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Because the table of contents for all months is at the start of the book, I have separated it off to display its current month. After the final month has been uploaded, I will include the entire table of contents as displayed in a separate file.

Godey's Lady's Book

TIME IN SEARCH OF CUPID.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1854.

[iii]

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

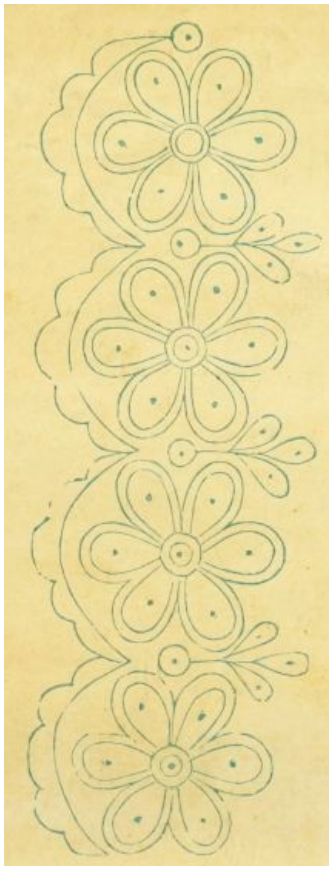
VOL. XLVIII.

EMBELLISHMENTS, &c.

January.

The Pleiades.
Time in Search of Cupid.
The Hortense Mantelet and the Victoria.
Embroidery.
Godey's Latest Fashions.
Children's Dresses.
Music.—The Bluebird Waltz, by *Edward Mack*.
The Hungarian Circle.
Boardman & Gray's Dolce Campana Attachment Piano-Fortes. [vi]
Instructions for making Ornaments in Rice Shell-Work.
Godey's Course of Lessons in Drawing.
Fallen Rock-Sculptures at Bavian.
A Gossip on the Fashions.
Work-table for Juveniles.
Embroidery for Petticoats.
Chemisettes, Sleeves, and Caps.
Child's Dress.
Toilet Cover in Crochet.
Embroidery for Shirts.
Cottage Furniture.
Directions to Ladies for Shopping.
Designs for Headdresses.

THE HORTENSE MANTELET.



EMBROIDERY.

THE VICTORIA.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES
BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

THE BLUE-BIRD WALTZ.

COMPOSED BY

EDWARD MACK.

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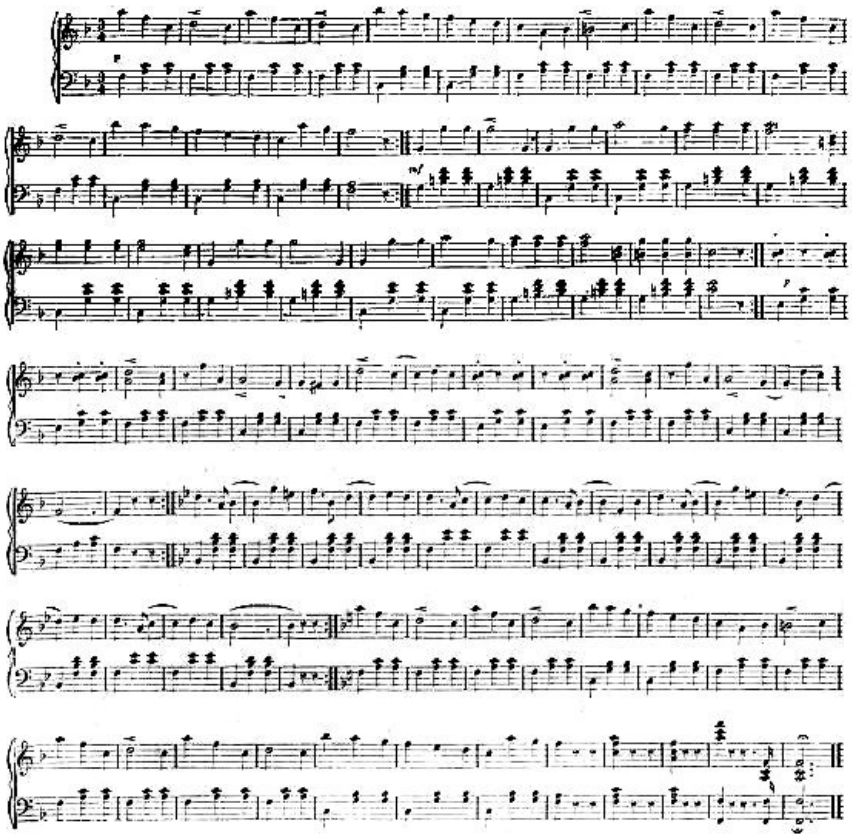


[Listen]

THE HUNGARIAN CIRCLE.

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, No. 51 Canal Street, New York.]

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1854.

EVERYDAY ACTUALITIES.—NO. XV.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PEN AND GRAVER.

GATEWAY ENTRANCE TO BOARDMAN & GRAY'S FACTORY.

BOARDMAN & GRAY'S DOLCE CAMPANA ATTACHMENT PIANO-FORTES.

Perhaps we cannot present our readers a more interesting article on manufacturing, than to give an idea of piano-forte making. Piano-fortes, in these days, making an almost indispensable article of furniture in every dwelling; adding so much to the pleasures of home, and being so much of a companion in all home hours; contributing so largely to the enjoyments of society, that some little [6] knowledge of the processes of making, and the materials used, must be not only interesting to all, but valuable to those who may wish to know how good piano-fortes should be made.

With this desire, we have selected as our MODEL the large and flourishing manufactory of Messrs. Boardman & Gray, the eminent piano-forte makers of Albany, N. Y., celebrated as the manufacturers of the Dolce Campana Attachment Piano-Fortes, whose instruments were not only sought after and used by Jenny Lind, Catharine Hayes, and other celebrities, but by the profession generally throughout the United States.

Messrs. Boardman & Gray's manufactory is situated at Albany, N. Y., occupying the end of a block, presenting a front on three streets of upwards of 320 feet, the main building of which, fronting on two streets 208 feet, is built of brick, four stories high above a high basement-story, devoted exclusively to machinery driven by a forty horse power engine. The completeness of design of these buildings and machinery for the purpose used, we believe, has no superior, if any equal, in this country. Every improvement and convenience is attached to make the entire perfect, and in going through the premises one is attracted by the comprehensiveness of the whole concern.

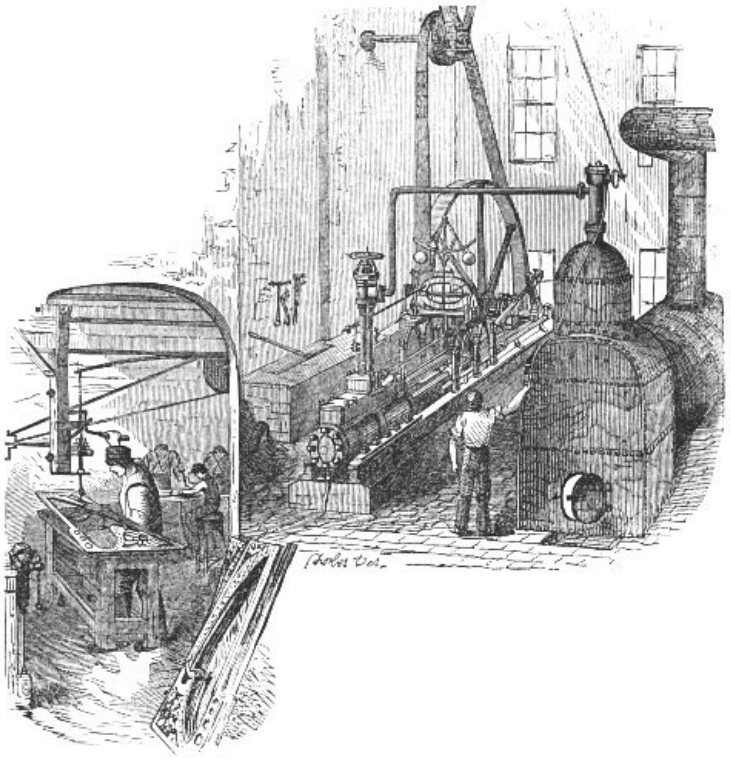
The entrance to the factory of Messrs. Boardman & Gray is by a large gateway through the centre of the building, next to the office, so that the person in charge of the office has full view of all that enter or leave the premises. We pass into the yard, and are surprised at the large amount of lumber of all kinds piled up in the rough state. The yard is full, and also the large two story brick building used as drying sheds for lumber. Here a large circular saw is in full operation, cutting up the wood ready for the sheds or machine-room. Messrs. Boardman & Gray have the most of their lumber sawed out from the logs expressly for them in the forests of Alleghany, Oneida, Herkimer, and other choice localities in N. Y., and also Canada, and delivered by

contract two and three years after being sawed, when well seasoned. The variety and number of different kinds of wood used in the business is quite surprising. Pine, spruce, maple, oak, chestnut, ash, bass-wood, walnut, mahogany, cherry, birch, rosewood, ebony, whiteholly, apple, pear-tree, and several other varieties, each of which has its peculiar qualities, and its place in the piano depends on the duties it has to perform. The inspecting and selecting of the lumber require the strictest attention, long experience, and matured judgment; for it must be not only of the right kind, and free from all imperfections, such as knots, shakes, sapwood, &c., but it must also be well seasoned. All the lumber used by Messrs. Boardman & Gray, being cut two or three years in advance, is seasoned before they receive it; then it is piled up and dried another year, at least, in their yard, after which it is cut up by the cross-cut circular saw, and piled another season in their sheds, when it is taken down for use, and goes into the machine-shop; and here it is cut into the proper forms and sizes wanted, and then put into the drying-rooms for six months or a year more before it is used in the piano-forte.

These drying-rooms, of which there are three in the establishment, are kept at a temperature of about 100° Fahrenheit, by means of steam from the boiler through pipes. As fast as one year's lot of lumber is taken down for use, another lot is put in its place ready for the next year. In this way, Messrs. Boardman & Gray have a surety that none but the most perfectly seasoned and dry lumber is used in their piano-fortes. Their constant supply of lumber on hand at all times is from two to three hundred thousand feet, and as Albany is the greatest lumber mart in the world, of course they have the opportunity of selecting the choicest lots for their own use, and keeping their supply good at all times.

The selection of the proper kinds of lumber, and its careful preparation, so as to be in the most perfect order, constitute one of the most important points in making piano-fortes that will remain in tune well, and stand any climate.

Here is the motive power, and a beautiful Gothic pattern horizontal engine of *forty horse power*, built at the machine works of the Messrs. Townsend of Albany, from the plans, and under the superintendence of Wm. McCammon, Esq., engineer now in charge of the Chicago (Ill.) Water-works. The engine is, indeed, a beautiful working model, moving with its strong arm the entire machinery used throughout the building, yet so quiet that, without seeing it, you would hardly know it was in motion. In the same room is the boiler, of the locomotive tubular pattern, large enough not only to furnish steam for the engine, but also for heating the entire factory, and furnishing heat for all things requisite in the building. Water for supplying the boiler is contained in a large cistern under the centre of the yard, holding some 26,000 gallons, supplied from the [7]
roofs of the buildings. The engine and boiler are in the basement (occupying the basement and first story in one room), at one end of the building, and are so arranged that all the machinery used in the different stories is driven throughout by long lines of shafting put up in the most finished manner, while the entire manufactory is warmed in the most thorough and healthy manner by steam from the boiler, passing through some 8,000 feet of iron pipe, arranged so that each room can be tempered as required. At the same time, ovens heated with steam through pipes are placed in the different rooms to warm the materials for gluing and veneering. The glue is all "made off" and kept hot in the different rooms by means of iron boxes with water in them (in which the glue-pots are placed), kept at the boiling point by steam passing through pipes in the water: thus the boiler furnishes all the heat required in the business.

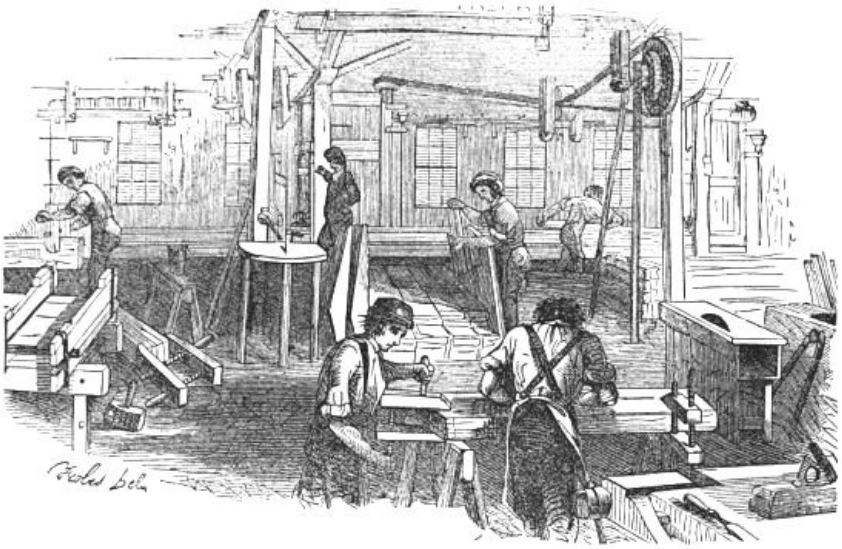


DRILLERS' ROOM. ENGINE AND BOILER

We pass to the next room, where we find the workmen employed in preparing the massive metallic (iron) plates used inside the pianos, from the rough state, as they come from the furnace.

They are first filed smooth and perfect to the pattern, then painted and rubbed even and smooth, and are then ready for the drilling of the numerous holes for the pins and screws that have to be put into and through the plate in using it. (A view of the drilling-machines and workmen is given with the engine.)

Into each plate for a seven octave piano, there have to be drilled upwards of 450 holes, and about 250 of these have pins riveted into them for the strings, &c.; and these must be exactly in their places by a working pattern, for the least variation might make much trouble in putting on the strings and finishing the piano. Of course, these holes are drilled by machinery with that perfection and speed that can be done only with the most perfect machines and competent experienced workmen. And these metallic plates, when finished and secured in the instrument correctly, give a firmness and durability to the piano unattainable by any other method. [8]



MACHINE-ROOM.

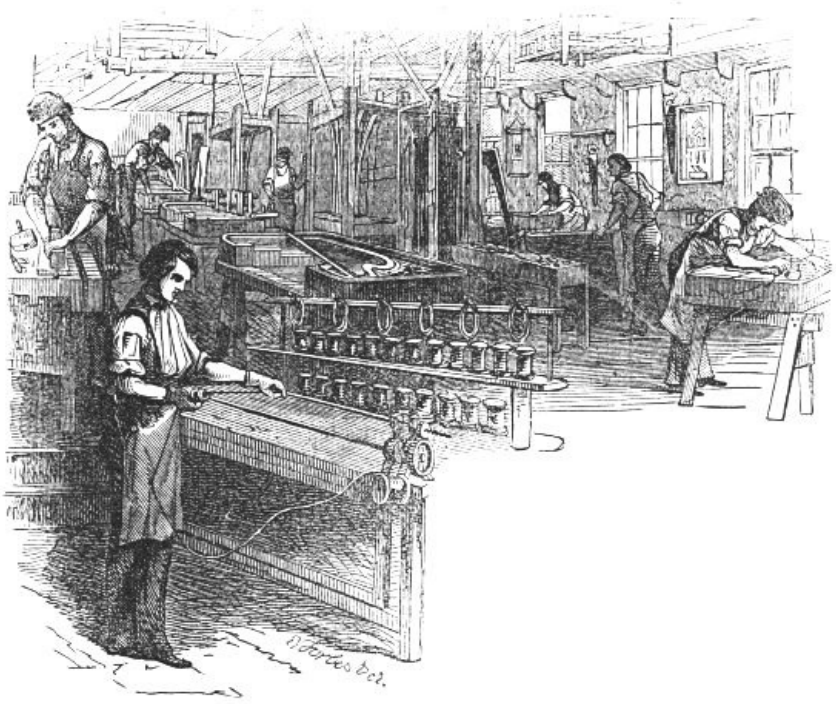
In the same room with the drilling-machines we find the leg-making machines, for cutting from the rough blocks of lumber the beautifully formed "ogee" and "curved legs," as well as sides, of various patterns, ready for being veneered with rosewood or mahogany. The body of the legs is generally made of chestnut, which is found best adapted to the purpose. The leg-machine is rather curious in its operations, the cutting-knives revolving in a sliding-frame, which follows the pattern, the leg, whilst being formed, remaining stationary.

Our first impression on entering the machine-shop is one of noise and confusion; but, on looking about, we find all is order, each workman attending his own machine and work. Here are two of "Daniel's Patented Planing-Machines," of the largest size, capable of planing boards or plank of any thickness three feet wide; two circular saws; one upright turning-saw, for sawing fancy scroll-work; a "half-lapping machine," for cutting the bottom framework together; turning lathes, and several other machines, all in full operation, making much more noise than music.

The lumber, after being cut to the length required by the large cross-cut saw in the yard, and piled in the sheds, is brought into this machine-room and sawed and planed to the different forms and shapes required for use, and is then ready for the drying-rooms.

In this machine-room, which is a very large one, the "bottoms" for the cases are made and finished, ready for the case-maker to build his case upon. If we examine them, we will find they are constructed so as to be of great strength and durability; and, being composed of such perfectly seasoned materials, the changes of different climates do not injure them, and they will endure any strain produced by the great tension of the strings of the piano in "tuning up to pitch," amounting to several tons.

But we must pass on to the next room. We step on a raised platform about four feet by eight, and, touching a short lever, find ourselves going up to the next floor. Perhaps a lot of lumber is on the platform with us, on its way to the drying-rooms. On getting on a level with the floor, we again touch the magic lever, and our steam elevator (or dumb waiter) stops, and, stepping off, find ourselves surrounded with workmen; and this is the "case-making" department. And here we find piano-forte cases in all stages of progress; the materials for some just gathered together, and others finished or finishing; some of the plainest styles, and others of the most elaborate carved work and ornamental designs. Nothing doing but making cases; two rooms adjoining, 115 feet long, with workmen all around as close together as they can work with convenience. Each room is furnished with its steam ovens, glue heaters, &c. The case-maker makes the rims of the case, and veneers them. He fits and secures these to the bottom. He also makes and veneers the tops. This completes his work, and then we have the skeleton of a piano, the mere shell or box. The rim is securely and firmly fastened to the strong bottoms, bracing and blocking being put in in the strongest and most permanent manner, the joints all fitting as close as if they grew together; and then the case is ready to receive the sounding-board and iron frame. The bottoms are made mostly of pine; the rims of the case are of ash or cherry, or of some hard wood that will hold the rosewood veneers with which they are covered. The tops are made of ash or cherry, sometimes of mahogany, and veneered with rosewood. We will now follow the case to the room where the workmen are employed in putting in the sounding-board and iron frames. [9]



SPINNING-MACHINE.

SOUNDING-BOARD AND IRON-FRAME ROOM.

The sounding-board is what, in a great measure, gives tone, and the different qualities of tone, to the piano. Messrs. Boardman & Gray use the beautiful white, clear spruce lumber found in the interior counties of New York, which they consider in every way as good as the celebrated "Swiss Fir." It is sawed out in a peculiar manner, expressly for them, for this use, selected with the greatest possible care, and so thoroughly seasoned that there is no possibility of its warping or cracking after being placed in one of their finished instruments. The making of the sounding-board the requisite thinness (some parts require to be much thinner than others), its peculiar bracing, &c., are all matters that require great practical experience, together with numberless experiments, by which alone the perfection found in the piano-fortes of Messrs. Boardman & Gray, their full, rich tone giving the most positive evidence of superiority, can be attained.

We will watch the processes of the workmen in this department. One is at work putting in the "long-block" of hard maple, seasoned and prepared until it seems almost as hard as iron, which is requisite, as the "tuning-pins" pass through the plate into it, and are thus firmly held. Another workman is making a sounding-board, another fitting one in its place, &c. &c. All the blocking being in the case, the sounding-board is fitted and fastened in its place, so as to have the greatest possible vibrating power, &c.; and then the iron frame must be fitted over all and cemented and fastened down. The frame is finished, with its hundreds of holes and pins, in the drillers'-room, and the workman here has only to fit it to its place and secure it there; and then the skeleton case is ready to receive its strings and begins to look like what may make a piano-forte.

Spinning the bass strings, and stringing the case, come next in order. In the foreground of the last plate, we have a curious-looking machine, and a workman busy with it winding the bass strings, a curiosity to all who witness his operations. To get the requisite flexibility and vibration to strings of the size and weight wanted in the bass notes, tempered steel wire is used for the strings, and on this is wound soft annealed iron wire, plated with silver; each string being of a different size, of course various sizes of body and covering wire are used in their manufacture. The string to be covered is placed in the machine, which turns it very rapidly, while the workman holds the covering wire firmly and truly, and it is wound round and covers the centre wire. This work requires peculiar care and attention, and, like all the other different branches in Messrs. Boardman & Gray's factory, the workmen here attend to but one thing; they do nothing else but spin these bass strings, and string pianos year in and year out. [10]

The case, while in this department, receives all its strings, which are of the finest tempered steel wire, finished and polished in the most beautiful manner. But a few years since, the making of steel music wire was a thing unknown in the United States; in fact, there were but two factories of note in the world which produced it; but now, as with other things, the Americans are ahead, and the "steel music wire" made by Messrs. Washburn & Co., of Worcester, Mass. is far superior in quality and finish to the foreign wire. The peculiar temper of the wire has a great influence on the piano's keeping in tune, strings breaking, &c., and, as the quality cannot always be ascertained but by actual experiment, much is condemned after trial, and the perfect only used.

KEY-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT.

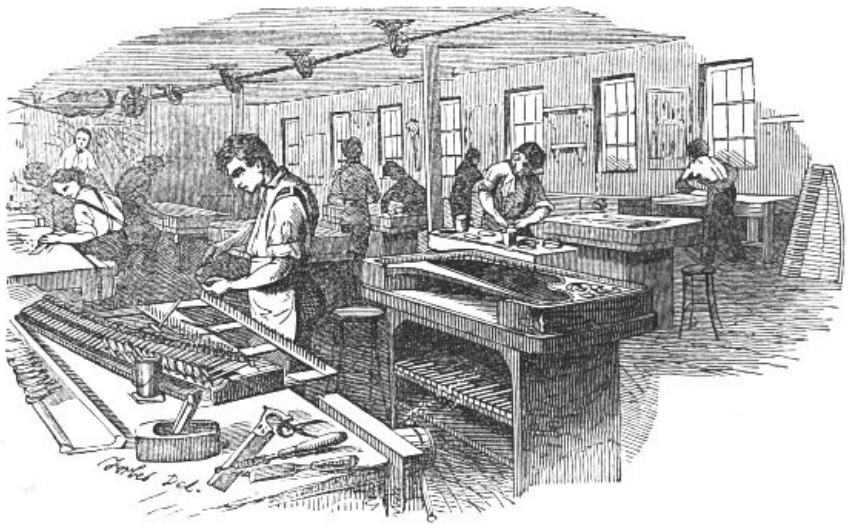
The preparation of what is termed the "keyboard" is one of peculiar nicety, and the selection of the lumber and its preparation require great experience and minute attention, so that the keys will not spring or warp, and thus either not work or throw the hammers out of place, &c. The frame on which the keys rest is usually made of the best of old dry cherry, closely framed together to the form required for the keys and action. The wood of the keys is usually of soft straight-grained white pine, or prepared bass-wood. Both kinds have to go through many ordeals of seasoning, &c., ere they are admitted into one of the fine-working, finished instruments of Messrs. Boardman & Gray. The keys are made as follows: On a piece of lumber the keys are marked out, and the cross-banding and slipping done to secure the ivory; the ivory is applied and secured, and then the keys are sawed apart and the ivory polished and finished complete. The ebony black keys are then made and put on and polished, and the key-board is complete; the key-maker has finished his part of the piano. The ivory used is of the finest quality, and an article of great expense; its preparation from the elephant's tusks, of sawing, bleaching, &c., is mostly confined to a few large dealers in the United States. The most important concern of the kind is that of Messrs. Pratt, Brothers & Co., of Deep River, Conn., who supply most of the large piano-makers in the Union. As the ivory comes from them, it is only in its rough state, sawed out to the [11] requisite sizes for use, after which it has to be seasoned or dried the same as lumber, and then prepared and fastened on the key; then to be planed up, finished, and polished, all of which requires a great amount of labor, much skill, and experience. Besides ivory, Messrs. Boardman & Gray use no small quantity of the beautiful variegated "mother-of-pearl," for keys in their highly ornamental, finished piano-fortes, a material itself very costly, and requiring a large amount of labor to finish and polish them with that peculiar richness for which their instruments are so celebrated. In this, as in the other departments, each workman has his own special kind of work; nothing else to attend to but key-making; his whole energies are devoted to perfect this part of the instrument.

ACTION-MAKING MACHINE, ETC.

In this department, we again see the perfection of machine-work. The action is one of the most important things in the piano-forte. On its construction and adjustment depends the whole working part of the instrument; for, however good the piano-forte scale may be, or how complete

and perfect all the other parts are formed, if the action is not good, if the principle on which it is constructed is not correct, and the adjustment perfect, if the materials used are not of the right kind, of course the action will not be right, and it will either be dead under the fingers, without life and elasticity, without the power of quick repetition of the blow of the hammer, or soon wear loose, and make more noise and rattling than music. Thus will be seen the importance of not only having that action which is modelled on the best principle, but of having an instrument constructed in the most perfect and thorough manner. All parts of it should be so adjusted as to work together with as much precision as the wheels of a watch.

Messrs. Boardman & Gray use the principle which is termed the French Grand Action, with many improvements added by themselves. This they have found from long experience to be the best in many ways. It is more powerful than the "Boston, or Semi-Grand;" it will repeat with much greater rapidity and precision than any other; it is far more elastic under the manipulation of the fingers; and, to sum up all, it is almost universally preferred by professors and amateurs, and, what is still a very important point, they find, after a trial and use of it for many years, that it wears well. What is technically called the action consists of the parts that are fastened to the key, and work together to make the hammer strike the strings of the piano when the key is pressed down. The parts made of wood, consisting of some eight or ten pieces to each key, are what compose the action-maker's work; and, although they are each of them small, still on their perfection and finish depends much of the value of the instrument in which they are used. Various kinds of close-grained wood are used in their construction, such as white holly, apple or pear-tree, mahogany, hard maple, red cedar, &c., and other kinds as are best adapted to the use put to. They have to be closely fitted; the holes for the centre pins to work in must be clothed with cloth prepared expressly for this work. Buckskin of a particular finish, and cloth of various kinds and qualities, are used to cover those parts where there is much friction or liability to noise, and every part so perfectly finished and fitted that it will not only work smoothly, and without any sticking or clinging, but without noise, and yet be firm and true, so that every time the key is touched the hammer strikes the string in response. The action-maker completes these different parts of the action; and then another workman, who is called the "finisher," fits them to the keys and into the case of the piano; but, before we enter into his room, we will see to the preparation of another important part of the action, namely, the hammer. This is another extremely important thing in piano-forte making; the covering of the hammers is one of the most peculiar branches of the business. It is one that long experience and minute attention can alone perfect. The hammer head is generally made of bass-wood, and then covered with either felt prepared for this purpose, or deer or buckskin dressed expressly for this business. The preparation of buckskin for piano-forte makers is at this time quite an important trade, and the [12] improvements made in its dressing of late years have kept full pace with the other improvements in the piano. The peculiar ordeal they undergo we cannot here explain; but we can only see the beautiful article finished for use. Some of them for the under coatings or layers are firm and yet elastic and soft, while those prepared for the top coating or capping are pliable and soft as silk velvet; and these, when correctly applied, will form a hammer which, if the piano-forte is perfect otherwise, will always give the rich, full organ tone for which the pianos of Messrs. Boardman & Gray are so celebrated. Those employed in covering and preparing hammers do this exclusively, and must perfect their work. They give the greatest number of coats, and the thickest buckskin to the hammers for the bass strings, and then taper up evenly and truly to the treble hammers, which have a less number of coats and of the thinnest kinds; and then, after the hammer is fitted to the string in the piano, and it has been tuned and the action adjusted, it goes into the hands of the hammer finisher, who tries each note, and takes off and puts on different buckskin until every note is good, and the tone of the piano is perfectly true.



FINISHING-ROOM.

We left the piano-case in the hands of the persons employed in putting on the beautifully polished steel strings, whose vibrations may yet thrill many a heart, or bring the starting tear. After it has its strings, it goes to the finisher, whose duties consist in taking the keys as they come from the key-maker, the action as prepared, and the hammers from the hammer-maker, and fitting them together and into the case, so that the keys and action work together; adjusting the hammer to strike the strings, and putting the dampers in their proper places to be acted on by the keys and

pedals; making and fitting the harp, or soft stop; adjusting the loading of the keys to make a heavy or light touch, and thus doing what may be termed the putting the machinery together to form the working part of the piano-forte. And, when we consider that each key in one of Messrs. Boardman & Gray's piano-fortes is composed, with its action, of some sixty-five to seventy pieces, and that there are eighty-five keys to a seven octave instrument, making a sum total of nearly six thousand pieces, and that many of these pieces have to be handled over many times before they are finished in the piano, one is not a little surprised at the immense amount of work in a perfect piano-forte. But these six thousand pieces only compose the keys and action alone, and consist of wood, iron, cloth, felt, buckskin, and many other things; and, as a matter of course, each piece must be made and fitted with the greatest exactness, and the most perfect materials alone must be used. The "finishing," it will be seen at once, is another important branch, and requires long experience, close attention, and workmanship. Messrs. Boardman & Gray have many workmen employed in this department at finishing alone. The work is done by the piece, as many of the [13] different branches are under the personal superintendence of the foreman, whose duty it is to see that the work is made perfect; for the workman is liable for the materials he destroys. One great improvement made by Messrs. Boardman & Gray, and placed in all their piano-fortes, we believe is not used by any other maker. We refer to their metallic OVER damper register and cover. The dampers are held in their places by wires or lifters passing between the strings and through the register, which holds them as they are acted on by the keys and pedal. This register is usually made in the old way, of wood, and placed *under the strings*, and, consequently, the weather acting on the wood is liable to warp or spring the register, and thus throw these wires or lifters against the strings, causing a jingling or harsh jarring when the piano is used; and, then, the register being placed beneath the strings, and the lifters passing through it and above the strings to the dampers, of course they are liable to accidents, and to be bent and knocked out of place in many ways by anything hitting the dampers, as in dusting out the instrument, &c. But this improvement of Messrs. Boardman & Gray covers all these defects in the old register. Theirs, being of iron, is not affected by the changes of the weather or temperature of different houses and rooms; and, then, being placed *above* the strings, the dampers are at all times protected from injury. Consequently, their piano-fortes never have any jangling or jingling of the strings against the damper wires. This we believe to be a most valuable improvement, and, at the same time, the beautiful metallic damper cover is highly ornamental to the interior of the piano-forte.

When the case is thus finished, it can be tuned for the first time, although all is yet in the rough and unadjusted state; and from the finisher, after being tuned, it passes into the hands of the "regulator."

(Concluded next month.)

THE STOLEN MATCH.

BY HON. CALEB CUSHING.

The vesper bell had tolled the hour of *oraciones*, in Valladolid, at the close of an autumnal day, in the year 1469, and the crowds of worshippers reverted to their accustomed pleasures and pursuits, after making their evening salutation to the Virgin. Small parties of armed horsemen had been seen to enter the city during the day, who one by one disappeared under the half opened and quickly shut gateway of here and there a dark stone dwelling, whose grated windows and heavy walls seemed to be designed to guard its inmates against the assault of feudal enemies, quite as much as to shelter them from the elements. But the spectacle of military array was of too ordinary occurrence to awaken the attention of the plodding burghers, who, muffled in their large cloaks, were sufficiently happy to remain unmolested themselves by the mail-clad cavaliers, without seeking to pry into their business; to do which, would only have subjected such over-curious persons to fierce words, and perchance rude blows to back insulting speech. And it was vain to speculate on such a matter, in times when grandee and peasant alike made war at will on their own account; and no powerful chieftain moved without a retinue of right good lances beside him, inured to violence, and bound to follow his banner for weal or woe. As the sun descended behind the mountains of Leon, a sharp wind rushed along the valley of the Duero, and sweeping up the Pisuerga filled Valladolid with its chilling blasts; but the tramp of steeds and the clang of armor still rang upon the ear, long after night had thrown her dark mantle over the gothic towers of the city.

Occupying a large space on a side of the Campo Grande, at one extremity of the city, stood a stately edifice, rising amid the numerous churches and long ranges of unsightly convent walls, which formed the prominent objects in that immense irregular square. The richly ornamented front of this mansion, although its heavy carved mouldings and friezes, and indeed its entire surface, had acquired the deep brown hue of venerable age, was yet untouched by the hand of decay; and in its mass no less than its ornaments bespoke the wealth and consequence of its occupant. Indeed, the coat of arms of ample size, overhanging, as it were, the keystone of a huge arched gateway, which, being placed in the centre of the façade, constituted the sole entrance to [14] the inner court-yard, and the apartments of the building, afforded conclusive evidence that it belonged to one of the proud nobles of Castile. Its lower range of windows was guarded by strong stanchions or bars of iron, extending longitudinally up and down, and built fast into the solid masonry. Balconies, also of massive iron bars, but wrought into tasteful shapes, and resting upon sculptured slabs of stone, jutted out in relief from the window-sills of the upper windows, which

were secured by means of thick shutters of carved oak, made to open inwards, like folding doors, and fastened by movable stanchions of a peculiar form, called *fallebas*, somewhat resembling in make and movement the iron crane used for hoisting merchandise. Within the quadrangle or *patio*, where a small fountain played into a marble basin, was a postern door, which conducted through a terraced garden towards the outer wall of the city. A small, square turret, rising at each corner of the roof, rather for ostentation than use, completes the picture of the town residence of Don Juan de Vivero.

Late in the evening, a solitary cavalier, attended only by a *mozo de espuelas*, or groom, spurring along his weary steed, rode up to the front gate of this house, and knocked for admission. At the signal, the *mirilla*, or little door in the gateway, just large enough to look through and see what was without, was cautiously unclosed; and to the challenge of the porter the whispered reply of "*Gente de paz*," in the well known voice of Don Gutierre de Cardenas, caused the gate to be quickly unbarred for the reception of the horseman and his follower. The appearance of Don Gutierre, as he became exposed to the light of the torches within, indicated a plain citizen; it might be a common trader, it might be a mere artisan; and ere he had well dismounted and given his jaded and travel-soiled horse to the domestics, a lady hastily entered, who started at the garb and appearance of the new-comer; but without waiting for the usual exchange of salutations—

"Now what tidings, señorito, for my lady," cried she, "and why dost thou come hither thus travestied and alone, when we look for other attendance?"

"Content thee, Doña Beatriz," said the cavalier, "and conduct me straight to thy lady, or to the lord Archbishop, if he be here."

"I trow," answered Doña Beatriz, "she will welcome thee none the better for the precious specimen thou wearest of the skill of Zaragoza tailors, nor for carrying into her presence thy sweet person covered with dust from every bypath, between Osma and Valladolid, nor for speeding so ill in thy mission."

"Content thee, again, I say, and lead on," rejoined he, "lest I be tempted, in guerdon of thy swift wit, to kiss thy soft hand unbidden;" and he followed the laughing Doña Beatriz to the apartments of her lady. Scarce had their footsteps died away on the staircase, when Don Juan de Vivero was summoned in all haste to the presence of his fair guest; and the hurry of sudden preparation, and the eager looks of anxious expectation pervaded the late quiet household.

Midnight was fast approaching, when Don Gutierre once more appeared, and sought admission into the cabinet of Doña Beatriz. He now came forth, clad in the rich apparel of a Spanish cavalier of that day, which he bore with the habitual grace and ease that showed this, rather than the humble garb he had worn before, was the appropriate dress of his rank. The apartment into which he was ushered was simply, and compared with the usage of our age and country it would have been called meanly, furnished. An *estera*, or matting of woven sedge, was spread on the floor, and heavy embroidered hangings covered the walls, rudely representing the gests and triumphs of Bernardo del Carpio and my Cid the Campeador; but the chairs and other utensils were coarse in make, and such only as necessity required. It was in other form that the grandees of that day displayed their magnificence and squandered their wealth.

