cut in bars.

LEMON PUDDING.—Beat up the whites and yelks of five eggs separately; mix them, and add eight tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of powdered cracker, *sifted*, the grated rind and juice of two lemons; put this in a dish lined with thin paste. Milk added before the mixture is put in the dish improves it.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Rub together three tablespoonfuls of melted butter with one cup of white sugar, add one egg beaten light, pint of flour, with two small teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted, one teacup of sweet milk with a small teaspoonful of soda mixed in it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CEMENT FOR STONE WARE.—Gelatine is allowed to swell in cold water, the jelly warmed, and so much recently slaked lime added as requisite to render the mass sufficiently thick for the purpose. A thin coating of this cement is spread, while warm, over the gently-heated surfaces of fractures of the articles, and let dry under strong pressure. What oozes out is removed directly with a moist rag.

PRESERVING MEAT AND FISH BY SUGAR.—To preserve fish by sugar, open them and rub the sugar in, in the same manner as salt, leaving it then for a few days. If the fish be intended for long keeping, dry it after this, taking care to expose new surfaces to the air frequently, to prevent mouldiness. Fish preserved in this manner, it is said, will be found, when dressed, much superior to what has been cured by salt or smoke. For a salmon of six pounds weight, a tablespoonful of brown sugar is sufficient.

FEEDING POULTRY.—It has been ascertained that, if you mix with their food a sufficient quantity of egg-shells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay twice or thrice as many eggs as before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a large number of eggs, but cannot do so without the materials of shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be; indeed, a fowl fed on food and water, free from carbonate of lime, and not finding any in the soil, or in the shape of mortar, which they often eat on the walls, would lay no eggs at all, with the best possible will.

SIZE FOR ATTACHING PAPER TO WALLS.—None but the best size should be used for attaching paper to walls. Many a fever has been caused by the horrible nuisance of corrupt size used in paper-hanging the bed-rooms. The nausea which a sleeper, in such a case, is aware of, on waking in the morning, should be a warning needing no repetition. Down should come the paper at any cost or inconvenience.

SEA-WEEDS.—The color of dried sea-weeds may be preserved by brushing them carefully with the following solution: in two-thirds of a small phial of turpentine, dissolve two or three small lumps of gum-mastic.

FEW persons, observes M. Soyer, know how to chop onions properly. In the first place, all the dry skin must be removed; then a thin slice off the top and bottom, or they will be bitter; then cut them into thin slices, dividing the onion, and cut crosswise to form dice. If a slight flavor is required, and the onion is strong when chopped, put the pieces in the corner of a napkin or cloth, wash them in water, squeeze them dry, then put them back on the board and chop fine.

MEAT employed for broth, soup, or gravy, should be fresh, for if in the slightest degree tainted or nasty, it communicates a disagreeable taste; fresh meat gives a more savory broth than meat that has been kept two or three days.

FOR A SCALD OR BURN.—Apply immediately pulverized charcoal and oil. Lamp oil will do, but linseed is better. The effect is miraculous.

When broth, soups, or gravy, are preserved from day to day, in hot weather, they should be warmed up every day, and put into fresh-scalded pans; this renders them less liable to spoil

ESCAPING FROM FIRE.

Human life has been often thrown away from persons not taking the precaution to accustom their minds to dwell at times on the proper method of acting in emergencies. From want of this, many rush into the very jaws of death, when a single moment's calm reflection would have pointed out a certain and easy means of escape. It is the more necessary to fix in the mind a general course of action in case of being in a house while it is on fire, since the most dangerous conflagrations occur at dead of night; and at the moment of being aroused from a sound sleep, the brain is apt to become too confused to direct the bodily movements with any kind of appropriateness without some previous preparation in the manner contained therein. The London Fire Department suggests, in case premises are on fire—

1. Be careful to acquaint yourself with the best means of exit from the house, both at the top and bottom.
2. On the first alarm, reflect before you act. If in bed at the time, wrap yourself in a blanket or bedside carpet. Open no more doors than are absolutely necessary, and shut every door after you.
3. There is always from eight to twelve inches of pure air close to the ground; if you cannot, therefore, walk upright through the smoke, drop on your hands and knees, and thus progress. A wetted silk handkerchief, a piece of flannel, or a worsted stocking, drawn over the face, permits breathing, and, to a great extent, excludes the smoke.
4. If you can neither make your way upward nor downward, get into a front room; if there is a family, see that they are all collected here, and keep the door closed as much as possible, for remember that smoke always follows a draught, and fire always rushes after smoke.
5. On no account throw yourself, or allow others to throw themselves, from the window. If no assistance is at hand, and you are in extremity, tie the sheets together, having fastened one side to some heavy piece of furniture, and let down the women and children one by one, by tying the end of the line of sheets around the waist, and lowering them through the window that is over the door, rather than one that is over the area. You can easily let yourself down after the helpless are saved.
6. If a woman's clothes catch fire, let her instantly roll herself over and over on the ground. If a man be present, let him throw her down and do the like, and then wrap her up in a rug, coat, or the first woollen thing that is at hand.

Of the preceding suggestions, there are two which cannot be too deeply engraven on the mind, that the air is comparatively pure within a foot of the floor, and that any wetted silk or woollen texture thrown over the face, excludes smoke to a great extent; it is often the case that the sleeper is awakened by the suffocating effects of the smoke, and the very first effort should be to get rid of it, so as to give time to compose the mind, and make some muscular effort to escape.

In case a portion of the body is burned, it cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind that putting the burned part under water, or milk, or other bland fluid, gives instantaneous and perfect relief from all pain whatever; and there it should remain until the burn can be covered perfect with half an inch or more of common wheaten flour, put on with a dredging box, or in any other way, and allowed to remain until a cure is effected; when the dry, caked flour will fall off, or can be softened with water, disclosing a beautiful, new and healthful skin, in all cases where the burns have been superficial. But in any case of burn, the first effort should be to compose the mind, by instantaneously removing bodily pain, which is done as above named; the philosophy of it being, that the fluid, whether water, milk, oil, &c., excludes the air from the wound; the flour does the same thing; and it is rare indeed that water and flour are not instantaneously to be had in all habitable localities.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.

We find the following going the rounds of the press. The remedy is a simple one, and can therefore do no harm. If it is of value, the Lady's Book secures it a place where reference can always be at hand:—

"This affection, which comprises those known under the various names of bad sore throat, angina, croup, and the French *angine couenneuse*, has hitherto been considered one of the most difficult to cure. We find in the *Revue Thérapeutique* a paper by Dr. A. De Grand Boulogne, Vice Consul at Havana, in which he mentions ice as an infallible specific. As this, from its extreme simplicity, would, if effective, be far superior to any yet tried, we cannot refrain from quoting the cases mentioned by the author, who had published the remedy as far back as February, 1860, and consequently complains (not without reason, if its efficacy is such as he describes it) of the inexcusable negligence of practitioners in not taking notice of it, thereby allowing many valuable lives to be lost. The following cases came under his observation after that date: In March and April, 1861, the disease in question broke out under an epidemic form, and chiefly attacked adults with such virulence that in one week three young women died in one house. One of Dr. De Grand's patients, afflicted with blephacite, was seized with it, and as he could not immediately attend, owing to the severity of the case another physician was called in, who ordered emetics and aluminous gargles, which produced no effect.

"At length Dr. De Grand came and found the tonsils greatly swollen, and a false membrane covering them. He immediately administered small pieces of ice, and by the following morning the tumefaction of the tonsils had diminished by half, and the false membrane had nearly disappeared. That very evening she was enabled to take food. Profiting by this example, a few days after her brother was seized with sore throat, presenting the same preliminary symptoms as those of his sister; but he, without waiting for the doctor, at once took some ice, and was rid of his sore throat in a few hours. Some days later, Dr. De Grand was summoned to a young lady, who had been laboring under the disease for some forty-eight hours; all remedies had failed, and the parents, relations, and friends of the family were plunged in the deepest sorrow. When Dr. De Grand ordered ice a general cry of astonishment was uttered by all present. Ice for a sore throat! Impossible! It was sheer murder!

"Dr. De Grand maintained his ground, and after much expostulation, during which much time was lost, he obtained his end. Before twenty-four hours were over, the patient was in full convalescence. Being at Vera Cruz on a mission, he was requested to see a young man who was attacked with malignant sore throat, and had been treated without effect by cauterizations with hydrochloric acid and astringent gargles. Here again he had to battle with prejudices of the family, but was at length allowed to administer ice. The young man recovered in the course of the following day. Dr. De Grand has now been using this remedy for the last twelve years, without having met with a single failure. This is what he says; but even if only half of what he says were true, the method should be tried by others. Cold gargles have been employed with success by Dr. Blanc, of Strasburg; why not ice?"

Editors' Table.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR! WHAT WILL IT BRING?

ACCORDING to old traditions and interpretations of sacred prophecy the present year is to inaugurate an Era of mighty changes and wonderful events. How many wise and holy men, during the past centuries, have longed to see this New Year! And now it has come: what does it bring to us?

First, in order, it brings the common duties of life to each and all; these must be done day by day, if we would enjoy the blessings of the year.

And then what? Let us leave Time to be the interpreter. The year, as it passes, will tell its own story. The same law that holds the sun in its place draws a falling feather to the earth. Whatever changes are before us come through Divine appointment or sufferance. Our Father in heaven holds the balance of events; He will make all things work for good to them who love Him and strive to do His will.

THE ORNAMENTAL TITLE-PAGE.

Our readers will find in its illustrations these life lessons in their loveliest aspect of the season. There is the loving woman, brightening the close of the dark winter day by teaching her little daughter those prayers, never to be forgotten when learned from a mother's lips, which will guide the soul of the child to the Source of love and light. On the left the thoughtful father is straining his gaze to catch the first gleam of the evening lamp from the windows of his home. And there are two sweet young faces, going to school in a snow-storm, under the shelter of one umbrella, while the little ones at home and the tender mother feel this to be the great event of the day. Then the Light-house, like a star of Hope, guides the homeward bound mariner; the Skating scene shows what healthful and innocent pleasures winter brings in its train; while feeding the robin is a cheerful emblem of the Charity that should warm the hearts of all who have "food enough and to spare" while fellow beings are famishing with cold and hunger.

But the centre group is the crown and glory of the Plate—*Guardian Angels watching over Sleeping Infancy!* In this beautiful idea is embodied not only the hope of life's happiness on earth, but also our hopes of life immortal. While angels watch over little children our heavenly Father will never permit the Powers of Evil to destroy goodness from the earth.

And is not the *woman*—to whom God gave the promise of salvation for our race—next to the angels, the agent of Heaven in preserving goodness? Look over the Title-page and observe how the womanly virtues and feelings predominate. Love and piety, cheerfulness and charity are there embodied.

The LADY'S BOOK has led the way in all the improvements for women which the last thirty years have inaugurated. In the great changes apparently coming on the world there will be wide scope for the virtues, the affections, and the gifts of womanhood. We shall be careful to watch these coming events, and continue to make our Periodical the organ to direct the aspirations and encourage the efforts of WOMAN, always keeping her place in harmony with the Bible prediction of her destiny: "Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."

THE NEW YEAR FOR AMERICAN LADIES opens with three rainbows of hope over the dark clouds of our country's horizon. Let us briefly trace these good auguries: and first—

I.

VASSAR COLLEGE TO BE OPENED THIS YEAR!

HON. MATTHEW VASSAR, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—the FOUNDER of this remarkable Institution—is one of those distinguished MEN of the class of Girard, Astor, George Peabody, and Peter Cooper, who, having, by force of strong intellect, stern integrity, and persevering effort, accumulated princely fortunes, have crowned their labors with perennial glory by doing public good with their private gains.

Mr. Vassar, an Englishman by birth, belongs to a respectable family, and is nearly related to Sir John Guy, founder of Guy's Hospital, London—but being brought to the United States in his infancy, he has become truly American in heart and mind; therefore, as "our honored countryman," he will have his name enshrined, and his home consecrated in the hearts and minds of American Women for all time to come. Being without children, Mr. Vassar's thoughts were drawn to the subject of his duty in the dispensation of the large fortune God had intrusted to his care: we will quote his own interesting address to the Trustees he had selected as guardians of his munificent donation.

"It having pleased God that I should have no direct descendants to inherit my property, it has long been my desire, after suitably providing for those of my kindred who have claims on me, to make such a disposition of my means as should best honor God and benefit my fellow men. At different periods I have regarded various plans with favor; but these have all been dismissed one after another, until the subject of erecting and endowing a college for the education of young women was presented for my consideration. The novelty, grandeur, and benignity of the idea arrested my attention. The more carefully I examined it, the more strongly it commended itself to my judgment and interested my feelings.

"It occurred to me, that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development.

"I considered that the mothers of a country mould the character of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny. Next to the influence of the mother, is that of the feminine teacher, who is employed to train young children at a period when impressions are most vivid and lasting. It also seemed to me, that if women were properly educated, some new avenues to useful and honorable employment, in entire harmony with the gentleness and modesty of her sex, might be opened to her.

"It further appeared, there is not in our country—there is not in the world, so far as is known—a single fully endowed institution for the education of women. It was also in evidence, that for the last thirty years, the standard of education for the sex has been constantly rising in the United States; and the great, felt, pressing want has been ample endowments, to secure to the Seminaries for Young Women the elevated character, the stability and permanency of our best colleges."

Vassar College is located in the fair old Dutch city of Poughkeepsie, half way between New York and Albany. The ground was broken for the foundation of the edifice on the Fourth of July, 1861. It will be finished for the reception of scholars in September, 1864. An able writer in "the New Englander," for October, 1862, thus described the college and its surroundings:—

"The building is to be in the Norman style; the material

is brick, with stone trimmings, three stories high, with a mansard roof. Perhaps an idea of the appearance of the building cannot be better conveyed than by referring the reader to any familiar engraving of the Tuileries, in imitation of which this structure was planned. The length of the front, including the wings, is five hundred feet; the wings are each fifty-six feet wide and one hundred and sixty-five deep; the centre is one hundred and seventy-one feet deep. Under one roof will be contained a chapel, a library, an art gallery, lecture and recitation rooms, the president's house, two double houses for four professors, apartments for lady teachers, matrons, and the steward's family, and finally, accommodations for three hundred ladies, each one of whom is to have a separate sleeping room. The edifice will be nearly fire-proof, will be heated by steam, lighted with gas, ventilated in the most perfect manner, and supplied throughout with an abundance of pure soft water. It stands three hundred feet from the road. The avenue by which it is to be approached is to be guarded at the entrance by an exquisitely shaped lodge, and to wind through grounds wrought to high beauty by the landscape gardener. A little way upon the left of the college runs the Casparkill creek, which here flows in a straight full current, and by artificial means has been made to expand into a beautiful little lake, surrounded by grassy banks, and shaded by a thick circlet of chestnut and willow trees. Here will be erected an appropriate bathing-house; and the lake will furnish healthful exercise for the members of the college, by skating in the winter, and in the summer by rowing. It may be added, that buildings and grounds will consume a portion of the endowment somewhat exceeding two hundred thousand dollars."

The amount of Mr. Vassar's endowment was four hundred and eight thousand dollars ($408,000); the interest accruing for the three years will make the whole sum nearly half a million!

The young ladies will live under the college roof. It is plain that the independence which young men may, in college life, enjoy without injury, would be pernicious to young girls. Boldness and daring, desirable in the one sex, are not becoming in the other. *The home life* is an essential element in woman's education, necessary for the best development of her mind, and the perfection of her character. Therefore, the plan of making this collegiate institution a pleasant HOME, for all who are educated under its privileges, was wise and beneficent. To do this made the large endowment necessary. And, we are happy to add, this magnificent College Home will be open on such moderate terms, as to allow all parents, who really prize such great opportunities for their daughters, to avail themselves of this new and wonderful institution, designed "to accomplish for young women, what our best colleges are accomplishing for young men."

We trust, and we seriously believe, that this enterprise of Mr. Vassar is the initiative of a most important era of improvement in humanity. That one-half of the human race should, for nearly six thousand years, have had their faculties repressed, their genius deadened, their minds dwarfed or wasted on trifles and vanities, would seem impossible if it were not true. Nature has endowed woman with mental faculties that might, if cultivated rightly, prove as important in influence for good use to their country, as if these powers were exercised in a masculine brain.

Yet, some really good people seem to fear that literary cultivation will injure the household virtues, and that a woman from possessing knowledge will lose the best instincts of her nature and cease to love her children.

It seems to us, that dissipation and nonsense are far more likely to injure the maternal character than would be an acquaintance with Cicero or Seneca, or improved powers of arithmetical calculation, or skill in chemical combinations.

The son of a mother who has stamped on his mind noble and generous ideas, from the impression of her own thoughts, will not easily be led into the intercourse of idle and ignorant companions. In those years of early life, when impressions are most easily and most indelibly made, the vast might of the mother's influence has not been understood. Children are imitative; a thirst for knowledge, a desire for improvement are caught by the boy when he sees these are prized and understood in his own home and by his own mother. Alas, that we must add, that the devotion to selfish display and trifling amusements, is, too commonly, the consequence of the infant's first reflective powers, observing these to be the leading desires and ideas of his inconsiderate and uneducated mother.

There is, however, a higher aim needed in the education of Young Women than any college for Young Men has ever yet attained or even attempted. This aim is the cultivation of mind, heart, and soul in consonance with faith in God's Divine Revelation and in harmony with the virtues and graces of Christianity.

Here is to be the distinguishing glory of Vassar College, that "*Instruction in Religion and Morals*" is made the basis of its educational system, and the BIBLE IS THE BOOK from which the wisdom, the beauty, the perfectness of the whole plan is derived, and on the BIBLE it will be sustained.

II.

THE ORDER OF DEACONESSES TO BE RESTORED IN CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

I entreat thee also, true yokefellow, help those women which labored with me in the Gospel.—ST. PAUL. *Philippians*, iv. 3.

In our Editors' Table for December, we brought an important movement to the notice of our readers; that the Episcopal Convention of Pennsylvania had, at its last session (May, 1863) approved the Report of its committee, virtually recommending this restoration of the order of Deaconesses in the Episcopal Churches.

No observing and reflecting person can fail to see how peculiarly fitted to woman's impulses and views of duty, to her heart and her understanding would be the offices of ministering to the sick and afflicted bearing light into the homes of sorrow, training the young and teaching the ignorant—under the appointments of the church and by the sanction and encouragement of her pastor and his officials.

The works of love and mercy are so much a part of the feminine constitution of character that, since sin and sorrow entered Eden, there is no period within the reach of tradition and history, in which she is not found in this ministry. "*I will put enmity between thee and the woman*," said the Lord God to the Serpent! In that divine declaration woman holds her patent for this ministry of love and light, of mercy and hope. In the blessed Gospel, women were the constant and devoted friends of Jesus Christ. In the Apostolic Churches, women were openly acknowledged as helpers and held offices—*deaconess, prophetess, instructress*—these are embodied in the elect lady, Priscilla, the daughters of Philip and Phebe; and the chosen "*widows* seem to have constituted a society of womanly elders."