Prominent in the room sat an elderly man in the long ungainly robe and other attire of an ecclesiastic of rank, who, although advanced in years, yet evidently retained the vigor of manhood unbroken, and, to judge from his stately air and the fair glance of his eye, could do his part in the *mêlée* as bravely as the best, and would not scruple, if occasion required, to change his crosier for a lance. It happened then, as it does now, that the higher benefices of the church were generally the appanage of the younger members of noble families; but it was the case then, as it is not now, that to maintain his place a noble must have been either wise in council, or daring in fight; the glories of a horsejockey and cockfighter may become a peer in the era of improvement, but herein did not consist *their* glories; and the prelates, who sprung from the blood of men accustomed to command, naturally partook of the spirit of their sires. They were not rarely foremost in the civil wars that formed the chief business of mankind in the Middle Ages; and Don Alonso Carrillo, Archbishop of Toledo, for it was no less a personage who sat in [15] that presence, had played his part undauntedly among the boldest knights of Castile.

He was earnestly conversing in a low voice with a lady near, whose face as she sat was slightly averted from the door; while Doña Beatriz and a third lady stood in the apartment, who, with the Archbishop and Don Gutierre, made up the whole party. Doña Beatriz had the full black eye and the raven tresses which we associate with a southern clime, and that brown shade of complexion which, but for the healthfulness of her tint, and the animation of her whole face, would scarcely have escaped the reproach of tending to sullenness of aspect. But of her, afterwards so celebrated by the name of Condesa de Moya, time had not yet touched the beauty. The lady, who stood by her side, Don Gutierre saluted as Doña Mencia de la Torre; and both of these ladies waited, with all the subdued respect of tone and deference of deportment due to the highest rank, upon the youthful incarnation of loveliness with whom the Archbishop conferred.

A low bodice or corset of black velvet, fitted closely to her waist, displayed the perfect proportions of a bust that was just blooming into womanhood. A *brial* or petticoat of the same rich material depended over the full, but well-formed and graceful contour of her limbs. This part of her dress was fastened at the waist by a kind of brocaded belt, embroidered with jet and brilliants, and a band of similar workmanship ran from the belt down the middle of the *brial* or skirt, and was continued in a border around the bottom of it; a border of the same general description running around the upper part of the bodice next to the neckerchief. The tight wristbands of the dress were adorned by several bands of corresponding make and materials.

Above the bodice she wore a wrought kerchief of the costliest Flanders lace, fastened at the throat with a gold brooch, and having a border of very peculiar workmanship. It was narrow, as compared with the belt and bands of her *brial*, and instead of the wreaths and fanciful figures embroidered on them, it bore the form alternately of a castle and a lion, wrought in rich gems of various kinds on a silver ground, forming a splendid edging to the kerchief, double in front, and passing all around the neck. A large diamond cross, set in pearls, was suspended over her bosom from the rich pearl collar, which, as being the princely gift of him whose coming she awaited, was the fitting ornament of her person on this occasion. To complete her habiliments, a flowery tabard, as it was then called, or rich mantle of crimson silk, bordered with damask, was thrown over her shoulders and arms, hanging down to the floor, and a white veil of thin delicate lace, gauze-like and transparent as woven air, covered, without concealing, her dark brown tresses, and, being fastened in front by the brooch on her bosom, could be dropped over her face at will, so as to increase the effect of the beauty which it veiled, like the light fleecy clouds flitting along the moon's orb in a bright autumnal eve.

It is easy to give a description of garments, but how describe the surpassing loveliness of form and countenance, which consists, not in the peculiar shape of each separate feature or limb, but in the perfect harmony of parts, and heavenly combination of elements in the whole person? The lady of whom we speak was of middling stature, and rather fuller in form than might be considered consistent with a faultless model; but the grace of every movement, and the mingled sweetness and dignity of her whole manner, would alone have sufficed to mark the royal daughter of a line of kings. Her face was not of that stamp which fancy is prone to attribute to the maidens of Spain. We have already said that her hair was brown; and her complexion was pure blushing red and white, the unclouded carnation of the fairest youthful beauty. A broad, open brow, an oval face gently curving off into a rounded chin, even well-defined lips, expressing a firm character united with a gentle spirit, and eyes of dark gray deepening into blue; *ojos entre verdes y azules*, says a good friar of her day, who seems to have studied the constituents of beauty rather more attentively than became a monk: such were the separate features of the fair young maiden. Her general cast and look did not speak her more than eighteen; but a certain maturity of expression in her face, and a grave and somewhat devotional air, increased by the appearance of a richly illuminated missal, which she held in her hand, would have suited a much riper age.

To the low salutation of Don Gutierre, she graciously nodded in reply, without interrupting her conversation with the Archbishop. So earnestly, indeed, was it continued, that a young cavalier had entered the open door unobserved by her, and advanced towards the centre of the room. He stood with one foot slightly set forward, his short cloak, of the finest cloth of Segovia, flung back from his shoulders, displaying the close jacket of Genoese velvet, which covered his manly form, the gold-hilted sword which hung over his slashed underclothes, and a chain of massive chased gold links with a cross of Montesa suspended from his neck, while in his left hand he held a black [16] velvet hat, ornamented with a plain diamond aigrette and a single tuft of white ostrich plumes, leaving uncovered a high, noble brow and expressive dignified features, with sparkling eyes, that gazed on the beautiful vision before them, entranced, as it were, with love and admiration.

"'Tis he, 'tis he!" cried Don Gutierre, pointing with his finger to the silent stranger; and as the lady started with a slight exclamation of surprise, Fernando de Aragon kneeled at her feet, and, seizing her not unwilling hand, covered it with the kisses of her accepted lover, whom she now, for the first time, saw, and that in secrecy and disguise.

Need we say that the lady was Isabel of Castile, the lovely and the loved, the model of queens, of wives, and of mothers; the unaffected reality of all that her false-hearted namesake of England, Elizabeth, affected to be, but was not, a woman, namely, with all a woman's sensibilities, and yet a great and high ruled princess; that Isabel, whose reign is the golden age of prosperity and glory in the annals of fallen Spain!

At the time when the events of our story happened, Henry the Imbecile held the sceptre of Castile and Leon, and the disorders of a sickly state had reached their acme. Don Henrique ascended the throne under circumstances the most inauspicious. The kingdom was devastated and exhausted by the long and bloody civil wars which preceded the accession of his ancestor, Henrique de Trastamara. The infirm health and premature death of his grandfather, Henry III., prevented his applying those remedies to the public relief which a capacious mind and enterprising spirit might otherwise have devised and undertaken. His predecessor, Don Juan, destitute of either energy or talents to govern his turbulent nobles, was equally degraded, in being at all times either their tool or their victim. Condemned to see them dispute the possession of his person and his power on the fatal plains of Olmedo, he resigned all his authority to the constable, Don Alvaro de Luna, and afterwards with still greater weakness gave up his tried and faithful minister to the fury of their common enemies. Don Henrique himself inherited the mean-spirited and servile character of Don Juan.

Wavering and pusillanimous in his purposes, despised by his vassals, corrupt in his habits, and given up to the pursuit of pleasures of which nature had denied him the enjoyment, he soon acquired a most invincible repugnance to business of whatever kind, which he gladly suffered to pass entirely into the hands of ambitious and unprincipled favorites. A never-ending succession of troubles in his family, and of civil war between contending factions of the aristocracy, was the necessary consequence of the weakness of their common head. So long as he could enjoy his personal amusement unmolested, no public calumny moved the impassiveness of his indolence. While the profligate court spent in tournaments and gallantry, or in the wild distractions of the chase, that time which belonged to the necessities of the state, the fierce grandees made civil

war upon each other from province to province, dividing, with impunity, the spoils of the crown and the substance of the people. Corruption, venality, and violence became universal; and the whole kingdom, convulsed by every species of disorder, and infected with all the principles of dissolution, was hurrying onward towards absolute and irretrievable ruin.

But that we may fully appreciate the condition of unhappy Castile at this period, it is well to refer to the touching pictures given by the old chroniclers, not merely of the general aspect of things, but also of some remarkable incidents in particular.

"All Spain was overwhelmed," says Don Alonzo Ortiz, who spoke of what he actually saw; "all Spain was overwhelmed by the most terrible storm, in those days when the flames of civil war raged with the greatest fury, and total perdition impended over the prostrate commonwealth. There was no spot exempt from the common misery. There was no man who enjoyed his patrimony without fear or peril of his life. All classes of the community were filled with affliction, flying to the cities for refuge, since robbery and murder stalked unchallenged through the land. Our barons did not take up arms to defend our borders against the Infidel, but to strike the thirsty sword into the bowels of their common country. The domestic enemy banqueted in the blood of his fellow-citizens. The strongest of arm and deepest in fraud bore the palm of power and praise among us; so that all things had broken wholly forth from the check and scope of justice, and the venerable majesty of the law had quenched its light in the darkness of general corruption."

How true to the life is the general description of the canon Ortiz, may be seen from a trait of the times recorded by Fernando del Pulgar. It seems that Don Pedro de Mendaña was alcaide of Castronuño during the period under review. Seeing the time well disposed for his natural desires and inclinations, he received in that fortalice many robbers with the booty which they made, and [17] protected them from pursuit, as also desperate men of every kind, absconding debtors, murderers, and other outlaws. And when he found himself accompanied by such followers, induced by impunity from the laws and by large rewards to do his bidding, he seized on the castles of Cubillas and Cantalapiedra, and fortified that of Sieteiglesias, and placed his men in them; from which strongholds they sallied forth to rob in all the regions round about, and brought to him the treasure and goods they collected. He also captured the town of Tordesillas, and augmented his power in such wise, that the great cities of Burgos, Avila, Salamanca, Segovia, Valladolid, and Medina, and all the other towns in that country, gave him a regular tribute of bread, wine, and money, to purchase security. And thenceforward he continued to make other demands from them, of money and cattle, all which was yielded to his satisfaction. And by such oppressions he acquired great riches, so as to maintain constantly in his pay no less than three hundred mounted banditti. All the grandees of the kingdom who had estates in these districts held him in fear, and gave him largesses, that he might not make war against them on their lands. And from the success of this alcaide, many other alcaides in the kingdom took example, and set themselves to pillaging and ransoming the people, and defending the crimes and misdeeds which robbers perpetrated. Some time elapsed in this wise, when Pedro de Mendaña was besieged in his castle of Castronuño, and after an obstinate defence surrendered only upon honorable terms of capitulation; he and his bands escaping all punishment, as if what he had done was in the mere common course of war.

We shall give one other incident equally characteristic, but differing from the foregoing, as it shows how the great nobles and their immediate followers demeaned themselves in the same reign. Don Henrique had abandoned the control of affairs to his queen, and to her paramour Don Beltram de la Cueva, Conde de Ledesma, who was universally believed to have dishonored the royal bed, and to be the father of the Infanta Juana, stigmatized from this circumstance by the *sobriquet* of la Beltraneja, by which name she is uniformly styled in Spanish history. The power enjoyed by this ancient Godoy excited a confederation of the discontented grandees and prelates, having for its object the deposition of Don Henrique, and the elevation of his brother Don Alonzo to the throne. The chroniclers Diego Enriquez del Castillo and Alonzo de Palencia describe the scene which ensued.

The leagued barons, being assembled at Avila, selected an extensive plain without the city, on which they erected a large scaffold, open on all sides, so that the citizens of Avila and the multitude who came from other towns to witness the ceremonial, might plainly see everything which took place. Here was displayed a royal throne, on which sat a figure representing Don Henrique with the crown on his head, a sword before, and the sceptre in his hand, in the usual manner of arraying the person of kings. Everything being thus arranged, the barons rode out from the city towards the scaffold, accompanied by Don Alonzo. When they had arrived, Don Juan Pacheco, Marquis de Villena, with the master of Alcantara, and the Conde de Medellin, took the prince a little way aside, while the other lords approached and placed themselves behind the effigy, ready to perform the act of dethronement.

Having done this, one of them advanced to the front of the scaffold, and read a paper with a loud voice, setting forth the offences of Don Henrique, which they divided into four principal heads. For the first, they alleged that he deserved to lose his royal dignity, whereupon the Archbishop of Toledo, Don Alonzo Carrillo, advanced, and took the crown from the brows of the mimic king. For the second, he forfeited the right of jurisdiction and justice, wherefore Don Alvaro de Zuñiga, Conde de Plasencia, removed the sword which lay on his lap. For the third, he ought to lose the government of his kingdom, and so Don Rodrigo Pimentel, Conde de Benavente, snatched the sceptre which he held in his hand. Lastly, for the fourth, he deserved to be deprived of the throne and establishment of a king, wherefore Don Diego Lopez de Luñiga, approaching and striking the effigy from the chair in which it was seated, kicked it ignominiously from the scaffold to the

ground, accompanying the act with bitter terms of invective and reproach against the person and character of Don Henrique.

Immediately upon this, Don Alonzo came up, and being placed on the throne, received the insignia of royalty, with the homage and fealty of the banded knights, who kissed his hands as king and right lord of the realm, ordering the trumpets to sound a loud note of joy and triumph, amid the shouts of "*viva el rey*" from themselves and their partisans, and the muttered lamentations of the shocked and terrified multitude, too conscious that all the extremities of civil war must tread close on the heels of such high-handed and outrageous misdemeanors. And so indeed it was to the scandal of all Spain, and to the desolation and misery of the people, until the [18] sudden death of Don Alonzo deprived the disaffected lords of a rallying-point, and abated, but did not extinguish, the fury of embattled factions in wretched Castile.

After the death of Don Alonzo, there remained only Doña Isabel, the young sister of the king, who could dispute with him the possession of the crown. She was daughter of Don Juan by a second marriage, being born at Madrigal, in old Castile, the twenty-second day of April, in the year 1451. Ere she had completed her fourth year, her father died, and Don Henrique, on succeeding to the crown, left Isabel and her mother to languish in poverty and obscurity in the seclusion of their town and lordship of Arevalo. The queen-mother, Doña Isabel of Portugal, soon lost her reason from the accumulated burden of degradation and other sorrows, and her deserted daughter, far from the luxury of palaces, and stripped of all the flattering incidents of royal birth, entered upon that childhood and youth of affliction whose trials were to conduct to so glorious an issue in her after life. Don Henrique did indeed, after a while, repent him of his abandonment of the injured Isabel, and received her into his palace, to enjoy the advantages which belonged to her rank.

But what a scene was there for the pure and ingenuous recluse of the walls of Arevalo! The implacable foe of the Gothic name strengthened himself among the hills of Granada, and defied the chivalry of Castile to the field; but the descendant of Don Pelayo was now a craven knight and a minion ruled prince, the scorn alike of Christian and of Moor; and consumed the treasures of his kingdom in revelry and favoritism, and its blood in civil broils, in the stead of devoting them to the noble task of driving Muley Hassan, from the golden halls and marble courts of the Alhambra, back to the native deserts of his race.

> The skipping king, he ambled up and down,
> With shallow gestures, and rash bavin wits,
> Soon kindled and soon burnt: carded his state;
> Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
> Had his great name profaned with their scorn.

And, worst of all, the profligate consort of a shameless monarch, the guilty Doña Juana, lived in unchecked adultery with Don Beltran, at once the falsest of friends and most incapable of ministers, and reared up the offspring of their crime, the unfortunate Beltraneja, to be the watchword of treason in Castile for many a weary year of bloodshed and confusion. Fortunately for Isabel, she possessed a native dignity and purity of character, fortified and refined by the seeming mischances of her lot, which, however, had but taught her the "sweet uses" of adversity; and she passed through the fiery ordeal of a dissolute court unscathed, or rather with her genuine nobility of soul yet more elevated, by a shrinking repulsion for the foul atmosphere she had been compelled to breathe.

When the death of Don Alonzo, the victim of poison, administered to him in his food, left the insurgent nobles without a suitable chief, they went to Doña Isabel, with the Archbishop of Toledo at their head, and tendered her the sceptre of Castile. She had taken refuge in a convent at Avila, anxious to escape from the horrors of civil war, which everywhere met her eye. If her principles of conduct had been less pure and upright, the spectacle of her country given up to the reciprocal rage of hostile partisans, and her beloved brother the early victim of unregulated ambition, would have come to confirm her resolutions in such a crisis. But she needed not this; and immovable in her loyalty to her unworthy lord and brother, Don Henrique, she unhesitatingly and decidedly refused the proffers of allegiance made her by the grandees in arms against the crown. A procedure so full of high-toned generosity, while it won the regards of Don Henrique, was not without its influence upon his enemies, and greatly furthered the conclusion of a qualified peace at the congress of Los Toros de Guisando, where Don Henrique proclaimed Doña Isabel sole heiress of his kingdom, thus forever sealing the fate of La Beltraneja, whom he declared under oath not to be his child.

The barons, who had so contumeliously enacted the ceremony of dethroning the king in effigy at Avila, now returned to his confidence, and engaged in a new series of intrigues for the disposal of the hand of Doña Isabel, who, as heiress of Castile and Leon, was sought for in marriage by many of the great princes of Europe. Don Juan Pacheco obtained the grand mastership of Santiago, and the Archbishop of Toledo was again trusted. Of the various alliances which offered, that of the house of Aragon, as uniting the two great fragments of the Spanish monarchy, it was the interest of every true patriot to promote; and thus it was viewed by the Archbishop. But Don Juan had reasons of personal interest for opposing this, and managed to gain exclusive control of the movements and purposes of the king. They endeavored to compel the princess by threats of imprisonment to marry the King of Portugal, a widower far advanced in years, and wholly unsuitable as a husband for the fair and youthful Isabel. Failing this hopeful scheme, they fixed [19] on Charles, Duke of Berri and Guienne, brother of Louis XI. of France. Don Fadrique Enriquez, Admiral of Castile, and Don Mosen Pierres de Peralta, Constable of Navarre, were coadjutors of

the Archbishop in furthering the proposals of the young Ferdinand of Aragon, who had a still more powerful partisan than either in the growing tenderness of Doña Isabel.

In fact, Isabel, like a discreet and prudent lady as she was, had been playing a game of her own under the rose; quite as cunningly as the politic nobles and astute churchmen of her brother's court. Two of the applicants for her hand were quickly disposed of. She would not think of the old King of Portugal, who might as well be her father as her husband. George of Clarence, another of her suitors, had acquired a reputation of ferocity in the wars of York and Lancaster that put him out of the question. There remained only Charles and Ferdinand as subjects of deliberate consideration. She privately dispatched her chaplain, a man of entire trust, called Alonzo de Coca, with instructions to repair to the court of France on some pretended object of business or pleasure, and seek out the Duc de Guienne, and carefully make inquiries concerning him, and then return through Aragon to do the same with regard to Don Fernando, so as to bring back a full and faithful report to his mistress. He gave Doña Isabel a complete account of the appearance and habits of both princes, relating in how many things the Prince of Aragon excelled the Duke of Guienne. Don Fernando, he said, was in countenance and proportion of person very handsome, and of noble air and manner, and apt in every knightly exercise or princely deed. The Duke of Guienne, on the contrary, he said, was weak and effeminate, with legs so small as to be altogether deformed, and with weeping eyes already sinking into blindness, so that, ere long, he would stand more in need of a page to lead him by the hand, than of horse and lance for the battle-field or tournament.

Doña Isabel instantly came to a right conclusion upon what course to pursue, resolving to bestow her virgin heart and young affections upon a prince worthy of her choice, instead of giving over her person to caducity and deformity, to accommodate the ambitious projects of scheming statesmen. The Archbishop having a perfect understanding with the gentlemen of her household, Don Gonzalo Chacon and Don Gutierre de Cardenas, a private correspondence with Isabel was commenced and carried on for some time unsuspected, and she finally accepted a rich collar of gems and pearls sent her by Don Fernando, with other suitable presents, and consented to become his bride.

Doña Isabel resided at this time in Ocaña, whither she and the king had been conducted by Don Juan Pacheco, in order that they might be completely in his hands, it being a place subject to his control as master of Santiago. Hither Don Henrique summoned the Cortez, in order that the compact of Los Toros de Guisando might be carried into effect, and Doña Isabel recognized by the estates of the realm as heiress of Castile and Leon. Beginning, however, to fluctuate in his intention, and receiving tidings of disturbances in Andalusia which rendered his presence necessary there, he left Ocaña before anything was done, after compelling Doña Isabel to swear that "*she would not undertake any novelty respecting her marriage* during his absence."

As Doña Isabel had already engaged to espouse Don Fernando, although Don Henrique knew it not, her clerical counsellors persuaded her that she might conscientiously swear not to "undertake *any novelty* respecting her marriage," and that she ought to do so, to lull the suspicions of Don Henrique and the master. But no sooner had these last departed from Ocaña, than the conspirators, if so they may be termed, proceeded with all possible dispatch to conclude the marriage, and so place themselves beyond the resentment of the king and the manœuvres of Don Juan.

Doña Isabel was first conveyed to Madrigal, where her mother then lived, it being given out that her object was to remove her brother's body from Arevalo, and superintend the interment of it at Avila. Uneasy at her leaving Ocaña, and suspecting all was not right, the master now took measures for possessing himself of her person; but the Archbishop and Don Fadrique, getting intelligence of his designs, mustered a party of their friends, and conducted her in all haste to Valladolid, which was wholly at the devotion of the Admiral. As the Marquis of Villena was now on his guard, and ready to take any desperate step to secure the disputed prize, the friends of Doña Isabel saw that no time was to be lost in deliberation. Everything had been previously arranged, so far as it could be, preliminary to the marriage, a dispensation having been procured from the Pope, and Don Fernando having been raised by his father to the dignity of King of Sicily to make him better worthy of Doña Isabel. Nothing remained but that Don Fernando should come to Valladolid, and espouse the Infanta; and this was a task of greater difficulty than at first sight it would seem.

The management of the affair was intrusted to Don Gutierre de Cardenas and Don Alonzo de [20]
Palencia, the latter a gentleman attached to the Archbishop. They counted upon the Bishop of Osma, Don Pedro Montoya, to furnish one hundred and fifty lances, and Don Louis de la Cerda, the Count of Medinaceli, five hundred, which, with three or four hundred more to be procured from other sources, they deemed a sufficient escort to insure the safety of Don Fernando. But when Cardenas and Palencia reached Osma on their way to Zaragoza, they learnt to their consternation that the Bishop and the Conde de Medinaceli, with the usual levity of the Castilian nobles of that day, had deserted the party of Doña Isabel, and joined that of the master. The whole frontier was held by the powerful bands of Mendoza, who occupied with their retainers and connections all the castles along the line from Almazan to Guadalajara. Cardenas and Palencia became convinced that it was now impossible for Don Fernando to enter Castile openly, and that, unless they could succeed by some ingenious stratagem, the whole object, for which they had labored so long and so earnestly, would be utterly and perhaps forever defeated. They determined to make a bold push to overmatch the machinations of their enemies.

Concealing their immediate purpose, which they could easily do, by Cardenas passing for the servant of Don Alonzo, who frequently had occasion to go to and fro on business of the

Archbishop's, they hastened forward to Zaragoza, and proposed to Don Fernando to repair to Valladolid in disguise and without attendance. Cardenas communicated to the prince the loving messages of Doña Isabel, with her maidenly complaints that he had not yet visited her in Castile, and her prayers that he would not abandon her in the perilous predicament wherein she was placed for his sake. Don Fernando instantly resolved to hasten to Valladolid at all hazards, on the wings of love and hope; having first sent forward Don Mosen Pero Vaca, a confidential servant of his father, the King of Aragon, on a simulated embassy to Don Henrique, so as to blind the eyes of the Mendozas, of Don Luis de la Cerda, and of the rest of their faction along the road to Valladolid.

Don Fernando, then, accompanied only by a few domestics, in whom he could repose implicit confidence, put himself under the guidance of Cardenas, and boldly passed the line which separates Aragon from Castile. Being obliged to stop to refresh themselves and their mules, they halted at a hamlet between Gomara and Osma, where they passed for mere traders, the prince busying himself to take care of the mules and horses, and to serve at the table, so as to divert all suspicion from his own person. After a multitude of difficulties and hair-breadth escapes, he safely arrived in the dead of night at Osma, where he found Don Pedro Manrique, Conde de Trevino, and three hundred lances secretly got together and prepared to escort him for the residue of his journey; the Manriques, the Rojas under the Conde de Castro, and other friends of Doña Isabel, being on the alert and in command of the road from Osma to Valladolid. Don Fernando was welcomed by the Conde de Trevino and his followers at Osma with cries of joy and flourish of trumpets, and conducted through the streets by the light of flaming torches, which blazed out upon the astonished sight of the inhabitants and the soldiers of the garrison, waking from their slumbers to witness the triumphant entry of Don Fernando. Cardenas pushed on with fresh horses to Valladolid, to give tidings of the approach of the party, who followed with all possible speed.

Meanwhile, the Archbishop and the Admiral had been secretly gathering in their friends, and introducing them by small parties into Valladolid, as we have already seen. When Don Gutierre arrived in the evening at the house of Vivero, he found them anxiously awaiting the coming of Don Fernando. Chacon was sent back to meet him, and conduct him into the house by the postern door from the garden, so as to avoid the risk of his being seen and recognized in the streets of the city. His followers halted at a village a few miles from Valladolid, while he rode in almost alone, to plight his faith as a prince and a knight to the fair Isabella. This interview took place the fourteenth day of October, 1469. Don Fernando returned to Dueañs the same night, and remained there until the eighteenth day of the month, when all the conditions of the intended marriage having been fully settled, he publicly entered Valladolid, in company with several lords of the houses of Manrique and Rojas, and was received without the gates by the Archbishop, the Admiral, and a brilliant cortege of the principal cavaliers of the city. Concealment was no longer necessary, and in the evening the espousals of the prince and princess were published and ratified before a great concourse of spectators, assembled in the house of Don Juan de Vivero. And there, on the following morning, the marriage ceremony was performed, and the nuptial benediction pronounced with feasts and rejoicings, it is true, but without the magnificence of display, the tournaments, the public dances, and the bull-fights, which the custom of the times [21] and place required in honor of royal espousals.

It was, in fact, a STOLEN MATCH, to which the weak tyranny of the king, and the factious violence of the nobles, who possessed his good-will, drove the future lords of Spain, Italy, and the Indies. And distrust, as with ample cause we may, the virtue that is reared in the moral contagion of palaces, never yet did prince or subject take to his arms a more pure and lovely wife—loyal, affectionate, tender, and true, endowed with every queen-becoming grace mingled and tempered with the blander charms of humble life—than yielded up her maiden hand and heart on that occasion to her lover king.

If the gentle reader would appreciate the moral of our tale, let him summon up before his mind's eye the picture of Isabella of Castile, married by stealth in the hall of a private dwelling, and hardly with the solemnities of a common Spanish bridal; and then compare the scene with that of the same Isabel, in the overpowering glories and stupendous triumphs of her after life, as exhibited in the graphic, picturesque, and impressive pages of Washington Irving. It were idle for us to attempt a task accomplished to our hands by his magic pen. Why advance to break spears with him, when the challenger would thus but show his own weakness, without calling into display the strength of the challenged? Instead of this, we shall have recourse to that mine from which he has dug so many gems, borrowing a single trait to fill up our canvas from the naïve pages of the curate of Los Palacios:—

"The right noble and ever blessed queen, Doña Isabel, with the king Don Fernando her husband, reigned over the realms and lordships of Castile nine and twenty years and ten months; in the which time was the greatest exaltation, triumph, honor, and prosperity that ever chanced in Spain. Consider that, being the stainless daughter of such noble lineage and royal stock and ancestry, she entertained in her person so many other and excellent havings, the which our Lord adorned her withal, wherein she outshone and overtopped all the queens, whether of Christendom or of any differing law which did go before her, not only, I say, in Spain, but in all the world, of those whereof by their virtue and their graces, and by their wisdom and their power, the memory doth live and flourish. Who could worthily recount the grandeur, the magnificence of her court; the prelates, learned men, and venerable counsellors, who always accompanied her; the reverend fathers, the precentors, and the musical accordances in honor of divine worship; the solemnity of the masses and honors continually chanted in her palace; the

knightly and martial nobles of Spain, dukes, masters, marquisses, and *ricos hombres*; the gallants and dames, the jousts and tournaments, the multitude of poets and troubadours and minstrels of every degree; the men of arms and war, ever in battle against the Moors, with all their artillery and engines of infinite variety; and the gold and silver and gems and pagan men brought from the Indies newly discovered, where the setting sun goes down behind the ocean sea! Spain was, in the time of these victorious kings, Don Fernando and Doña Isabel, more triumphant, sublimated, and potent, and more feared and honored, than ever before or since; and so of this right noble queen, the fame shall be cherished forever in the realms and lordships of Castile."

THE PLEIADES.

(*See Plate.*)

Borne by music on their way,
Every chord a living ray,
Sinking on a song-like breeze,
The lyre of the Pleiades;
With its seven fair sisters bent
O'er their starry instrument,
Each a star upon her brow,
Somewhat dim in daylight's glow,
That clasped the flashing coronet
On their midnight tresses set.

And who were they, the lovely seven,
With shape of earth, and home in heaven?
Daughters of King Atlas they—
He of the enchanted sway:
He who read the mystic lines
Of the planets' wondrous signs;
He the sovereign of the air—
They were his, these daughters fair.
Six were brides in sky and sea
To some crowned divinity;
But his youngest, loveliest one,
Was as yet unwooed, unwon.
On that sky lyre a chord is mute
Haply, one echo yet remains,
To linger on the Poet's lute,
And tell, in his most mournful strains,
A star hath left its native sky
To touch our cold earth, and to die;
To warn the young heart how it trust
To mortal vows, whose faith is dust;
To bid the young cheek guard its bloom
From wasting by such early doom;
Warn by the histories linked with all
That ever bowed to passion's thrall
Warn by all—above—below,
By that lost Pleiad's depth of woe—
Warn them, love is of heavenly birth,
But turns to death on touching earth.

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[22]

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING ORNAMENTS IN RICE-SHELL-WORK.

The term "shell-work" may, perhaps, suggest to our readers those gay, and sometimes gaudy, but often very striking groups of brightly-tinted shell-flowers, which we meet with at most watering-places. These certainly form showy ornaments for the table or mantle-piece, but are scarcely adapted for ladies' work; the plaster, stiff wire, rough colors, and actual hard work, being matters by no means fitted for

"Delicate and dainty fingers!"

The shell-work we propose to teach is a very different affair, its lightness and purity of look adapting it peculiarly for wreaths, or sprays for the hair or dress; and the materials of which it is composed, rendering it an elegant drawing-room occupation, as well as one calculated to call forth the artistic taste and inventive powers of the worker; for it is capable of infinite variety.

We shall divide our instructions into two branches—viz., the "Simple," and the "Composite Rice-Shell-Work." The former will exclusively occupy our first article.

HEADDRESS, OR RICE-SHELL-WORK.

The shells we use are called "rice-shells," from their resemblance to the grains of rice; they are brought from the West Indies, and sold by measure, or by the box, at most conchological repositories. Their Latin name *Voluta Nivea*. Those who would study economy will often obtain them very cheaply from those miscellaneous dealers who purchase the foreign shells and curiosities brought from abroad by sailors. A pint of these shells will go a great way.

Before we can set to work, the shells must be cleaned and prepared. For this purpose, the first thing to be done is, with a strong yet fine-pointed pin, to free each shell from any grit or dirt which may have accumulated in the interior. Next, with a strong, sharp pair of scissors, a bit of about the size of a pin's point is to be clipped off from the extreme tip of each shell, so as to leave a tiny hole there, not larger than the eye of a middle-sized sewing-needle. This is a manipulation requiring care, as, if it is roughly done, too large an opening will be made, and the symmetry of the shell will be destroyed. Neither should the worker stoop over the shell while clipping it, for, if the bit of shell snipped off were to fly into the eyes, it would occasion much irritation and pain. Practice will soon enable any one to clip the shells rapidly and evenly.

In order to set about rice-shell-work tidily and systematically, it will be necessary to have a dozen little square card-board trays or boxes, about three or four inches square, and two inches deep. These can be easily made from white or colored card-board, and should be so contrived that they may fit into one another, and all be contained in one large tray or box of similar material, and covered over by one cover.

As the shells are cut, let them be sorted into three divisions, the small, the middle-sized, and the large shells. When all are clipped, put them into three separate basins; pour over them cold water enough to cover the shells, and to stand about an inch above them. Into this water put soda and mottled soap, in the proportion of half an ounce of each to a full pint of water; the soap should be shredded. Cover the basins, and set them on a hob, or in an oven, near a good fire; stir up the whole occasionally, and let it remain until the water is scalding hot, not longer. Then rub the shells gently with the hands, and pour off that water; and having rinsed the shells, add a fresh supply of water, and put in only soap this time. Let it again stand by the fire until hot, stirring it occasionally; then again rub the shells gently between the hands, pour off the soapy [23] water, and rinse them thoroughly with clear, cold water.

Now lay a soft, folded towel on the table; put about a tablespoonful at a time of shells on this towel, and turning another fold of it over, rub them gently, but sufficiently to free them from moisture. Have ready a silk handkerchief, and remove them to this, and polish them with it, and then transfer them to one of the boxes, and setting it on the hob, let it stand there until the shells feel warm, shaking it occasionally in order that all may be equally dried. They will now be ready for use, and ought to have a pearly, white, polished appearance.

Take notice that too much soap or soda, or too great a degree of heat in the water, or too long a soaking, will make them look yellow; while too much heat when drying will crack them or render them brittle, and too little will leave a moisture about them which will tarnish the other parts of the work.

The next important item to the shells is the silver wire. This is bought on reels, by the ounce, and can be obtained of any of the large gold and silver bullion fringe-makers and wire-drawers in this city. As "Evans's Derby Crochet Cotton" is doubtless well known to most of our readers, we will compare the different sized wires required to the different numbers of this cotton of similar size. The coarsest silver wire we ever need would be about the calibre of No. 10 "Derby Cotton;" the next about that of No. 16; and the finest about the size of No. 24 or 30. The two latter are those chiefly used for leaves, flowers, &c., the coarsest being generally only employed for the stem on to which the various component parts of a wreath or spray are to be grafted, or for baskets, or

ornamental groups; our aim being lightness, not only of appearance but of weight, we use the thinnest wire we can consistently with firmness.

The largest shells are chiefly used for baskets; the middle-sized and small ones for flowers and leaves. Each kind is to be contained in its own box.

Into another of the boxes cut some two or three hundred lengths of the middle-sized wire, each piece measuring about two and a half inches.

Having now made all our preparations, we will set to work, and see how all the various separate portions of the headdress given at the commencement of this article are made, and how they are put together.

The following cut shows the manner in which every shell required for leaves or flowers must be prepared. We call it "wiring the shells." In order to effect it, the shell must be taken between the finger and thumb of the left hand, with its point towards the tip of the finger, and its opening turned upwards; then one of the two-and-a-half-inch lengths of wire, which we directed should be prepared, must be taken in the right hand, and one end of it passed in at the point, and out at the opening of the shell, and a third of it drawn through, and then turned over on itself; the folded wire being then held between the thumb and finger of the right hand, the shell must be turned round and round until the wires are sufficiently twisted together, to hold the shell firmly. In a very short time this manipulation will become so familiar that it will be performed with astonishing ease and dispatch.

Keep the wired shells sorted, laying the smaller ones in a box to themselves, and the middle-sized ones also in a box to themselves, and with the shells all towards one end; for, when we come to make up the flowers, &c., it is astonishing how much time will be saved by our being able at once to put our hands on the portion we need.