But we have not room here to enlarge. The Report * should be studied. That we have in our land, and in our American Churches, of all denominations, thousands of pious and faithful women, tender, skilful, self-sacrificing, and ready for all good works, has been shown in our hospitals during the last three years. The need, now, is of judicious organizations in the different churches, whereby woman's efficiency and aptitude as the helper of good men in their efforts to spread the Gospel in its love and faith, its purity and peace, its improving and sustaining power may be proven. All denominations are equally interested in this Bible restoration of the order of *deaconesses*. Let us hope all will move simultaneously in this great work. Should the year before us prove the era of such a blessed renovation in the life of the churches, by recalling to their duties the larger portion of members, the year *Eighteen hundred and sixty-four* would be,

* Any lady who desires a copy of this report, may have one, by writing to Mrs. Hale and inclosing a stamp.

indeed, a season of joy and blessedness to woman, whatever perils and changes might be coming on the earth.

III.

FREE NATIONAL NORMAL SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

THE following MEMORIAL was first brought before Congress in 1853–54. It was very favorably received, and would have been acted on had not other bills, asking appropriations of public lands been defeated or vetoed. Those lands were then considered pledged for the public credit. The passage of the "*Homestead Bill*" having virtually opened the public domains to private settlers, there seems now no hindrance to plans that aim to raise the condition and character of those industrious pioneers, in the now unoccupied regions where the American Flag is to protect the citizens of the United States. Moreover, as the bill for endowing "Agricultural Colleges" has provided aids for the pursuits of men, will not Congress furnish, also, facilities for the benefit of women? We trust in the wisdom and patriotism of American Statesmen to decide this important question and submit the following in the name of the Women of the United States:—

MEMORIAL:

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In view of these considerations, your memorialists petition that TEN MILLIONS OF ACRES OF THE PUBLIC NATIONAL DOMAINS be set apart to endow at least one *Free National Normal School* in every State for the gratuitous education of YOUNG WOMEN.

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

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

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION: WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE IN IT.

THERE are three incorporated Medical Colleges for young women now open in our land. We have the Reports for 1863 before us.

1. THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA—(Philadelphia—North College Avenue and Twenty-second Street)—established about fourteen years ago, has now a "Woman's Hospital" connected with it; thus an opportunity of seeing some practice is afforded. This college has, probably, graduated fifty young women; and as physicians for their own sex and children they have been successful.

2. THE NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE—(No. 10 East Canton Street, Boston, Massachusetts)—incorporated 1856, has sent out nearly fifty graduates. The Board of Trustees deserve commendation for the good judgment shown in the change they have adopted respecting the "style and title of the Diplomas conferred on women." Hereafter it is to be "*Doctress of Medicine*," equivalent to the Latin term *Medicinæ Doctrix*. The college in Philadelphia has, also, adopted this "style and title" for its graduates. So there will be no more foolish assumptions of the masculine form of address by women practising medicine. *Doctor* will signify a gentleman of the profession; *Doctress* a lady physician.

NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN—(lately opened in New York City, 724 Broadway)—promises to become an institution of great usefulness, and offers superior facilities. It has the significant dignity of name: *A College for Women*—not *Females*, which may mean *animals*, as all living creatures that bring forth young are females. Therefore, as the term does not, *certainly*, signify the human feminine, by using it, the directness of language is marred, and the dignity of the woman or lady is degraded. It seems to signify the lowest type of womanhood, as it refers only to the animal.

May not this be one reason why our "*Female Medical Colleges*" have not been as popular as their friends desire? Having now adopted a true style of Diploma, why not try the virtue of a true style of name? *The Ladies' Medical College*, would be significant of higher efforts. Had "The Lady's Book" been styled "The Female's Book," would it ever have become the leading organ of magazine literature?

BOOKS FOR HOME READING.—In our Book Table will be found notices and lists of some excellent works. Next month we shall give special attention to this subject.

NEEDLEWORK AND THE SEWING MACHINE.—While we are urging attention to mental culture, let us never forget the importance of ingenious handiworks and useful accomplishments in domestic knowledge. The only mechanical invention of Eden was the sewing needle—it will be the indispensable handmaid of fallen humanity till the advent of the New Jerusalem. Therefore, the importance of that wonderful American Invention, the "Sewing Machine;" it should be honored by all women. Among the variety of these excellent inventions we recognize THE WHEELER AND WILSON MACHINE * as the Queen Bee of the hive, and wish we had the power to order one of these for every widow in our land, who has to live by her needle, as a gift to make her a happy New Year.

FASHIONS OF DRESS, AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON CHARACTER.—The *Lady's Book*, as the monitor of American fashions of dress, has done much for the improvement of taste, and the encouragement of ingenuity, industry, and economy. Perhaps there is no single influence which has had more salutary effect in promoting the comforts of home and the respectability of family life throughout the length and breadth of our land, than the attention given in our Magazine, to illustrations and directions, which make needlework and fancy works in all their varieties, known and accessible for those who need this information. *Home* is the place for such pursuits; by encouraging these, we make women happier and *men better*.

WOMAN'S MISSION TO WOMAN.—The BIBLE is the best missionary for heathen women, as it is the best instructor for all women. Look at our Title-page: it is a picture of Christian civilization. The goodness and happiness of

* 506 Broadway, New York. 704 Chestnut St., Philada.

women and children and all the pure enjoyments of *home life* in Christian lands, are not these derived from *Bible* influences? Ought not this blessed *Book* to be taught to all the world? Native *Bible-women* are now employed by American missionaries in heathen lands. Funds are needed to pay these poor Bible-women. Will not our friends help? Any contributions sent to Mrs. Hale will be acknowledged in the Lady's Book. *One dollar* from a lady of Pottsville, Pa., we thankfully record.

SOMETHING FOR HEALTH—IMPORTANT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—A London letter says:—

"A great discovery is just now engaging the attention of the scientific and medical world. Few English names are more familiar to Americans than that of Dr. John Chapman, once the leading publisher of heretical books, now editor of the *Westminster*, and always a devotee of science and medicine. This Dr. Chapman has been for years engaged in studies and experiments connected with the nervous system alone, with Dr. Brown-Sequard and Claude Bernard of Paris. For the past year he has been proving a tremendous discovery—namely, the cure of epilepsy, and many diseases hitherto deemed incurable, by means of the external application of ice and hot water, in India-rubber bags, at various parts of the spinal cord, acting thus upon the sympathetic nerve, and through it upon the most important and vital regions of the body. Many eminent physicians have accompanied Dr. Chapman to see the marvels which he had wrought upon patients who had long ago despaired of health. Many of the worst and most inveterate feminine diseases have yielded to the new cure. The treatment is as simple as it is grand. Any one who is troubled by the pressure of blood on the brain will find that, by holding a bag of ice on the nape of the neck ten minutes, an equable flow of blood can be secured. Those who are troubled with habitual cold may find relief by applying ice to the small of the back in the lumbar region. It is hard to estimate the importance of this discovery, which will ere long be ranked by the side of that of Jenner. Seven hospitals are already under Dr. Chapman's practice, and, as yet, no one can bring forward an instance of failure."

NIGHT SCENE.

Up and down the lonely street,
With a restless mind I go,
Seeing faint lights dimly glow
Thro' the rain and misty sleet.
Where the eager cares of life
Rushed forth, panting, to the world;
Where the maddening passions whirled
In a wild delirious strife,
Now is silence; in the night,
I behold but dimly glare
Thro' life's cold and misty air,
Many a faint and distant light.
Yet, through earnest faith I know,
That, above the clouded sky,
Burn the golden stars on high,
With a calm and steady glow. D. L. P.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted, and will appear when we have room: "Summer Fancies"—"Smiles"—"Frost-work"—"Tom Snuggery in Search of a Wife"—"You 're Roaming through the Past to-night"—"Words for All"—and "Beneath the Snow."

These articles are declined: several of the number would be published if we had room: "January, 1864"—"My Valley Home"—"Music"—"To the Memory of J. H."—"Specialties"—"The last Day of the Year."—"Requiem"—"The Lost Ring"—"Not an Authoress"—"A Strange Experience"—"Morning, Noon, and Night"—"Watchings"—and "The Wedding Gift."

Many articles are on hand; next month these will be named.

"Harry Desmond's Choice." No letter received. What is to be done with the MS.?

NOTICES TO AUTHORS.—We have received several letters lately, saying: "By same mail I send you a MS., etc." said MSS. have never come to hand. Better adopt the old plan and pay full letter postage. Very likely the article has never been forwarded, as the first publication of cheap postage on MSS. was an error. See page 484 November number.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE REJECTED WIFE. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine," etc. Without claiming to be a historic novel, this book deals with historic characters. The authoress weaves a romance around the life of Benedict Arnold, before he entered upon his public career. She draws with a skilful hand not only the outlines, but the nicer shades of his character, such as history proves him to have been—ambitious and courageous, but selfish and unscrupulous to the last degree. The peerless Laura de Montreuil challenges our admiration; while the gentle, simple-minded, trustful Amy Leonard calls for our tenderest pity.

THE LOST BANK NOTE; *and Martyn Ware's Temptation.* By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," etc. These are two pleasing novelettes, inculcating the best of sentiments and morals. Mrs. Wood never writes amiss.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

DAY DREAMS. By Joseph A. Nunes, U. S. A. If Mr. Nunes has aspired to fame through the medium of his poetic talent, we fear disappointment lies in wait for him. But if he has written and published from the humble, though quite as commendable and perhaps less selfish motive of adding what he may to the pleasure of others, he will not be unrewarded. Though displaying no remarkable genius, the various poems which this book contains are pleasing specimens of their class, and will be read with satisfaction.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Part 18. A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in Connection with the Calendar, including Anecdotes, Biography, History, etc. A most interesting work. Price only 20 cents per number.