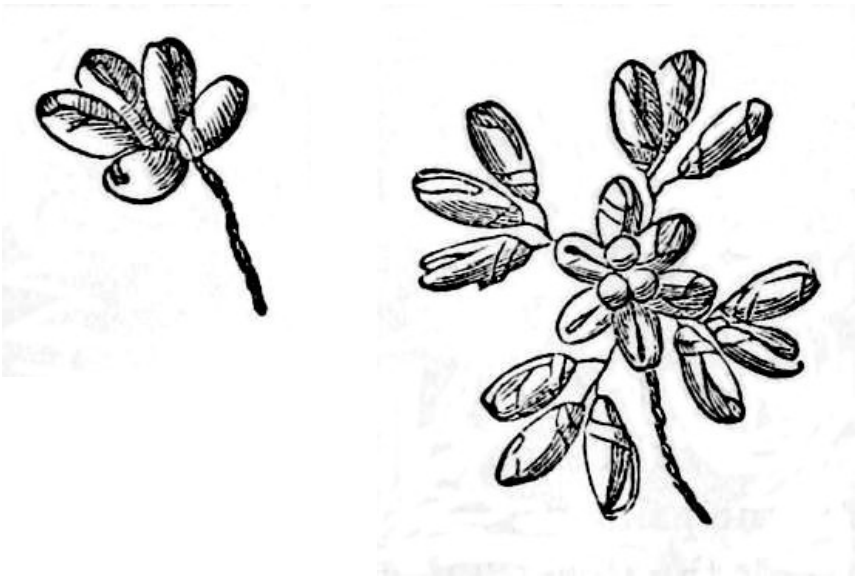
Having thus wired a hundred or two, or more of shells, according to the purpose we have in view, we next proceed to make them up.

A leaf, like the one represented, may be made of any number of shells, from five to fifteen, or even twenty-five. A very small shell should be chosen for the apex, and then the pairs graduated so as to increase in size towards the stem. They should all be picked out, and laid ready for use before we begin to form the leaf.

Take the small central, or top shell between the finger and thumb of the left hand, allow the shell itself and about an eighth of an inch of the twisted wire to project above the finger, and have the opening of the shell turned towards you. Take the first pair of shells and insert one on either side of the central one, leaving about the tenth of an inch of twisted wire between the shells and their junction with the [24] wire of the middle shell; then, with the finest wire, bind them all together by twisting the fine wire neatly round and round the stem, for the distance of nearly a quarter of an inch, when the second pair of shells are to be added, arranged, and bound on in like manner and for a similar distance; continue thus all the way down, leaving the wires between the shell and the stem a little longer at each pair, keeping all the openings one way, and taking care to bind the stem firmly and compactly, and especially to avoid leaving any projecting ends or points of wire, as these not only look untidy, but are excessively inconvenient if the work is intended for wear.

The flower bud is formed by taking one of the lengths of wire, threading a shell on it, and then a small Roman pearl bead, and then a second shell, and twisting the wire to keep them all firm. It will be perceived by the engraving that the bead comes between the two points of the shells, and that both openings lie the same way.

This is what we term a "single," or "simple flower." It is composed of five wired shells of equal size; the openings are all turned inwards, and the wires bound together immediately below the points of the shells firmly and compactly, all the way down to the very extremity.



This double flower is composed of seventeen shells—viz., twelve small ones, and five of a middle size. The five are arranged as in the single flower, and the twelve are made up into four leaflets of three each, put together in the way a leaf is commenced; these leaflets are bound on to the flower, being arranged evenly round it, and so as to leave about a quarter of an inch of its stem above their junction with it, and the same length of wire between the pair of shells in each leaflet and the stem. Bend them into their places when the flower is completed.

Another variety of flower is here given, composed of twelve small shells, so arranged as to leave half an inch of wire between the point of each shell and the place where we begin to bind it; all the openings face upwards. The shells are to be arranged like the spokes of a wheel.

Wheat-ears may be made of any number of shells, from eighteen to thirty, and of either small or middle-sized shells. One is taken as an apex, then a pair set one on either side of it, then one in the centre; then another pair, and so on, binding them on, almost close to the point of each shell, and putting in here and there three-quarter-inch lengths of the middle-sized wire, to resemble the beards.

This is a representation of an ornamental group; the shells chosen for it should be the large ones. Three lengths of wire (middle-sized), measuring about four or five inches,

must be cut off. A shell is threaded on each wire, the wire folded double, a twist or two given to it just to maintain the shell in its place, and then the double wire wound round a good sized pin to give it that spiral form. The three, when done, are bound together at the bottom for about a quarter of an inch, and mounted on an inch or two of the coarsest wire.

In binding leaves, flowers, &c., the fine wire should not be cut off until the leaf, or whatever it may be, is complete, as it is desirable to avoid ends and roughnesses.

We could amplify these notices, but we consider that the engravings will be sufficient to show our readers the kind of groups that can be arranged, and suggest to inventive and tasteful minds a multitude of other combinations. [25]

With regard to their adjustment into sprays, or wreath, we can say but little, because that is so much a matter of taste. A light and graceful appearance should be aimed at, and the work neither crowded too closely together, nor left too straggling. It will often be advisable to mount a flower on a couple of inches of the coarse wire, in order to lengthen the stem, and it may then be grouped with a bud, or with spiral shells; but no rules can be laid down in an optional matter like this. The foundation stem, or that from which all the sprays of the headdress given at the commencement of this article, hangs, should be of double coarse wire; and the stems of the sprays of single coarse wire. All are to be bound on with the finest wire, and as neatly and as lightly as is consistent with firmness.

Care must be taken not to tarnish the wire by too much handling, especially with warm hands, or by unnecessary exposure to the atmosphere. When not in use, the reels should always be kept enveloped in silver paper.

The leaves of various sizes, the flowers of different kinds, and the other portions, should be consigned each to the boxes appropriated for them, as fast as they are made, and not all heaped together in one inextricable mass.

In our next article we shall describe the "Composite Rice-Shell-Work," which will present to our lady pupils a variety of ornamental arrangement.

This pleasing art is well worthy the pains and patience of all

"Who in work both *contentment* and happiness find."

DRESS—AS A FINE ART.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

REMARKS ON PARTICULAR COSTUMES.

We must now offer a few brief remarks upon certain costumes which appear to us most worthy of our attention and study, for their general elegance and adaptation to the figure. Of the modern Greek we have already spoken. The style of dress which has been immortalized by the pencil of Vandyck is considered among the most elegant that has ever prevailed in this country. It is not, however, faultless. The row of small curls round the face, how becoming soever to some persons, is somewhat formal, and although the general arrangement of the hair, which preserves the natural size and shape of the head, is more graceful than that of the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, we think it would have been more pleasing had it left visible the line which divides the hair from the forehead. With regard to the dress itself: in the first place, the figures are spoiled by stays; secondly, the dress is cut too low in front; and thirdly, the large sleeves sometimes give too great width in front to the shoulders. These defects are, in some degree, counterbalanced by the graceful flow of the ample drapery, and of the large sleeves, which are frequently widest at their lower part, and by the gently undulating line which unites the waist of the dress with the skirt. The Vandyck dress, with its voluminous folds, is, however, more appropriate to the inhabitants of palaces than to the ordinary occupants of this working-day world. The drapery is too wide and flowing for convenience.

Lely's half-dressed figures may be passed over without comment; they are draped, not dressed. Kneller's are more instructive on the subject of costume. The dress of Queen Anne, in Kneller's portrait, is graceful and easy. The costume is a kind of transition between the Vandyck and Reynolds styles. The sleeves are smaller at the shoulder than in the former, and larger at the lower part than in the latter; in fact, they resemble those now worn by the modern Greeks. The dress is cut higher round the bust, and is longer in the waist than the Vandycks, while the undulating line uniting the body and skirt is still preserved. While such good examples were set by the painters—who were not, however, the inventors of the fashions they painted—it is astonishing that these graceful styles of dress should have been superseded in real life by the lofty headdresses and preposterous fashions which prevailed during the same period, and long afterwards, and which even the ironical and severe remarks of Addison in the "Spectator" were unable to banish from the circles of fashion. Speaking of the dresses of ladies during the reigns of [26] James II. and William III., Mr. Planché, in his History of British Costume (p. 318), says: "The

tower or commode was still worn, and the gowns and petticoats flounced and furbelowed, so that every part of the garment was in curl;" and a lady of fashion "looked like one of those animals," says the "Spectator," "which in the country we call a Friesland hen." But in 1711 we find Mr. Addison remarking: "The whole sex is now dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once nearly seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed, I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their headdresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new: though I find most are of opinion they are at present like trees lopped and pruned that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before."

The costume of the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as treated by this great artist, though less splendid, appears to us, with the exception of the headdress, nearly as graceful, and far more convenient than the Vandyck dress. It is more modest, more easy, and better adapted to show the true form of the shoulders, while the union of the body of the dress with the skirt is effected in the same graceful manner as in the Vandyck portraits. The material of the drapery in the latter is generally silks and satins; of the former, it is frequently muslin, and stuff of a soft texture, which clings more closely to the form. That much of the elegance of both styles of dress is to be attributed to the skill and good taste of the painters, is evident from an examination of portraits by contemporary artists. Much also may be ascribed to the taste of the wearer. There are some people who, though habited in the best and richest clothes, never appear well-dressed; their garments, rumpled and untidy, look as if they had been pitched on them, like hay, with a fork; while others, whose dress consists of the most homely materials, appear well-dressed, from the neatness and taste with which their clothes are arranged.

Leaving now the caprices of fashion, we must notice a class of persons who, from a religious motive, have resisted for two hundred years the tyranny of fashion, and until recently have transmitted the same form of dress from mother to daughter for nearly the same period of years. The ladies of the Society of Friends, or as they are usually called "Quakers," are still distinguished by the simplicity and neatness of their dress—the quiet drabs and browns of which frequently contrast with the richness of the material—and by the absence of all ornament and frippery. Every part of their dress is useful and convenient; it has neither frills nor flounces, nor trimmings to carry the dirt and get shabby before the dress itself; nor wide sleeves to dip in the plates, and lap up the gravy and sauces, nor artificial flowers, nor bows of ribbons. The dress is long enough for decency, but not so long as to sweep the streets, as many dresses and shawls are daily seen to do. Some few years back, the Quaker ladies might have been reproached with adhering to the letter, while they rejected the spirit of their code of dress, by adhering too literally to the costume handed down to them. The crowns of their caps were formerly made very high, and for this reason it was necessary that the crowns of the bonnets should be high enough to admit the cap crown; hence the particularly ugly and remarkable form of this part of the dress. The crown of the cap has, however, recently been lowered, and the Quaker ladies, with much good sense, have not only modified the form of their bonnets, but also adopted the straw and drawn-silk bonnet in their most simple forms. In the style of their dress, also, they occasionally approach so near the fashions generally worn, that they are no longer distinguishable by the singularity of their dress, but by its simplicity and chasteness.

PREPARATIONS FOR COMPANY.

A hostess who wishes that her friends should enjoy their dinner, and that she also should enjoy it with them, must see that all is ready and at hand *before* her guests arrive. If her servants are well trained, and accustomed to do things regularly, *when* there is *no* company, there will be little difficulty when there *is*; and if there is that pleasant understanding between the head and the hands of the household which should always exist, any casual mistake will easily be rectified; an accident itself will occasion more fun than fuss; and although no host and hostess should feel as unconcerned or indifferent at their own table as elsewhere, the duty of seeing that nobody wants anything will be manifestly a pleasant one, whilst the simple cordiality, which delights in good appetites and cheerful countenances, and the domestic order which is evidently, but unostentatiously, the presiding genius of the family, will go far to enhance the flavor of the simplest fare.

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[27]

A GREAT MULROONEY STORY.

ALL ABOUT TIM DELANEY. HOW HE WINT COORTIN' WID HIS MASTHER, AND THE CONSEQUENCES.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, THE YOUNGER.

"Wanst upon a time—an', sure, that's not so long ago, afther all—there wor a grate fri'ndship betune the familees of the Sullivans an' the O'Briens; but, by raison of their livin' a long ways apart, they niver sot eyes on ache other for many's the year, though they kep' up the ould good-

will by writin' letthers back an' fore, wid the shuperscupshins of, 'Yer humble sarvint to command, Murtoch O'Brien ma bouchal,' or, 'May the heavins be yer bed, an' glory be wid ye, Dennis Sullivan a hagur!'

"Well, the years rowled by, an', in the mane time, the sunshine lived foriver in the house of Murtoch O'Brien, in the shape of a daughther that bate the wureld for beauty; while Dinnis Sullivan wor prouder of his son Maurice nor if he had found all the goold mines of Californy, wid all the jooels of the Aist Injees to the top of 'em. Oh, faix, but ye may be sartin that the ould min in their letthers gossipped about the childher, an' that Misther O'Brien, bein' discinded from the anshint kings of Munsther, belaved his daughther Norah the aquil of any princess in Eurip and Aishey, lettin' alone the Turkeys and the Roosthers—Rooshins, I mane—an' the Jarmans, an' the Frinch, an' all the other haythens.

"Well, by coorse, by an' by, young Masther Maurice an' the butyful Miss Norah wor conthracted thegither by the ould people; though, it's the thruth I'm sayin', nayther of the youngsthers wor beknowin' to it at all, until wan day, when Maurice wor near grown to be a man, his fadher up an' tould him what he had done. 'Well an' good!' sez Maurice, for he wor a mighty purty behaved young jintleman; an', wid that, he crasses over the salt say into forrin parts, where he larned to ate frogs in France, an' to sleep undher a feather bed in Jarmany, wid his exthremities stickin' out. By an' by, whin he had finished his eddicashin at the Jarman Univarsity, by dhrillin' a hole wid a small sword through the arum of wan Count Dondher an' Blixum, an' by bein' mortially wounded in his undher garmint hisself, Maurice thravels back to the ould counthry. Oh, but Dinnis Sullivan wor mighty plased to shake hands wid his darlin' boy agin! an' he grown so tall, an' sthrong, an' manly like.

"'Maurice, avourneen!' sez his fadher, tindherly, 'seein' 'tis of age ye are, an' may be I'll not be wid ye long, sure it 'u'd be plasin' me to see yeez marri'd at wanst to Norah O'Brien,' sez he.

"'But how will I tell whether I'll like her or no?' sez Maurice, dub'ously.

"'By raison that she's a hairess and a grate beauty,' sez the ould jintleman.

"'Thim's good things in their way,' sez Maurice; 'but may be I'll be ruinashin'd, afther all, wid the crooked timper.'

"'Make yerself parfaitly aisey on that score, Maurice ma bouchal,' sez his fadher. 'Honey isn't swater, nor butther safter.'

"'May be 'tis too saft she is,' sez Maurice.

"'Tare an' ounties!' sez the ould jintleman, in a grate passion. 'What 'u'd yees like to have, I'd be plased to know? Isn't Murtoch O'Brien my ould fri'nd, an' wan I niver had a quarrel wid in my life, batin' the bottle he throw'd at my head at ould Thrinity, an' the bullet I lodged in his side on the banks of the Liffey one morn? Sure, afther that affeckshinate raymonsthrance we wor betther fri'nds nor iver we wor before.'

"Well, by this an' by that, seein' the ould jintleman wor bint upon the match, Maurice consints to ride over an' coort the young lady, purvided he might take wid him his fostherer, wan Tim Delaney. Sure I know'd him well, for he wor own cousin to myself by the mudher's side, an' he it wor as tould me this sthory.

"'Take him by all manes,' sez the ould jintleman. 'I've not the laste objeckshin. 'Tis a dacent lad he is, an' a betther face or a n'ater figure, barrin' yer own, Maurice dear, there's not to be found in all the county. He desarves to be put forrid in the wureld. He's not althegither an' ignoraymus nayther,' sez he, 'for Fadher Doran thried to bate the humanities into him for the matther of two saisons; an', though he butthers his mattymatticks wid poetical conthribushins, an' peppers an' salts the larned langwidges wid aljebrayickal calkilations, there's a dale of larnin' in that head of his, av he only understhood the manage of it.' [28]

"So, wid that, Misther Maurice sed he wor contint, an', sendin' his thrunk on afore him by the faymale stage, he"——

"Stop! stop! Mulrooney! I was not aware of any distinction between one stage and another. Will you do me the favor to enlighten me?"

"Arrah now," said Peter, boldly, "don't I know the differ? Sure, if the coaches as carries the letthers is the male stages, it stands to raison thim as doesn't must be the faymales."

"Humph! Admirably defined! Well, go on."

"An' thin—an' thin—och, wirrasthrue! but I've lost the sthory complately an' enthirely, by makin' a dickshunary of myself."

"Let me jog your memory, then. Maurice sent his trunk on before"——

"That's it," said Peter, "by the faymale stage, an' set out on horseback wid hisself an' Tim, bright an' early the nixt morn, for Carrigathroid. Well, they hadn't gone more nor a few miles, afore little Micky Dunn, the stable boy, comes tearin' down the road to say that the masther had been takin' suddintly wid a fit of the gout, an' that Misther Maurice must go back an' attind the sale of Ned Ryan's place, as the ould jintleman wanted it to square off the corner of the upper farm.

"'Oh, musha, thin, but what'll I do?' sez Maurice. '"Tis unlucky to turn back; an', besides, my thrunk is gone on afore, wid all the b'utyful clothes in it I brought from France an' Jarmany.'

"'Faix, but that's bad!' sez Tim; 'an' I misthrustin' Andy Shehan, the dhriver. May be 'tis betther I'd thravel on afther him?'

"'Deed an' 'deed, I think so,' sez Maurice. 'An' take this kay along wid ye, Tim,' sez he, 'an' sarch if the things isn't spirited away, or smashed up enthirely. An', Tim,' sez he, 'there's a letther of interjuckshin in the thrunk which I want yees to deliver at wanst, for fear the ould squireen'll be onaisey, as he expected me the day. An', Tim,' sez he, lowerin' his voice, 'I'll be plased if ye'll take it to Carrigathroid yerself, an' see if Miss Norah is half so purty an' good as fadher sez she is.'

"'Why wouldn't she be,' sez Tim, 'if the masther sez so?'

"'Throth an' I dun 'no',' sez Maurice; 'but I'd like to larn that aforehand from yer own lips, Tim, avick.'

"'Faix, that's aisey enough, I does be thinkin',' sez Tim. 'You folly afther as quick as ye can, Misther Maurice; an', in the mane time,' sez he, 'I'll pay my respicts to the family.'

"So, wid that, they took lave of one another, an' Tim thravelled on to the town where the young masther's thrunk wor left, a bit mile or so from O'Brien's, of Carrigathroid.

"'Where's the thrunk as wor left here by Andy Shehan?' sez he to the woman of the stage-house.

"'Up stairs,' sez she, 'all safe an' sound.'

"'I'll see that,' sez he. An' up stairs he goes an' opens the thrunk, an' looks over the clo'es, an' the dimont pins, and the goold watch, an' the chains an' rings galore; an', sure enough, they wor all there nate an' nice, as Ally Bawn said when the six childher fell into the saft of the bog. Oh, murther, but now comes the sthrangest part of the sthory. When Tim seen the things forenent him, an' how b'utyful they wor, he begins to wondher how he'd look in thim; an' thin he looks at his own coorse clothes, all plasthered and besmudthered over wid the dirthy wather of the road.

"'How will I carry the masther's letther to the big house, an' I lookin' for all the wureld like a dirthy bogthrotter?' sez he. 'Sure I'd be shamefaced to show myself in dacent company. 'Tis a mighty fine thing to be a jintleman,' sez he, lookin' at the thrunk ag'in. 'Oh, but thim's the grand coats, an' pantalloons, an' goolden things,' sez he; 'sure, I thinks the likes of 'em wor niver seed afore. May be,' sez he, coagitatin' the matther—'may be Misther Maurice wouldn't be onaisey if I loaned thim of him for a bit while, ispishilly as it's his sarvice that I'll be on. Sure, 'tis no harum to thry if they fits me,' sez he. An', begorra, afore he know'd it, he wor dhressed in thim b'utyful garmints, an' lookin' grander nor iver he did in his mortial life. Prisently, he flings back the dure, an' discinds the stairs wid all the goold chains a danglin' about his neck, an' wid a fine goold watch fasthened by a raal dimont pin to the breast of his flowery silk weskit: 'For,' sez he, 'sure they wouldn't know I had sich purty things, if I didn't show thim.'

"'Oh, but it does my heart good to see sich a han'some jintleman!' sez the misthress of the house, makin' a low curchey. 'Didn't I know,' sez she, 'yer honnor wor the raal quality the minnit I seen the shine of yer face at the dure. Indade, an' faix, it's the thruth I'm sayin', plase goodness.'

"'Arrah, now, be done wid yer blarney,' sez Tim, flourishin' a white han'kercher as wor sthronger wid sint nor a flower-garden. 'Don't conthaminate yer centhrifujals bu spakin' so odoriferously,' [29] sez he; 'but tell me, like the dacent woman ye are, where'll I sarch for a barber?'

"'That's aisey,' sez she; 'for sure there's wan next dure to the corner.'

"So, wid that, out goes Tim, houldin' up his pantaloons wid both hands to keep thim clane, an' prisently he steps in at the barber's shop as bould as a lord.

"'Barber!' sez he.

"'Sir,' sez a little thin-shanked man.

"'Shave me,' sez Tim, settin' hisself down in the big chair, while the little man wor sthrappin' away at the razhier. 'Aisey, my good man,' sez Tim, 'an' cut the stubble clane.'

"'Oh, I'll do that same,' sez the barber. 'Be du husht, av ye plase.' An', afore Tim could say Larry Houlaghan, his beard wor off.

"'Barber,' sez Tim.

"'Sir,' sez the little man.

"'Frizzle my head,' sez Tim.

"An', widout any ghosther at all, the spry little man pokes a long iron thing into the fire.

"'Oh, murther!' sez Tim. 'What's that?'

"'Thim's the curlin'-tongs,' sez the barber.

"'Oh,' sez the cunnin' Tim, turnin' up his nose, 'thim's the ould time fashion. May be ye niver seen the frizzlin' insthrument they use in forrin parts?'

"'Sorra one have I seed, barrin' the masheen in my hand,' sez the barber.

"'Tworn't to be expected of yees, in this outlandish place,' sez Tim.

"'Hould still, if ye pl'ase,' sez the barber, takin' a grip of his hair.

"'Ouch!' sez Tim. 'L'ave me go, will yees? By japurs, but 'tis pullin' all my hair off ye are!'

"'Tisn't likely I'd do that, wid my exparience,' sez the little man. 'Sure, many's the quality I've dhressed the heads of in my day.' An', wid that, he saizes hould of another lock of hair, an' gives it a grip and a twist.

"'Tundher an' turf!' sez Tim, startin' up in a mighty big passion. 'Would ye burn my head aff afore

my eyes? 'Tisn't a stuck pig I am that ye're singein' for bacon,' sez he.

"'Musha, thin, but that's thrue, anyhow,' sez the barber. An' on he wint, frizzlin' first one side and thin the other, till, by an' by, Tim's head wor all over corkskrews, like a haythen naygur's.

"'How will I look?' sez Tim, goin' to a glass. 'Augh! millia! murther! 'Tisn't my own face that I see yondher?'

"''Deed but it is,' sez the barber.

"'Oh, wirrasthrue!' sez Tim, wringin' his hands. 'What'll I do? 'Tis ruinashin'd I am, clane out an' inthirely! I'll be mistakin' myself for a sthranger!'

"'Yea, thin,' sez the little man, 'there's no denyin' but yees wondherfully improved in apparence.'

"'Botherashin!' sez Tim; 'but how will I raycognize myself, I'd like to know?'

"Sure, but he had the throubled look whin he mounted his horse; but, by the time he got to Carrigathroid, his spirits came back agin, an' he fasthens the baste to the swingin' bough of a three, an' steps up to the dure an' knocks as bould as Joolyus Saizer.

"'Hallo! House! Whoop!'

"'What's the matther, my good man?' sez a sarvant, answerin' the dure.

"'Matther?' sez Tim. 'Plinty's the matther. Here's a letther for Misther O'Brien, wid the respicts of the owner.'

"'Yer name, sir, if ye pl'ase,' sez the man.

"'Tell him Misther Sullivan sint it,' sez Tim.

"'Oh!' sez the man, makin' a low bow. 'Obleege me by walkin' in; ye're expicted.'

"An', wid that, he marches on afore, Tim followin' afther, an' flings open the dure of a grand room all blazin' wid light, an' sings out—

"'Misther Sullivan!'

"'Oh, murther!' sez Tim to hisself. ''Tis changed I am by that frizzlin' barbarian!'

"'Ah, my young fri'nd,' sez Misther O'Brien, takin' him by the hand, ''tis pl'ased I am to see ye the day! Let me presint ye to my daughther. Norah, mavourneen, this is Misther Maurice Sullivan.'

"'Och, the beauty of the wureld!' sez Tim, quite flusthrated. 'Call me Delaney, av ye pl'ase.'

"'Ah, I undherstand,' sez the ould squireen, wid a smile. 'The Delaneys is yer relashins.'

"Troth, an' indade they are,' sez Tim.

"'Thim's good blood, I does be thinkin',' sez the squireen.

"'Sorra betther to be found anywhere,' sez Tim.

"'I beg yer pardin, 'tis standin' ye are the while,' sez the ould jintleman. 'Will ye take a sate on the ottimin?'

"'Sure, 'tisn't the grand Turkey ye mane?' sez Tim, gettin' frikened.

"'Oh no,' sez the ould jintleman; ''tis the fine flahool stool standin' forenenst ye.'

"'Ayeh!' sez Tim. 'The ould name's the betther.'

"May be so,' sez the squireen, puttin' on his specktickles, an' starin' at Tim as if he wor a wild baste. An' sorry I am to tell ye that purty Miss Norah likewise hadn't no betther manners, but set starin' too at the bouchal wid her great black eyes. [30]

"'What's the matther?' sez Tim, as red as a b'iled lobsther. 'Isn't it all right?'

"'How will I know?' sez the squireen.

"'Och! och!' sez Tim, 'why did I make a "behay" of myself? Blessin's on yer darlin' face!' sez he, turnin' to Miss Norah; 'an' may goodness purtect ye! an' the daisies grow up under yer purty feet! an' may all the fairies in Ireland bring good luck to ye, an' a dale of it! But oh, be pl'ased to take pity on a poor boy as is quite dumbfounder'd at yer b'utyful countenance, and burnt into ashes by the blaze from yer eyes! An' now don't be afther colloguing wid the ould man that a way, an' I kep' in the dark, like Shaun Dooley, the blind fiddler.'

"'Indade, an' in throth, 'tis very mystharious,' sez Miss Norah, whisperin' to the fadher. ''Tisn't the first ha'porth of manners the craythe r has. Sure I am I'll not like him, any way.'

"'L'ave him to me,' sez the ould man. 'May be he's betther nor he seems. Get ye gone, acushla, an' ordher Michael to bring up a pitcher of st'amin' hot potheen; that's the raal stuff to bring out a man's charackther. Misther Sullivan,' sez he, as the daughther disapp'ared—'Misther Sullivan'——

"'Delaney, av ye pl'ase,' sez Tim.

"'I beg yer pardin, Misther Delaney Sullivan. May I be so bould, an' m'anin' no offince, as to be axin' ye what makes ye carry all thim goold chains, an' the han'some goold watch, an' the dimont pin, in sich a sthrange way?'

"'Oh,' sez Tim, mightily relaved, an' pokin' the ould man for fun undher the fifth rib, ''tis there ye are! Sure, 'tis raisonable,' sez he, 'a young jintleman should folly the fashi'ns.'

"'Oh,' sez the squireen, 'an' thim's the fashi'ns, is they?'

"'What 'u'd they be good for, if they worn't?' sez Tim.

"'Faix, nothin' at all, I b'lieve,' sez the squireen. 'Whin did ye l'ave home, Misther Sullivan?' sez he.

"'Delaney, av ye pl'ase.'

"'Blur an' agars!' sez the ould man, 'don't I know that, Misther Delaney Sullivan?'

"'Well,' sez Tim to hisself, ''tis no matther. Any way, I'll be kilt an' transported, whin Masther Maurice comes. Sure, if he will parsist in callin' me Sullivan, 'tisn't good manners to conthradict him.'

"'An' how did ye l'ave the family?' sez the squireen.

"'Well an' hearty,' sez Tim; 'wid no sarious disordher, barrin' the loss of a suckin' pig wid the maisles.'

"'A suckin' pig in the family!' sez the ould man. 'A suckin' pig, did ye say? Sure, thim's not human.'

"'Och! what'll I be sayin' wid the grate blisther on my tongue? Sure, tworn't any pig at all, at all. 'Twas the babby wid the shmallpox.'

"'The shmallpox!' shrieks the squireen. 'Oh, be aff wid ye! Don't come a near me! I'm frikened to death a'ready!'

"'Millia murther!' sez Tim. 'I'll be beside myself prisintly. I don't mane the shmallpox, nor the childher. Where 'u'd they come from, I'd like to know? But the docther—no, I don't mane that—the masther—no, not the masther—the weeny. Arrah, botherashin to me, I'd be obleeged to ye if ye'd tell me what I mane; for, 'deed an' 'deed, the beauty of the young lady has put the comether on my sinses enthirely!'

"'Faix, I b'lieve so,' sez the squireen. 'But here comes the potheen,' sez he; 'an' 'tis the sovre'nst thing in the wureld for a crooked tongue.'

"'Mostha, but it's the raal stuff, too!' sez Tim, takin' a long pull at the noggin, an' smackin' his lips.

"'An' so ye left the ould folk quite well?' sez the squireen.

"'Brave an' hearty,' sez Tim. 'The ould man wor br'akin' stones to mend the pike wid, an' the ould mother wor knittin' new heels to an ould pair of Connemara stockin's.'

"'I'm t'undhersthruck!' sez Misther O'Brien. To think that the blood of the Sullivans should demane thimselves by br'akin' stones for a road an' patchin' stockin's!'

"'Thim's figgers of spache,' sez Tim. 'Sure, I mane shuperintindin' of thim.'

"'Throth, it's hard to tell what ye mane, Misther Delaney Sullivan,' sez the squireen. 'A young jintleman as is college-bred shouldn't condiscend to quare figgers the likes o' thim. An' now I'll be pl'ased to have a taste of yer larnin'.'

"'Sure, it 'u'd nayther be dacent, nor proper, nor expadient, in one of my birth an' breedin', to show off my parts upon a jintleman of your wondherful sagashity. The natheral modesty that is the predominatin' trait in my charackther won't let me. Thim as is my aquils has acknowledged my shupariority; an' the masther hisself couldn't folly me in the langwidges, an' the humanities, an' in single an' double fluckshins, to say nothing of my extinsive ackwiremints in algebrayickal [31] mattymattocks, an' the other parts of profane histhory of a similar cognashus charackther.'

"'Spake plainer,' sez the squireen, 'for ye does be puzzlin' me wid the hard words as seems to have no sinse in 'em.'

"'I'd be bothered to find it if they did,' sez Tim, slyly, to hisself. But he sez to the squireen, sez he, 'How will I diffinitively expurgate the profound m'anin' of the anshint frelosophers widout smudherin' ye wid the classicalities? Isn't it the big words as makes the l'arnin'? Axin' yer pardin, Misther O'Brien, but 'tis well beknownst to a jintleman of your exthraordinary mintal an' quizzical fackilties that the consthruction of the words consthitutes the differ of langwidges, of which pothooks an' hangers is the ilimints.'

"'Bedad, but there's some thruth in that,' sez the squireen, 'barrin' the manner of expressin' it.'

"'Arrah, thin,' sez Tim, 'I'm pl'ased to hear ye say so; an', if it's agreeable to yees, we'll dhrop the discourse for the prisint. To tell ye the blessed thruth, Misther O'Brien, 'tis dead bate wid the long thravel I am, an', wid your permission, I'll be bould to trouble yer sarvint to fling me a clane lock o' sthraw in one corner of yer honor's kitchen for the night.'

"Oh, but may be the ould squireen didn't stare at Tim wid all his eyes in raal arnest, thin—

"'Sthraw!' sez he. 'Do ye take this for a boccoch's shealin'? Well, I must say, Misther Delaney Sullivan,' sez he, 'that, for a jintleman's son, born an' brid, 'tis monsthrous quare ways ye have.' An', wid that, he rings for the futman, an' tells him to show Tim to bed. 'I'll be wantin', Misther Sullivan, to spake the sarious word wid ye the morrow morn,' sez the ould man, dhrawin' hisself up grand like; 'for, on my conscience, there's many things about ye as does be puzzlin' me exthramely.'

"''Tis no matther,' sez Tim to hisself, follyin' afther the sarvint. 'Sure, I'm in for it now, anyhow.

Ayeh! is thim the stairs? Musha, thin, but 'tis wide enough they are for a drove of fat cattle. Hould on a bit, will ye, or I'll be fallin' over the ballisthers. I wonder where thim crass passiges lades too beyant? Sure, I'd give all I'll be like to have in the wureld to quit the place. Och, Tim Delaney, 'tis a bad ind ye're comin' to wid settin' yerself up for a jintleman; an', begorra, if the young masther murdhers ye enthirely, it sarves ye right, any way, an' that's no lie.'

"'Will ye be pl'ased to inter?' sez the sarvint, throwin' open the dure of a big room, where the windys wor all ornaminted wid b'utyful curt'ins, an' likewise the grate bed wid goold angels at the corners of the posts, lettin' alone the fringes an' the tassels, an' many other b'utyful things too tadious to mintion.

"'Och,' sez Tim, 'is that my bid? How will I git in widout tumblin' myself on the flure? Thim steps, did ye mane? Arrah, now, have done wid yer nonsince! Sure, I niver heard of goin' to bid wid a step-laddher afore.'

"'Thim's the fashi'n,' sez the futman.

"'To the divil wid the fashi'n!' sez Tim. 'What are ye laughin' at, ye ugly spalpeen? L'ave the light, an' go. Oh, murther!' sez Tim, whin he was all alone by hisself. 'If I wor out of this scrape, a thousand goold guineas wouldn't timpt me to do the likes agin.'

"An', wid that, he sarches the windys, manein' to make his escape, but they wor too high; an' thin he opens the dure saftly an' looks into the passiges, but they twisted all about, so he didn't dare to thry thim for fear they would be afther takin' him for a robber; so, wid many muttherin's an' moanin's, he lays hisself down on the bid wid all his clothes on, an', by an' by, falls into a throubled sleep.

"Well, all this time, ye may be sure young Masther Maurice wor not lettin' the grass grow undher his feet. So, whin he had bought the land, he takes a fresh baste an' hurries afther Tim. By hard ridin' he got to the town late that same night; an', whin he l'arned that Tim wor gone up to Carrigathroid all cock-a-hoop in his own fine clo'es an' jooels, he flies into a tearin' passion, and makes bould to ride over at wanst. As it happened, the squireen an' Miss Norah wor still up, for the raal genteels do kape mighty late hours; and so it worn't long afore he makes hisself beknownst to the ould jintleman an' his daughther, an' up an' tells 'em his sthory. Oh, but thin they all laughed more nor iver they did in their born days afore; more by token that the squireen wor glad to have a disilushin of the mysthery, an' Miss Norah bein' aiquilly pl'ased to find the thrue Masther Maurice wid the best quality manners, an', at the same time, so mortial han'some.

"'An' now,' sez Maurice, 'what'll I do wid that rogue of a Tim?'

"'L'ave him to me,' sez the squireen, wid a knowin' wink. 'Myself bein' a justus-o'-p'ace, a good frikenin' 'll be of sarvice to the saucy Omadhaun. But we'll say no more till the morn,' sez he; 'an', in the mane time, we'll thry an' find ye a supper an' a bed.'

"Well, to be sure, bright an' airly, while Tim wor tossin' an' tumblin' about in his fine flahool bid, [32]
an' dhramin' of witches, an' spooks, an' leprawhauns, an' even of the ould bouchal hisself, there's comes a t'undherin' whack at his dure; an', prisintly, in walks four sthrappin' fellows right to his bedside.

"'What's wantin'?' sez Tim, settin' boult up, wid his curly hair all untwistin' itself an' standin' on end like a porkepine's. 'Is it lookin' for me ye are?'

"'Troth, but ye're a quick hand at guessin',' sez the biggest man. 'Where's yer masther, ye thafe of the wureld? Tell me that.'

"'Oh, murther!' sez Tim. 'It's all out!'

"'Sure, he confisses it a'ready,' sez another. 'Bring him along, Tony.'

"'Confisses what?' sez Tim, wid his face as white as the bed-hangin's. 'Confisses what? Spake out, will ye?'

"'The murther!' sez Tony. 'Isn't thim his clo'es ye're wearin' now?'

"'Murther? Och! ochone! ochone!' sez Tim, wringin' his hands. 'That I iver lived to see this day! An' is the young masther dead? Why, thin, upon my oath an' my conscience, I niver had a hand in it! Sure, 'tis well the darlin' knowed I'd lay down my life for him. Oh, jintlemen, take pity on a poor innocent boy that's in the black throuble, an' all bekase he put on the young masther's things for a bit of spoort!'

"'An' a purty spoort ye'll find it,' sez the futman, for be sure he wor one of thim. 'But here comes Misther O'Brien.'

"'Stand aside, all of yees, an' let me look at the thraitor!' sez the squireen, burstin' into the room. 'Oh, 'tis there ye are, ye villin, wid yer mattymattox an' yer single an' double fluxshins. Saize him, men, wid a sthrong grip, an' bring him to the hall. 'Tis well myself's a magisther, an' can set upon the case at wanst.'

"'Oh, Misther O'Brien,' sez Tim, dhroppin' on his knees, ''tis innocent I am the day! I'll tell ye about it. You see, the young masther an' I'——

"'Isn't thim his clo'es?" sez the squireen.

"'Ayeh, but that's thrue. Let me tell ye, an' hear r'ason. The young masther an' I'——

"'Kape yer sthories to yerself,' sez the squireen, puttin' on a black frown. 'Why would I listen to yer diabolickle invintions whin thim things is witness agin ye? Hould him fast, boys, an' off wid

him. May be I won't live to hang him, afther all.'

"'Help! help! murther!' sez Tim, sthrugglin' wid all the power that wor in him. 'I didn't do it! It's clane hands I have! I won't be murthered! L'ave me go, I say! What 'u'd ye hang a poor innocent for? Murther! murther!'

"All at wanst, as he wor skreekin' and kickin', who should walk in from behind the dure but Misther Maurice an' Miss Norah.

"'Whoop! whoroo!' sez Tim. 'There's the young masther now! Hands off wid ye! Don't ye see him wid Miss Norah?'

"'Hould on a minnit, men,' sez the squireen. 'May be 'tis a mistake, afther all. Is that young jintleman Misther Sullivan?'

"'Oh, to be sure it is,' sez Tim. 'Who else 'u'd it be, I'd like to know? Misther Maurice! Maurice, achorra, spake to thim, av ye pl'ase, an' tell thim it's yerself that I see.'

"'Why will I do that?' sez the young jintleman, laughin'. 'Sure, 'twould be wastin' my breath, an' they knowin' it a'ready.'

"'Oh, murther! see that now!' sez Tim. 'An' they a frikenin' me out of my siven sinses all the while. Ayeh! Maurice a vick, but I forgive ye the bad thrick yees played me the day.'

"'Musha, thin, an' thank ye for nothin',' sez Maurice; 'for I does be thinkin' that 'tis yerself, Tim, as is to blame, seein' the fine clo'es on yer back.'

"'Yea, thin,' sez the squireen, burstin' into a great laugh, ''twore hisself, sure enough, as played the bould thrick, an' bothered me all out wid his single an' his double fluxshins; but, bedad, if the thrick wor in his hands last night, sure he'll confiss I trumped it dacently this mornin'.'"

AMOR, VIVAX, FRAGILIS.

BY H. H., M. D.

Oh, love! What is love? 'Tis a tender vine,
  Amid shadow and sunshine growing;
In the soft summer hours will its tendrils twine,
  To cling when the wild winds are blowing.
Though through calm sunny days it will put forth its bloom,
  It is greenest when tears are flowing;
And it climbeth—how mournfully!—oft o'er the tomb,
  Gray shadows around it throwing.

The germs its fresh blossoms fling forth to the air
  Are wafted, on white wings, to heaven;
Here though it may wither, yet, evergreen there,
  A crown unto angels 'tis given!
Then tend it most gently. Though care bids it grow,
  And it ever roots deepest in sorrow,
Yet the love that to-day smiles o'er dreariest woe,
  Neglected, may wither to-morrow.

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[33]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHOPPING.

BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS.

The truly lively and excellent Miss Mitford has, in her story of "The Black Velvet Bag," dilated very agreeably on the pleasures of the feminine occupation of Shopping! She has made its charms obvious to the meanest capacity; nay, more candid still, she has afforded us, now and then, a glimpse of its many pleasant delusions. She is, throughout, the busy, intelligent actor in this everyday drama of domestic life. She has admitted us fully and fairly to her confidence, from the preliminary "Inventory of Wants," with its accompaniment of a full purse, to the *finale* of a full budget and an empty exchequer!

Let not the above admission (honestly made), however, induce any one to suppose that the subject must necessarily be exhausted. On the contrary, she has not even alluded, in the remotest degree, to that which I hold to be its chief delight—its crowning glory; namely, the harvest of enjoyment which its many phases present to the inactive, though not uninterested, spectator of its whereabout.

"I *do* wish that you would lay aside your work, and accompany me in a round of shopping," was the opening address of an early morning visitor. "I really have so many commissions to execute that it would be an act of charity to afford me the benefit of your good taste and excellent judgment!"

Who could resist a request so flatteringly preferred? The work was laid aside, and the request complied with on the instant; and within a quarter of an hour we were set down at the first stage of our pleasant expedition.

The *magazin* that was honored by our selection on the present occasion held a middle rank between the aristocratic pretensions of Howell and James's, and the honest *bourgeois* reputation of Tottenham House! My friend was of that class of elegant economists who go to the fountain-head for the sample, and to the principal stream for the supply. The initiated will be at no loss to decide that Swan and Edgar's was our mart.

As I was not a principal on the present occasion, the *pas* was, of course, assumed by my companion. On the moment of our entrance, offers of services were obsequiously proffered, and, to my great surprise, were as courteously evaded. My friend was a tactician, and, fully alive to her own infirmity, was not so rash as to venture on an unproved agent. Former experience had revealed to her on whose head the organ of patience was most largely developed, and as its possessor happened to be engaged, my friend, like a wise general, was content to forego a present convenience, in order to secure a future advantage. She, therefore, intimated that she preferred being waited on by Miss A., and added, she was quite content to await her leisure on the present occasion.

The martyr-like expression of Miss A.'s countenance gave place to one of great complacency, the result, perhaps, of the 'compliment implied by her selection, since it must have been gratifying to feel that merit is *sometimes* appreciated; and no one can deny that, among the virtues, Patience has always ranked as a cardinal!

A few minutes sufficed to surround us with silks and satins, ribbons and velvets; a few more were consumed in the discussion of "the unusual prevalence" of "flat colors" and "neutral tints," together with conjectures as to the duration of this sombre mode, which soon gave place to the important business before us. My friend became serious and oracular; murmured of "harmony and contrast;" and, in the words of our divine Milton—

> "With dispatchful looks in haste
> She turns on (*most becoming*) thoughts intent,
> What choice to choose, for delicacy best,
> What order to contrive, as not to mix
> Hues not well joined, inelegant; but bring
> Shade after shade upheld by kindliest change."

She was fairly in her vocation, and I, well assured that an hour or two would elapse before my "good taste" would be in requisition, proceeded to solace my leisure by watching the sayings and doings of my neighbors of the opposite counter.

"Do you happen to have anything new for dresses?" was the first inquiry of a pair of languid-looking young ladies, evidently afflicted with a certain quantity of money and of time to be disposed of. "We want something very odd and very new." The shopman inquired of "price and texture." At this leading question the ladies looked aghast. "Oh! they did not know; only they [34] wanted something very odd and very pretty—something that had never been seen by anybody else." And with this luminous description, the young man departed; and, after an interval of short duration, returned, followed by two subordinates bending beneath the weight of silk, wool, and cotton, and of patterns the most diverse and strange. Nondescripts of a genus botanical, flowers without stalks, and stalks without flowers. Others of the style geometrical—angles, acute and obtuse; circles, and segments of every size. A few presented strata of every sombre hue, forcibly reminding the spectator of geology and Dr. Lyell! The young ladies were more than satisfied: where all was so exquisitely "odd," the difficulty of choice was proportionably increased. They selected and rejected, and finally, embarrassed by the riches before them, ordered a dozen to be sent home for further consideration, and the final decision of mamma!

Our fair young friends were scarcely seated in their carriage, when their places were taken by a middle-aged lady of a very different stamp, who, emerging from one of the suburban omnibuses, bustled into the shop "and begged to be attended to immediately, as her time was precious." No one could look upon her and doubt it. That imposing character—a thoroughly good manager—was revealed in every word and gesture. There was decision in her voice, her step, her eye; no need had she of written memoranda to help a slippery memory. Her orders were issued with distinctness, clearness, and precision. "She desired to see some lady's four-thread fine white cotton stockings, without figure and without clocks; some lady's dark French kid habit gloves, sewed with silk of the same color, with studs at the wrist; some Irish linen (described with equal minuteness); graduated tapes, and assorted pins." Here was discrimination; no causeless second journey did thoughtlessness on her part impose on any one. The pieces of linen were opened, wetted, rubbed, and finally a thread was loosened, to test the strength of the fabric. The gloves were singly stretched across the hand, and finally the stockings were separated and turned inside out, that their quality might be ascertained beyond a doubt. I fancied the shopman winced a little at the latter experiment; but who could gainsay that quiet decision of manner which so plainly announced "I pay for what I have, and choose to have the best for my money"? A pencil was quietly drawn forth—a name written by the lady on each separate article. The bill was carefully examined—found correct—paid, and with a final chink of the purse, and strict orders as to time in the delivery of the parcel, the lady departed; and I could not help thinking we all breathed with more freedom when relieved of the presence of this very superior woman.

An interesting family group were the next to present themselves in the persons of a beautiful widow lady, perhaps of some five-and-thirty years of age; a sister, some ten years younger; a blooming miss in her teens, and a delicate-looking little boy of some five years old.

Of this party the younger ladies assumed the executive, and requested to see some dresses for second mourning. The counter forthwith groaned under the weight of silks and stuffs,

"Black, blue, and gray, with all their trumpery;"

and really the variety was so great that the office of selection seemed far from an easy one. The younger ladies were in high spirits, and proceeded to canvass the peculiar merit of each article with great energy. There certainly is something very attractive in unsunned fabrics, even though they appertain not to ourselves. I felt quite interested in the debate, and when the discussion became warm, on the comparative merits of French gray or French lavender, I could hardly forbear from offering a casting vote on the subject.

Meantime the person most interested in the decision sat by silent and abstracted, her eyes fixed on the face of the boy—her thoughts probably in the tomb of her husband. At length it became necessary to make a selection. The lady was appealed to. She seemed as though awaking from a dream, and, glancing at the shining heaps before her, said, "Too gay, much too gay." Her sister, in a low voice, appeared to expostulate with her, for the words "two whole years" were distinctly audible. The animated look of the little girl became subdued as she gazed on her mother's face. She pushed aside the brighter colors and drew some black silk over them, and was silent. Not so, however, her aunt! She had evidently resolved that the children at least should mourn no longer; with a tone of authority she desired the lavender silk to be cut off, and with a look of mingled pity and contempt heard her sister order another "Paramatta." Too indignant to interfere further, she contented herself with adding "and crape, I suppose." The lady did not reply—the shopman, probably inferring her wishes from her silence, produced the anathematized material, a liberal quantity was cut off, and the party slowly retired.

A merry-eyed, dandyfied-looking young sailor, with a complexion much bronzed beneath a fervid [35]
sun, was the next member of the *dramatis personæ*. He desired to see some silk pocket-handkerchiefs; India silk—no other would do. A variety was placed before him, together with some of British manufacture, greatly superior to the veritable Bandanas! It might be so—they were more beautiful, certainly; but India handkerchiefs he must have—ay, and with the true peculiar spicy smell; that odor only to be acquired by a four months' voyage in company with cinnamon and sandal-wood. After a little delay, even this desideratum was achieved. A dozen were cut off, each folded in a separate paper, and each and every one directed by his own hand! During this ceremony, a very contagious smile irradiated his features, which, gathering strength with every name he wrote, finally exploded into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Grave people turned round to stare and frown; and the youth, rather abashed by the sound of his own laugh, murmured something in an apologetic tone, and, hastily paying for his purchase, quitted the shop. There was something odd in all this. At length the truth flashed on my mind. The youth had just returned from India, and was gifted with a goodly train of unreasonable cousins, all of whom "had expected some trifle from the Land of the East." Poor fellow!—as though a hundred a year were a greater fortune in Hindoostan than in England, or self-denial a whit easier of practice on the banks of the Ganges than the banks of the Thames. At length, his means admitting of a partial satisfaction of his expectants, he had taken the only means in his power to amend his short-comings. Poor fellow!—may his pious fraud meet with a rich harvest of gratitude; and, above all, may he have wit enough to keep his own counsel!

For a few minutes the little stage that had afforded me so much interest was vacant. It was, however, shortly filled by a group well calculated to afford

"A bright atonement for the brief delay."

It consisted of a lady of some five-and-forty years, with face and figure well preserved; and which, though lacking the delicacy of youth, was redeemed by an expression scarcely less attractive. She took her seat with a quiet dignity of manner—the result, I fancied, rather of a well-balanced mind than of conventional attainment. She was accompanied by a pretty sentimental girl of about eighteen, a brisk little maiden of twelve, buoyant with delight at having escaped the school-room at an unwonted hour, and a staid-looking Young Person, probably a dependent cousin.

The party seated themselves with some regard to personal comfort, as though their business was likely to be of some duration. Their commands were, the indispensables of a lady's outfit. During this period, the young lady looked on with a kind of lofty indifference, and, when appealed to, gravely declined interference, leaving the matter to be arranged by the lady mother and the useful cousin. These affairs satisfactorily adjusted, the externals were next in demand. The smile of the child betrayed the secret—they were purchasing the *trousseau* of a bride. In vain was the sentimentalist appealed to in the articles of handkerchiefs and gloves—she was cold, polite, but indifferent. This I thought strange, till I remembered she was a *fiancée*, almost as good as a married lady already, and had therefore some dignity to sustain. At length the brilliant externals were spread before her. What young lady of eighteen could maintain the appearance of indifference? It was not in nature—not in female nature. The statue descended from its pedestal; entered quietly and gracefully into the details before it; made selections with the taste of an artist and knowledge of a woman of fashion (two qualities rarely combined); bought various trifles adapted for presents, and would have chosen as many more had not mamma held up a banker's check! The warning was understood—one and ninepence was received in change of a bill of one hundred pounds—and still they lingered. The bride elect had a purchase of her own to make. A shawl—a good, but not a fine one—was selected and paid for by herself, and presented,

with a kind pressure of the hand (which would elsewhere have been a kiss), to the useful cousin. The carriage drew up, and the party retired in search of the millinery elsewhere!

Scarcely was the seat of honor vacated by the bridal party, when it was filled by another matron and her fair daughter; but no comfortable carriage set her down—no obsequious footman ushered her into Messrs. Swan and Edgar's emporium. The lady before me—for she was a lady, despite her russet gown and plain straw bonnet—had originally been as richly gifted by nature as her predecessor; but care, not time, had evidently wrought its ravages on her countenance. She looked faded and worn, took her seat with an air of embarrassment, and with a slight nervousness of manner asked to speak with "one of the principals of the establishment." During the brief interval previous to his arrival, her countenance underwent many changes, as though she were nerving herself for some painful effort. The arrival of the official, however, at once restored her self-possession. With a calm, sweet voice, she stated her business. She said she was [36] the wife of a naval officer of limited means about to emigrate, and wished to make rather an extensive purchase, but that, as under such circumstances quantity rather than fashion was the object of her attainment, she desired to know if she could be thus supplied on terms of advantage? The reply was in the affirmative, and, with a delicacy of feeling that did honor to the speaker, he himself superintended her commission. He felt instinctively that he was addressing a gentlewoman in the best sense of the term; as much material was paid for by a fifty pound note as would have clad a dozen people. The fearful plunge once over, the manner of the lady became more assured, her daughter looked fairer than ever, and I felt, despite the frowns of fortune, she was an enviable woman.

How much, how very much, said I to myself, are the unavoidable evils of life felt, when (as in the present instance) they fall to the lot of one gifted with the step-dame dower of acute sensibility. To such the privations of poverty are far less galling than the ever-present dread of the "proud man's contumely." To minds thus constituted, misfortune feels like crime, and nothing short of the wisdom that is from above can enable its possessor to bear the burthen unrepiningly. I looked upon the lady before me, and felt, despite the lowly attire and faded form, that of the many whose riddle I had read, she was to me the heroine of the day.

The present was forgotten; my mind had travelled to scenes beyond the Atlantic. Already had I

"Built them a bower,
Where stern pride hath no power,
And the fear of to-morrow their bliss could not mar."

Should the brave lieutenant, the beau cousin of that sweet girl, accompany them? Or should the handsome curate follow after? I had not decided the matter, when I was cruelly aroused from my delightful reverie, to decide, where no difference was, between two rival satins of the purest white, and after exercising much ingenuity in discovering the favorite of my friend, I boldly declared for the opposite candidate, maintained my opinion with very becoming pertinacity, and at length gradually and graciously suffered myself to be convinced; and again in the words of Milton I admitted her choice to be

"Wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

The principal business of the day being thus happily accomplished, we resolved to leave the rest till to-morrow, and returned home mutually charmed with each other. My friend had labored diligently in her vocation, to engraft her own good taste on half a dozen dowdy cousins, whilst I retired to fill another page in the note-book of a day-dreamer.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

Drawing has been generally looked upon as an accomplishment, not considered as an essential—as ornamental rather than indispensable in the education of the rising generation. The pleasures and advantages of its pursuit have been almost solely enjoyed by the rich; while they have been, to a certain extent, as a sealed book to the great majority of those now designated emphatically the people. So far from looking upon a knowledge of the art of drawing as necessary merely to the artist or designer, we hold that it should form an essential part of general education; that its proper place is in the daily school; that its principles and practice should be inculcated in the daily lessons; in short, that equally with reading or writing, drawing should be deemed one of the branches of everyday tuition. We are now fully alive to the importance of cultivating what are designated "habits of taste," and the appreciation of the beautiful in art; and this chiefly—if for nothing else—from the practical value derivable therefrom in the improvement of our arts and manufactures. By a thorough understanding of the details of drawing, an accuracy of perception and a facility for marking and retaining forms and arrangements are readily available. It is, then, of importance to place within the reach of all a means by which the art in its varied branches may be easily communicated. The design of the present article is to contribute to this desideratum. We shall make our remarks as plain as possible, and as concise as the nature of the subject will admit of; and shall give unsparingly well-digested illustrations, believing that in this subject, at least, much is to be imparted to the pupil through the medium of the eye. It is to be hoped that this union of the pen with the pencil will be of great utility in quickly imparting a knowledge of [37] the subjects under discussion. Before proceeding to our more immediate purpose, we shall offer

a few remarks elucidatory of the plan or bearing of the system, by which we mean to be guided in presenting the requisite knowledge to the student.

On the supposition that the pupil at the outset is utterly ignorant of the art, we commence our instructions by elucidating FIRST PRINCIPLES. As all drawings are reducible to certain lines and figures, we hold it necessary to enable the student to draw these elementary parts with the utmost facility; leading him, by a series of examples, from the drawing of a simple line up to the most complicated sketch or object which may be offered to him; and then, by an advance to the more intricate rules, making plain the laws of vision (the foundation of perspective), so as to delineate correctly the various views in which they may be presented to his notice; the aim of the introductory lessons being to enable the student thoroughly to understand the reason why every operation is performed as directed, not merely to give him a facility for copying any determined object without reference to principles.

The student may, by dint of practice, acquire a facility for this merely mechanical style of imitation or copying; but, unless he is well grounded in fundamental principles, his operations will be vague and uncertain. It may be considered true that the better we are acquainted with the first principles of an art, its basis or foundation, so much more intimately conversant shall we be with all the intricacies of its diversified practice, and the less easily damped by its real or apparent difficulties. Students too frequently expend much time almost entirely in vain, from want of attention to this truth, trite and commonplace as it may be deemed. In acquiring the practice of this art, they are too eager to pass from the simple rules, the importance of which they think lightly of. A sure and well-laid foundation will not only give increased security to the building, but will enable the workmen to proceed with confidence to the proper carrying out of the design in its entirety; on the contrary, an ill-laid foundation only engenders distrust, and may cause total failure. We are the more inclined to offer these remarks, being aware that students at the commencement of a course of tuition are apt, in their eagerness to be able to "copy" a drawing with facility, to overlook the importance of the practice which alone enables them satisfactorily to do so. It is the wisest course of procedure to master the details of an art before proceeding to an acquaintance with its complicated examples.

We would, then, advise students to pay particular attention to the instructions in their ENTIRETY which we place before them; if they be truly anxious to acquire a speedy yet accurate knowledge of the art, they will assuredly find their account in doing so. Instead of vaguely wandering from example to example, as would be the case by following the converse of our plan, yet copying they know not how or why, they will be taught to draw all their combinations from simple rules and examples, we hope as simply stated; and thus will proceed, slowly it may be, but all the more surely, from easy to complicated figures, drawing the one as readily as the other, and this because they will see all their details, difficult to the uninitiated, but to them a combination of simple lines as "familiar as household words."

LESSON I.

OUTLINE SKETCHING.

Before the apparent forms of objects can be delineated, it is absolutely necessary that the *hand* shall be able to follow the dictation of the *eye*; that is, the pupil must, by certain practice, be capable of forming the lines which constitute the outlines and other parts of the objects to be drawn; just as, before being able to write or copy written language, the hand must be taught to follow with ease and accuracy the forms which constitute the letters; so in drawing, the hand must be tutored to draw at once and unswervingly the form presented to the eye. Thus the handling of the pencil, the practice to enable the hand to draw without hesitation or uncertainty, and the accurate rapidity essential in an expert draughtsman, may be considered as part of the alphabet of the art of free pencil sketching. Nothing looks worse in a sketch than the evidences of an uncertainty in putting in the lines; just as if the hand was not to be trusted, or at least depended upon, in the formation of the parts dictated by the eye. The eye may take an accurate perception of the object to be drawn, yet its formation may be characterized by an indecision and shakiness (to use a common but apt enough expression), which, to the initiated, is painfully apparent. In beginning, then, to acquire a ready facility in free sketching, in which the hand and eye are the sole guides, the pupil should consider it well-spent time to acquire by long practice an ease and freedom in handling the pencil, chalk, or crayon with which he makes his essay.

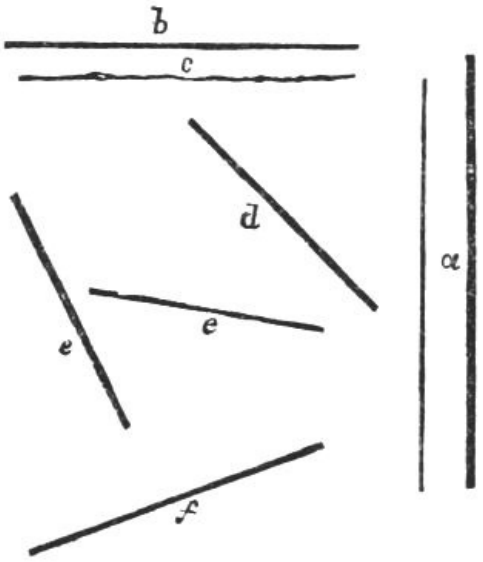

Fig. 1.

The first lessons may be performed with a piece of pointed chalk on a large blackboard; some of our celebrated artists have not in their early days disdained the use of more primitive implements, as a piece of burnt stick and a whitewashed wall or barn door. The larger the surface on which the lessons are drawn, the better, consistent, of course, with convenience. If a blackboard cannot be obtained, a large slate should be used. Until the pupil has acquired a facility for copying simple forms, he should not use paper and pencil; as, in the event of drawing in a line wrong, it is much better at once to begin a new attempt, than try to improve the first by rubbing out the faulty parts and piecing the lines up. As the pupil must necessarily expect to make many blunders at first starting, it will save paper if he will use a board or slate, from which the erroneous lines can be at once taken out, a damp sponge being used for this purpose. By this plan any number of lines may be drawn.

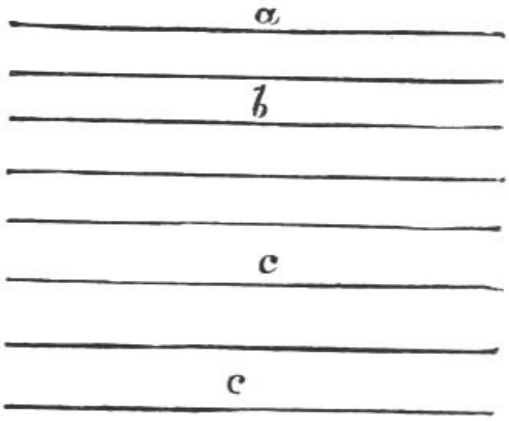

Fig. 2.

Having provided themselves with the necessary materials, pupils may begin by drawing simple lines. These must be drawn without the assistance of a scale or ruler, by the hand alone. The line *a*, Fig. 1, will be parallel to the side of the board or slate, and perpendicular to the ends. Pupils should endeavor to make the line as regular as possible, and to run in one direction—-that is, inclined neither to the right nor left. They should next draw horizontal lines, as *b*, beginning at the left and going towards the right hand. In drawing lines as *a*, pupils should begin at the top and go towards the bottom; in a more advanced stage they should try to draw them from either end. The oblique lines, *d*, *e*, and *f*, should next be drawn. In all these exercises the lines should be drawn boldly, in a length at a time, not piece by piece; the hand should not rest on the board or slate while drawing, but should be free, so that the line may be drawn in at one sweep, as it were, of the arm or wrist. Irregular or "waved" lines should next be drawn, as at *c*; this style of line is useful in drawing broken lines, as in old ruins, trees, gates, stones, &c. &c. Pupils must not content themselves with drawing a *few* examples of the lines we have given. They must practise for a long time, until they can at once with ease draw lines in any direction correctly; they ought to progress from simple to difficult, not hastily overlook the importance of mastering simple elementary lessons. With a view to assist them in arranging these, and to afford not only examples for practice, but also to prove by a gradation of attempts the connection—too apt to be overlooked by many—between simple lines and complex figures, simple parallel lines, as *a*, *b*, *c*, Fig. 2, should be drawn; but not only must pupils endeavor to keep each line straight from beginning to end, free from waviness and indecision, and also parallel to one another, but another object must be kept in view; that is, the distance between the lines; hitherto they have drawn lines with no reference to this, but merely to their position and direction. No mechanical aids must be allowed to measure the distances, this must be ascertained by the eye alone; and a

readiness in this will be attained only by practice. The eye is like the memory; it must be kept in constant training before it will do its work. By inspecting the diagram, it will be perceived that the lines marked *c c* are farther apart than those above. All gradations of distances should be carefully delineated; and if, after the lines are drawn, the eye should detect, or fancy it detects, any error in this respect, let the lines be at once rubbed out, and a new trial made; and let this be done again and again until the lines appear to be correctly drawn, both as regards boldness and correctness and distance apart. After drawing the horizontal lines, the student may then proceed to perpendicular lines. It may here be noted, to save future explanation, that when we use the term perpendicular, we mean it to be that applied to a line or lines which run parallel to the side [39] of the board or slate; and horizontal, those parallel to the ends. Strictly speaking, both lines thus drawn are perpendicular to others which may be drawn parallel to their opposite sides. We, however, suppose the surface on which the pupil is drawing to be in the same position as this book while held open for reading; the sides to represent the sides, and the ends, the ends of the drawing-board or slate. Lines are horizontal when parallel with the lines of type, and perpendicular when parallel with the sides of the page; it is in this sense, then, that we shall use the terms horizontal and perpendicular. Perpendicular lines, as in Fig. 3, may next be drawn, close to one another at the sides, at *a* and *c*, and farther separate at *b*; they may also be drawn horizontally in the same way; this practice will be useful in more advanced stages. As the pupil will observe, the lines thus drawn give the appearance of roundness; it is, in fact, the way by which engravers obtain this effect: the pupil will find it useful in fine pencil drawing.

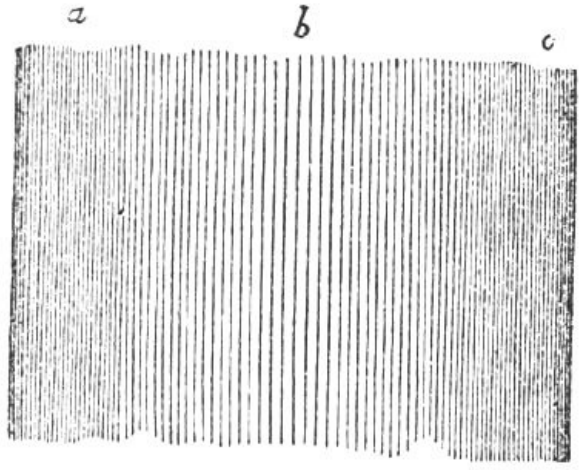

Fig. 3.

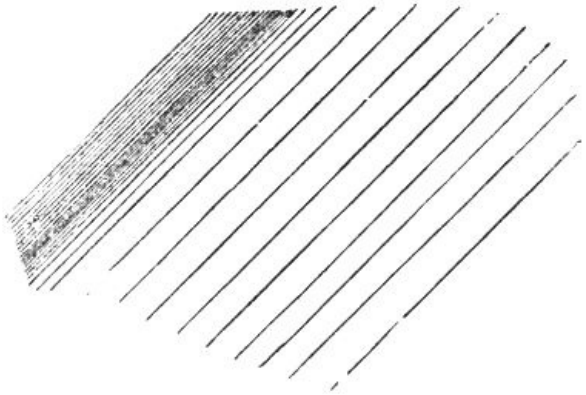

Fig. 4.

The drawing of diagonal or oblique lines may next be practised, as in Fig. 4. In all these examples, the board or slate should never be moved or reversed; the end forming the topmost one should always remain so. We are aware that some parties have greater facilities for drawing lines in one direction than in another; thus, the majority of beginners would draw lines sloping from right to left with much more ease than in the reverse position. We have seen cases where, in lessons like the foregoing, the lines sloping from right to left were drawn first, the board reversed, and lines to represent those sloping the reverse way drawn in the same direction exactly; the board was then turned to its original position, when the sets of lines appeared sloping different ways, while, in reality, they were done both in the same manner. This practice is not honest either to the teacher or pupil, and should at once be discarded.

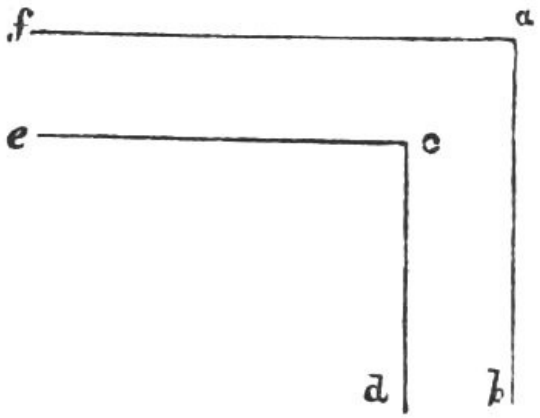

Fig. 5.

The examples now given have had reference only to one peculiar position of the lines to be drawn; that is, they have all been horizontal, or all perpendicular or oblique; placed in the same relative position to one another. We now give an example where the lines go in different directions with respect to one another. Thus in drawing the lines *b a*, *a f*, *d c*, and *c e*, Fig. 5, care must be taken to have the lines perpendicular to one another; that is, supposing the lines *a b*, *c d*, to be drawn first, the horizontal lines *a f*, *c e*, must be drawn so that the points or ends *f e* shall be neither above nor below the ends or points *a*, *c*—that is, *f* and *e* must be exactly opposite *a* and *c*. In the present case, no mechanical aid is allowable; the eye is to be the only guide. Attention should also be paid to keeping the exact distance between the lines *a b*, *a f*, and *c d*, and *c e*. The pupil must not imagine that all these modifications of lines are worthless; a little patience and reflection will suffice to show him that they are, in truth, part of the groundwork, without which he can never hope to rear the superstructure of perfect drawing. We now proceed to a little more interesting labor, where simple figures are to be drawn; these, however, being neither more nor less than the lines already given variously disposed. Draw the lines *a c*, *b c*, Fig. 6, meeting in the point *c*; these form a certain angle; care should be taken to draw the lines as in the copy. Next draw the horizontal line *a b*, Fig. 7, and a figure is formed which the pupil will at once recognize. [40] Draw the horizontal line *a b*, Fig. 8; perpendicular to it, from the ends *a b*, draw the lines *a c*, *b d*, taking care that they are of the same length as *a b*; draw the line *c d*, a square is at once formed. As it is an essential feature in this form that all the sides are equal, if the pupil, after drawing it, perceives any inequality therein, he should rub it out and proceed to another attempt. Some little practice should be given to the delineation of squares, angles, &c. If a parallelogram or oblong—vulgarly called an oblong square—is wished to be drawn, it may be done by making two opposite lines shorter than the others; the line *e* denotes the fourth outline of an oblong, of which the side is *a b*. If two oblongs be drawn, care being taken to have the inner lines the same distance within the outer ones all round, by adding a narrow line outside these, as in Fig. 9, the representation of a picture-frame is obtained; the diagonal lines at the corners, as at *a* and *b*, being put in to represent the joinings at the corners of the frame, the "mitre" joints, as they are termed. By first drawing the simple outlines, as in Fig. 10, the foundation of a door is obtained by filling in the extra lines, as in the figure.

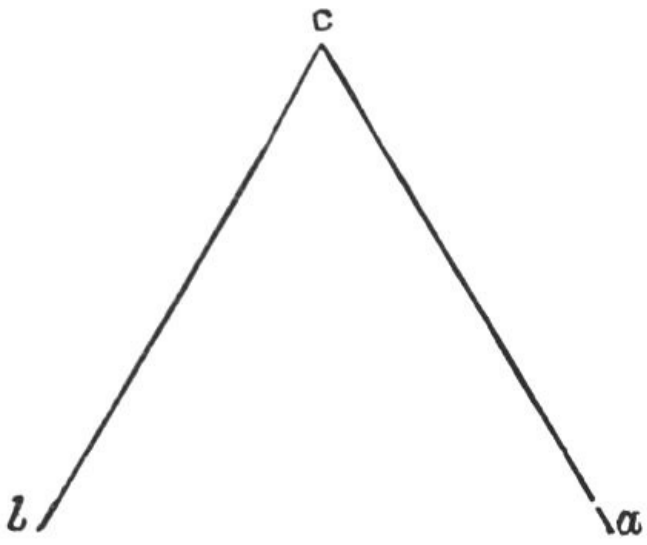

Fig. 6.

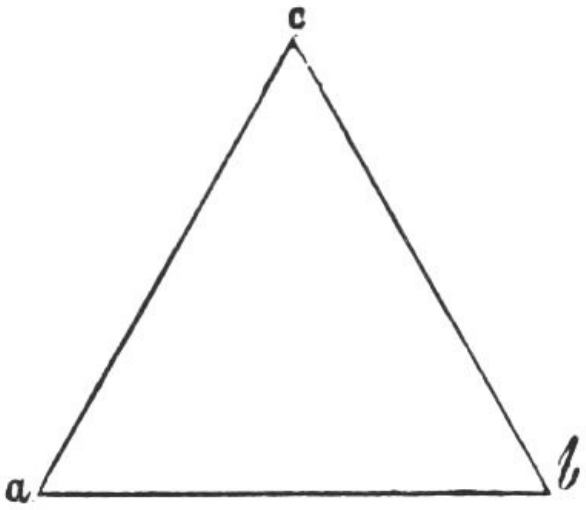

Fig. 7.