From FREDERICK LEYPOLDT, Philadelphia:—

FANCHON THE CRICKET. From the French of George Sand, by Matilda Hays. Various English adaptations of the German dramatization of this book have already been received with high marks of favor in this country. The story is of a pastoral character, quiet in narrative, and the charming simplicity of its style is in perfect harmony with the simple peasants who figure in it.

THE ART PRINCIPLE AND ITS APPLICATION TO THE TEACHING OF MUSIC. By Anna Jackson. A well-written essay which music teachers and lovers of music will find both pleasant and profitable reading.

From WM. S. & ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

GEORGE MORTON AND HIS SISTER.

FRANK AND RUFUS; *or, Obedience and Disobedience.*

Both books are by Catharine M. Trowbridge, a writer of much merit, whose works are popular in Sabbath Schools and among children's books. These last works are very good.

LITTLE BY LITTLE. A book in which the writer has aimed to show how the poor and ignorant in England

struggle and suffer—and that the great aid in their progress upward is the Bible, with its teachings of duty.

ALBUM CARDS.—We have two of these sets, each envelope containing twelve photograph pictures. Charming presents for New Year are these color-prints, representing "Birds" in all their variety of plumage, and "The Favorites" among animals. A collection of these cards will make a valuable and beautiful album for the children of a family.

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, Philadelphia:—

A CATECHISM OF THE STEAM ENGINE, *in its various Applications to Mines, Mills, Steam Navigation, Railways, and Agriculture.* By John Bourne, C. E. This is a new and revised edition of a work which has met with favor among those competent to judge of its merits. To the practical machinist its instructions for the manufacture and management of engines will be of great value.

HARRY'S VACATION; *or, Philosophy at Home.* By William C. Richards, A. M.

THE PET BIRD, *and Other Stories.* By "Cousin Alice," author of "No Such Word as Fail," etc.

AT HOME AND ABROAD; *or, How to Behave.* By Mrs. Manners.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT; *or, Lessons on the Lord's Prayer.* In a Series of Stories. By Mrs. Manners. This first instalment of juvenile books reminds us that the holidays are approaching, and we must speak a word for the little folks. These are all excellent and profitable books from the pens of individuals who have the good of children really at heart. We feel sure that the little book by "Cousin Alice" will be more highly treasured by its young readers when we tell them that she who has thought of them and written for them so much will never write again; that her eyes are closed and her voice hushed forever in death.

APPLETON'S UNITED STATES POSTAL GUIDE; containing the Chief Regulations of the Post-Office; and a Complete List of Post-Offices throughout the United States. Published by the authority of the Postmaster-General.

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From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR; *or, A Book of the Heart.* By Ik Marvel.

DREAM-LIFE: *A Fable of the Seasons.* By Ik Marvel. These two volumes, in tasteful and uniform binding, are new editions of works already familiar to the public. "Ik Marvel" may be called the father of the sentimental school of American literature. The person must be indeed insensible who, after reading these books, does not think more earnestly of life's duties, and feel kindlier disposed towards his fellow men.

MY FARM OF EDGEWOOD: *A Country Book.* By the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor." This book relates the incidents, accidents, and results of the experimental farming of a man who "felt a somewhat enthusiastic curiosity to know, and to determine by actual experience, if farm-lands were simply a cost and an annoyance to any one who would not wholly forswear books." Bringing to his aid considerable scientific knowledge, making use in a moderate degree of the various improvements in stock raising, land culture, and machinery, and exercising a highly developed taste, sound judgment, and common sense, he has demonstrated the perfect success of his undertaking, and made withal a very readable book.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE RING OF AMASIS. *From the Papers of a German Physician.* By Robert Bulwer Lytton (Owen Meredith). Those who delight to wander in the labyrinths of Teutôn mystical literature, can here lose and find themselves as often as they please. Of the first order of merit, it is a capital imitation of that which it professes to be—a German book.

MARTIN POLE. *A Novel.* By John Saunders, author of "Abel Drake's Wife," etc. The story of "Martin Pole" itself, though serving to bind together several disconnected tales, is absorbingly interesting, and illustrates in an excellent manner the follies of superstition. "The Plague-Stone of Aberford," "Old Matthew's Puzzle," and the others, are all deserving of perusal.

HARPER'S HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE. By W. Pembroke Fetridge, Esq. We have never travelled in Europe, but expect to one of these days, and we would as leave think of going without a change of apparel as without this most useful book. Mr. Fetridge has travelled all over the ground he describes—has honestly visited every place—has stopped at every house he describes—has quenched his thirst at every spring—or, as a facetious friend of ours once said, he has socked with old Socrates, ripped with old Euripides, romed with old Romulus, and canted with old Cantharides. He has been everywhere. We met him at Washington a few days since, and he informed us that he had just returned from "doing up" old Spain, and in a few days he would depart for Russia, to shake our friend Alexander by the hand—for Fetridge is at home everywhere. His book is useful. For instance, we will take Paris. Fetridge gives you about a dozen pleasant trips from Paris, which will occupy you some one day and some more, but you may always return to your starting-place and never go over the same ground twice. Just so with London, and so with every large city. This other guide books do not give you. They place a long route before you, but do not tell you how you may diverge. Fetridge does, and so we commend him; and we are sure that no one will take an European trip without Fetridge in his pocket, especially if it is done up in the handsome pocket-book form as is our copy.

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From SHELDON & Co., New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

BROKEN COLUMNS. To a certain extent a clever, but most unequally written book. Occasionally its pages sparkle with vivacity, and again they drag with most unreadable dulness. Let its readers skip the latter, and they will gain time, lose little profit, and be the better pleased.

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From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

VINCENZO; *or, Sunken Rocks. A novel.* By J. Ruffini, Author of "Dr. Antonis," etc. A well-written and attractive romance, the scene of which is laid in Italy. It is printed from the author's advance sheets.

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From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

EXCURSIONS. By Henry D. Thoreau, author of "Walden," and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers." Thoreau was a man possessing an ardent love of nature, and a keen appreciation of all her beauties. Emerson, in a biographical sketch of this remarkable man, prefacing the book, says: "It was a pleasure and privilege

to walk with him. He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. He knew every track in the snow or on the ground, and what creature had taken this path before him. One must submit abjectly to such a guide, and the reward was great." A book by a man like this, descriptive of scenery, must possess a peculiar freshness.

REMAINS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM. With a Preface and Memoir. This is not a new work, calling for special description and commendation. It is nearly thirty years since the first edition was issued, and such was the approval it received that its editor and publishers have felt justified in printing it a second, and now a third time. Arthur Henry Hallam was a young man of rare promise, whose death Tennyson mourns in the beautiful poems of his "In Memoriam."

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From LORING, Boston:—

PIQUE. *A Novel.* One of the pleasantest diversions of the month has been the perusal of this novel. Its well-laid plot, well sustained interest, finely-drawn characters, and excellent moral tone, must commend it to the favor of all. Its style is not so perfect as we might wish, being somewhat formal, especially where dialogue is attempted. And if we have other faults to find, it is that we have not so great an admiration for the hero, Lord Alresford, as its author seems to expect from the reader Though his lady wife may have displayed unnecessary "pique," we cannot regard him as entirely blameless in the difficulties that arose between them.

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From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through SMITH, ENGLISH & Co., Philadelphia:—

GEOGRAPHICAL STUDIES. By the late Professor Carl Ritter, of Berlin. Translated from the original German, by William Leonhard Gage, Translator and Editor of Prof. Heinrich Steffins's "Story of my Career," etc. This book, from the hasty examination we have been enabled to give it, seems to be a sort of condensation of the ideas presented in the "Erdkunde," a most elaborate and voluminous production by the same author. The introduction to the "Erdkundo," and the "General Observations on the Fixed Forms of the Earth's Surface," are incorporated into this translation. Ritter was one of the most thorough, profound and energetic students of geographical science in all its branches.

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From WM. CARTER & BROTHER, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THOUGHTS IN MY GARDEN. By Mary G. Ware. Author of "Elements of Character." A meditative and reflective work of a religious character.

TEN CHAPTERS ON MARRIAGE. *Its Nature, Uses, Duties, and Final Issues.* By William B. Hayden, Minister of the New Jerusalem Church. Though the author is a disciple of Swedenborg, and his work tinged with his peculiar ideas, there is yet sufficient exalted sentiment of a general nature, to make this book acceptable among Christians of all beliefs. His ideas concerning marriage are beautiful, and his teachings not to be disregarded.

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From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

ADVENTURES OF DICK ONSLOW AMONG THE REDSKINS. A Book for Boys. With illustrations. Edited by William H. G. Kingston. A book of wonderful adventures and hair-breadth escapes, such as all boys delight in.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

JANUARY, 1864.

A HEARTY NEW YEAR'S GREETING to all our subscribers. We are with you once again, fertile in resources, and with an array of talent and embellishments that will throw into the shade all our previous efforts. We present our January number as a specimen of what we mean to do. Here is the commencement of our *sixty-eighth* volume—*thirty-four* years a publisher. Our receipts of clubs this year, so far, have exceeded any previous year; and what complimentary letters!—any one but ourself would grow vain; but we have been so accustomed to receiving them, that we are not the least affected, except gratefully to those who send them.

Our leading plate, a Tableau picture, which will no doubt be used in every tableau party during the season.