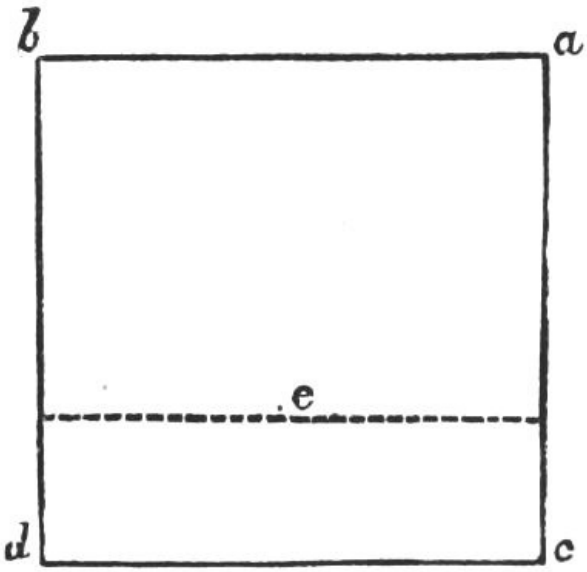

Fig. 8.

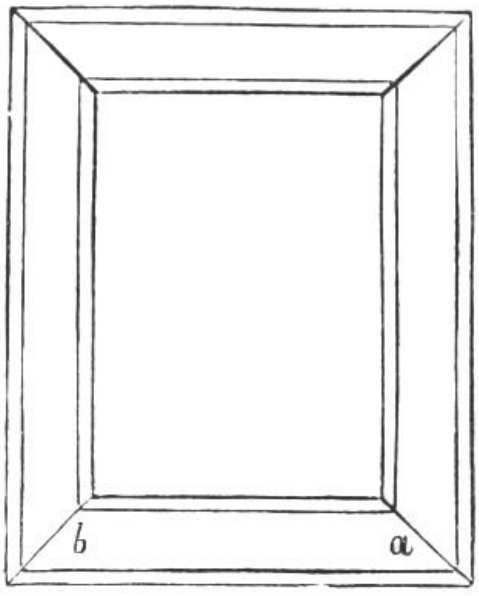

Fig. 9.

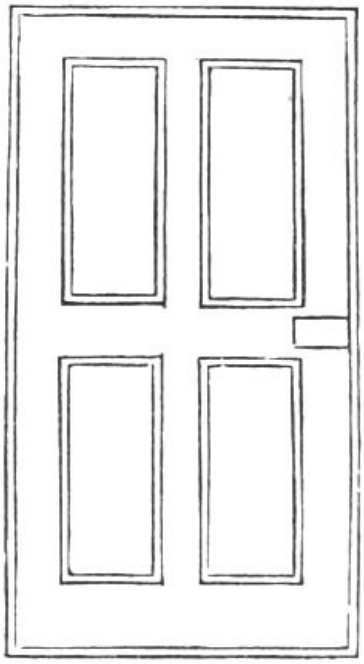

Fig. 10.

OH, LAY HER TO REST!

BY FLORUS B. PLIMPTON.

Oh, lay her to rest where the myrtle can grow,
  Among the green grass that shall over her wave,
That not only in summer, but in winter's cold snow,
  'Twill be green as the love that encircles her grave
Her heart was a treasure of trust to a friend,
  A mirror reflecting warm sympathy's glow;
It was patient to anger, and feared to offend,
  And suffered in silence what no one can know.

Oh, lay her to rest! let no monument tell
  That she dwells with the perfect, the good, and the just,
Nor let flattery's homage emblazon her cell,
  But bear her in silence and tears to the dust.
Oh, lay her to rest! of earth hath she known
  Sufficient of sorrow, sufficient of pain;
She pined for the world where her spirit hath flown,
  Though she wept for the love that recalls her in vain.

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[41]

THE LLOYDS.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

"To me, what 's greatness when content is wanting?
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
To be kept with more, when the heart pines,
In being dispossessed of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines?"

MASSINGER.

Arthur Lloyd was about twenty-two when, by his father's death, he came into possession of property worth, at least, a million. His father died somewhat suddenly, and the young man, who was then in Paris, partly on business for his father, partly to see the world, was summoned home by the cares which such an inheritance naturally involved. There are few scenes that more deeply try the spirit of a man than a return to a desolate home. The mind can support the separations which the common current of human affairs renders inevitable without much suffering. One may even dwell in the midst of strangers, and not feel lonely, if the heart has a resting-place elsewhere. But when we open the solitary apartments, where everything we see calls up associations of dear friends we can hope to meet no more forever, a blight falls on our path of life, and we know that whatever of happiness may await us, our enjoyments can never be as in days past.

It was late on Saturday night when Arthur Lloyd reached the elegant mansion in —— street, New York, of which he was now the sole proprietor. The domestics had been expecting his arrival, and every arrangement had been made, as far as they knew his wishes and tastes, to gratify him. Wealth will command attention, but in this case there was more devotion to the man than his money; for Arthur was beloved, and affection needs no prompter.

"How sorry I am that this pretty *mignonette* is not in blossom!" said Mrs. Ruth, the housekeeper; "you remember, Lydia, how young Mr. Lloyd liked the *mignonette*."

"Yes, I remember it well; but I always thought it was because Miss Ellen called it her flower, and he wanted to please the pretty little girl."

"That might make some difference, Lydia, for he has such a kind heart. And now I think of it, I wonder if Miss Ellen knows he is expected home so soon."

"She does," said Lydia, "for I told her yesterday, but she didn't seem to care. And I do not think she likes him."

"She is melancholy, poor child! and who can blame her when she has lost her best friend?"

"Why, Mrs. Ruth, cannot young Mr. Lloyd be as good a friend as his father? I am sure he will be as kind."

"Yes, no doubt of that. But, Lydia, it will not do for a young man to be so kind to a pretty girl; Miss Ellen is now quite a young lady; the world would talk about it."

"I wonder who would dare to speak a word against Mr. Arthur?" said Lydia, reddening with indignation.

When a man's household are his friends, he hardly need care for the frowns of the world; and even the gloom of sorrow was relieved as Arthur shook hands with the old and favored domestics, whose familiar faces glowed with that honest, hearty welcome which no parasite can counterfeit. But when he retired to his chamber, the silence and solitude brought the memory of his lost friends sadly and deeply on his mind. He felt alone in the world. What did it avail that he had wealth to purchase all which earth calls pleasures, when the disposition to enjoy them could not be purchased? The brevity of life seemed written on every object around. All these things had belonged to his parents. And now they had no part in all that was done beneath the sun.

"And yet," thought Arthur, "who knows that their interest in earthly things is annihilated by death? Why may not a good man receive much of his heavenly felicity from witnessing the growth of the good seed he has planted in living hearts? Why may he not be gladdened, even when singing the song of his own redemption, by seeing that the plans he had devised for the improvement of his fellow-beings are in progress, carried forward by agents whom God has raised up to do their share of the labor in fitting this world for the reign of the just? If—if my good parents are ever permitted to look down upon the son they have trained so carefully, God grant they may find he has not departed from the way their precepts and example have alike made plain before him."

There is no opiate, excepting a good conscience, like a good resolution. And Arthur slept soundly that night, and passed the Sabbath in the tranquillity which a spirit resigned to the will of heaven, and yet resolved to do all that earth demands of a rational being, cannot but enjoy. But one thought would intrude to harass him. His father's death had occurred while Arthur was far away. He had not heard the parting counsel, the dying benediction. Perhaps his father had, in his last moments, thought of some important suggestion or warning for his son, but there was no ear tuned by affection to vibrate at the trembling sound, and catch and interpret the whispered and broken sentence, and so the pale lips were mute. [42]

With such impressions on his mind, Arthur was prepared to read eagerly a letter, directed to himself, which he found deposited in his father's desk, purposely, as it appeared, to meet the notice of his son, before beginning the inspection of those papers business would render necessary. I shall give the entire letter, because the character of the father must be understood in order to comprehend the influences which had modelled that of the son.

It is on the very rich and the very poor that domestic example and instruction operate with the most sure and abiding effect. We find the children of parents in the middling class, removed from the temptation of arrogance on the one hand, and despair on the other, are those who admire and endeavor to imitate the models of goodness and greatness history furnishes, or the world presents. Such may become what is termed self-educated; but this process the very rich think unnecessary, and the very poor impossible. Therefore, when the early training of these two classes has inclined them to evil, they rarely recover themselves from the contamination. But the letter; it ran thus:—

> My dear and only Son: I informed you in my last letter that my health was declining. I felt even then, though I did not express it, that I should never see you again in this world; still I did not anticipate the rapid progress which my disease has since made. However, I have much cause for thankfulness. I endure little pain, and my mind was never more calm and collected. I have resolved, therefore, to arrange some of my thoughts and reflections for your perusal, knowing that you will prize them as the last expression of your father's love.
>
> I have often endeavored, in my hours of health, to bring the final scene of departure from this world vividly before my mind. I have thought I had succeeded. But the near approach to the borders of eternity wonderfully alters the appearance of all earthly things. I often find myself saying, "What shadows we are, and shadows we pursue!"
>
> Shadows indeed! But it would not be well that the veil should be removed from the eyes of those whose journey of life is, apparently, long before them. The duties which prepare us for heaven must be done on earth. It is this moral responsibility which makes the importance of every action we perform. Considered in this light, the example of every rational being is invested with a mighty power for good or evil; and that good is productive of happiness, and evil of misery, we need not the award of the last judgment to convince us. The history of the world, our observation, our conscience, and our reason, all prove that to deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God is the perfection of man's felicity. The great error lies in mistaking our true interest. We separate earth from heaven by an impassable gulf, and in our labors for the body think the spirit's work has no connection. This false philosophy makes us selfish while we are young, and superstitious when we are old, and of consequence unhappy through life. But these things may be remedied. If the wise man spoke truth, there is a *way in which we should go*, and we may be so *trained* as to walk in it when we are *young*, and prefer it when *we* are *old*.
>
> It has, my son, since you were given me, been the great aim of my life to educate you in such habits and principles as I believe will insure your present and final felicity. When I

speak of what I have done, it is with a humble acknowledgment of the mercy and goodness of God who has supported and blessed me; and I would impress it on your heart that Heaven's blessing will descend on every one who seeks it with patience and with prayer. But I did not always have these views. I was not educated as you have been, and it is for the purpose of explaining to you the motives which have governed my conduct towards you that I shall enter into a recital of some incidents, which you may know as facts, but of their consequences you are not aware.

My father, as you have often heard, left a handsome fortune to each of his ten children; but as he acquired his property late in life by lucky speculations, we were none of us subjected to the temptations of luxury in our childhood. We were all educated to be industrious and prudent, and an uncommon share of these virtues had, as the eldest, been inculcated on me. So that when, in addition to my well-won thrift, the share I [43] received from my father's estate made me a rich man, I felt no disposition to enjoy it in any other mode than to increase it. I did not mean to drudge always in the service of mammon; but I thought I must wait till I was somewhat advanced, before I could retire and live honorably without exertion; but, in the mean time, I would heap pleasures on my family.

Your mother was a lovely, amiable woman, whom I had married from affection, and raised to affluence; and she thought, out of gratitude to me, she must be happy as I chose. The only path of felicity before us seemed that of fashion; and so we plunged into all the gayeties of our gay city. And for eight or ten years we lived a life of constant bustle, excitement, show, and apparent mirth. Yet, Arthur, I declare to you I was never satisfied with myself, never contented during the whole time. I do not say I was wretched—that would be too strong an expression—but I was restless. The excitements of pleasure stimulate; they never satisfy. And then there was a constant succession of disagreements, rivalries, and slanders, arising from trifling things; but those whose great business it was to regulate fashionable society contrived to make great matters out of these molehills. Your mother was a sweet-tempered woman, forbearing and forgiving, as a true woman should be; but, nevertheless, she used sometimes to be involved in these bickerings, and then what scenes of accusation and explanation must be endured before the matter could be finally settled, and harmony restored! and what precious time was wasted on questions of etiquette which, after all, made no individual better, wiser, or happier.

We lived thus nearly ten years, and might have dreamed away our lives in this round of trifling, had not Heaven awakened us by a stroke, severe indeed, but I trust salutary. We had, as you know, Arthur, three children, a son and two daughters. Fashion had never absorbed our souls so as to overpower natural affection. We did love our children most dearly, and every advantage money could purchase had been lavished upon them. They were fair flowers, but, owing to the delicacy of their rearing, very frail. One after the other sickened; the croup was fatal to our little Mary; the measles and the scarlet fever destroyed the others. In six months they were all at peace.

Never, never can the feeling of desolation I then experienced be effaced from my heart. A house of mourning had no attraction for our fashionable friends. They pitied, but deserted us; the thought of our wealth only made us more miserable; the splendor which surrounded, seemed to mock us.

"For what purpose," I frequently asked myself, "for what purpose had been all my labor? I might heap up, but a stranger would inherit." My wife was more tranquil, but then her disposition was to be resigned. Still she yielded, I saw, to the gloom of grief, and I feared the consequences. But her mind was differently employed from what I had expected.

She asked me one day if there was no method in which I could employ my wealth to benefit others.

I inquired what she meant.

"I am weary," said she, "of this pomp of wealth. It is nothingness; or worse, it is a snare. I feel that our children have been taken from the temptations of the world, which we were drawing around them. There is surely, my husband, some object more worthy the time and hearts of Christians than this pursuit of pleasure."

These observations may seem only the commonplace remarks of a saddened spirit; but to me they were words fitly spoken. They opened a communion of sentiment between us, such as we had never before enjoyed. I had often felt the vanity of our fashionable life, but thought my wife was happier for the display, and that it would be cruel for me to deprive her of amusements I could so well afford, and which she so gracefully adorned. And I did not see what better use to make of my riches. But the spell of the world was broken when we began to reason together of its folly, and strengthen each other to resist its enticements.

Man is *sovereign* of the world; but a virtuous woman is the crown of her husband; and this proverb was doubtless intended to teach us that the highest excellences of the human character, in either sex, are attainable only by the aid of each other.

I could fill a volume with our conversations on these subjects; but the result is the most important; we resolved to make the aim of doing good the governing principle of our

lives and conduct.

And these resolutions, by the blessing of God, we were enabled, in a measure, to fulfil. Our fashionable friends ascribed the alteration in our habits and manners to melancholy for the loss of our children; but it was a course entered on with the firm conviction of its superior advantages both of improvement and happiness. We realized more than we anticipated. There is a delight in the exertion of our benevolent faculties which seems nearly allied to the joy of the angles in heaven—for these are ministering spirits. And this felicity the rich may command. [44]

In a few years after we had entered on our new mode of life, you, my son, were bestowed to crown our blessings. We felt that the precious trust was a trial of our faith. To have an heir to our fortune was a temptation to selfishness; to have an heir to our name was a cord to draw us again into the vortex of the world. But we did not look back. We resolved to train you to enjoy active habits and benevolent pleasures. It was for this purpose I used to take you, when a little child, with me to visit the poor, permitting you to give the money you had earned of me by feats of strength or dexterity to those you thought needed it. And when you grew larger you recollect, probably, how steadily you would work in the shop, with your little tools, finishing tiny boxes, &c., that your mother or I paid you for at stated prices, which money you appropriated to the support of the poor families in —— Street. By these means we gave you a motive for exertions which improved your health and made you happy, and we gave you, also, an opportunity of taking thought for others, and enjoying the pleasure of relieving the destitute. The love for our fellow-beings, like all other feelings, must be formed by the wish, and improved by the habit of doing them good. We never paid you for mental efforts or moral virtues, because we thought these should find their reward in the pleasure improvement communicated to your own heart and mind, aided by our caresses and commendations which testified the pleasure your conduct gave us.

Thus you see, my son, that in all the restrictions we imposed, and indulgences we permitted, it was our grand object to make you a good, intelligent, useful, and happy man. We endeavored to make wisdom's ways those of pleasantness to you; and I feel confident that the course your parents have marked will be followed by you so far as your conscience and reason shall approve.

You will find yourself what the world calls rich. To human calculation, had I rigidly sought my own interest in all my business, I should have left you a much larger fortune. But who knows that the blessing which has crowned all my enterprises would not have been withdrawn had such selfish policy governed me? I thank my Saviour that I was inspired with a wish to serve my fellow-men. And my greatest regret now arises from the reflection that with such means I have done so little good. Endeavor, my son, to exceed your father in righteousness. The earth is the Lord's; consider yourself only as the steward over the portion he has assigned you. Enter into business, not to add to your stores of wealth, but as the best means of making that wealth useful to the cause of human improvement. And let the honorable acquisition and the generous distribution go on together. The man, whose heart of marble must be smitten by the rod of death before a stream of charity can gush forth, deserves little respect from the living. *To give what we can no longer enjoy* is not charity; that heavenly virtue is only practised by those who *enjoy what they give*.

I do not undervalue charitable bequests. These may be of great public utility; and, when they harmonize with the example of the testators, they deserve grateful acknowledgment and everlasting remembrance. But I cannot commend as a model the character of a man who has been exclusively devoted all his life to amassing property, because he acquires the means of leaving a large charitable donation at his decease. This seems to be making virtue a penance rather than a pleasure.

I wish you, my son, to frame for yourself a system of conduct, founded on the rational as well as religious principle of doing to others as you would they should do to you; and then your life as well as death will be a public blessing. Another great advantage will be, you can hold on your consistent, Christian course to the end. You need never retire from business in order to enjoy yourself. But I must shorten what I would wish to say were my own strength greater, or my confidence in your character less firm. There is one other subject to which I must refer.

Your dear mother, as you well know, adopted Ellen Gray, and intended to educate the girl in every respect like a child. After your mother's death, I placed the child under the care of Mrs. C., where she has ever since remained. You know but little of Ellen, for you entered college soon after she came to our house, and have been mostly absent since; but when you return it will be necessary you should, as her guardian and the only friend she has a claim upon, become acquainted with her. She is now at the winning age of seventeen, and very lovely in person and disposition; one that I should be proud to call *my daughter*.

Her mother was the dear friend of your mother, and that circumstance, which first induced us to take the orphan, joined with her own sweetness and affectionate gratitude, has deeply endeared her to me. And now, when I am gone, she will feel her loneliness, for she has no blood relation in the world. You, Arthur, will have a delicate part to act as the son of her benefactor, and the person whom in the singleness and [45]

simplicity of her pure heart she will think she has a right to confide in, to preserve that just measure of kindness and dignity which will satisfy her you are her friend, and make the world understand you intend never to be more. I have secured her an independence, and provided that she shall remain, for the present, with Mrs. C. May the Father of the orphan guard her and bless her! She loved your mother, Arthur, and for that you must be to her a brother.

And now, my son, farewell! I feel my hour has nearly come; and I am ready and willing to depart. My last days have been, by the blessing of the Almighty, made my best. I have *lived* to the last, and been able to accomplish most of the plans which lay nearest my heart. Do not grieve that I am at rest; but arouse all your energies for the work that is before you. In a country and age distinguished by such mighty privileges, it requires warm hearts, and strong minds, and liberal hands, to devise, and dare, and do. May God preserve, strengthen, and bless you!

Your affectionate father,
J. LLOYD.

I am glad, thought Arthur, as he wiped away his tears, after reading the letter for the third time in the course of the day—I am glad my father has left me perfectly free respecting Ellen. Had he expressed a wish that I should marry her, it would have been to me sacred as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Yet I might have felt it a fetter on my free will; and so capricious is fancy, I should not, probably, have loved the girl as I now hope to love her, that is, if she will love me—as a brother.

CHAPTER II.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

"It seems strange our children should be so perverse; we have always given them good counsel," said a lady, whose darling son had just been sent to sea as the last scheme parental anxiety could devise for his reformation.

Good counsel is a very good thing, doubtless; but, to make it effectual, we must convince our children that goodness is pleasure. I once saw a lady punishing her little son for playing on the Sabbath. The boy sat sobbing and sulky, and his mother, whose heart melted at his tears, while her sense of duty forbade her to indulge him, turned to me and said—

"The Sabbath is a most trying day; I can keep it myself, though it is dull; but my children have nothing to occupy their minds, and they will be in mischief. I am always glad when the Sabbath is over."

The children looked up, very pleasantly, at this, and probably thought their mother hated the Sabbath as truly as they did; and they might reason it would be a pleasure to her if there were no Sabbaths.

The elder Mr. Lloyd managed things better. He maintained that children were inclined to good or tempted to evil by the influences of their education; that the fear of losing a pleasure operated more forcibly on their hearts than the fear of incurring a punishment; and, consequently, that we must make the way in which we would have them go seem so pleasant by our own gladness while treading it, that they may be inclined to follow us from choice.

"It is a poor compliment to virtue, if her votaries must be always sad," he would say; "and the *peace and good-will* which the Gospel was given expressly to diffuse over the earth should not make men gloomy and children miserable."

What he commended he practised. In forming the character of Arthur, he was careful to make him distinguish between the happiness which in his own heart he enjoyed, and that which others might flatter him with possessing.

"The reason why so many are blind to their best interests," Mr. Lloyd would say, "is because they will trust to their neighbors' eyes rather than their own. I intend Arthur shall see for himself. Had Bonaparte done what his own heart approved, he would have preserved freedom and the republic; but he wanted the world should flatter him, that posterity should honor him, and so he violated his integrity of purpose, and grasped a crown that proved but a shadow."

It would be very gratifying to me to describe particularly the manner of Arthur Lloyd's domestic education, the means which were employed to draw forth his powers, ascertain his peculiar talents, and exercise and direct these as they were developed. But it is now my purpose rather to display effects than trace causes. Yet one thing must be noted; his father's great aim, after religious training, was to cultivate the reason and judgment of his son. Mathematics and natural philosophy had been made to occupy a prominent place in his studies.

"The pleasures these pursuits confer," Mr. Lloyd would wisely remark, "cannot be enjoyed without self-exertion. Any man who has money may obtain the reputation of taste by the mere [46]
purchasing of works of art, while his own mind is as inert as the canvas or statue on which he gazes with so much seeming admiration. But he who would gain credit for understanding mathematical sciences or natural philosophy, must deserve it by patient toil and persevering

industry. Now, this thirst for knowledge, which must be won by personal exertion, is the talisman which will effectually secure the rich man from the torment of ennui; and, if with this knowledge be united the disposition to make his talents and means of doing good serviceable to the world, his own happiness is secure as that derived from earthly objects can be."

So thought the father, and so he trained his son to think.

"I did not expect to find you thus deeply at work," said George Willet, a classmate, who had called on Arthur shortly after he was settled in his home. "Why, the arrangement of all these minerals and shells and insects must be an endless task. If I had as much money as you, I would purchase my cabinets ready furnished."

"So would I, if all I wanted was to exhibit them," replied Arthur, pleasantly.

"And what more important purpose do you intend these shall serve?"

"I intend they shall contribute to my own gratification and improvement," said Arthur. "There is hardly a specimen here but has its history, which awakens some pleasant association of heart, memory, or mind. Some were presented by men I honor, and some by friends I love. This curious shell was the gift of a lady on my last birthday; and the benignant wishes that accompanied it made me, I trust, a better man; or, at least, they inspired me with new resolutions to deserve her commendations. These petrifactions and fossils are a memento of many delightful hours I have spent with some of the noble French naturalists and philosophers. That *beetle*, I could tell you a long story about it, the time I spent in watching its habits, the pains I took to assure myself it was a nondescript, and the pleasure I enjoyed when the great Cuvier complimented me for my patience and research—but I fear you would think this all nonsense."

"It is not what I should go to Paris to learn," returned the other. "But then I must think of my profession; a physician is the slave of the public. You can use your time as you please, and are not compelled to coin it into money in order to live."

"No; but I have had as hard a lesson perhaps. I have had to learn that money will not buy happiness, and that he who is not compelled to labor for food must labor for an appetite, which, in the end, amounts to about the same thing."

"You were always stoically inclined, Arthur; but a young man with a million at command will find it rather difficult to act the philosopher. The world has a powerful current, and fashion a sweeping breeze."

"They will not move me from my course, George: that is fixed, and, with Heaven's blessing, I will hold on my way. My father's example is my chart, and the Christian rule my compass."

"You think so now—-well, we shall see. Your father was a good man and a happy one, and that is much in your favor. Had you witnessed, as I have done, the weary, monotonous, heartless, wretched life many who call themselves *good* undergo, and, what is worse, inflict on others, you would not have much inclination for goodness."

"Your remarks, George, are just. I have known young men plunge into dissipation avowedly to shake off the restraints of morality which had been imposed in a manner so galling. And I have known others hold business in abhorrence only because the selfish, slavish life their fathers had led made application seem a drudgery. I trust I have more rational views—thanks to my good parents!"

No man should say he will be always wise. Who would guess that Arthur, so calm, rational, and discriminating, would have fallen in love with a coquette? But this he did, notwithstanding the *penchant* he intended to cultivate for the pretty Ellen Gray. My lady readers probably thought she was predestined to be his wife, and I should have been glad to describe the tender and tranquil loves of two beings who seemed so congenial. But authors cannot control fate.

Arthur Lloyd was, to be sure, deeply interested with Ellen's meek and innocent beauty, and he was touched to the heart by the unaffected sorrow which any allusion to his parents would excite in her manner, even when she controlled the expression of her grief, which she could not always. And he often thought nothing could be more lovely than her fair face, rather pale perhaps; but then the predominance of the lily seemed to be the effect of purity of mind, not languor of body, when contrasted with the deep mourning habiliments which he knew were in truth the outward token of that sadness of spirit which she was cherishing for the loss of those who had also been the dearest to him. Could they choose but sympathize? If they did, it was very secretly and silently. [47]

It might be that this necessity for communion was the very cause which prevented Arthur from feeling other than a brother's affection for the sweet girl whose interests he was deputed to defend; and, on her part, there hardly seemed a sister's confidence yielded to her young guardian. A guardian! Who ever read of a lady falling in love with her guardian? The impossibility of the circumstance seemed fully understood and acted upon by the belles of New York, who were sedulous to attract the attention of such a fine man as Arthur Lloyd. But he was not disposed to mingle much in society; and, during the year which succeeded his father's death, he was almost wholly engrossed with his business and various plans for promoting public education and elevating the character of our national literature. This was the favorite object to which he resolved to devote his energies and his resources. He was persuaded that a republican people must derive their chief happiness and their highest honors from intellectual pursuits, if they intend their institutions shall be permanent. The glories of conquest and the luxuries of wealth

alike tend to make the few masters and the many slaves; but, if the mild light of science and literature be the guide of a people, all will move onward together, for the impulse of knowledge has an attractive force that elevates, proportionally, every mind over which its influence can be extended.

Such were Arthur Lloyd's sentiments; and it would have been strange if he had not felt a deep respect for the character of the Puritans, and a wish to cultivate an acquaintance with New England people, who, whatever be their faults, have rarely sinned through ignorance.

So Arthur visited Boston during the summer of 18—, and received from the *élèves* of society all that courtesy and hospitality which a rich stranger is sure to elicit. He could hardly be termed a stranger, however, for his father had many commercial friends in Boston, and they cordially transferred their favor to the son. Everything was calculated to make Arthur think highly of the people; the tone of intelligent and liberal feeling appeared the result of the liberality which had laid the foundation of popular instruction, and young Lloyd became every day more satisfied of the truth of his favorite theory, namely, educate all the children and you will reform all the world. A man is never more self-satisfied than when he is confirming a favorite theory.

Among the multitude of friends and flatterers that surrounded Arthur, none charmed him so completely as the Hon. Mr. Markley and family. The gentleman was himself very eloquent, his lady very elegant, and their daughters exceedingly fascinating. They all exerted their talents to please Arthur; it was no more than he merited, a stranger and a guest, and so handsome and intelligent and agreeable! Who thought he was worth a million? Not the Markleys; for they were never heard to speak of a selfish sentiment except to condemn it. Arthur thought he never met with a more disinterested family.

Arabella Markley was a most captivating creature, and she soon contrived to make Arthur sensible of it; and he found, to his mortification, that he had not so fully and firmly the mastery of his own mind as he had flattered himself with possessing. Love exhibits much the same symptoms in the wise as the weak; and Arthur, when beside Arabella, forgot there was for him any higher object in this world than to please a woman. But sometimes in the solitude of his chamber other thoughts would arise; he could not but see that the Markleys were devoted to fashion and gayety, though Arabella had assured him she did not enjoy the bustle, but that excitement was necessary for her father's spirits and health.

If she makes this sacrifice for her father, thought Arthur, how gladly will she conform to my quiet domestic plan! Still there was something in the expression of her face, and more in her manner, which denoted a fondness for show and variety; and whenever Arthur wrote to Ellen Gray, which he often did, as he had promised to give her the history of his tour, the contrast between her beauty and that of Arabella always came over his mind. He described Arabella in one of his letters to Ellen, and concluded with observing: "If she had a little more of your tenderness and placidity in the expression of her eyes, she would be a perfect model of female loveliness; but that would make her too angelic, the arch vivacity of her glance assures her to be human, and susceptible of human sympathies."

Ellen Gray read that passage over and over; but she never answered the letter, for Arthur returned to New York before she could arrange her thoughts for a reply.

Arthur left Boston without any explanation, as they say, though he had been several times on the point of making the love speech. It seemed as if some spell were restraining him, for Arabella had given him opportunities of seeing her alone, and Mr. and Mrs. Markley had evidently sought to draw him to their parties. Perhaps this solicitude had been one means of deferring the proposals. [48] Lloyd found himself so agreeably entertained, he could hardly wish to be happier. Like the Frenchman who would not marry the lady he admired and visited constantly, because he should have no place to pass his evenings, Arthur Lloyd might have been fearful that *certainty* would have made his visits, which were hailed as favors, appear only events of course. Young gentlemen have thus reasoned.

Arabella was sadly disappointed, for she had really acted her part most admirably, and she expected to succeed. She knew the power of her charms, and, fond of flattery as she was, had resolved such unsubstantial coin should never gain her hand. A coquette by nature and habit, she had managed to draw many distinguished beaux in her train, but none, till Arthur had appeared, had been rich enough to satisfy her ambition. However, he had agreed to correspond, and she knew well how to draw an inference or frame a remark which would render it necessary for him to explain.

So they parted, both persuaded in their own hearts that they should soon meet, though he did not feel that the choice was one his parents would entirely have approved. But her letters might prove her excellence; he knew the fashionable scenes in which he had chiefly beheld her were not calculated to display the amiable traits of character in a woman. There were several circumstances which occurred to Arthur, as he journeyed homeward, that determined him to be guarded in his letters, at least for a season. And he determined also to consult Ellen Gray on the subject; he considered her as having a sister's right to his confidence. But Ellen was very ill, he found, and any allusion to the fair lady he had seen in Boston seemed difficult to introduce to one who looked so sad and serious. Nevertheless, he ventured to name the subject once, and Ellen listened calmly to all his praises of Arabella; and to his reiterated request that his *sister*, as he called Ellen, should give him her opinion.

She advised him to marry the lady if he loved her, and felt assured she loved him. The last remark was spoken in a low tone, and Mrs. C., the preceptress, entering at that moment, thought

Ellen was too much fatigued for further conversation. And so it proved, for she was seriously ill for several days after, and it was weeks before she was able to see Arthur again.

In the mean time, the correspondence between Mr. Lloyd and Miss Markley commenced with spirit; on his part, rather intended to fathom her principles and taste than her affections; and on hers, under an appearance of careless vivacity, to ascertain his real intentions respecting her. There is nothing like a little jealousy for expediting love matters, many ladies believe; and Arabella held the creed fully, as her third letter proved. It was filled with the description and praises of an emigrant Frenchman, Count de Verger, who had recently arrived in Boston. His merits could be equalled only by his misfortunes, which had been manifold as those of Ulysses. His courage and constancy had hitherto borne him up; but, when he arrived penniless on the shore of the New World, his mental sufferings were, as Arabella described them, extreme. In Europe, a man was respected for his birth and breeding, and, though he had lost his property, his rank entitled him to consideration. But, in our republic, where men were judged by their own merits, not by their father's title, the unlucky Count de Verger feared that his misfortunes might be imputed as crimes. He could endure poverty, but not contempt. He had once resolved to conceal his rank, and even his name; but his abhorrence of falsehood and hypocrisy enabled him to overcome this false pride, and so he was known for a nobleman, though he modestly disclaimed all intention of endeavoring to support his rank. If he could earn sufficient by his talents and accomplishments to maintain himself, he felt that he should be truly happy. Among his accomplishments was that of playing the harp with a surprising degree of skill, when it was considered that he had only practised for his own amusement. But he now thought it possible he might make this knowledge of music available, if any of the fair ladies of Boston should feel disposed to take lessons on the harp. His wonderful condescension was no sooner known than there appeared a competition among fashionable ladies who should first secure the services of this amiable and gifted nobleman. His tuition charges were exorbitant; but he was a foreigner, and a count; and, besides, he had been unfortunate, and republicans must pay liberally for the graces which can only be taught by those who have witnessed the refinements of royal taste and the magnificence of courts.

These were the items of intelligence Arabella dilated upon with touching pathos in her letter to Arthur Lloyd; she was in raptures with the Count de Verger. Such an accomplished scholar! so perfect and gentlemanly! His mind was a constellation of all brilliant qualities; his manners the embodied essence of suavity and elegance! There were but two objections the most fastidious [49]
critic could make to his appearance He squinted a little; but Arabella did not dislike a slight cast of the eye, it rather gave a fascinating effect to a handsome countenance. The other fault was, in her opinion, a perfection. The count wore moustaches (this was before beards were the rage), and our smooth, Puritan-faced men of business disliked moustaches; but Arabella was glad the ladies had more taste for the picturesque. For her part, she should for the future make it a *sine qua non* with all gentlemen who aspired to her friendship to cultivate moustaches. It was needless to say she was learning to play the harp; it might more properly be called adoring it. She was never before so engrossed with any pursuit; and she only wished, to complete her felicity, that Mr. Lloyd could become acquainted with her tutor, and witness the proficiency she was making.

"Fudge!" said Arthur, giving audible expression to his thoughts, as he kicked a fallen brand with the petulance of a poet, forgetting there was poker, tongs, or servants in the world. "Fudge! wears moustaches and squints! I'll see the fellow!"

Arthur was sensible he felt disappointed, not so much that Arabella proved a coquette as that his estimate of the effect of education on the female mind should be found false. He had drawn his conclusions logically; thus: Virtuous and intelligent women are sincere and reasonable; New England ladies are virtuous and intelligent; therefore, they are sincere and reasonable. And yet here was one who had enjoyed every mental and moral advantage a lady could require to perfect her character acting the part of an artful coquette; or otherwise she was a silly dupe, for the story of the Count de Verger Arthur credited no more than the adventures of Baron Munchausen.

He did not write to Arabella to announce his intention of visiting her, fearing the count might, in that case, retire for a season, and he much wished to see him. So Arthur reached Boston and astonished his friends, who could find no solution for the sudden movement but that he had learned the danger there was that Miss Markley would be won by the gallant Frenchman; and all the inquiries he made respecting the count he had the mortification of finding were regarded as the promptings of a jealous spirit seeking to find matter of accusation against a rival. Many of the gentlemen whom he addressed on the subject declared their belief that the professor of the harp was a real count, his bearing and manner were decidedly noble, and there was a thoroughbred air in his address which distinguished foreigners of high rank, and which our richest and most eminent men, who were always compelled to speak of themselves as plain citizens, and only enjoying equal privileges with the people, never could display.

"I would give fifty thousand," said a young mercantile gentleman, whose father had, by careful industry, amassed a large fortune, "if I could appear with the ease and elegance of the Count de Verger. I met him the other day at the dinner party of Mr. ——, and I assure you he was the lion of the day. It is no wonder the ladies admire him."

"No, it is no wonder," thought Arthur, "that our ladies despise us for not possessing the manners of slaves, while we men so undervalue and abuse our privilege of being free. If fashion and etiquette are to be considered the most important objects of pursuit among those who assume the first place in our society, we shall always be inferior to the nobles where distinctions of rank and descent of property are so established that fashion and etiquette can have trained subjects

and established laws. We republicans must have our standard of respectability founded on moral worth, usefulness, and intelligence, or the discrepancy between our institutions and manners will make us ridiculous in the eyes of other nations, and contemptible in that of our own. But I will see this count, and, if he prove to be my old valet"——

Compressing his lips, as if to prevent the expression of a hasty resolve, he bent his steps to the dwelling of Mr. Markley.

It was in the morning, and too early for a fashionable call; but Arthur had learned that the Count de Verger gave lessons to Miss Markley at half past ten; and that the young lady frequently admitted her particular friends to congratulate her respecting the astonishing progress she made on the harp. Mr. Lloyd was known to the servants as a favored visitor, and found no difficulty in being admitted, and ushered familiarly into the parlor where Arabella was practising. There were two ladies, her intimate friends, and one gentleman present. Neither Arabella nor the count noticed the entrance of Mr. Lloyd, and he stood for several minutes regarding them. Arabella was playing with enthusiasm; it was evident she was charmed with her own performance; her noble teacher sat beside her, the music-book open in his hand, his small keen eyes cast partly upward in admiration; but, as his oblique glance could rest on the face of his fair pupil, it was not certain [50] whether her beauty or her music caused his raptures.

"Martin!" said Mr. Lloyd, in a deep, commanding tone.

The count started to his feet, every nerve agitated as though he had received a shock from a galvanic battery.

"Jean Martin, how came you here?" continued Mr. Lloyd, sternly.

"I—I am not here—that is, you mistake—I am the Count de Verger."

Mr. Lloyd walked closely up to the impostor.

"Villain, let me hear no more of your falsehoods! Away, instantly, or you shall answer for your crimes."

The accomplished nobleman obeyed the order promptly as it was given, bolting from the apartment without the ceremony of a single bow. There was blank silence for a moment; then Arabella indignantly inquired the reason of such a proceeding in her father's house, and without her father's knowledge.

"Pardon me, Miss Markley," said Arthur; "I am aware my conduct requires explanation. That fellow was my valet. I hired him in Paris: shrewd, ingenious, and attentive, he won my confidence, and for many months I treated him more like a friend than servant. He accompanied me to Germany, and there found means to rob me of a considerable sum of money, besides a casket of jewelry I had in my charge, belonging to a banker of Paris, and for which I was responsible. Martin escaped, and I had no idea of ever meeting him again, till your eloquent description of the Count de Verger awakened my suspicions. I came here therefore unceremoniously, for which I again beg pardon; but trust you and your father will not regret the impostor is detected and exposed."

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Lloyd. This gentleman is a real count; I have seen his coat of arms, and seals, and rings."

Just then Mr. Markley entered, the whole affair was detailed, and Mr. Lloyd produced an order, which had been granted by the Austrian government, for the apprehension of Jean Martin for the robbery; the paper contained a particular description of his person, and all, except Arabella, were convinced of the identity of the *ci-devant* valet and the elegant Count de Verger.

"It is impossible a person so exquisitely skilled in music and every accomplishment can be of base extraction and character," sighed Arabella.

"You fancied him noble, and invested him with all rare qualities. It is true, he has some skill in music; but he played vastly better for his title. Should you hear him as Martin"——

The lady turned her head scornfully, taking care, at the same time, to wreath her features in a very sweet smile—the scorn was intended for Martin, the smile for Mr. Lloyd; and then she requested the latter to tell her all the particulars, saying that she felt under the greatest obligations for the care he had shown to detect an imposition which she could never have suspected, and in which the whole town participated.

Arthur might have complied with her request; he might even have forgiven her taking lessons of his valet and honoring him as a nobleman, for he was aware that other ladies had been deceived by Martin, and that his own sex had favored the impostor because he pretended to a title; but, as she extended her hand in token of amity, his eye caught a brilliant on her finger; he knew it was one of the banker's jewels.

"That was the gift of Martin," said he.

"Of the Count de Verger," she stammered.

Arthur bade her good-morning.

The next day he left Boston, but not before he had learned that the count had decamped, leaving his landlord's bill and sundry loans of money from honorable men undischarged.

"It will teach me wisdom, I hope," said one gentleman. "I will never again lend money to the count when I would not trust it to the man."

Arthur Lloyd was blamed by some prudent people for the abruptness of his proceedings in the affair, as it severely wounded the feelings of the Markleys. Arabella did not recover from this shock till after she learned that Mr. Lloyd had wedded the pretty Ellen Gray, when she sent him a congratulating letter, which ended their correspondence.

I wish I could describe the course Arthur Lloyd is now pursuing without incurring the charge of personality. There are so few like him that the picture would be instantly recognized. But I can repeat two of his favorite maxims.

The first, "We must educate our sons to consider the title of *Republican* a prouder boast than the highest order of nobility that implies subjection, and requires homage to a mortal."

Second, "We must train our daughters to respect talent in a man more than money, and a character for usefulness more than a showy exterior; to consider their countrymen superior to the men of every other nation; and, above all things, never to receive the present of a ring, except from a near relative or an accepted lover."

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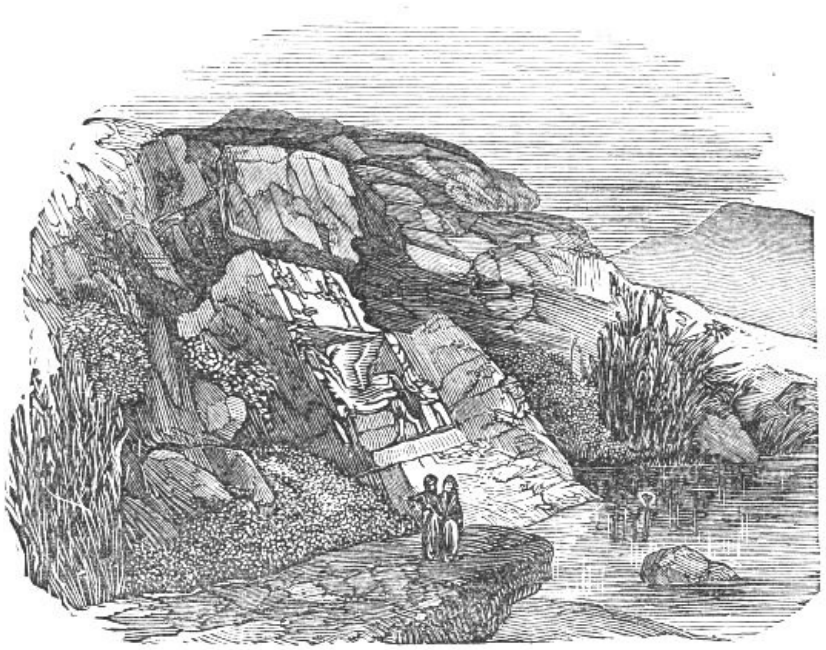
[51]

BABYLON, NINEVEH, AND MR. LAYARD.



FALLEN ROCK-SCULPTURES AT BAVIAN.

Babylon and Nineveh, those magnificent twins of the East, flourished through many centuries in all the pride of power and wealth, and sank into masses of ruin, leaving scarcely a record among the historians of the world. It was known such cities had existed, and it was said that, in the height of their glory, they had no peers in splendor. But of the mighty kings who ruled them, and the manners, customs, characteristics, and achievements of the people who dwelt within their walls, succeeding ages knew almost nothing. Nineveh was a heap of ruins in the days of Xenophon, twenty centuries ago. Greece and Rome grew, ruled, flourished, and decayed. A new religion arose, and spread a strange civilization among the nations of northern Europe, who rose to power upon the ruins of the Roman empire. From these people, curious travellers wandered to the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Vast mounds and fragments of sculptures met their gaze. There they were told the mighty Babylon and the gorgeous Nineveh had reared their temples and palaces to the sun, awing into submission the neighboring nations. No one cared to explore these ruins, so long untouched amid the busy march of centuries.

In 1820, Mr. Rich, the political President of the East India Company at Bagdad, visited the mounds of Babylon and Nineveh, and found some fragments of inscriptions, engraved stones, and pieces of pottery, of which a description was published. These precious relics were placed in the British Museum, and they excited much wonder and curiosity. But the great mass of ruins still remained unseen. Nothing was ascertained in regard to Assyrian art, and the architecture of Nineveh and Babylon was a matter of speculation.

At length an enthusiastic and persevering individual applied himself to the exploration of the sites of Nineveh and Babylon, and made discoveries that shed a lustre upon the present age. They are, in fact, the most important historical developments that have been made during the present century. During the autumn of 1839 and the winter of 1840, Austen Henry Layard, accompanied by a person no less enthusiastic than himself, had been wandering through Asia Minor and Syria, scarcely leaving untrod one spot hallowed by classical association. He then determined to turn eastward, and, at least, tread upon the remains of Nineveh and Babylon. Reaching Mosul in April, he had the pleasure of seeing, upon the opposite bank of the Tigris, the [52] great mound called the Birs Nimroud, and other mounds, that had been generally considered the ruins of the mighty Nineveh. The curiosity of Mr. Layard was greatly excited, and, as he floated down the Tigris towards Bagdad, he formed the design of exploring those lofty masses of ruin. At

that time, he had not the means to carry out his noble scheme; and it was not until the summer of 1842 that he could again visit Mosul.

In the mean time, M. Botta, a man of energy and intelligence, had been appointed French consul at Mosul, and, when Mr. Layard arrived, he found that personage had already commenced excavations in the large mound on the opposite side of the river, called by the Arabs Konyunjik. These excavations were on a small scale. But Mr. Layard encouraged M. Botta to proceed, and went to Constantinople to interest some Englishmen in the work. To the persevering French consul belongs the honor of having discovered the first Assyrian monument, an acknowledgment of which Mr. Layard has very gracefully made in his "Nineveh and its Remains." A building was partially excavated, upon the walls of which were slabs of gypsum, covered with sculptured representations of battles, sieges, and other warlike events. The dresses of the figures, their arms, and the objects that accompanied them were all new to M. Botta, and he could find no clue to the epoch of the erection of the edifice. Numerous inscriptions, in the cuneiform or arrowhead character, were cut between the bas-reliefs, and evidently contained the explanation of the events thus recorded in sculpture. As Mr. Layard afterwards said: "The French consul had discovered an Assyrian edifice, the first, probably, which had been exposed to the view of man since the fall of the Assyrian empire." M. Botta communicated the results of his labors to the Academy at Paris; and, being furnished with funds by the French government, he returned to the work of excavation, which he continued until the beginning of 1845. His researches did not extend beyond Khorsobad; and, having secured some fine specimens of Assyrian sculpture, he returned to Europe.

The success of M. Botta increased the anxiety of Mr. Layard to explore the ruins of Assyria. He spoke to others, but received little encouragement. At length, in the autumn of 1845, Sir Stratford Canning, the British minister at the Sublime Porte, mentioned his readiness to incur, for a limited period, the expenses of excavations, in the hope that, should success attend the researches, means would be obtained to carry them forward on an extensive scale. Mr. Layard seized the opportunity, with many expressions of joy and gratitude. Furnished with the usual documents given to travellers when recommended by the embassy, and with letters of introduction to the authorities at Mosul, he started from Constantinople, and, after a journey of twelve days, reached Mosul. He immediately presented his letters to Mohammed Pasha, governor of the province, and the terror of the neighboring countries. That official received Layard with civility; but displayed a curiosity to know the object of his visit, which the adventurer did not, at that time, see fit to gratify.

Having procured a few tools and weapons, and engaged a mason, Mr. Layard, accompanied by Mr. Ross, a British merchant of Mosul, his canvas, and a servant, floated down the Tigris to Nimroud. There he engaged six Arabs to work under his direction. On the morning of the 9th of November, the work of excavation was commenced at the great mound, and, in a few hours, a chamber, formed by slabs of alabaster, which were inscribed with cuneiform characters, was exhumed. At another part of the mound, a wall, with similar inscriptions, was discovered upon the same day. From the appearance of the slabs, it was evident that the building or buildings had been destroyed by fire. Some of the slabs were reduced to lime, and they threatened to fall to pieces as soon as exposed to the air.

The next day, Mr. Layard, more enthusiastic than ever, employed more workmen, and had the gratification of making some new discoveries. In the rubbish, near the bottom of the chamber first discovered, he found several ivory ornaments, upon which were traces of gilding. Among them was the figure of a man in long robes, carrying in one hand the Egyptian crux ansata, part of a crouching sphinx, and flowers designed with great taste and elegance. The Arabs were at a loss to conjecture the real object of Mr. Layard's search. On seeing the gilding, one of them took him quietly aside, and, with a knowing wink, said it had been ascertained that he was searching for gold. Mr. Layard immediately presented him and his comrades with all the treasure they might find. The excavations were continued until the 13th, still uncovering chambers and passages, but finding no sculptures. Mr. Layard then deemed it expedient to go to Mosul, and satisfy the curiosity of the Pasha in regard to the object of the researches.

The authorities threw many obstacles in the way of Mr. Layard. At first, they suspected him of [53]
seeking the precious metals. When he had convinced them that their suspicions were totally unfounded, they afterwards strove to stop his work by placing false gravestones upon the mound, and declaring that no excavations could be made near the graves of Mohammedans. But the prudence and perseverance of Mr. Layard surmounted all difficulties, and the developments proceeded, all things considered, with remarkable rapidity.

Returning to Nimroud on the 19th of November, our explorer increased the number of his workmen to thirty. On the 28th of November, the first sculptured bas-reliefs were discovered. On one of the slabs was a battle-scene. Two chariots, drawn by horses richly caparisoned, were, each occupied by a group of three warriors; the principal person in both groups was beardless, and evidently a eunuch. He was clothed in a complete suit of mail, and wore a pointed helmet on his head, from the sides of which fell lappets covering the ears, the lower part of the face, and the neck. The left hand, the arm being extended, grasped a bow at full stretch; whilst the right, drawing the string to the ear, held an arrow ready to be discharged. A second warrior urged with reins and whip, to the utmost of their speed, three horses, who were galloping over the plain. A third, without helmet, and with flowing hair and beard, held a shield for the defence of the principal figure. Under the horses' feet, and scattered about the relief, were the conquered, wounded by the arrows of the conquerors. Mr. Layard observed with surprise the richness of the ornaments, and the faithful and delicate delineation of the limbs and muscles, both in the men

and horses. Unfortunately, this slab had been so much injured by fire that its removal was hopeless. From its position, it seemed to have been brought from another building, and this rendered any conjecture as to the origin of the edifice still more difficult. Upon the same slab and its companion were found representations of a regular siege, with various attendant incidents. The figures displayed a thorough knowledge of art.

In the midst of difficulties with the authorities, Mr. Layard continued his excavations. Many new and remarkable sculptures were discovered. Among them were gigantic winged bulls, winged lions, a small crouching lion, and a human figure nine feet in height, the right hand elevated, and carrying in the left a branch with three flowers, resembling the poppy. These were only partially uncovered, to prevent them from being destroyed by the action of the air. Mr. Layard was satisfied for the time. There was no longer any doubt of the existence of sculptures, inscriptions, and even vast edifices in the interior of the mound of Nimroud. The triumphant explorer lost no time in communicating the results of his labors to Sir Stratford Canning, and urging the necessity of a firman, or order from the Porte, which would prevent any future interference on the part of the authorities or the inhabitants of the country. Soon afterwards, Mr. Layard covered up the sculptures he had brought to light, and withdrew altogether from Nimroud; but left agents near the great mound. He did not return until the 17th of January, 1846. In the mean time, the agents had explored the mounds of Barshiekha and Karamles, and proved the Assyrian origin of the ruins by showing the name of the Khorsobad king inscribed upon the bricks.

Among the sculptures discovered soon after Mr. Layard's return to the scene of the excavations, was one of a singular form. A human body, clothed in long ornamented robes, was surmounted by the head of an eagle. The curved beak, of considerable length, was half open, and displayed a narrow-pointed tongue, which was still covered with red paint. On the shoulders fell the usual curled and bushy hair of the Assyrian images, and a comb of feathers rose on the top of the head. Two wings sprang from the back. In one hand was a fir cone, and in the other a square vessel, ornamented with small figures.

On the morning following the discovery of the above figure, the Arabs came running to Mr. Layard with the intelligence that they had discovered Nimroud himself. Hastening to the trench, he found an enormous human head, sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. The intelligent explorer conjectured at once that the head belonged to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsobad and Persepolis. The expression of the features was calm and majestic. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls previously found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top. The Arabs, frightened at the sight of the head, carried the news of its discovery to Mosul; and, the next day, Mr. Layard received an order to stop the excavations. He at once hastened to the town, and, acquainting the Pasha with the real nature of the discovery, obtained permission to proceed as soon as the excitement had subsided. Thus was the persevering explorer continually disturbed by the malicious and superstitious interference of [54] the Turkish authorities.

By the end of March, Mr. Layard had discovered two finely preserved pairs of winged human-headed lions, which seemed to be so placed as to guard the entrances to the vast palace. They had undoubtedly been the divinities of the Assyrians. These people could find no better type of intelligence than the head of the man; of strength than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion than the wings of the bird. For twenty-five centuries these strange idols had been buried from the sight of man, and now they were once more exposed to the light, and to the wondering gaze of those who had no worship for such gods. Once they were regarded with awe, now with mere curiosity.

Mr. Layard was now compelled to suspend operations until he could receive assistance from Constantinople. In the mean time, he visited the shieks of the neighboring tribes of Arabs. When he returned, he found near the human-headed lions some copper mouldings, two small ducks in baked clay, and tablets of alabaster inscribed on both sides. The number of workmen was now reduced of necessity; but the excavations proceeded with considerable rapidity. On some of the slabs were figures of a king, his vizier, and attendants. The dresses of the figures were singular. They had high boots, turned up at the toes, somewhat resembling those still worn in Turkey and Persia. Their caps, though conical, seemed to have been made up of folds of felt or linen. Their tunics varied in shape. All the figures seemed to have been colored. On one of the largest slabs were two kings facing one another, but separated by a symbolic tree, above which was a divinity with the wings and tail of a bird, inclosed in a circle, and holding a ring in one hand, resembling the image so frequently occurring on the early sculptures of Persia, and at times conjectured to be the Loroastrian "feronher," or spirit of the person beneath. The fact of the identity of this figure with the Persian symbol is remarkable, and gives rise to new speculations and conjectures in regard to the religion of the Assyrians. But, as yet, nothing definite has been ascertained.

Mr. Layard now began to prepare the sculptures he had discovered for transport to Bombay. All unimportant parts were sawn away from them. The winged human-headed lions could not be removed for want of means. But a number of slabs and figures were packed in felts and matting, screwed down in roughly-made cases, placed on rafts, and floated down the Tigris as far as Bagdad, whence they were taken in boats to Busrah. These sculptures formed the first collection sent to England and deposited in the British Museum. Soon after the departure of these treasures, Mr. Layard, whose health had suffered from continued exposure to the intense heat of the sun, retired to Mosul to recruit. Yet so indefatigable was his spirit that, instead of remaining quiet, he employed his leisure in making some fruitless excavations in the mound of Konyimjik. He returned to Nimroud in the middle of August, and attempted to renew his labors. But his health became so bad that he was compelled to retire to the cooler climate of the Fiyari

mountains.

On returning to Mosul, Mr. Layard received letters from England, informing him that Sir Stratford Canning had presented the Assyrian sculptures to the British nation, and that the British Museum had received a grant of funds for the continuation of the researches at Nimroud and elsewhere. The grant was small; but Mr. Layard was induced to accept the charge of superintending the excavations even with that inadequate sum. He immediately applied himself to organizing a band of workmen, selected from the Chaldæans of the mountains and the Arabs of the Jebour tribe; and, at the end of October, 1846, he was again among the ruins, with complete *material* for extensive excavations.

Many new trenches were opened along the walls of the chambers; but the interior of them was left unexplored, as Mr. Layard desired to economize his means as much as possible. Upon the slabs exposed to view were bas-reliefs, representing the wars of the king, and the conquests of some strange people. In the battles, chariots, highly ornamented, spears, shields, and armor appeared. In the sieges, battering-rams, instruments like blunt spears, machines for throwing fire, and women tearing their hair and imploring mercy from the walls were seen. Boats towed by men, or rowed with oars, and persons supported on inflated skins swimming rivers, in the manner to be witnessed at the present day upon the Tigris, were finely sculptured.

Among other objects found amid the ruins, were fragments of copper and iron armor, several entire helmets of a pointed shape, and some vases of alabaster and glass. On exposure to the air, most of these articles fell to pieces. A glass vase, however, was preserved. On a brick in one of the chambers was found a genealogy, which afforded a kind of clue to the date of the building. An obelisk, containing twenty small bas-reliefs and a cuneiform inscription 210 lines in length, was taken from one of the trenches. From the nature of the sculptures, Mr. Layard conjectured that [55] the monument was erected to commemorate the conquest of India by the king of Khorsobad. Winged bulls, crouching sphinxes, and winged divinities were exhumed in abundance. They had been injured by fire, and almost crumbled at the touch. A small sarcophagus, containing a crumbling skeleton, was found in another part of the mound; there was no name inscribed upon the sepulchre, and Mr. Layard could obtain no clue to its origin. A large number of these interesting relics of the past made up a cargo, to be sent to England.

By the end of April, 1847, Mr. Layard had explored almost the whole building which he had first touched, and which he calls the north-west palace. He had opened twenty-eight chambers cased with alabaster slabs. Each of the chambers had several entrances, and some of them were extensive enough to have been halls of state. Many sculptures, ivory ornaments, and other curious objects were taken from the various apartments. Paintings, in which the colors blue, red, white, yellow, and black were visible, were discovered in upper chambers. The subjects of the paintings appeared to be generally processions, in which the king was represented followed by his eunuchs and attendant warriors. But the most important discovery connected with these upper chambers was that of the slabs forming the pavement of the entrances, upon which were the names and titles of five kings, in genealogical succession, commencing with the father of the founder of the north-west palace, and ending with the grandson of the builder of the centre edifice.

In the centre of the mound, Mr. Layard discovered a number of tombs, which seemed to be the remains of a people whose funeral vases and ornaments were identical in form and material with those found in the catacombs of Egypt; while beneath these receptacles of the dead were the Assyrian ruins. From this state of things, it was inferred that, after the destruction of the Assyrian palaces, another nation had occupied the country.

Mr. Layard was astonished to find, by the vaulted passages of the palaces, that the principle of the arch was understood by the ancient Assyrians. This important principle was long believed to be a comparatively modern discovery. A pulley, resembling the one now used, was also seen upon one of the bas-reliefs.

Transferring the scene of his excavations to the mound called Kalah Sherghat, Mr. Layard came upon a sitting figure in basalt, which, from the inscriptions, he inferred to be a statue of one of the Nimroud kings. Around it were a large number of tombs, which seemed to have been made long after the destruction of the Assyrian buildings, and in the rubbish and earth that had accumulated above them. The principal ruin at Kalah Sherghat, as at Nimroud, Khorsobad, and on other ancient Assyrian sites, is a large square mound, surmounted by a cone or pyramid. Long lines of smaller mounds, or ramparts, inclose a quadrangle, which, from the irregularities in the surface of the ground, and from the pottery and other rubbish scattered about, appears originally to have been partly occupied by small houses, or buildings of no importance. The excavations at Kalah Sherghat were soon abandoned as laborious and unprofitable.

The removal of the larger sculptures from the ruins to Busrah was a work of great difficulty. Mr. Layard took drawings of a number of them that were too much injured to be conveyed to Europe. A gigantic winged lion, and a winged bull of equal size, were safely placed on board of an English vessel, while a considerable number of small bas-reliefs and ornaments were sent with them to enrich the British Museum, and set the scientific to speculating. Those sculptures which Mr. Layard had not the means of removing were covered with earth, and thus preserved from injury.

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S ELYSIUM.

BY J. A. BARTLEY.

In a dreamy land Elysian,
Charmed by many a magic vision,
  Have I lately roamed with one—
With an angel maiden smiling,
All my soul from night beguiling,
  By one smiling as a sun.

In that bright Elysian region,
Where the flowers and stars are legion,
  And its rivers crystal clear,
And above its mountains blushing,
Sweetest music-words are gushing
  On the charmed, bewildered ear—

And within that wondrous Aidenn,
I and my angel maiden
  Roamed but lately side by side;
And the words we spoke were solely
Murmured thoughts of passion holy—
  I and my angel bride!

Oh, mischance most ill and evil,
Wrought by some malignant devil,
  From that bright and radiant clime
I have now been cast forever,
By an Acherontic river
  Roaming through the desert Time!

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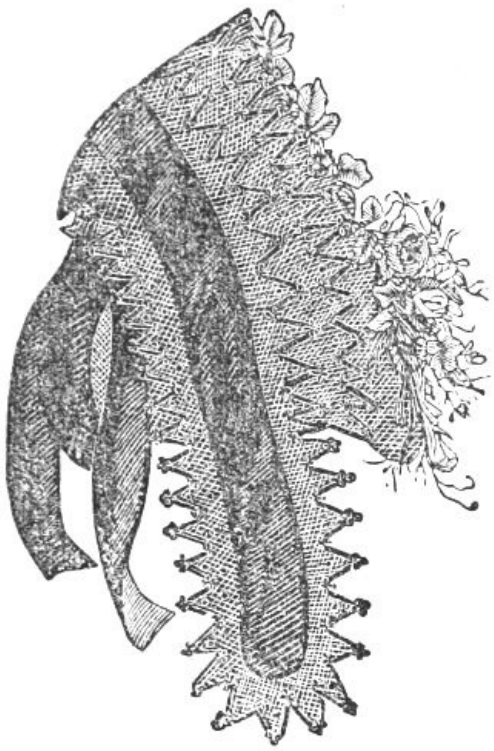
[56]

A GOSSIP ON THE FASHIONS.

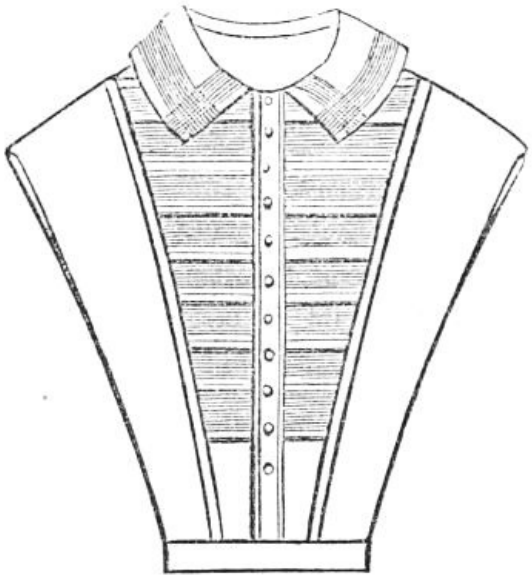
My dear Friend: Your own observations on the prevailing modes of dress will have told you very plainly that, excepting caps and bonnets, there is nothing either very new or very striking. The caps are, however, unquestionably becoming, full of that fairy grace and elegance which distinguish the workmanship of a Parisian *artiste*. I send you a sketch of one which you will find extremely becoming. The foundation is a caul of black net, in front of which a wreath of roses with foliage and grass surrounds the face, the part crossing the forehead being of leaves alone, and forming a small point, *à la* Marie Stuart. A single row of black lace is laid on the caul behind the wreath, and the lappets are formed of black velvet ribbon, edged all round with the same lace. They droop from the summit of the crown down each side. The back of the crown is covered with falling loops of the same ribbon. Morning caps of white lace are frequently trimmed with plain blond sarsnet ribbon (pink or blue) formed with a succession of bows, terminating in one on each side the face. The lace itself approaches the face only on the forehead, where it forms a point. Several morning caps have two rows of blond lace, in which case a few bows of ribbon, like those on the cheek, are placed on the ear, between them. All have small bows, and very long floating ends at the back of the neck. It is not at all uncommon to see them half a yard long.



PARISIAN CAP.

The bonnets, which begin to assume something of an autumnal aspect, are decidedly pretty. Though not of a close shape, they are not now suspended at the back of the hair, as they frequently were a little while ago. The purple is still visible, but that is all. Fancy straws are very much worn trimmed with plaid or flowered ribbons. Groups of wheat ears, poppies, and grass are placed at each side of the bonnet, when the ribbon is of a kind with which such decorations will harmonize. For the interior a great deal of blond is worn, and it would appear quite *de rigueur* that the two sides should by no means correspond. If a flower is placed in the blond on one side, a knot of velvet ribbon will be seen on the other; and one will be placed on the temple, while the other is low down on the cheek. Roses and black velvet are the most common; and the prettiest trimmings for the interior of a straw bonnet. I saw one which had a remarkably elegant effect; and as I think it would be generally becoming, I give you the description: The chapeau of paille-de-riz, spotted with black, had the brim edged with black velvet, cut bias, and covering about an inch of its depth outside and in. In the interior a very narrow black lace edged it. The bonnet, of that deep pink which nearly approaches rose, was edged in the same way, the lace falling from the velvet on the silk. A broad ribbon of the same hue simply crossed the crown and formed the strings. It had narrow black velvet ribbon run all round it. The interior had a double quilling of white blond all round the face; a single rose, with its foliage, was placed on one side, and on the other a quilling of black lace, and one of pink ribbon filled up the corresponding space. I have seen some pretty dress bonnets, of alternate ruches of ribbon and black lace, with a perfect wreath of rose-buds round the outside of the brim. In one bonnet, of cinnamon ribbon and black lace, the wreath could not certainly have been composed of less than forty buds, besides foliage.

By the way, I do not know if I mentioned to you the new style of habit-shirt and sleeve which are so much worn in morning toilette. In case I have not, I send you a specimen. The collars have a [57] hem about half an inch wide, stitched all round. Above this are eight, ten, or even twelve minute tucks, run with exquisite neatness. The front of the habit-shirt corresponds, being made one wide tuck and the same number of narrow ones as are in the collar, alternately run from the throat to the waist. A piece of muslin goes down the front, with a broad hem at each edge, a few narrow ones close to them, and a row of ornamental buttons down the front. The sleeves, which are *à la duchesse*, have the band composed of small tucks, and a frill nearly four inches wide, but slightly sloped towards the join, made to correspond with the collar and habit-shirt.



PARISIAN HABIT-SHIRT.

In articles of fancy there is little to remark, this being emphatically the dull season. Bags, however, are almost universally used for carrying the handkerchief, and purses for holding the money. I must say I am glad of this; those clumsy, ugly, *porte-monnaies*, with their clasps that never would fasten, were always my aversion. You will say, why did I use them? *Que voulez vous?* At Paris one must follow the fashion, unless one would wish to be remarked. The law of *opinion*, is, to the full, as binding as the law of the land. And, by the by, what a curious phenomenon is a truly Parisian rage, or passion, or enthusiasm; or whatever else you like to designate a general admiration and approbation of novelty.

According to the grand, but painfully true poem of Charles Mackay

> "The man is thought a knave or fool,
> Or bigot, plotting crime,
> Who, for the advancement of his kind,
> Is wiser than his time."

And certain it is that really great men have too often lived and died without seeing their genius appreciated; and in smaller matters it requires enormous interest, or some fortuitous circumstances, or an enormous amount of puffing, to induce the public to recognize merit. It is very different here; real excellence, taste, or skill, is certain of success, no matter in what line it may be exercised. The invention of an elegant headdress, or a novelty in fancy-work, of no matter what (always provided it be really good), may reckon confidently on universal encouragement. I have lately seen a curious illustration of this fact. The owner of a pastry store invented a *cake*, dedicated it to the Princess Mathilde, and he is making a rapid fortune. The Gâteau Mathilde took at once. How many years would it have required elsewhere to give such a thing the same celebrity?

This energy of admiration, which insures success to the deserving in every line, which gives distinction to those who seek that recompense for their talents, and fortune to those who labor for it, is one of those points which, I confess, I sincerely admire in the Parisian character. Going into a fashionable shop at an hour when all the world is, or is supposed to be, at dinner, I found only one of the young lady assistants, and she was busily employed embroidering a handkerchief. On my taking it up and admiring it, she observed: "Oh, that is very trifling, it is only for myself." I remarked, that it was early to have finished business. "Oh, we have not done for the day; but Madame always allows us half an hour for recreation after dinner, so I was amusing myself with this work." I have noticed, too, in this as in many other shops in Paris, that chairs or stools are placed on *both* sides of the counter, and that, when the customer is seated, the *demoiselle* takes a seat also, before beginning to display her goods. This is one of the French fashions that I should greatly like to see followed elsewhere.

Yours, very truly, V.

TO MORNING.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

Thou beauteous morning, bringing us the Day,
  Thou harbinger of good, thou child of joy,
Thou hope of the forlorn, for which they pray,
  Thou consolation nothing can destroy!
Comfort thou givest to the heart in grief,
  And blessed promise, pointing to the goal;
Thy voice is music, bringing sweet relief
  To Night's pale mourners—to the suffering soul;
The lovely air is fragrant with thy breath;
  Glad music greets our ear on every side,
For plants and trees awake from sleep like death,
  And every hill, and vale, and forest wide,
Join now in sweet, harmonious, heavenly songs,
Praising His name, to whom all praise belongs.

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[58]

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MATHEW.

[We intend giving a selection from these "spicy" Letters, chiefly for the purpose of showing what the boarding-school system for girls is in England, and thus contrasting the course of female education in that country with our own modes of instruction. The Letters are doubtless somewhat exaggerated; but the caricature shows what the reality must be. Some of the regulations and modes of teaching are worthy of note. We should like to see the "drill and march" teaching introduced into our young ladies' schools. This part of the English Girls' School training is never neglected. They are taught to walk as sedulously as to dance.]

THE FIRST LETTER LEFT.

(*Dated February 10th.*)

SHOWING HOW KITTY WAS TAKEN TO SCHOOL BY HER "WICKED MAMMA."

Oh! my darling Eleanor, it is all over!—and yet I live; but I have strong hopes of dying before to-morrow morning. I feel that I can never exist within these hateful walls, to be a wretched slave to Mrs. Rodwell's "maternal solicitude and intellectual culture." What do I want with intellectual culture indeed? But I'm determined I won't learn a bit—not a tinny-tiny bit!

I must tell you, dearest, that, before leaving home, I cried continually for at least three weeks; but my tears made not the slightest impression on mamma's hard heart, which, I am sure, must be stone. More than this, I starved myself during the last three days—did not take one luncheon—even refused pudding; and at Mrs. St. Vitus's ball would not dance, nor touch a thing at supper. But all in vain! No one seemed to care a pin about it; and ma only appeared to take pleasure in my sufferings. The boys teased, and made cruel jokes upon my misery; and that detestable Martha helped to get me ready as cheerfully as if I—no, *she*—was going to be married. The last day I went into hysterics; and looked so ill—with my red eyes and pale cheeks—that ma, to my great joy, got frightened, and sent for Dr. Leech. But that cross old monster only dangled his bunch of big seals, and said that I should be better at Turnham-green—a little change of air would do me good! Much he knows about medicine! for, at the very moment he was talking, I felt as if I must have fainted.

So in a cold drizzling rain—will you believe it, Nelly?—I was dragged into the carriage (for pa had walked down to the office on foot, carrying his own blue bag, purposely that ma might have the carriage), and propped up on each side with bags of oranges, cakes, and goodies, to cheat me into the stupid notion, I really imagine, that I was going to have a treat, in the same way that nurse always gives Julius his powders, with lots of sugar on the top! Oh! my sweetest Eleanor, words cannot express the wretchedness of your poor friend during that long ride! And yet Oates never did drive so quickly; he seemed to be doing it on purpose—whipping the poor horse through Hyde-Park as furiously as if we were trying to catch a mail-train, instead of going at that delicious crawling pace which we have always been accustomed to by the side of the Serpentine. Opposite Lord Holland's park the horse fell. Oh, how my heart beat, to be sure! I thought he was killed at least, and that we should be obliged to return home; but no such thing. He picked himself up as quietly as you would a pin, and the carriage went on even faster than before.

But after all, Eleanor, what pained me most was mamma's and Martha's cold-hearted conversation whilst I was in a corner suffering so much! They chatted as cheerfully upon worldly nonsense as if we were going to a pantomime. I shall never forget their cutting cruelty at such a moment as that; and to make matters worse, what with crying and the rain, I felt as wet through as if I had been travelling along the submarine telegraph, besides *my tears spoiling my pretty puce-colored bonnet strings, which were quite new that day*.

At last we stopped before a large, cold-looking house, with walls pulled tight round it, like the curtains of the four-poster when pa's ill in bed. It was all windows, with bars here and there, and the plaster looked damp, and altogether it was much more like a convent than a college; for I must tell you our school isn't called a "school" (for it seems there are no schools for young ladies [59] now-a-days), nor a "seminary," nor an "academy," but it's a "college." I thought I should have fainted away, only I had the cakes and oranges in my arms, and was afraid of dropping them down the area, when Mrs. Rodwell took me upon her "maternal" knee, and began stroking me down and calling me her "dear young friend," with whom she said "she should soon be on excellent terms," (only I am sure we never shall, excepting the "excellent terms" pa pays her), and she went on playing with me, Nelly, just as I have seen the great boa-constrictor, at the Zoological Gardens, cuddle and play with the poor dear little rabbit, before he devours it.