Our Title-page for 1864—seven distinct pictures; but Mrs. Hale has so much better described it elsewhere, that we merely refer to it, simply saying that a more beautiful engraving from that fraternal house of Illman and Brothers we have never given. It reflects great credit upon them. We may here mention that both of the leading plates in the December Number were from the same talented and interesting family.

Our Fashion-plate consists of six figures, fashions—not pictures. This is a marked distinction. We publish the fashions for the month; you will find in others fashions in winter for those in summer, and *vice versâ*.

Minstrel Slipper, printed in colors, and at present the great novelty of the season.

"Going to a Party in Winter," and "Returning from a Party." Two plates emblematic of the season, and very pretty plates, too. Compare them with the steel plates in other magazines, and we think the preference will be in favor of our engravings on wood.

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MARION HARLAND'S story in this number. We ask our subscribers to read this story attentively. They all liked "Husks," and pronounced it her best story. We want their judgment upon "Nobody to Blame." It will be remembered that the Lady's Book is the only magazine that Marion Harland writes for.

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WE ask attention to our advertisement for 1864, published in this number. It is but a faint outline of what we will do, but will give some general idea of what the Lady's Book will be. In fact, it is hardly necessary for us to publish any advertisement. Our subscribers and the public know that we will publish the best lady's book in the world: and they have known us so long that they are willing to trust us, even without any promises on our part. We are thankful, very thankful for the patronage we have received for the last thirty-four years; and we can only add that, having found that fulfilling every promise made has been the best policy, that plan we shall still continue to pursue.

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CLUB RATES WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, $4 50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Magazine, one year, $3 50. Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Magazine, one year, $6. No cheaper club than this can be offered. Godey's Lady's Book and Holloway's Musical Monthly, one year, $5. For Canada terms, see cover.

We publish this month a number of complimentary letters that we have received from ladies forwarding us clubs. We have many thousands of the same kind.

I presume it is useless for me to attempt, with my weak pen, to say anything about Godey; but finding it to be just what every one needs in the way of a magazine, I send you a club for it. Inclosed, find $10.

Miss J., *Ohio.*

I have got up a club for your excellent book. I have been taking it the past year. I think I shall take it the remainder of my life. Mrs. S., *Ill.*

I inclose a draft for $20, with a list of subscribers. I sent you last year a club of five; this year I determined to do better, and have succeeded. More than twenty years ago Godey's Lady's Book was a monthly visitor, ever welcome in my father's house, and my sister, whose name heads my club, has been a constant subscriber to the book for fifteen years. We all welcome it as an old friend. My little boy of ten years, now looks for its coming, as I used to at his age. May success and prosperity ever attend you.

Mrs. C., *Mich.*

I send you again, as I have done for many years before, my greeting, and $10. What can I say to one that all the world of ladies recognizes as beneficial to all? I dislike compliments, but habits once formed are not easily broken. When a little girl your book was a great delight. Succeeding years have made it a gratifying companion that I would not willingly relinquish—an appreciated "other half." Godey still stands, as heretofore, supreme among the literature of our land, and all times writes its name first in the hearts of American women.

Miss McM., *Ill.*

It would seem almost impossible to do without your Lady's Book, as either my sister or myself have sent a club for the last three or four years, and hope to continue to do so. Miss H., *Wisconsin.*

Club of $6.

Mrs. H. says she has taken the book since she was ten years old, and her mother has taken it ever since she could read, and she would not think of doing without it. She has them all bound in good order. She and her mother make all the dresses, and a great many other things from the book, and they are the most refined family I know of. I have noticed often that wherever the book is taken, it has a tendency to refine and improve more than any other magazine, and the ladies of my club all give it the preference. M. Y., *Indiana.*

Club of $10.

Your magazine is invaluable; I have taken it for many years, and expect to take it for many years to come.

C. A. J., *California.*

Our Music.—We are constantly in receipt of letters referring to the able conducting of our Musical Department by J. Starr Holloway, Esq. He is a gentleman of most exquisite musical taste, and has started a musical magazine of his own, entitled "Holloway's New Musical Monthly." Price $3 a year. We will send it and the Lady's Book both one year on receipt of $5.

Postage on the Lady's Book, according to the late law passed last winter.

Section 36.—Postage on Godey's Lady's Book, 24 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly in advance, at the Post-office where the Book is received.

News dealers may receive their packages at the same rates, that is, 2 cents for each copy of the magazine, and may pay separately for each package as received.

Old Terms.—It will be seen by our advertisement that we have gone back again to our old terms. We were forced to make a slight advance during a portion of last year, on account of the great rise in paper, and of every article connected with our business; and although but little change has been made in the cost of the same articles, still we return to our old terms, which have always been so well understood by the public.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Opera at the Academy.—At the present writing, Anschutz's German troupe is in the midst of a brilliant season, which promises to continue without interruption, until Max, with the immaculate cravat, shall be ready for the field with his double troupe of Italians, including Brignoli and the old favorites, with ever so many new candidates for favor. The winter has certainly been a gay one thus far, and the continued brilliant audience, at the Academy, indicate the unlimited resources of our fashionable circles. The principal feature of the season is the representation of three or four new operas, by both troupes, including Gounod's Faust, which has been setting all Paris and London crazy the past year, and now brought out for the first time in this country, at our Academy. Petrella's beautiful opera of Ione has also been revived.

The Musical Monthly for 1864.—The most beautiful number of our favorite new periodical yet published, is the Christmas holiday double number, now ready. It commences the volume, and is altogether a splendid number, containing nearly twice the usual quantity of music, or nearly the value of the whole cost of a year's subscription in this one number. We give a list of the contents to show that this number is what we claim it to be—the cheapest and most elegant work of the kind ever published. 1. Christmas Chimes: a brilliant new nocturne by the distinguished composer, Brinley Richards, author of Warblings at Eve, Floating on the Wind, and other favorite pieces in our last volume. 2. Many Returns, or Happy Greeting Polka, by Ascher. 3. Around the Fire; new song and chorus, written and composed expressly for the Holiday Monthly by the author of At the Gate, etc. 4. Under the Misletoe, beautiful new ballad by Glover. 5. Kriss Kringle, charming divertimento, by Theo. Oesten.

The Christmas double number of the Monthly is put up in handsome illuminated covers, and makes an elegant ornament for the piano. This one number, of itself, is especially appropriate for Christmas presents, and we expect a sale of thousands of copies for this purpose alone. On receipt of the price, 50 cents, and a three cent stamp for postage, we will send it free to any address.

Notwithstanding the large additional cost in the publication of this number, the Musical Monthly, by the year, or single number, will not be increased in price. Terms $3 00 per annum, in advance; four copies $10 00; single numbers 50 cents. A year's subscription will constitute the most elegant and appropriate gift of the season. We trust that each of our subscribers and friends will make an effort to send in at least one additional name for the new volume. All subscriptions and communications must be addressed to the publisher direct, J. Starr Holloway, publisher Musical Monthly, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—We will also receive orders for any of the following beautiful new songs and ballads. Mother, is the Battle Over; Forget Thee! by Balfe; Angel Friends; O, Ye Tears; We Met and Talked of Other Days; Home of my Youth; Night on the Rippling River; Mother Would Comfort Me; Still in my Dreams Thou'rt Near; Watching all Alone; each 25 cents.

Also, the following pieces: Warblings at Dawn, At Morn, At Eve, by Brinley Richards, each 35 cents; Floating on the Wind, same, 35; What Bells are Those, same, 50; Musings at Twilight, nocturne, 35; Une Nuit Sur l'Ocean, nocturne, 30; On the Rialto, by Oesten, 30; Marche Militaire, Glover, 30; Cavalry Quickstep, same, 35. Address J. Starr Holloway.

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

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

Our terms are made plain and explicit, so that they may be easily understood. We are often asked to throw in an extra copy. In no instance can this be done, as our terms are so low to clubs that it cannot be afforded. A shopkeeper would look amazed, if a purchaser should ask him to throw in an extra yard because she had purchased twelve. And yet we are asked to add an extra copy because twelve have been ordered. It cannot be done.

A NEW HOLIDAY GIFT. THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE.—The editor of the *Sunday School Advocate* says in regard to this newly invented instrument:—

"Its simplicity, cheapness, and great magnifying power struck me with surprise. Then I was examining a fly's eye by its aid, and was struck with wonder at the skill and power of the Creator which is displayed in its structure. When I saw a statement in an advertisement that the Craig Microscope magnified one hundred diameters, and could be bought for $2, I thought it was one of the many humbugs of the hour, for I had paid $20 for a microscope not long before. But now I find it to be a really valuable instrument which I should like to see introduced into the families of our readers in place of the manifold useless toys which please for an hour and then are destroyed. This microscope would both amuse and instruct them, and I advise every boy and girl who wishes to know the wonders which lie in little things to save his money until he has $2 25," for which HENRY CRAIG, 335 Broadway, New York, will send him a microscope post paid. For $1 50 more he will send twelve objects all ready for use, or for $5 the microscope and twenty-four objects will be sent.

ABOUT DRAFTS.—We advise our subscribers to procure drafts—they are the only safe way of remitting. There are two distributing offices in two of our largest Western States, where there is a large amount of money stolen. Circumstances may render it necessary for us to be more explicit. The premium on a draft must be defrayed by the subscribers. It must not fall on us. For instance, we have received several drafts, lately, for $9 75, purporting to represent $10, this will not do; twenty-five cents distributed amongst six subscribers is a small amount each, but when we have to suffer the loss of twenty-five cents upon about a thousand $10 drafts, the aggregate is a large amount.

WE print in this number a memoir of the late Mrs. Alice B. Haven, and ask an attentive perusal of it.

THE Juvenile Tableaux that we are publishing from month to month are attracting great attention; so much so, that many of our exchanges are copying them without giving the Lady's Book credit. We pay for these articles, gentlemen, and you take them from us. At least, credit them to Godey's Lady's Book.

S. P. BORDEN'S EXCELSIOR BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERY STAMPS.—Mr. Borden has increased his facilities for manufacturing his celebrated stamps, and is now prepared to fill all orders promptly. These stamps are the best stamps in use, as they will stamp on any material. Ladies will find stamping a very pleasant and profitable business. Send for a few dozen of these stamps. All necessary articles for using them accompanying each order free of charge. All orders addressed to S. P. Borden, Massillon, Ohio, or the following agents, J. M. Pickering, No. 96 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. A. P. Brooks, No. 838 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Mrs. L. A. Colbath, Exeter, N. H.; Mrs. M. S. Belcher, Newark, N. J.; Mr. Fred. Thoman, Hastings, Minn.; Mr. E. M. Davis and Mrs. E. C. Biggers, are travelling agents. Price $5 per dozen.

BRODIE is with us again in this number with one of his elegant designs.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received the following from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, and O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.:—

Idylwild. By M. Keller. A polka caprice.
The Tear of Love. Music by Mrs. Parkhurst.
How Softly on the Bruised Heart. Music by Mrs. Parkhurst.
Your Fortune is too Small for Me. Music by Maurice.
Lawrence's Popular Songs and Duetts: The Flower Blown in Linden Vale; One by One the Stars of Evening; Is it the Violet; Characteristic Pieces for the Piano; Morning Prayer; For an Album; I'll Wait at the Gate for Thee. Sung by Carncross and R. Howard.
Songs and Ballads by J. R. Thomas: Kindly Words and Smiling Faces.
Foster's Melodies: For the dear old Flag I die.
Let all the People Praise Thee, O God! Anthem by J. R. Osgood.

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS.—Mrs. Gertrude J. Cary, Principal, South-east corner Sixteenth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The nineteenth session of this school commenced September 14th, 1863.

The course of study pursued embraces the fundamental and higher branches of a thorough English education. Particular attention is given to the acquisition of the French language, and a resident French Teacher furnishes every facility for making it the medium of daily intercourse. Mrs. Cary gives personal attention to the instruction of her pupils, aided by experienced lady teachers, and the best professional talent in the city. It is her constant endeavor to secure an equal development of body, mind, and heart, and the formation of habits of neatness and industry.

Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D., Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Rev. J. N. Candee, D. D., Galesburg, Ill.; Louis H. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Adrian, Mich.

Circulars sent on application.

TO POETS.—Having so much poetry at present on hand, we must be allowed this year to use some of it; therefore, during 1864, we cannot send the Lady's Book in payment for poetical contributions.

FAY'S "NEW-YEAR."

BY GAY H. NARAMORE.

I. QUESTION.

See the golden presents
Going home to-day,
Gilded valets bear them—
Can they be of clay?
Gold to golden sweethearts;
What shall be for you, then,
My laughing, little Fay?

Rough has been your pathway,
Hard has been your fate,
Gold will buy you station,
Gold will make you great—
Gold will bring you suitors;
Will you not have gold, then,
My laughing little Fay?

II. ANSWER.

Oh fie on golden presents!
Take the gaudy things away,
Though my life should roughen faster
Than December after May;
Oh fie on rank and station!
What cares Truth for baubles?
What cares your little Fay?

Oh shame on craven suitors!
Keep the silly slaves away;
While there 's life in Nature's pulses,
Glory in each sun-crowned day,
Love shall weave a garland,
This shall be for me, then,
Your laughing little Fay!

MR. DEMPSTER.—Who like him in ballads? We never have had any person who could approach Mr. D., in the rich qualities of his voice and his unequalled taste in ballad singing. His "May Queen"— the poetry by Tennyson, and the music by himself—is enough for an evening's entertainment; but in addition to that he gives the songs in the "Idyls of the King," and his "John Anderson my Jo" is worth the whole price of the entertainment. We commend Dempster to the press of the country. Let them hear him and his success is certain.

THAT sweet songstress, Miss Richings, was lately serenaded here by the Opera band. She richly deserved it; for Miss R. is a most estimable lady in private life, as well as an ornament to her profession.

WE would like our correspondents, ladies particularly, if they have any good jokes, to send them to us—about servants, or anything else. There are many, and each one of our subscribers can contribute one. So let us have them. We would like a joke department; no old Joe Miller's. We have an original copy of that venerable joker, but don't use him.

THE "Wedding March" is the title of a piece of music received from Philips & Solums, of Washington, D. C.

A PHOTOGRAPH has been lately published—a copy of the ambrotype of the three children found in the hands of the dead soldier on the field of Gettysburg. Dr. Bourns, 1104 Spring Garden Street has the original.

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS IN THE COLISEUM. By P. Rothermel. A private view of this masterpiece of the painter was submitted recently to the inspection of his friends. It is a magnificent work, and will add to the great reputation Mr. R. at present enjoys. It is rich in the harmony of its coloring, and is boldly and skilfully grouped.

A RIVAL OF DR. MACKAY.—It will hardly be credited that a correspondent of the London *Morning Herald*, writing from New York on the 25th ult., is the author of the following ludicrous stupidity. He says: "It is the first time in six years that I have seen large quantities of *roasted apples* sold in the market. They are roasted on the trees by the heat of the sun (!), and then gathered and brought to the market. They sell at fifteen cents the peck, roasted."

The fellow must have seen persimmons.

DIAPHAINE.—Have any of our subscribers seen any of the works of J. B. Keller, 31 South 4th Street? His preparation of windows is beautiful; any window that you wish ornamented to resemble stained glass, only more beautiful; and when you want to hide the prospect outside, Diaphaine is the very thing. For door lights, it is particularly suitable. Call at Keller's, and see his patterns.

THE GRECIAN WRIGGLE.—Have you ever seen the Grecian wriggle? It is practised by all ladies that wear hoops. It is done in crossing a gutter. The hands do not touch the dress, but the wriggle part sends the dress to angle 45 on the right, and the Grecian part of it is to sling it to angle 45 on the left, and so escape the gutter. It is a beautiful movement, *uncommonly graceful;* but it requires, particularly, that a lady shall have no holes in her stockings.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—This very excellent and best of the $2 magazines is the only magazine that can be introduced in a club in place of a copy of the Lady's Book.

MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, ART RECREATIONS. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will furnish, post paid, the book for $2 00. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. ALICE B. HAVEN.—We have added to our extensive collection a photograph of this much lamented lady.

A CURIOUS illustration of French sentiment may be seen in the cemetery at Montmartre, where a tombstone has been erected, on the stone of which has been carved what is intended to represent a tear, but its magnitude is so extreme, that its meaning would generally be overlooked, if it were not for the line which accompanies it—"Judge how we loved him."

Something more about tears.

A MAN had the misfortune recently to lose his wife. Over her grave he caused a stone to be placed, on which, in the depth of his grief, he had ordered to be inscribed, "Tears cannot restore her—therefore I weep."

MRS. HALE is anxious to procure a copy of "Sketches of American Life," and "Traits of American Character," two works of which she is the author. A year's subscription to the Lady's Book will be given for either work.

WE publish in this number No. 1 of a new series of poems, by our able contributor, W. E. Pabor, Esq.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

BE DOVE-LIKE.

"Be ye harmless as *doves*."
"Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted."

I MUST kind and gentle be,
If I would my Father please,
For I know He loves to see
Children bearing fruits like these.

Nothing selfish or unkind
Can before my Father come;
I must have His children's mind,
If I seek His children's home.

No more angry thoughts or rude
Are allowed to enter there;
We shall seek each other's good,
And each other's pleasure share.

When these evil thoughts I feel—
As, alas, I often do!—
Lord, thy tender love reveal;
Surely Thou wilt conquer so!

MOTHER GOOSE TABLEAUX,

(*Continued from December number*).

TABLEAU VI.

"Ride away, ride away, Johnny shall ride,
He shall have little dog tied to one side;
He shall have pussy cat tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride, to see his grandmother."

Remove the cross from the preceding scene, and in its place put a work table. At this table is seated the mother (Madame Mère had best join the rest of the children), serving. The rocking horse, in its old place, is mounted by Master Johnny, in his short trousers and socks, and holding a big whip. To his belt are fastened two long strings, which are fastened at the other end, one to a cat and the other to a curly dog (toys on wheels). In the corner of foreground, facing the horse, sits the grandmother. A basket of work is on the floor beside her; one hand holds the stocking she is knitting. She has both arms out to welcome Master Johnny, coming to visit her. If there is no rocking horse in the nursery, a stick horse, or even a broom handle, will do for Johnny's spirited steed.

TABLEAUX VII, VIII, IX.

"When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got, I put upon a shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to get myself a wife."

The stage represents a kitchen, with a shelf across the background. In the centre of stage is a table, upon which is a hat and scarf. Upon the shelf are loaves of bread and cheeses, all overrun with rats and mice (made of lead colored canton flannel, with black bead eyes, long horse-hair whiskers and string tails, if the little folks have not toy rats and mice). In the centre of foreground stands the bachelor, who, with a very rueful face is putting on his overcoat before starting for London.

"The roads were so bad, the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow."

Scene same as before. The bachelor, with hat and scarf on, is just wheeling the barrow into the room (centre of foreground). In the wheelbarrow is seated a little girl, with a fashionable bonnet, cloak and dress, holding an open parasol over her head.

"The wheelbarrow broke and my wife had a fall,
Down came the wheelbarrow, wife and all."