And now, dearest, mind you never mention what I am going to tell you; but all the sentiment and fine talking and writing about a mother's love is nonsense! utter nonsense! all a delightful sham! —for all the world, Nelly, like those delicious sweet *méringues* at the pastry-cook's, which look like a feast, and only melt into a mouthful! I am sure of it, Nelly, dear, or else how could they bear to make us so miserable? looking quite happy whilst our poor hearts are breaking? sending us from our natural homes, where we are so comfortable, to such miserable places as this "Princesses' College?" and especially, too, when governesses now-a-days are so plentiful, and far cheaper, I am told, than maids of all work! Why, it was only last Friday morning I showed ma the most beautiful advertisement there was in the "Morning Post," all about a governess offering to "teach English, French, German, Italian, Latin, the use of globes, dancing, *and crochet-work too*, and drawing, painting, music, singing, together with the art of making wax-flowers actually, and all for 21*l.* a year!" But ma only patted me, and said she "should be ashamed to encourage such a terrible state of things," or some such stupid stuff that put me in a passion to listen to. I am sure I shall never believe ma loves me again, after throwing me from her dear fat arms into the long thin claws of that awful Mrs. Rodwell! They opened and shut, and closed round me, Nell, exactly like a lobster's!

Before I could escape, ma and Martha were gone, and I was left alone—all alone—in this large dungeon of a place, with every door fast. Well, Nelly, you have been to school—at least I suppose you have—so you can imagine how I was allowed to remain in the schoolmistress's—no, our schoolmistress is called a "Lady Principal"—in the Lady Principal's *boudoir* to compose myself; how I was treated to weak tea and thin bread and butter with Mrs. R., and asked all the time all manner of questions that made my cheeks burn with rage, about home, and about mamma and papa, until eight o'clock came, and with it the permission to retire, as "bed would do my head good." I was too glad to get released, if it was merely to indulge my grief, and cry myself to sleep under the bedclothes!

But, law! if it was so uncomfortable in the *boudoir* (and such a *boudoir*, Nell!—a dark closet with a handful of cinders for fire, and full of gimcracks, little pincushions, lavender baskets, painted card-racks, and fire-screens, until it seemed furnished from a fancy fair)—but if that was uncomfortable, I say, it was positively wretched in the bedroom, with its six iron cramp-beds, three washing-basins, and *one looking-glass*! Yes, Nelly, only one looking-glass amongst six young ladies! I never heard of such a thing. And then the place was so, so very cold, that I am sure I shall have a red nose and chilblains for the remainder of my life; *but I hope, my dear, fond Nelly, you will love me all the same!*

Well, I cried myself to sleep, and it was a great comfort, I can assure you; and it seemed still in the middle of the night, when a loud ringing in my ears frightened me out of my sleep, and made me nearly fall out of bed. And, after that came a sharp, barking voice, calling out—"Now, young ladies! are you going to breakfast in bed?" and causing a general stretching, scuffling, and jumping up.

The cold glimmering dawn lighted only portions of the room, but I could see five other girls creeping about, half asleep, quarreling for basins, engaging turns at the *one* looking-glass, joking, grumbling, yawning, and laughing; whilst I, poor I, sat, hope-forlorn, shivering, half with cold, and half with fear, on the edge of the bed. There, a tall young lady, in a flannel dressing-gown, discovered me, and exclaimed: "Why, here's the New Girl! I say, my young lady, you had better make haste; the second bell will soon ring, and Miss Snapp will give you something to cry for if you're not ready."

Then they all came and stared at me (the rude things); and as I could not help crying, one of them called out, "Oh! Oh! how affecting! Oh! Oh! *Oh!* OH!" ending at last in a loud bellow, in which I joined in painful earnest; and then they left me, and went on whispering, washing, combing, and lacing each other, until "Ding, ding, ding," went the second bell, and at the first sound they all scampered away, some with their dresses still unfastened, calling after others to come and hook them for them.

I never should have got finished myself, unless a mild, quiet-looking woman had ventured to my [60] assistance, and led me down stairs into the school-room, where I nearly dropped upon *feeling* the stare of some fifty girls fall upon me all in a lump, just like the water from a shower-bath after you have pulled the string. Oh, darling Nelly! what would I have given for one familiar face that I knew, or to have had your loving self by my side, so that I might have thrown my arms around your dear neck, and have a *good cry*; for I am sure that a good cry does one, frequently, much more good than a good laugh!

The buzzing, which had suddenly ceased on my appearance, began again with double vehemence, making nearly as much noise as the water, when it's running into the cistern at home. Amidst the

hurried whispers, I could detect, "What a milksop!" "Mammy's darling!" "She'll soon be broken in!" &c.; when the same dog-like voice was heard to bark again, calling out above the uproar, "To your seats, young ladies! Silence! Five forfeits for the first who speaks!"

In the lull which followed, I was seated by the side of my quiet conductress, and permitted to write this letter to my dear, darling Eleanor, just to fill up my time before breakfast, after which I am to be examined and classed according to what I know.

Oh, Nelly, I do so dread this day, and am so extremely wretched, thinking, all the time, what they are doing at home, and how Martha is rejoicing that she has got her sister away from home. But I must leave off, dearest; and I will promise you several more letters (that is, of course, if I survive this day), in which I will tell you of everything that occurs in this filthy school—-I mean college. That will be the only ray of pleasure, Nelly, which will shoot in this dark dungeon through the captive heart of your devoted, but wretchedly unhappy

KITTY CLOVER.

P. S.—Excuse haste and my dreadful scrawl.

P. S.—You will see I have forwarded this to the pastry-cook's in Tottenham-court-road. Do not eat too many pink tarts, dear, when you call for it.

P. S.—We hear a great deal, Nelly, about the trials and troubles of the world, and of all we have to go through, and about school being the happiest time of our lives; but they seem to do all they can to make it miserable, and I don't believe any hardship on this world is worse than going to school, and having to face fifty girls, all making fun of the New Pupil.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.—JANUARY.

BY D. W. BELISLE.

There is no study that engages so little general attention as that of the planetary world. Yet it is the oldest of all sciences, dating from the hour when, in obedience to the command of Jehovah, "Let there be light," lo! the "God of day" arose with all its brilliancy in the East, while the queen of night, with her myriads of starry attendants, sank softly below the horizon in the West, and all, in their joy at the new creation, sang together in their spheres.

The Chaldeans were the first to divide the starry hosts into constellations, and from them it was introduced into Egypt by Abraham, who gave lectures on astronomy to the Egyptians. From Egypt the Greeks received their knowledge of the hitherto to them unknown science. When Babylon fell into the hands of Alexander, Calisthenes found astronomical observations among the records, dating 1903 years before that period, which carries us back to the time of the dispersion of mankind by the confusion of tongues. Fifteen hundred years after this, the Babylonians sent to Hezekiah to inquire about the shadows going back on the dial of Ahaz. From that period up to the present time it is not difficult to trace the progress this science has made, although sometimes obscured by fanaticism and superstition, which imprisoned the dauntless Galileo for asserting a belief in the unerring laws that bind the whole system of worlds in their spheres.

My object in these articles is not to show why a science that at once elevates and refines the soul, by bringing it to dwell upon the works of *Him* whence every holy, noble impulse springs that stirs the heart, is so much neglected, except by our professors and astronomers, but to call attention to, and take a cursory view of the most interesting constellations, commencing with *Ursa Minor*, or the Little Bear. This constellation crosses the meridian in November, and does not properly belong to this month, and is only adverted to here on account of the importance attached to its [61] only star of any magnitude, the Alruccaba of the Jews, the Cynosura of the Romans, and our *North Star*. By this the mariner ploughs his track fearlessly from continent to continent through the trackless ocean, launches into unknown seas, and, with his eye on the star that never fails him, steers his bark among the icebergs which in the North never yield to the sun, among the frowning peaks of which lurk the messengers of destruction. By this the surveyor determines the boundaries of kingdoms, and by this the Arab and Bedouin traverse their seas of burning sand.

"The Lesser Bear
Leads from the pole the lucid band: the stars
Which from this constellation faintly shine,
Twice twelve in number, only *one* beams forth
Conspicuous in high splendor, named by Greece
The Cynosure; by us the Polar Star."

The seven principal stars in this constellation form a reversed dipper, Cynosura being the first of the three that constitute the handle. Of the four that constitute the bowl, one of them is so small as to obscure the uniformity; still, it may be readily traced in a clear night with the naked eye.

The mythological history of this constellation is that Juno, the imperious queen of heaven, in a rage transformed Arcas, the son of the Nymph Calisto, into a *bear*; and, afterwards repenting, by the favor of Jupiter, translated him to the skies, that he might not be destroyed by the huntsman.

"Placed at the helm he sat, and marked the skies,
Nor closed in sleep his ever watchful eyes."

The Chinese claim that the Emperor Hong-ti, a grandson of Noah, first discovered and applied to navigation the *Polar Star*. It is certain it was used for this purpose at a very early day. Lacan, a Latin poet, who wrote about the time of the birth of our Saviour, thus adverts to the practice of steering vessels by this star:—

"Unstable Tyre, now knit to firmer ground,
With Sidon for her purple shells renowned,
Safe in the *Cynosure*, their glittering guide,
With well-directed navies stem the tide."

This was over eighteen centuries ago, and still Cynosura is the "glittering guide" of the mariner, and will be for ages yet to come. It guided nations who lived so long ago that oblivion has swept their name and age from existence, as it does us at the present time, and will guide other nations so far down the stream of time that the word American will be without a meaning, if heard.

Sixty degrees south-west of the Polar Star may be seen *Taurus*, the first constellation on the meridian the present month. For the space of two thousand years, Taurus was the prince, the leader of the celestial hosts. Anterior to the time of Abraham, or more than four thousand years ago, the vernal equinox took place, and the year opened when the sun was in Taurus. Aries, or the Ram, succeeded next, and now the Fishes lead the brilliant throng, and the once leader is the second sign and third constellation in the zodiac. There are one hundred and forty-one visible stars comprised in this constellation, among which are two beautiful clusters, known as the Pleiades and Hyades. Six only of the Pleiades are visible to the naked eye; yet Dr. Hook, with a twelve feet telescope, saw seventy-eight stars, and Rheita, with one of greater power, counted two hundred in this small cluster, while still beyond is seen a faint hazy light, which probably would resolve into stars could an instrument be made powerful enough to overcome the distance that intervenes. All that has been, or ever can be revealed by the aid of the most powerful telescope, is as nothing in comparison to what

Beyond its reach still rolls,
  In orbits like our own—
Worlds, on whose surface nature folds
  Her dewy wings.

There is no finite mind which can trace the depth and breadth of immensity—

There is no eye but His alone
  Can thread this deep abyss,
can tell how many worlds have gone
  Before the dawn of this;
Or number all the worlds that yet
Our Maker in the void may set.

The Pleiades are so called from the Greek word *pleein*, to sail, and were in ancient times used by the mariners of that nation to guide them in their course. Virgil, who flourished twelve hundred years before the discovery of the magnetic needle, thus alludes to it—

"Then first on seas the shallow alder swam;
Then sailors quartered heaven, and found a name
For every fixed and every wandering star—
The Pleiades, Hyades, and the Northern Car."

This cluster of stars is more familiarly known as the *Seven Stars*, and are sometimes also called "*The Virgins of Spring*," because the sun enters it in the "season of flowers," or about the 18th of May. He who placed them in the firmament alludes to it when he demands "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?"—*i. e.* can you make the flowers bloom, or prevent them unfolding their buds in their season? The Pleiades are situated in the shoulder of the Bull, and [62] come to the meridian ten minutes before nine o'clock on the evening of the first of this month.

The Hyades are situated 11° S. E. of the Pleiades, in the face of the Bull, and are so arranged as to form the letter V. The most brilliant star in the constellation is on the left, in the top of the letter, and called Aldebaran, from which the moon's distance is computed. This star comes to the meridian at nine o'clock on the tenth of this month. Fifteen and a half degrees E. N. E. of Aldebaran is a bright star, which marks the tip of the southern horn, while eight degrees north a still brighter star indicates the tip of the northern horn. This star also marks the foot of the Wagoner, and is called Auriga, and, with Zeta in the southern horn and Aldebaran, forms a triangle.

According to Grecian mythology, Europa, a princess of Phœnicia, and daughter of Agenor, with her female attendants, was gathering flowers in the meadows. The princess was so beautiful that

Jupiter became enamored of her, and, assuming the shape of a milk white bull, mingled with the herds of Agenor; and, under this guise, attracted the attention of the princess, who caressed the beautiful animal, and finally ventured to sit upon his back. Jupiter took advantage of her situation, and retired with her precipitately to the sea, crossed it, and arrived safely with her in Crete. Europe is said to have derived its name from her. The Egyptians and Persians worship a deity under this figure, and Belzoni found an embalmed bull among the ruins of Thebes.

Poetry.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Thou, like the Phœnix born,
On this auspicious morn,
Dost take thy station in the circling years;
While stars sing o'er thy birth,
And waking sons of earth
Thy advent greet with hopeful smiles and tears.

We hail thee from afar,
Upon thy mystic car
Riding adown the whirlwind and the storm;
Thou com'st in regal state,
With power and strength elate,
And robed in mystery is thy youthful form.

The Old Year sleepeth sound,
With bay and ivy crowned,
The slain and slayer sleep in sweet accord;
Earth's treasured jewels bright
He gathered in his flight,
And garnered for the glory of his Lord.

How many beaming eyes
That joy to see thee rise,
Will lose their brightness and have passed away!
How many a beating heart,
Whose throbbings life impart,
Will throb its last before thy closing day!

Yet earth, so fair and bright,
Was made to glad the sight,
Else why Spring's blossoms that successive rise;
With all the rich perfume
Of Summer's leafy bloom;
The Autumn's gorgeous tints and glowing skies;

With Winter robed in white;
Each bringing new delight—
The season's changing scenes that never pall;
While yon o'erbending blue,
With bright eyes beaming through,
The Architect Divine stretched over all?

Then let us not complain;
But, while we here remain,
Extract the honey and avoid the sting.
Why not, when thus we may
Make life a summer's day,
And let time steal away with noiseless wing?

Yea, let us do our best,
And leave to Heaven the rest,
Nor die a thousand deaths in fearing one;
If we but cheerful be,
Sorrow and care will flee,
And, rose-like, Time will fragrance leave when gone.

Then hail to thee, New Year,
In thine allotted sphere!
With song and welcome we our voices raise;
And may thy deeds so shine
That, through all coming time,
Millions shall, rising, join to hymn thy praise

And thou, our own loved land,
Maintain thy glorious stand,
A beacon light to penetrate earth's gloom!
And, when the year is spent,
May health and sweet content
In every home and heart serenely bloom!

ON THE PORCH OF THE CATARACT HOUSE.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

'Tis night upon the waters; but the hour
That bringeth silence unto all beside,
With the deep majesty of its repose,
Calms not the tumult of thy rushing tide,
Thou monarch cataract! thy mighty voice
Goes up to God from out the silent night,
And the wild waters, hurrying to thy grasp,
Rush madly onward 'neath the moon's pale light.

He who would visit Europe's ruined fanes
Must look upon them 'neath the stars of night;
The crowded city's haunts of noise and wealth
Are fittest to behold in noon's broad light;
The calm untroubled river best is seen
'Neath the soft glories of the day's decline;
And ocean's grandeur with the storm-wind dwells:
All seasons, *all*, Niagara, are thine.

Spring drops her crown of blossoms at thy feet; [63]
And summer veils thy trees in deepest green;
And gorgeous autumn flings his richest robe
Of gold and crimson o'er the forest scene;
And winter comes in panoply of ice,
And loads with diamonds rock, and bush, and tree—
But all these seasons, bringing change to all,
Bring never change, Niagara, to thee!

Above thy mist-veiled brow the lightnings play,
Thy thunder answers back the heaven's roar,
But the wild storm adds no sublimity
Unto thy grandeur, changeless evermore.
The angry winds of winter can but raise
The misty veil that shrouds thine awful brow;
Vain is the Ice-king's might to chain thy waves,
Down rushing to the em'rald depths below.

Yet even to thee, Oh mighty cataract!
The time will come when thou shalt be no more;
When the deep anthem of thy thunder voice
Shall silent be beside the rocky shore;
When the bright rainbow, bending from the skies,
Shall seek in vain the brow she used to crown,
And thine own waves will sing thy requiem,
From lake to lake in fury rushing down.

A SKETCH.

BY "LEONORA."

It was evening, and midwinter;
   Piped the wind on pinions fleet,
While with sharp, incessant rattle,
As of insect hordes at battle,
   'Gainst the windows drove the sleet.

Cosily, in ample kitchen
   Seated, were a busy group
Round a hearthstone swept most trimly,
While the flames rolled up the chimney,
   Chimney broad and deep.

On the rug the sleepy house-dog
   Lay, with muzzle on his paws;
In the corner purred grimalkin,
Who full oft had made the welkin
   Ring with hideous noise.

Poring o'er the latest paper,
   Quite absorbed, the father sat;
While a merry little urchin,
With some twigs and splinters birchen,
   Built a tower upon his foot.

On a stand of gayest fabric
   Hexagons and squares were piled,
And a bright-haired little maiden,
Scarce less fair than Eve in Aidenn,
   At her patchwork toiled.

With her earnest eyes and loving
   Bent upon the little band,
Sat a matron briskly knitting,
Shaping hose most trimly fitting,
   With a patient hand.

Curled the smoke wreaths up the chimney,
   While below the simmering pile,
Like a summer insect's droning,
Or the night winds stifled moaning,
   Sounded all the while.

Mingling with the antique pattern
   Of the paper on the walls,
Danced the curious shadows lightly,
While the flames burned dim or brightly,
   Mounting up in wavy coils.

Sounded out the measured ticking
   Of the clock against the wall;
Sat the boy, with blue eyes dancing,
At his father slyly glancing;
What would be his wonder fancying
   When his tower should fall!

Thus went by the fleeting moments
   At the farmer's happy home;
Kindly words of love were spoken,
Beaming glances gave sweet token
   Of affections deep and warm.

Still without the storm kept raging,
   Wailingly the blast swept by,
'Gainst the panes the sleet still driving,
Seemed for entrance vainly striving,
Emblem of the tempter's arrows,
Warded with their wedded sorrows,
   From that lowly family.

"MY EXPERIENCE IN BABIES, SIR!"

Disrespectfully Dedicated to the Renowned Bachelor who wrote an Essay of several pages on an Hour's Experience with a Baby.

BY MARY NEAL.

'Twas night, and all day long I'd strove
To soothe my little suffering dove.
Oh, whose beside a mother's love
  Could rightly nurse a baby?
I laid me down to steal some rest,
Its head was pillowed on my breast;
In dreams, my husband's love still blessed
  Me and my darling baby.

But soon its piteous moanings broke
My rest, and from my dreams I woke
To feel its pulse's feverish stroke,
  My little suffering baby!
"And oh, how hot its little head!
Rise quick and get a light, dear Fred!
Something unusual, I'm afraid,
  Is ailing our poor baby."

Slowly he rose, with sullen grace,
The light gleamed on his cloudy face—
"I never knew 'twas a (man's!) place
  Before, to tend a baby!"
My pulses throbbed; a terror crept
Throughout my heart; and, while I wept,
This *noble man* lay down and *slept*,
  And left me with my baby.

Oh, you, light-hearted, beauteous maid,
Whose greatest care's to curl and braid,
Far from life's lessons have you strayed.
  If you ne'er think of babies!
Then learn from me, a matron staid,
For this alone was woman made,
After her sovereign lord's obeyed,
  To nurse and tend the babies.

And Man, thou noblest work of God! [64]
Thou, who canst never see the load
Thy wife sustains through life's rough road,
  With thee and with her babies,
Go kneel upon thy mother's grave
And think—that every life she gave
Made her Death's victim or Life's slave;
  Then love your wife—and babies!

And you, you musty bachelor,
Who could not watch a little flower,
And keep it tearless one short hour—
  Poor victimized "wee" baby!—
Go hide your *gray, diminished head*
Within your mother's feather bed,
And ne'er through life may it be said
  You have a wife or baby!

BE OF GOOD CHEER: IT IS I.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

"But when they saw him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out. For they all saw him and were troubled. And immediately he talked with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid."—Mark vi. 49, 50.

They toiled—for night was round their bark;
   The fierce winds tossed the white sea spray:
And, like the heavens, their hearts were dark,
   For Jesus was away.
When, lo, a spirit! See it tread
   The waves that wrestle with the sky!
They shrieked, appalled: but Jesus said—
   "*Be of good cheer: 'tis I!*"

As o'er the little day of life
   The gathering cloud advances slow;
And all above is storm and strife,
   And darkness all below;
What heart but echoes back the shriek
   Of nature from the tortured sky?
But hark! o'er all a whisper meek—
   "*Be of good cheer: 'tis I!*"

Who here makes misery our mate?
   Links love with death, and life with doom?
Sends fears e'en darker than our fate—
   The shadows of the tomb?
The hand that smites is raised in love;
   He seeks to save who bids us sigh:
Who! murmurer? Hark—'tis from above!
   "*Be of good cheer: 'tis I!*"

When change on change, and ill on ill,
   Have taught the trusting heart to doubt;
When earth grows dark as, faint and chill,
   Hope after hope goes out;
E'en then, amid the gloom, a ray
   Breaks brightly on the heavenward eye;
And Faith hears, o'er the desolate way,
   "*Be of good cheer: 'tis I!*"

And when our weary race is run,
   The toil, the task, the trial o'er;
And twilight gathers, dim and dun,
   Upon life's wave-worn shore;
When struggling trust and lingering fear
   Cast shadows o'er the filmy eye;
What rapture then, that voice to hear:
   "*Be of good cheer: 'tis I!*"

A PORTRAIT.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

The laughing Hours before her feet
   Are strewing vernal roses,
And the voices in her soul are sweet
   As music's mellowed closes;
All Hopes and Passions, heavenly-born,
   In her have met together;
And Joy hath spread around her morn
   A mist of golden weather.

As o'er her cheek of delicate dyes
   The blooms of childhood hover,
So do the tranced and sinless eyes
   All childhood's heart discover;
Full of a dreamy happiness,
   With rainbow fancies laden,
Whose arch of promise leans to bless
   Her spirit's beauteous Aidenn.

She is a being born to raise
   Those undefiled emotions
That link us with our sunniest days,
   And most sincere devotions:
In her we see, renewed and bright,
   That phase of earthly story
Which glimmers in the morning light
   Of God's exceeding glory.

Why, in a life of mortal cares,
   Appear these heavenly faces?
Why, on the verge of darkened years,
   These amaranthine graces?
'Tis but to cheer the soul that faints
   With pure and blest evangels,
To prove if heaven is rich with saints,
   That earth may have her angels.

Enough! 'tis not for me to pray
   That on her life's sweet river,
The calmness of a virgin day
   May rest, and rest forever;
I know a guardian genius stands
   Beside those waters lowly,
And labors with immortal hands
   To keep them pure and holy.

AN INCIDENT.

BY J. M. C.

Passing a bower, I looked within,
   And lo! a little girl was there,
With rosy cheeks and dimpled chin,
   Soft hazel eyes and golden hair.
The darling child was on her knees,
   Her tiny hands were clasped in prayer,
Her ringlets fluttered in the breeze
   And glistened round her forehead fair.
She seemed a being pure and bright,
Just come to earth from "realms of light;"
I treasured every word she said,
And this the orison she made:

"They tell me life is fraught with care,
   That joy will fade when youth is flown,
And ills arise so hard to bear
   I cannot tread life's maze *alone*.
Then, Heavenly Father, be my guide!
By thee be all my wants supplied! [65]
To thee I turn, in thee confide!

"Watch o'er this little wayward heart,
   Whose pulses beat so blithely now;
Ah, keep it pure and free from art,
   And teach it to thy will to bow!
Father, Saviour, be its guide
When pleasures tempt or woes betide!
Beneath thy wing let me abide.

"As a young bird, untaught to fly,
   Essays in vain aloft to soar
Without its parents' aid, so *I*
   Thy help require, thy help *implore*,
To lead me in the heavenward way!
Oh, then, be thou my guide, my stay!
From the right path ne'er let me stray!"

TO CAROLINE IN HEAVEN.

BY ANNIE B. CLARE.

Thy feet have passed through the vale of the shadow,
  Young, gifted, and beautiful, loving and loved;
With spirit immortal thou walkest the meadows,
  By rivers that gladden the city of God!

Thou castest thy crown at the feet of the Saviour;
  A fair smiling cherub is holding thy hand;
Together thou joinest the song of the ransomed,
  Whose robes are washed white in the blood of the Lamb!

Dost see in that cherub thy guardian angel
  Who was with thee below, and preceded thee there,
Who, lovely on earth, is more lovely in Heaven,
  Who called thee impatient his glory to share?

Oh! fair gleams the marble in yonder sweet forest
  Which the hand of affection hath placed o'er thy grave;
And constant the tribute of fresh blooming flowers
  By friendship entwined, and over thee laid.

Oh! sweet is the song that the wild bird is singing,
  And fair are the trees that wave over thy head,
And soft are the shadows that sunset is flinging
  O'er thee and thy babe in thy low quiet bed.

Ever fresh in our hearts and remembrance are wrought
  The scenes of thy life in beautiful story;
From the day that thou camest a joyous young bride,
  Till called by thy Saviour, partaker of glory.

That life seems a dream we delight to recall,
  So pure and so gentle thy sweet virtues shone;
The graces of earth and graces of heaven,
  Like a mantle of beauty over thee thrown.

Thy fairy-like form is ever before us;
  Thy cheek where the rose and the lily combined;
Thine eye of the dew-begemmed violet's color,
  Beaming with purity, goodness, and mind!

How gloomy seemed earth of thy presence bereft!
  How dark was the home by thy sunshine made gay!
How crushed was the heart of the mourner thou'st left,
  The light of his life thus taken away!

But bright gleams the path that thy dear feet have trod,
  And light shone around thee through the dark river,
And joy was 'mongst angels in presence of God,
  As they welcomed thee home forever and ever.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S STAND.

BY H. B. WILDMAN.

It may be, indeed, I am childless and vain,
   But I love the old relic of antiquate form;
Like the surf-beaten vessel that furrows the main,
   It hath struggled and weathered through many a storm!
Full well I remember it, when but a boy,
   The spot where 'twas placed by that matronly hand;
And now I'm grown old, like a child with its toy,
   I love the old relic—my Grandmother's stand.

'Tis a "long time ago," though briefly it seems,
   Since I heard her dear lessons of virtue and truth;
Oh, oh! that the Past would return with its dreams,
   And let me live over one day of my youth!
Then I should sit down in that old-fashioned room,
   So simple, so artless, so rustically planned;
Then I should bring roses, and drink their perfume,
   As they blushed in that vase on my Grandmother's stand.

Ah, well I remember the treasures it bore—
   The book that our dear village parson laid there;
In fancy, I see the good man at the door,
   In fancy, behold him, still bending in prayer.
That "old-fashioned Bible," I ne'er can forget,
   That blessed old Book, with its holy command;
That "old-fashioned Bible," I see it there yet—
   That dear blessed Book, on my Grandmother's stand.

Oh, the world it may boast of its beauty and art,
   And Grandeur explore the dark depths of the tide;
But the *Past*, with its treasures, can gladden the heart
   Far more than the perishing gildings of pride!
Then, away with your grandeur and arts that impose,
   I'll praise the old relic with life's wasting sand;
I'll guard the dear treasure till life's latest close,
   And bless when I'm dying my Grandmother's stand.

TO LAURA.—THE FRIEND.

BY BEATA.

Your letter, dearest Laura, a welcome found indeed;
Never fear to write whate'er you think, 'tis that I wish to read;
I agree with you, sweet cousin, that openness and truth
Can alone preserve to latest years the friendship of our youth.

Yes—let me bear it as I may, I would not hide from you
I have been sadly slighted by the fickle Harry Drew!
Since the ball, I saw him seldom before we left the town,
And though six months have here elapsed, he has not once been down.

But much we've seen of Argentrie, and I trust that I have gained
A friend, with whom I can forget the faithless one disdained;
And as he does not think me yet an "angel of the sky,"
To win his honest word of praise I own I sometimes try.

His knowledge is so very great, his statements are so clear;
Of life, its hopes and trials, with deepfelt awe I hear;
New views are spread before me, and I feel not all in vain—
Oh! never, never can I be a thoughtless child again.

My duties now present themselves, I scarce can tell you how;
I am sure I was unconscious they were left undone till now;
That though papa is fond of music, 'twas not for him I played, [66]
Nor for his pleasure that I read, or the least exertion made.

But all that is changed at last, and when at close of day
He returns fatigued from business, I am never far away;
I will a better daughter henceforward to him prove,
And, where I have received so much, return at least my love.

And my gentle, tender mother, making each of us her care,
If I cannot quite remove her charge, I can lighten and can share;
I have assumed some trifling tasks she willingly resigned,
And looks upon me with such pride—ah, mother! ever kind.

Yet not alone a mentor is Mr. Argentrie,
In all our merry frolics he joins with heartfelt glee;
He is staying at the farm adjoining to Belleaire,
Though indeed I must confess he is very seldom there.

And when I wish to mount upon my pretty milk-white steed,
He is waiting to assist and escort me in my need;
And thus we two explore each lane, and every prospect round;
I never such enjoyment in the balls with *Harry* found.

Come see us, dearest Laura, while "the bloom is on the rye,"
For summer with its glories will soon be hastening by.
My mother looks so beautiful, and Fan and Charles so gay,
I would that we at bright Belleaire the year entire might stay.
Come quickly, and enjoy with us our rural life serene,
And add another pleasure to your happy coz, Pauline.

To Charles Gavan Duffy, Esq., the gifted editor of the "Dublin Nation" newspaper, my first literary patron and esteemed friend, I beg leave to dedicate these lines.

SONG TO C. G. D.

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

Beside the dark blue ocean
I wander free, I wander free,
And sweep with fond devotion
My lyre for thee, my lyre for thee;
And if the strain I waken
Have words of flame, have words of flame,
Whence bright hope may be taken—
From *thee* they came, from *thee* they came.

Mine eye was ever laden
With slavish tears, with slavish tears;
My heart, like timid maiden,
Was full of fears, was full of fears;
To tyrant mandates spoken
I meekly bowed, I meekly bowed;
Nor dreamed spells could be woken
To curb the proud, to curb the proud.

I knew not Ireland's glory,
Her woes or wrongs, her woes or wrongs;
I only heard the story
From Saxon tongues, from Saxon tongues;
And if, at times, in sorrow,
My heart would ope, my heart would ope,
I knew not where to borrow
One ray of hope, one ray of hope.

But soon *thy fire* fraught pages[1]
Allured my sight, allured my sight,
With lore from youthful sages
And poets bright, and poets bright;
The sweetest hope shone o'er me
With blessed ray, with blessed ray,
And visions bright before me
Passed night and day, passed night and day.

I mused by moor and mountain,
Upon the past, upon the past,
Until at Wisdom's fountain
I drank at last, I drank at last;
I learned to laugh at danger
Like hero brave, like hero brave—
I longed to meet the stranger
With naked glave, with naked glave.

By thee Truth's light was given
Unto the blind, to me the blind;
By thee the clouds were riven,
That dimmed the mind, that dimmed the mind;
And if the strain I waken
Have words of flame, have words of flame,
Whence bright hope may be taken,
From *thee* they came, from *thee* they came.[2]

SONNET.—LIGHT.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Where is thy dwelling place, all-pleasing Light?
  Around Jehovah's everlasting throne,
  Where, inaccessible, He sits alone,
'Mid joy supreme, ineffable delight.
  Thy radiant face makes all wide Nature glad;
Hill, valley, rock, and river thou dost cheer,
And little birds make melody, if thou appear—
  Deprived of thy fond presence, they are sad.
  Thou art another synonym for life;
Thy smile is but the smile of Deity,
Whose glance fills ever overflowingly
  The lamps of heaven, with golden beauty rife
Thy magic pencil paints the landscapes all;
Thy absence covers earth with pall funereal.

ODE FROM HORACE.

BY EDW. NEWTON VAN SANT.

Not the clamor of the ignoble crowd,
Not the threat'ning look of the tyrant proud,
Nor the fury with which Auster raves,
Wild king of the Adriatic waves;
Nor e'en the mighty arm of Jove,
Hurling his bolts through the vault above,
Can swerve the man of just intent
From that on which his mind is bent.
Nay, should the shattered heavens fall,
In crashing ruin blending all,
Still 'mid the gath'ring gloom of chaos drear,
He'd stand a stranger unto fear.

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[67]

WORK-TABLE FOR JUVENILES.

"Well, my little daughter, I suppose you have been half afraid that I should not return in time for your holiday. However, you see I am here, ready for our lesson, and I have seen so many new and pretty things, that I hardly know which to choose for you to do."

"Pray let it be something very easy, as well as pretty, dear mamma. I should like to make a work-basket, or something of that sort, which would be useful."

"Then, indeed, my child, you will almost think me a conjurer; for I have brought you all the necessary materials for making the prettiest thing of the sort that, I think, was ever seen. Here they are! First, there is a frame of wire, then a little wadding, black filet—which is, you know, the imitation netting of which you made your watch-pockets—netting-silks, gimps, and satin ribbon. Besides these, there is a piece of black satin, and some black sarsnet ribbon. You will require a little *toile ciré*, which I dare say your work-box will furnish."

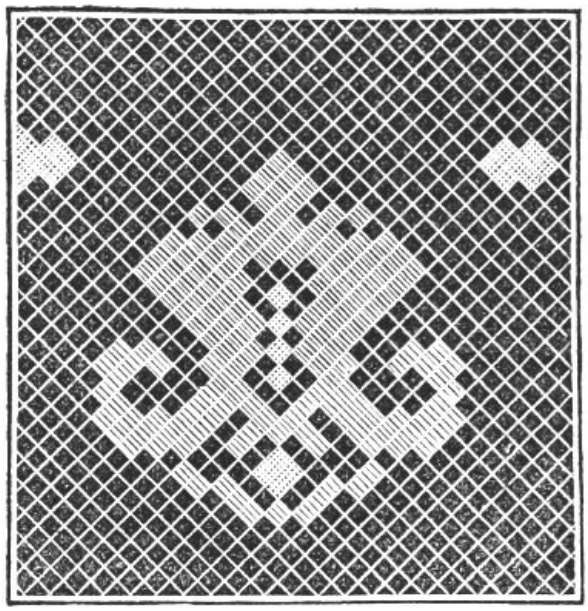
"But can you not give me any idea of the appearance of this basket, mamma? I never feel as if I could do anything unless I had some notion of what it would be like when completed."

MODEL WORK-BASKET.

"Here is a sketch for you, my dear, and though no drawing will faithfully represent the extreme elegance of the basket, yet it will, as you say, give you a notion of the general effect."

"It is, indeed, very pretty. I see the sides are transparent; they, I suppose, are made of the filet."

"Yes; and you will begin by cutting a piece of the netting long and deep enough for the four sides, as it is joined only at one of the corners. Take great care to cut it accurately, or your flowers will not run evenly. It must be cut to appear in diamonds, not in squares. Another piece will be required for the bottom of the basket. On these a pattern must be darned in colored silks. I have drawn you one which will do nicely for the sides."



DARNING PATTERNS.

"It is very small, is it not, mamma?"

"It is intended that one of these designs shall be seen in each compartment of the basket. You will see that there are three on each side, and two at each end—ten altogether—so that the pattern is to be repeated that number of times."

"How shall I manage to keep them at equal distances, mamma?"

"I think I should fold the length of netting into ten parts, and run a white thread to mark each separate piece. Now you will require three colors for the darning; what will you choose?"

"What do you think of sky-blue, with maize and scarlet? They would be very pretty, would they not?"