By taking out the sides of the barrow, removing the wheel and tipping it over, the curtain rises again upon a melancholy wreck. The wife lies on the floor crying, the parasol fallen from her, and the late bachelor stands with raised hands and a face of dismay looking at the mischief.

TABLEAU X.

"Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away."

If in the housekeeping furniture there is a "tuffet," so much the better, but if you, like me, have had your education so shockingly neglected, that the word is in an unknown tongue, you may use one of the nursery crickets for Miss Muffet's throne. Miss Muffet's hair (another of the deep mysteries of the popular author of the poem), must be in a state of dire confusion—or, as the nurses say, "all on end." She must be seated centre of stage, facing audience, with a large bowl of curds-and-whey in her lap. One hand holds the bowl, the other the spoon. Close beside her is the dreadful animal, the "big spider." (Horrible looking spiders on spiral wires may be bought for a few pennies at any toy shop). Miss Muffet's face, full of terror, is turned to the spider, and she grasps the bowl and spoon as if about to run away.

These Tableaux will be continued next month. Those that we gave in the December number were received with great favor by our young friends. During the year we will publish a number of charades, proverbs and tableaux, along with other amusing and instructive articles, that we have had written out expressly for this department.

The illustrated hymns will also be continued.

HOW TO COLOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.—Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have just published a little manual on the art of painting the photograph, which is for sale at the bookstores, or will be sent by them, post-paid, for 10 cents.

A PRESENT FOR A LADY.—Did it ever strike any of our young friends that they could not make a more agreeable Christmas or New Year's present to a young lady than a year's subscription to the Lady's Book? Will it not monthly call the donor to their remembrance, and will they not be particularly gratified in receiving so useful a present?

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.

M. J. P.—Sent embroidery pattern, October 21st.

E. L.—Sent knitting needles 21st.

J. D.—Sent India-rubber gloves 23d.

Mrs. T. P. T.—Sent hair-work 23d.

M. A. D.—Sent pattern 23d.

Mrs. L. W.—Sent braid 27th.

Mrs. A. M. W.—Sent pattern 27th.

C. L. P.—Sent design of cape 29th.

Miss B. L. D.—Sent invisible hair net 29th.

J. W. D. B.—Sent lead comb, November 2d.

Mrs. J. D. C.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. S. S. C.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. W. L.—Sent pattern 2d.

M. L.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. J. A. N.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. J. T. C.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. M. A. P.—Sent pattern 2d.

C. H. M. & Co.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. S. F. M.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. S. A. C.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. M. M. B.—Sent article 4th.

J. L. P.—Sent pattern 4th.

L. B.—Sent articles 6th.

Mrs. E. F. De L.—Sent pattern 10th.

Mrs. A. S. H.—Sent pattern 10th.

C. D. C.—Sent pattern 10th.

Mrs. M. A. C.—Sent pattern 10th.

W. N. D.—Sent pattern 10th.

Mrs. K. A.—Sent box of articles by express 10th.

M. E. W.—Sent pattern 17th.

Mrs. C. L. G.—Sent pattern 17th.

D. A.—Sent hair rings 17th.

C. D. S.—Sent hair anchor 17th.

L. E. W.—Sent pattern 17th.

Miss R. E. C.—Sent pattern 17th.

Miss L. H.—Sent pattern 17th.

Mr. J. T. C.—Sent pattern 17th.

E. P. F.—Sent pattern 17th.

J. H. P.—Sent hair bracelet by express 17th.

Mrs. L. R.—Sent by express 17th.

Mrs. G. H. C.—Sent hair jewelry by express 17th.

S. P.—Sent box of articles by express 17th.

Mrs. A. B. D.—Very glad the receipt pleased you; very sorry that we are so far off that we cannot receive one of the cakes.

Charleston.—Gave instructions for knitted mittens in June number for 1862, and in March and October for 1863. Hunting Gloves in March, 1863, and Driving Gloves in Dec. 1863.

A Constant Reader.—We have given directions and engravings dozens of times for "making bead baskets."

A. E. S.—There is a new style of hair crimper (not pins), which crimps the hair as you desire. The price is $1 50. Postage 6 cts. per oz.

L. of Hingham.—Sent your letter to Marion Harland for her decision.

C. S.—To make skeleton leaves, soak the leaves for six hours in a weak solution of lime-water.

C. S. A. R. E. P., and a host of others.—We doubt the whole affair. The same person has been engaged in various schemes of the same kind. All swindles. Is it not a singular fact that no publication of it is made in this city? It is intended for the country.

E. S. P.—Every year something of the same kind is stated, offering numerous premiums. You will neither get the premium or the book.

H. V.—Handwriting is an art, easy of acquisition. It requires practice and great care. Every lady should endeavor to write a good hand.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; dry goods of any kind from Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR JANUARY.

Fig. 1.—Rich purple silk dress, trimmed with black velvet. Cuir-colored cloth cloak, made in the Spanish style, and trimmed with black velvet. White uncut velvet bonnet, with a falling crown of purple velvet, and trimmed with fern leaves.

Fig. 2.—Green silk dress, trimmed with a deep chenille flounce, headed by a silk ruching. The cloak is of black cloth, elaborately trimmed with gimp ornaments. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed with lace and crimson carnations.

Fig. 3.—Blue poplin dress, with new style of fancy girdle embroidered, and trimmed with black velvet. The skirt is trimmed with bands of black velvet, arranged in pyramids on each breadth. The hair is arranged in a waterfall, and tied with a black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Morning-robe of white muslin over rose-colored silk. The robe is made with a yoke, at the back, and falls loose in box-plaits. The trimming is embroidery, finished on each side with muslin puffings, through which are run rose-colored ribbons. The cap is of embroidered muslin, trimmed with rose-colored ribbons.

Fig. 5.—Dress of a light cuir-colored poplin, trimmed with medallions, formed of black velvet and braid. The corsage is trimmed with shoulder-braces, braided with

black velvet, and finished with a chenille fringe. Linen collar and sleeve. Coiffure of white lace, trimmed with Magenta flowers.

Fig. 6.—Child's dress of Magenta silk poplin, trimmed with a broad band of black velvet. The berthe and girdle are also of black velvet. A band of Magenta ribbon fastens on top of the head with a quilled rosette.

CHRISTY MINSTRELS SLIPPER.

(See Plate printed in Colors, in front.)

THIS slipper is worked in two colors, the figures being entirely in black, and the ground in green wool. The materials required for one pair of slippers, are half a yard of Penelope canvas, No. 40, 12 skeins of black Berlin wool, and 30 skeins of a pretty bright shade of French green. The pattern is worked in cross-stitch, and, from the fact of there being so few colors used, is extremely simple and quickly executed. The color of the grounding may be changed to scarlet, ponceau, blue, or, in fact, any bright color the worker may like. It might also be executed in beads, the figures being still in black, and the ground in white beads, threaded with scarlet cotton.

The small border near the toe of the slipper is suitable for many purposes, and would answer extremely well for gentlemen's braces or cricket belts. It may be worked in different colors to those given in the illustration, and would look very prettily, executed in black and scarlet, with a blue filoselle grounding. The black stitches shown in the pattern should be of black silk, the green stitches in scarlet silk, and the grounding of bright blue silk. This border, when worked on coarser canvas, and with Berlin wool, would be very suitable for a bag, with strips of velvet or cloth inserted between them. Worked on very coarse canvas, in double wool, a pretty curtain border might be made, using colors to harmonize well with the material it is to ornament.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

THE succession of the seasons has brought us again to January. We can no longer chat with our readers, as a short time since, about organdies, bareges, and grenadines. Now the bare mention of them makes us shiver, and we gladly dwell on warmer dress.

Ladies are now obliged to have recourse to their furs. The styles of this winter are in very good taste, giving the figure a less bulky and more graceful appearance than when the talma and long pelerine were worn. These are not being made up at all, except when ordered.

A visit to Genin's fur department enables us to give the most desirable information. The new styles are the collar, a quarter of a yard deep, and nearly round, and another style, three fingers deep. The latter is the newest, and is being made up in all the costly furs, such as Russia sable, ermine, sable, mink, chinchilla, and a variety of others. Persian lamb, a fancy variety of fur, is also much worn. It is intensely black, the hair long, but tightly curled. It has really but little value, and is but a passing fashion.

Muffs are a shade larger than previous seasons, and got up in perfect taste, the trimmings being quite novel, and very rich. The lining, generally of a color to match the fur, shows very much from the outside, and is finished with two rows of machine-stitching. Instead of the cord and tassel so long in use, a pretty little bow is substituted, from which hang two fur tails. This is decidedly the prettiest style we have seen.

Muffs made of fancy materials, such as plain and fancy velvets and plush, frequently trimmed with fur, are much worn. For sleighing or travelling, we recommend the fur hoods. We admit they possess but little beauty, their principal merit being their warmth. We think, however, the best we have seen are from Genin's. They are of the Marie Stuart style, and are admirably shaped and finished.

For gentlemen and boys, there are a great variety of mufflers and cuffs made of dark furs, and some of them quite inexpensive.

For little girls, the shapes are the same as we have described, but in light furs, such as ermine, chinchilla, Siberian squirrel, and squirrel lapped. Furriers have no cause for complaint this season, as there is no more fashionable or *distingué* trimming for mantles and walking dresses than bands of fur, either one deep band, or graduated bands. Every one, however, cannot afford such a costly luxury as sable. The soft chinchilla, with its lovely gray tints and warm aspect, appears advantageously on either cloth or velvet. Bonnets are also frequently trimmed with bands of fur. Fur trimmings are very much adopted for children's dresses, especially for boys, as the principal styles for them are the Scotch and Russian dress. In the latter, the dress, coat, and hat, are all trimmed with fur.

For dresses, there is nothing more fashionable than plaids, such as the Stuart, Rob Roy, Macdonald, Maclean, and others. For little girls, fancy leather boots are the rage; some lace half way up the leg, and are finished with quite a large tassel in front.

We understand that colored flannel is very generally adopted abroad for skirts, instead of the white. They are scalloped round the edge with either silk or zephyr, and high colors are preferred.

For gentlemen's dressing gowns, or invalid wrappers, nothing can be nicer than the pointed flannels of gay Persian or Turkish design, quilted through with silk, of the prevailing color in the wrapper, and confined at the waist by a rich silk cord and tassel.

It is said that Lord Eldon, when Lord Chancellor of England, laid down as a rule that 40 pounds a year was sufficient to dress any young lady, not of age, even if she had large expectations, and he refused, in all cases, to allow more than that sum for dress to any of the maids of chancery. It was fortunate for Lord Eldon's peace of mind, and personal comfort, that he did not continue to be Lord Chancellor until the present era of extravagance. He would either have had to change his opinion (a thing which he utterly abhorred), or else be obliged to see his maids walk about with "nothing to wear," for certainly at present 40 pounds would be a very small allowance, at least in this country, for never was there such a luxurious style of living and dressing as at the present day, and our large cities are enjoying a carnival-like gayety.

Through the kindness of one of the principal *attachés* of the retail department of A. T. Stewart and Co., we have had a peep at some costly novelties in the shape of silks. A few only we can particularize. First, the most exquisite whole *moiré*, covered with tiny figures, in some bright color, but of one color, olive, and resembling embroidery. For instance, a cherry-stone, or triangle, quite small, but graceful, and the effect new and exquisite. The same design may be had in all the principal colors, or the rich white *moiré* ground. The prevailing taste seems to be for small figures, which harmonize charmingly, and are very elegant.

Then we saw a very dainty white taffeta, with varie-

gated chenille flowers, several rows of them forming stripes eight inches wide, and the same space intervening between the stripes. Again, the most perfect shades of mode, varied from the top to the bottom of the garment, of the stand-alone quality, having sprays of flowers the color of the dress, but of very much darker shade. These sprays are very much raised, and are a very close imitation of needlework. The effect is rich and beautiful. Other styles are all the new colors, the names of which we gave last month, studded with small velvet figures.

Besides these rich novelties, there is every variety of brocade, *chinéez moiré*, plaid, and plain silk, so that the economically inclined can be as well suited as the extravagant belle.

In jewelry, the prevailing taste is for the peculiar, though the Roman, Greek, and Egyptian are greatly in favor. Among the novelties are necklaces, composed of dead gold bells, from which depend tiny gold daggers, connected with each other by rows of fine chains, which fall in festoons.

Crescent-shaped ear-rings, either chased or studded with precious stones, are much worn. Others are formed of small gold scales, each having a pearl in it. Gold lanterns, beautifully ornamented, is another of the principal styles. Then, again, we have the beautiful butterfly, sparkling with the most costly jewels (formerly the emblem of the soul, but now, alas! the emblem of coquetry and frivolity), arranged as ear-rings and pin, or glittering in the classical coiffures.

Initial and crested jewelry is still very fashionable, and it is the style we would recommend.

Antique stones, filagreed gold and silver, are largely used. Figures in bas-relief, in different colored gold, are beautiful as artistic productions.

At the establishment of G. W. Vogel, of 1016 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, we were shown a choice assortment of lingerie and lace goods.

For home wear, linen sets are the most in favor, made in various styles, and embroidered in various colors. Some are embroidered in black, red, blue, or white, while others, known as the Spanish style, are variegated, with good effect. Others, again, are trimmed with fluted ruffles, which are exceedingly pretty. All sleeves have the deep cuff either falling over upon the hand, like a gentleman's wristband, or turned over from four to five inches. In either case, they are buttoned with four or five fancy, or plain linen buttons. The collars are also of various styles, some straight, others pointed in different ways.

In pocket handkerchiefs there are a great many pretty and inexpensive styles. Some have a tiny scallop on the edge, entirely filled in with a dot of the same color as the scallop, and in one corner some pretty design on the initial, worked in colors. When the handkerchief is bought ready worked, but one initial is on it, but when worked to order, several initials may be very prettily interlaced.

Another pretty style had two ruffles of cambric figured in colors, the edge whipped over with the color on cambric. These ruffles were simply fluted at the corners, and at the sides were entirely plain. The shapes were square, with rounded corners. The prettiest style for gentlemen has the national flag embroidered in colors in one corner, or two flags crossed. Frequently, when handkerchiefs are embroidered to order, the initials are interwoven with flowers and figures, and form an entire bordering for the handkerchief.

Among the choice lace goods were the Duchesse collar, in exquisite point lace. The shape is rounding and quite deep at the back, and in front falls in long point, almost a quarter of a yard deep. These we were told were the most *distingué* collars of the season. Other styles in the very finest of lace were in great profusion.

In black thread lace we were shown some exquisite veils; the finest we have ever beheld, and wrought in the most artistic designs, of birds and flowers.

Guipure is the fashionable lace of the season, and Mr. Vogel has entire dress trimmings of it, detached pieces forming designs and wreaths to be laid on the dress, that forming a groundwork for the figures. One very elegant set was $80. Guipure sashes are as low as $10 to $15. Capes for cloaks are also of various styles. Guipure veils have appeared this winter, but they have too much the appearance of Shetland veils to suit our taste.

Point lace sashes with capes, flounces, etc., are this winter very fashionable for evening dresses.

Small black medallions, wide Guipure insertions, some finished on both sides, with an edge, are the most elegant winter trimmings.

At Madame Demorest's, 473 Broadway, we were shown, as usual, many elegant designs in dresses and cloaks, but have only space now to mention some very attractive costumes for the always healthful, now popular light parlor gymnastics made for the pupils of Mrs. Plumb's Academy of Physical Culture, No. 59 West 14th Street, New York. One very tasteful dress was of Russian gray Empress cloth, a fine quality trimmed with leaf-green velvet; the depth of velvet at the bottom of the skirt was about eight inches, cut in at the upper edge in two patterns, alternating, which gave style and variety to the skirt, and also to the body and sleeves whenever applied. The edge of the velvet is finished by the tiniest gold braid; then a jet, and then another gold braid, the two last put on in pattern. The body was a plaited Garibaldi, with deep yoke pointed in front, and extending to the waist, and finished with cut velvet, and braided to agree with the skirt. The sleeve was in the prevailing mode, without seams inside of the arm, but ingeniously confined to the wrist, and adapted to the costume. Wide Turkish pants of the same completes the dress.

Another pretty costume for a young lady was a "Tartan" plaid skirt, with scarlet trimmings, the upper edge cut in pattern, and braided with narrow black velvet. Waist of black Empress cloth, with scarlet yoke, and a rolling collar; an embroidered linen collar, "Cavalier" style, and black silk tie finishes the neck. Full pants in black Empress cloth is worn with this suit.

We have lately seen a very useful article invented and introduced by Madame Demorest; it is called the dress elevator, and is very similar to the one described in the January number for 1863, and is so arranged that by it the skirt can be uniformly raised all round at a moment's notice.

The elevator is a belt hooked round the waist inside the dress; to this belt rings are fastened, through which are passed stout linen cords, reaching half way down the skirt. On the end of each cord is a ring which attaches to eagle talon hooks that are sewed to the seams of the dress inside, and from their peculiar form cannot unhook of themselves.

The cords come together, and are secured to buttons which pass through the dress by small openings in the seams; the buttons are drawn forward and tied when the dress is to be raised, or may be merely held by the hand. These elevators are made of the most durable material, and are sold at only fifty cents each.

FASHION.

JANUARY, 1864.

Embellishments, Etc.

A TABLEAU PICTURE. A very fine steel engraving.
OUR NEW-YEAR OFFERING. Consisting of seven distinct engravings.
MINSTREL SLIPPER. Printed in colors.
GOING TO A PARTY IN WINTER, and RETURNING FROM A PARTY. Two engravings emblematic of the season.
GODEY'S DOUBLE EXTENSION COLORED FASHION-PLATE. Containing six figures.
THE POSTILION GIRDLE. Back and front view. Two engravings.
ITALIAN VILLA. Three engravings.
DINNER-DRESSES. Two engravings.
RICH MORNING-ROBE.
THE MADRIDIAN. From Brodie.
SCOTCH DRESS.
RUSSIAN VEST OR JACKET.
BRAIDING PATTERNS. Two engravings.
DRESS FOR A GIRL OF TEN.
LADY'S BOOK PINCUSHION.
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS. Five engravings.
CROCHET WATCHPOCKET.
TABLE NAPKIN HOLDER. Two engravings.
BRODERIE FOR A CHILD'S DRESS.
TRIMMING PATTERNS FOR DINNER-DRESSES. Two engravings.
ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS. Formed of ribbon.
GOING TO THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE. Three engravings.
PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING. Six engravings.
NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY. Infant's Robe, Apron, etc. etc. Five engravings.
PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT. Six engravings.
INITIAL LETTERS FOR MARKING. Two engravings.
HAIR NETS. Three engravings.
INSERTING.
A BIRD CAGE SCREEN.
HELP TO MEMORY.
NEW STYLE OF RAISED EMBROIDERY ON NETTING. Five engravings.
SAMPLER PATTERN.
DESIGN FOR DARNING THE BORDERS OF NETTED WINDOW CURTAINS.
QUILTING PATTERN.
NAME FOR MARKING.
BORDER PATTERN FOR NETTING OR CROCHET.

Contributors and Contents.

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