"Very; but then all the trimmings must be in sky-blue, and as you want something rather effective for candle-light, I would suggest that a rich crimson or scarlet would be a better predominant color. With it you might have green and gold, or green and blue."

"Green and blue form a mixture that I cannot fancy to be pretty, mamma. Do you like the effect of it?"

"Not much; but it is very fashionable. The French introduce it into everything, and call it *préjugé vaincu*, or, prejudice conquered."

"Well, I am afraid, mamma, that my prejudice is unconquerable; so if you please, we will have [68] maize and green in preference. How am I to use these colors?"

"Do the upper part of the design in scarlet, the lower in green, and the spots up the centre, and between the designs, in maize. In darning, work half the design, from the centre, leaning towards the right hand, and the other half towards the left."

"Am I to use the same pattern for the bottom of the basket?"

"Not in its present form; but if you repeat the design, *reversed*, from the lower part, so as to leave the *points* for the ends, it will be very suitable. You may add a star or diamond, or something very simple, to fill the spaces at the sides. When all the darning is done, detach the card-board which forms the bottom, tack the wadding down on one side of it, and cover it on this side with the black satin and netting, and on the other with the black satin only. Now all the framework of the basket is to be entirely covered with the narrow sarsnet ribbon I have given you for the purpose, the short wires being covered, and the ends secured, before the handle, top, and bottom of the frame are done. Stretch the netting which forms the sides very carefully on. Sew it at the joint, and also at the edges of the net. Now quill the satin ribbon in the centre, into a full and handsome plait; trim the handle with it. Sew the pasteboard bottom in, and add the gimps round the top, while one only may be used for the lower part."

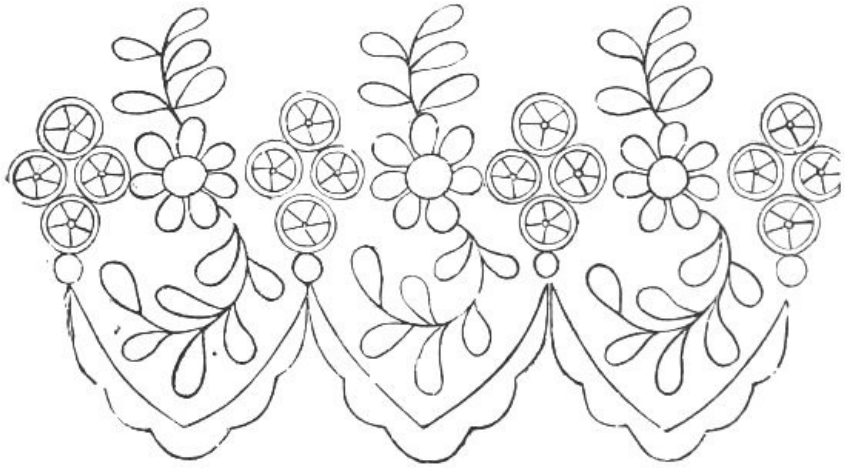
"I might easily add a cover, might I not, mamma?"

"You might, my dear; but in that case the basket should be lined with satin, of some good color,

and the piece of netting you did for the bottom would form the upper part of the top. In the inner part of the cover you might then add a double-stitched ribbon across, to hold scissors, stiletto, &c. But your basket, though more useful, perhaps, would not be so light and elegant as it is at present."

"If you think so, mamma, we will have it so, and for once let well alone."

EMBROIDERY FOR PETTICOATS.



CHEMISETTES, SLEEVES, AND CAPS.

[69]

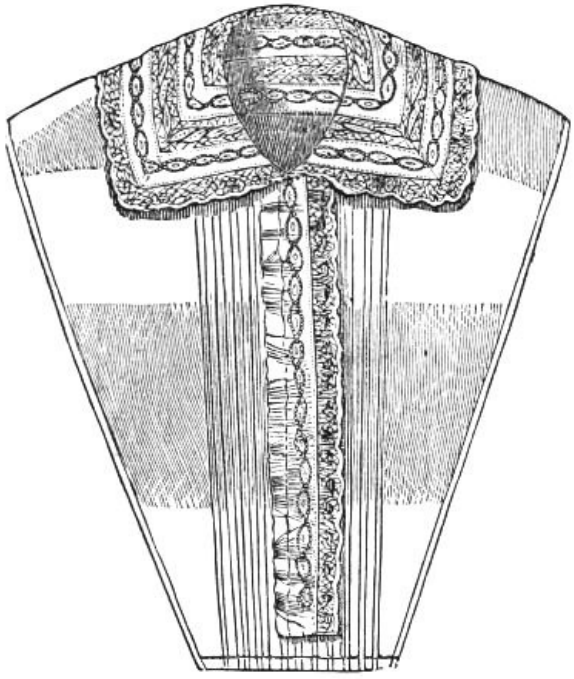


Fig. 1.

It will be noticed that we have adopted the excellent fashion of the "*Moniteur*," and now give an undersleeve and chemisette to correspond. No French woman would be guilty of wearing a collar of one style and sleeves of another, yet our countrywomen constantly commit this breach of toilet etiquette.

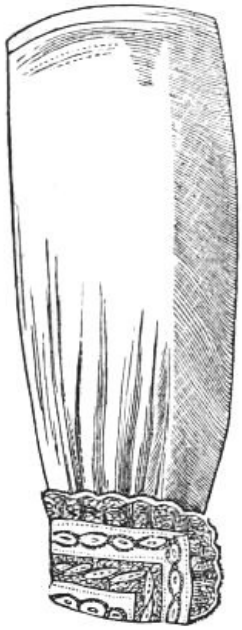


Fig. 2.

Figs. 1 and 2 are one set, intended for winter wear, as will be seen from the close cuff of the sleeve; it is composed of lace insertion and edging. The large square collar has superseded the frills, bands, and even the deep-pointed *mousquetaire* of the past season.

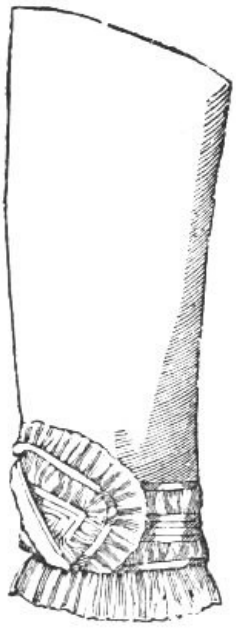


Fig. 3.

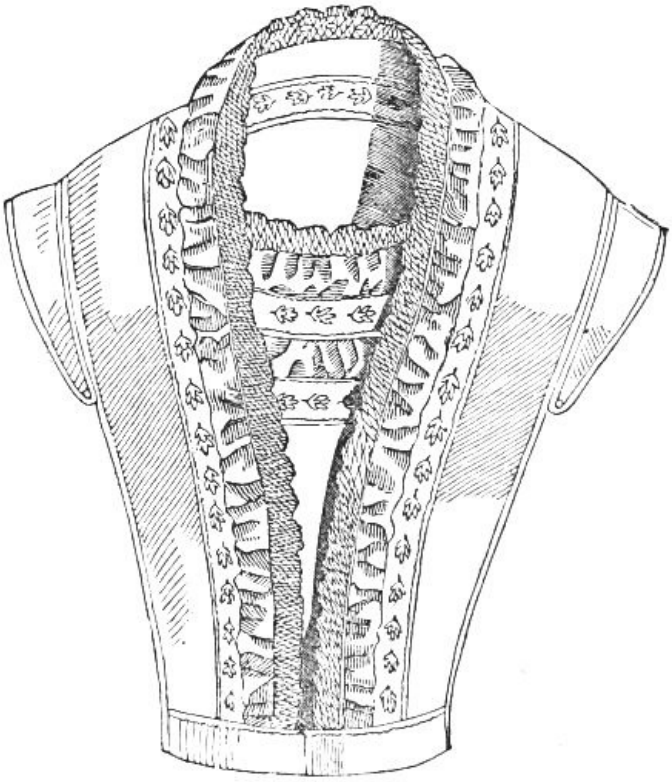


Fig. 4.

Figs. 3 and 4 are in excellent taste though of different styles. The chemisette and sleeve are composed of Swiss muslin, insertion, and edging. They can be copied at a very small expense, but will need particular care in clear-starching and ironing. [70]

Fig. 5.

Fig. 5 is a breakfast cap of alternate Swiss muslin insertion, the frill and fall surrounding the face; an old style reintroduced. *Coques* of ribbon separate it, and there are strings of the same.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 6 has also an entire frill, though falling more behind the ear. It is relieved by knots of ribbon. Either of them is suitable for a sick-room cap.

THE HORTENSE MANTELET AND THE VICTORIA.

(*See Brown Plate in front of Book.*)

THE HORTENSE MANTELET.

The form is round and exceedingly small. The body of the mantelet is of very rich emerald green satin. The edge is cut out in large rounded points, bordered with three rows of narrow black velvet, and on each of the points are fixed three ornaments of cut black velvet in straight rows. The intervals between the satin points at the edge of the mantelet are filled up by Brussels net, covered with rows of narrow black velvet. The Brussels net is cut out in pointed vandykes, each vandyke being between the rounded points of the satin. The whole is finished by a deep fall of black lace, set on full. The neck of the mantelet is trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet, and cut ornaments, the same as those on the points at the lower part.

THE VICTORIA.

This mantelet has received the name of Victoria in honor of the English queen, for whom one after the same pattern has recently been made. The material is silk of a peculiarly beautiful tint; fawn color with a tinge of gold. This is an entirely new color, and is distinguished in Paris by the name of *aurifère*. The Victoria mantelet is round in form, netting easily on the shoulders, but [71] without hanging in fulness. The upper part of the mantelet is trimmed with several rows of figured silt braid, of a bright groseille color, edged with small points of gold. Attached to the lower row of braid is a deep fringe of the color of the mantelet, having at intervals long tassels of groseille color. At the back, between the shoulders, a bow of silk, having two rounded ends, finished by groseille tassels, gives the effect of a hood. The mantelet is finished at the bottom with rows of groseille colored braid, and fringe corresponding with that described in the trimming of the upper part.

CHILD'S DRESS.

CHILD'S DRESS.

BRAIDING ROUND DRESS.

This is a very pretty light dress for a little girl. The material used may either be a light silk or French merino; the trimming a narrow silk braid, which, according to the taste of the maker, may be extended down the body and round the sleeves.

The pattern of mantle, as given in the diagrams, is a pretty addition to the dress when worn out of doors.

DESCRIPTION OF DIAGRAMS.

Fig. 1 represents the front of frock.

Fig. 2 the back of frock. Join *a* to *a* (Fig. 1), *b* to *b*, *c* to *c*.

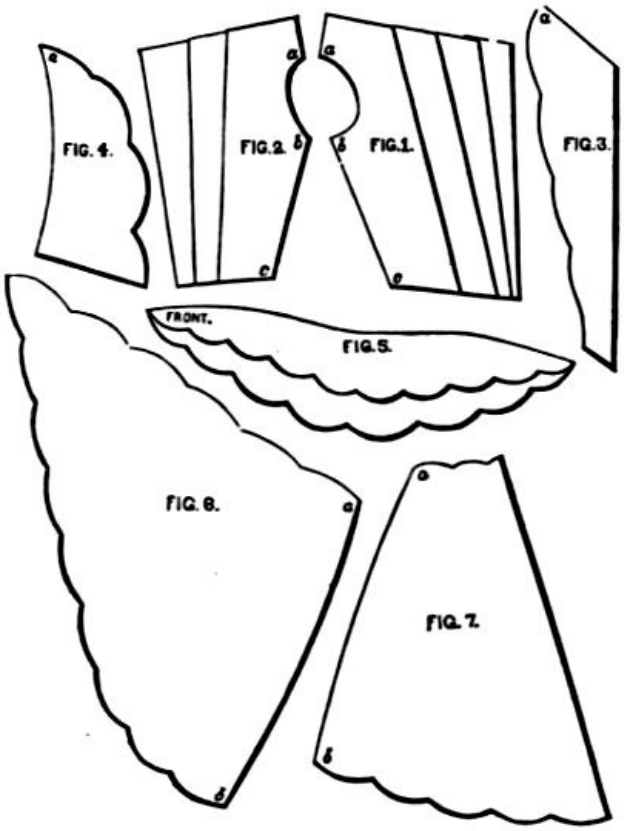
Fig. 3.—Piece cut out for trimming down the front.

Fig. 4.—Piece to join at *a* to *a* (Fig. 3), to form trimming down the back.

Fig. 5.—Pattern of sleeve, the narrow part of which should fall on shoulder.

Fig. 6.—Front of mantle.

Fig. 7.—Back of mantle. Join *a* to *a* (Fig. 6), *b* to *b*.



DIAGRAMS FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

THE HUNGARIAN CIRCLE.

(*See Plate in front of Book.*)

This admirable style of winter costume is pronounced *par excellence* among the favorites of the season, recommending itself by its exceeding comfort, great simplicity of adjustment, and its elegance of outline and exquisite proportions. Its *tout ensemble* is absolutely charming.

It is indiscriminately formed of clothes or velvets, in all the prevailing colors, plain or ornamented with embroideries, galoons, or, if of cloth, with velvet passementeries, or other trimmings.

We have selected for illustration one composed of mode cloth, charmingly embroidered in a chaste and unique design of intermingled branches. The back is three-quarters circle for medium-sized persons, and thirty-three inches deep. It is seamed down the back, and is cut bias.

This circular is sewn upon the under lower edge—about one inch from the edge—of a yoke, which thus appears like a cape. This yoke is adjusted smoothly to the neck, but is very slightly full upon [73] the shoulders. It likewise is cut bias. Its depth at the back is twelve inches, upon the shoulders eight, and in front to the points thirteen inches.

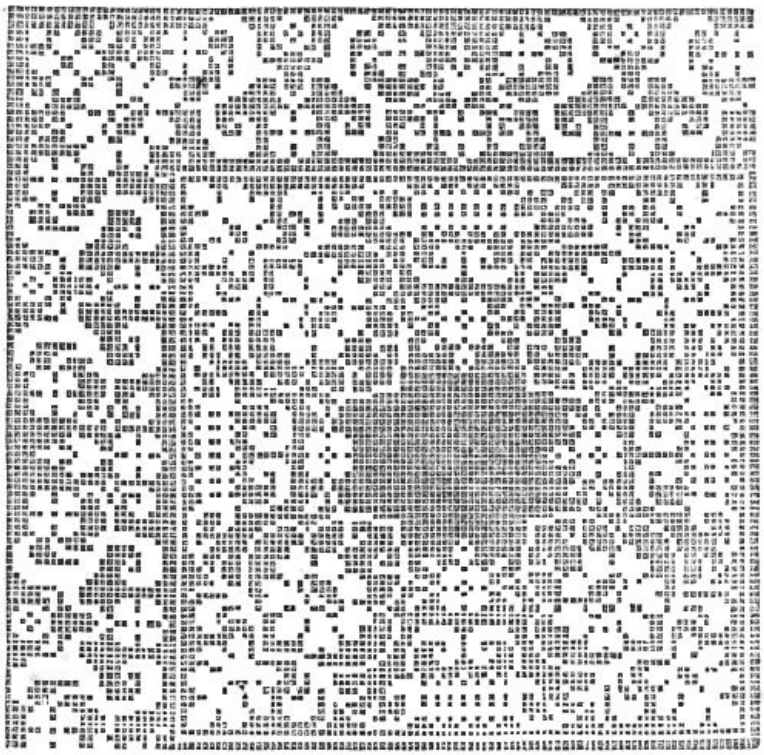
The circular is gathered into one wide and two narrow plaits where it joins the points, which are similar to the tabs of a mantilla, and thus forms the appearance of sleeves.

The fronts are thirty-two inches from the neck to the bottom. A collar, four inches deep at the back, where it is slightly pointed, completes the garment.

It has a bow upon the middle of the lower edge of the yoke, with streamers, and is lined with taffeta in color to match.

TOILET COVER IN CROCHET.

The pattern consists of a handsome square, with a rich border on three sides. A foundation chain of 400 stitches must be made, which will allow for a close square at each edge of the toilet. To correspond with the edge, do one row of dc, before beginning to work the pattern from the engraving.

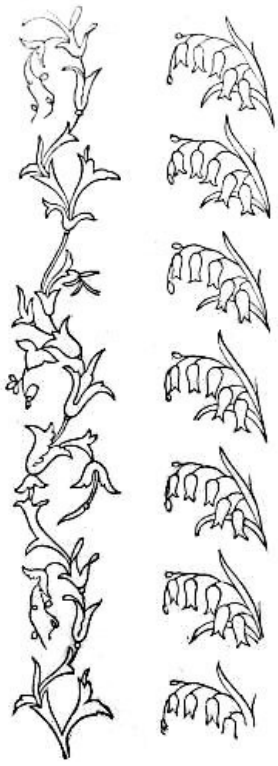


Materials.—Twelve reels Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s boar's-head crochet cotton, No. 12.

The entire centre square is given, but not the whole of the front of the border. When the centre of each row is reached, however, it will be very easy to work the remainder backwards. The whole cover is done in square crochet. The border may be added all round, if desired; but this form, being a perfect square, is not so suited for a toilet table.

It may be trimmed either with fringe (done like that of the anti-macassars lately given), or with a handsome crochet lace, several designs for which we have furnished in various numbers.

EMBROIDERY FOR SHIRTS.



COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1 is what is called a bed cupboard, with a shelf and top having two flaps.

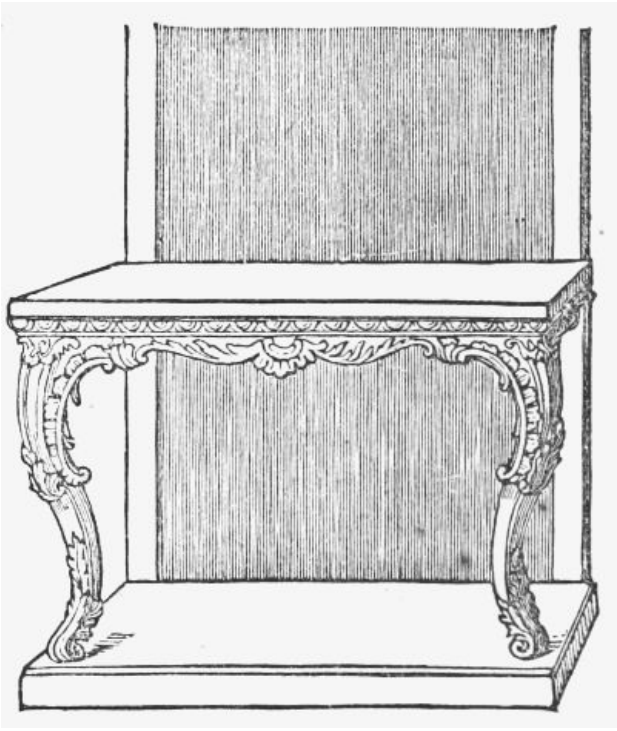


Fig. 2.

Fig. 2 is a chiffonier pier-table for placing between windows.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"The Good Time Coming."—Coming! In our blessed land it has come. Are not the means of happiness around us in inexhaustible profusion? All now needed is, that human energies be engaged as earnestly in working up these materials, and using these advantages *for good*, as men work for gold; and the wonderful, waited-for era is here.

Have we not steam for a Pegasus, lightning for a postman, and the glorious sun for an artist to help, or rather hurry onward, the work of improvement in all material things? and free institutions, free schools, and a free press, to aid, or rather force, mental development! and the open Bible, the Christian Sabbath, and the preached gospel to enlighten the soul!

Nothing seems wanting but heavenward faith and human endeavor.

Women have much, very much to do in this work. Home is the centre of happiness; the cradle of every heroic man is tended by woman's angel care; his soul bears the impress of her kindly teachings, as the daguerreotype plate shows the kiss of the sun in the picture it calls forth. Every mother should aim to make her son worthy of living in the "good time," and then it will be.

Oh, but there are terrible evils to suffer—evils that will forever surround humanity—poverty,

pain, death! Can we have the "good time" on earth, while these inevitable evils haunt us?

Death is not an evil to the good, but only the seal of eternal, unchangeable blessedness. Poverty may be made the means of increased and exquisite happiness to society, when the true principles of Christian charity, and brotherly love, and gratitude are universally observed. Disease will lose most of its malignity when God's laws, impressed on our physical nature, are understood and obeyed; and pain has been mitigated, indeed, nearly annihilated, by the wonderful discovery of etherization, which seems now providentially brought to the aid of suffering humanity, so that all classes of mankind might find cause for rejoicing in the "good time." The aid of this Lethean balm in banishing the horrors of the hospital, can hardly be over-estimated; the merits of the discovery are yet but partially acknowledged; we must leave these themes to the medical corps—but the good results on humanity our sex ought most thankfully to acknowledge. This thought reminds us of a duty we owe our readers—an introduction to the *home* of one who has most certainly done his part towards helping on the "good time." The paper has been delayed for want of room; but it shall go in now, as a fit tribute for the New Year.

Etherton Cottage—A Visit there.—Our readers will remember an engraving of this beautiful cottage in our March number of last year. We gave then a slight sketch of the discovery of Etherization, and of the struggles through which Dr. W. T. G. Morton had fought his way onward to the completion of his great purpose; and how he had proved, by the testimony of the most honored members of the Medical profession in Massachusetts, his right to claim the discovery of the "Anæsthetic and pain-subduing qualities of Sulphuric Ether." But great scientific discoverers, like great poets, are not always as happy at home as they are celebrated abroad. *Fame* is not always, we are sorry to say, synonymous with *domestic felicity*. Those who unite both, deserve amaranths among their laurels, and both are deserved by the owner of Etherton Cottage, as we think our lady friends will agree, when they go with us to that pleasant home, where we had the pleasure of spending a day during our last summer tour in New England.

West Needham, notwithstanding its poor prosaic name, is really a pretty, pastoral-looking place, surrounded by low, wooded hills, protecting, as it were, the fine farms and orchards, and the pleasant dwellings, everywhere seen in the valleys and on the uplands around. In twenty minutes after leaving the bustle of Boston, if the cars make good speed, you will reach this rural scene, where Nature still holds her quiet sway, except when the steam-horse goes snorting and thundering by.

Here, in the heart of this still life, Doctor Morton, some seven years ago, selected an uncultivated lot, covered with bushes, brambles, and rocks, and, by his own science and taste, and the strong arm of Irish labor, he has formed a home of such finished beauty as would seem to require, at least, in its gardens and grounds, a quarter of a century to perfect. His grounds slope down to the railroad embankment; but a plantation of young trees, and on the height above, thick groves, of a larger growth, hide the buildings from view as the cars pass on this great route from Boston to the West. From the station it is a pleasant drive through the shaded and winding way as you ascend the rising grounds to the south. Suddenly turning a shoulder of the knoll, Etherton Cottage is before you. The effect was fine, and what made the scene more interesting to us was the presence of another cottage nestled near by, smaller but equally pleasant-looking, where we knew Dr. Morton had settled his good parents. Here they live as one household, and from the windows of Etherton Cottage may be seen the dwelling of another member of the family, a sister, now happily married, for whom the Doctor also cared.

We might give a long description of these pretty cottages and beautiful grounds, but words are wasted to little purpose in landscape or architectural descriptions. So leaving the walks, arbors, flowers, and fountains, we will introduce you at once to Mrs. Morton, a lady whose attractions and merits we had heard much praised while in Washington last winter. She is, indeed, one of those true women who seem born to show that Solomon's old picture of a good wife and mother may now be realized. The Doctor seems very fond and proud of her, as he may well be; and their children—the eldest a girl of nine, the youngest a boy of three years, with a brother and sister between—formed a lovely group of more interest to us than all the "superb views" around. So we will just tell you, dear reader, of the family and their home pursuits, as these were revealed to us during that interesting visit.

We should say here that Doctor Morton has relinquished his profession, and now passes his summers entirely at this country residence, and his winters in Washington, where he hopes soon to gain from Congress some reward for his great discovery of Etherization. When this is granted, he intends visiting Europe, where he is urgently invited by the savans of the Old World. It will be a triumph for Young America to send forth a man so young, who has won such distinction. It seemed but a few years since we first saw Willie Morton, a clerk in the publisher's office where [76] our own magazine was issued; and now we were his guest, in his own elegant dwelling, surrounded by every requisite of happiness.

His country life is just what it should be, devoted to rural pursuits and filled up with plans of home improvements. You only feel the presence of his inventive genius by its active operation on the material world around. Not a word is heard of "chloroform" or "ether" at Etherton Cottage; but various contrivances for obviating all defects or difficulties in bringing his domain into the perfect order he has planned, meet you at every turning, and all sorts of odd combinations appear, which, when understood, are found to contribute to the beauty or utility of the whole. In short, everything useful is made ornamental, and the ornamental is made useful.

Then the Doctor has a passion for surrounding himself with domestic animals. This we like; it makes a country home more cheerful when dumb dependents on human care share the

abundance of God's blessings. So after dinner we went to the barn to see the "pigs and poultry." This barn, fronting north, was quite a model structure, built on the side of the sloping ground, combining, in its arrangements, rooms for the gardener (an Englishman) and his family, and the barn proper, where the horse and cow had what a young lady called "splendid accommodations." There was also a coach-house and tool-room, a steam-engine room where fodder was cut up, and food—that is, grain of several kinds—ground for the swine and poultry; also a furnace where potatoes were steamed. The water was brought by hydraulic machinery from a brook at the bottom of the grounds for use in the barn, and everything was managed with scientific skill and order.

The arrangements for the poultry were very elaborate. Their rooms were the first floor at the back or southern front of the barn; of course, half underground. This lower story had a lattice-work front, and within Mrs. Biddy had every accommodation hen life could desire. Into these apartments the troop were allowed to enter at evening through a wicket opening in this southern front; but in the morning the poultry all passed out into the north-eastern portion of the grounds allotted them, where was a pool of water for the water-fowl, and a fine range for all. Still, the green field at the south, the running brook, and the eventide meal made them all eager to rush in whenever the gate between the two portions of their range was opened. It was this rush we went to witness.

We stood in the main floor, near the southern or back door of the barn, which overlooked the green field: the little gate opened, and such a screaming, crowing, gabbling ensued, and such a flutter of wings, that for a few minutes it was nearly deafening. A pair of Chinese geese led the way of this feathered community. These geese, a present from the late statesman, Daniel Webster, to Dr. Morton, who prized them accordingly, were entirely brown, of large size, carrying their heads very high, and walking nearly upright; they sent forth shouts that made the air ring. They seemed to consider themselves the Celestials, and all beside inferiors. Next, came a pair of wild geese; one wing cut, and thus obliged to remain in the yard, they had become quite tame; but still, their trumpet-call seemed to tell their love of freedom. These, too, were brown, with black heads, and long lithe necks, that undulated like the motions of a snake, with every movement. Very unlike these were the next pair of snow-white Bremen geese, stout, fat, contented-looking creatures, only making the usual gabbling of geese which are well to do in the world. Among the varieties of the duck genus were several of the Poland species; snowy white, except the vermilion-colored spots on the head, that look like red sealingwax plasters round the eyes. These ducks made a terrible *quackery*. But the domestic fowl was the multitude: there appeared to be all kinds and species, from the tall Shanghais, that seemed to stalk on stilts, to the little boatlike creepers that move as if on castors. It was a queer sight, such an army of hens and chickens, rushing hither and thither, to pick up the grain scattered for their supper. And then the pride of the old peacock; he just entered with the rest, then spread his heavy wings and flew up to the ridge-pole of the barn, where he sat alone in his glory. It was, altogether, a pleasant sight.

But within the barn was a lovelier spectacle. From the centre beam hung a large rope, its lower end passing through a circular board, about the size of a round tea-table; four smaller ropes passed through holes near the edge of this round board, at equal distances, and were united with the large rope several yards above, thus forming four compartments, with the centre rope for a resting-place. In these snug spaces were seated the four beautiful children, like birds in a nest, swinging every way in turn as the little feet that first touched the floor gave impulse.

It was a lovely picture of childhood made happy by parental care for the amusements of infancy. The father's genius had designed that swing to give pleasure, as it had discovered the elixir for pain, by taking thought for others. With both Dr. Morton and his amiable wife, the training of their little ones seemed the great subject of interest. The children were *well governed*, this was easy to see, and thus a very important point in their instruction was made sure. They were also made happy by every innocent and healthful recreation. Their future destiny seemed the engrossing object of their parents' minds; to bring up these little ones in the fear and love of the Lord, their most earnest desire.

During the evening, the topic of education was the chief one discussed, and we parted from this interesting family fully assured that the good old Puritan mode of uniting faith in God with human endeavor was there understood and acted on. Miss Bremer might find, at Etherton Cottage, a charming illustration of her "love-warmed homes in America."

THE WIVES OF ENGLAND.—We are glad to see that attention has at length been called to the sufferings and injuries of that unfortunate class, the women of the lower orders in England. The recent murder of a woman by her husband, habitually given to beating her in the most cruel manner, with other flagrant instances of similar brutality, have called forth several warm remonstrances from the London press. During a recent session of Parliament, a bill was passed, making such offences punishable by lengthened imprisonment, but the law has been found inadequate. A late writer in the "Morning Chronicle" calls loudly for corporeal punishment, and says: "We have brutes, not men to deal with; the appeal must be made to the only sense they possess, the sense of physical pain. The law can and must lay on the lash heavily; the terror of the torture will soon restrain those on whom all other means have failed."

"The Times," in an indignant article on the same subject, dwells upon the indifference and supineness of neighbors and bystanders, during these scenes of violence, and ironically calls upon the draymen and carters of London, whose outraged virtue led them to apply the lash to

General Haynau for whipping women in far-off Hungary, to stand by their own countrywomen. "If Lynch law is to prevail in England," says the "Times," "let it not exclude the defence of Englishwomen."

Though no advocate for Lynch law, we cannot but marvel that, in the breasts of Englishmen, that misdirected sense of justice which is at the bottom of all such illegal acts, should be so entirely wanting; and, as the purpose of the "Times," in its appeal to the draymen, is to arouse this feeling, and make a *power* of public opinion, we heartily agree with it. We must, however, dissent from the writers in both of these journals, when they advise recourse to corporeal punishment. You cannot lash a man into a sense of his error; you but degrade and brutalize him the more. Let the axe be laid to the root, begin with his moral nature. Educate him; elevate his character by teachings from the pulpit and school-room; take away his disabilities; teach him to respect himself, and he will soon learn to respect others. The hardened sinners who now pollute the earth by such misdeeds will, ere long, be called to their great account. Let England see that the generations now rising do not follow in their footsteps. [77]

Our Friends.—A Happy New Year to all who are with us this glad morning. The Old Year has passed away, and with it much that we loved is gone. Let us hope the coming year will bring us many opportunities of doing good—and that God will assist our feeble endeavors to improve the time as it passes. Then the Year will be happy indeed.

Editors' Table-Drawer.

Original and selected articles are before us in such profusion, as we open this wonderfully capacious receptacle of scraps and MSS., that the difficulty will be to stop when we once begin arranging this mosaic of literature. However, we have the year before us, and every month will require its pictures and precepts. Here are a few.

Mystery.—In the beauty of form, or of moral character, or of the material creation, it is that which is most veiled which is most beautiful. Valleys are the mysteries of landscapes.—*Lamartine.*

Unjust Acquisition.—What do we mean by unjust acquisition? It is not to be measured by its extent, but by its principle. Unjust acquisition is to take what is not your own; and who does that more than one of those poor gin drinkers, who has sold his morsel of bread to buy his own destruction, and then thinks another ought to be forced to replace it?—*Mrs. Marsh.*

Eclectics.—Eclectics, in philosophy, are for the most part *les demi-esprits*, who are incapable of viewing facts in their wholeness; just as the eclectics in politics are they who want the honesty to be quite pure, and the courage to be quite rogues. Such persons make systems from inconsistent scraps, taken from discordant philosophy, with the same taste as the architects of the Middle Ages erected barbarous edifices with the beautiful fragments of antiquity.—*Lady Morgan.*

Conversation.—There is scarcely any source of enjoyment more immediately connected at once with the heart and with the mind, than that of listening to a sensible and amiable woman when she converses in a melodious and well-regulated voice, when her language and pronunciation are easy and correct, and when she knows how to adapt her conversation to the characters and habits of those around her.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

Dreams of Youth.—Clouds weave the summer into the season of autumn; and youth rises from dashed hopes into the stature of a man.

Well, it is even so, that the passionate dreams of youth break up and wither. Vanity becomes tempered with wholesome pride, and passion yields to the riper judgment of manhood; even as the August heats pass on and over into the genial glow of a September sun. There is a strong growth in the struggles against mortified pride; and then only does the youth get an ennobling consciousness of that manhood which is dawning in him, when he has fairly surmounted those puny vexations which a wounded vanity creates.

But God manages the seasons better than we; and in a day, or an hour perhaps, the cloud will pass, and the heavens glow again upon our ungrateful heads.—*Ik Marvel.*

Right Preparation for Marriage.—We are thoroughly acquainted with each other's character, tastes, and habits; and both of us believe there is a singular, even an extraordinary degree of mutual adaptation in all our views, feelings, and wishes. Perhaps I might have mentioned that my dear friend is about six years younger than myself. Two months hence I shall be thirty-seven years of age. Our acquaintance has now been as much as seven years, and our avowed engagement about five. I regret that the union has been unavoidably deferred to so advanced a

period of life; but I never wish I had been married very young. I do feel grateful to Heaven for the combination of valuable gifts I hope for in my beloved. Her conscience, intellect, and tenderness are the chief. In her society and co-operation, I do indulge a sanguine hope of improving in every respect, by a more quiet and pleasing manner than I have done in a given space during all these past years of gloomy solitude.—*John Foster.*

We will now give an original poem, fresh from the pen of one whom, from the lack, probably, of a "right preparation for marriage," does not seem to find her home—what it should be—the place of improvement as well as happiness. She shall have free space for her experiences. We hope her warnings may be heeded by all young lady teachers, and that they will not leave a sphere where they are contentedly useful even to be married, until sure, as good John Foster was, that there is a "mutual adaptation" in the connection.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS MARRIED.

Oh, for *my* little school-room, *my* green benches, *my* two *cracked* bricks!!!

Now, girls, accept of a little advice,
"Experience teaches one how to be wise."
A year or two since, I would fall in love;
Of all men created, below or above,
  There was never another.
A man *so* endowed with every perfection, [78]
That even mamma no sort of objection
  Could find to my lover.

We married, the horror of all to endure!
Somewhat of a hubbub was kicked up, be sure;
There was cake to be cut and evenly lie,
And white satin ribbon in bow knots to tie,
  And notes to be written.
And dresses sent out and brought home,
And callers unwelcome would come,
  And sit, and keep sitting.

The groom was, as *usual*, a little *too late*—
Procrastination, of *all* things, I hate!—
His cravat, *then*, was tied in a great crooked bow.
Our trunks must be packed, all ready to go—
  I was no more a teacher.
Then, when in the cab, at *last*, ready were seated,
Lo! some one behind ran crying, o'erheated,
  "You've not paid the preacher!"

Perplexities numberless, little and large,
Will crowd to o'erwhelm you with powerful surge;
Still, consider them *naught*, to a year and a day,
  When you trit-trot the *baby*!
There's a concert perhaps, or some favorite play,
Or a party, where all your old playmates are gay;
  "*But*, my dear, 'bout YOUR baby!

"Now, wifey, you know it to be impolite
That you and I, *both*, the invite should slight.
Alas! I'm a martyr to etiquette, though;
Pet must have vision enough to *see* so.
  Don't wait for me, pray.
You know, love, how swiftly short hours pursue;
So sleep on quite comfortably, darling, pray do,
  I'm home *before day*."

Now, girls, these *faint* facts in time you may know,
And moan that in youth you did not bestow
More note on these lines, in sympathy penned
To advise you; and oh, you will need a friend!
  For I *know* you *will* marry.
In confidence, listen: To market ne'er go,
For of all the *small* change an account you will owe;
And you'd *die*, if you knew what a bother to do
  There'll be with your "Harry."

"Now always it has been a case of concern
What daily you do with the money I earn;
I reg'larly give you ten dollars a week,
And *once* in a *while* a dollar to keep
  For baby and you.
Why, *I* never spend over a dollar for brandy,
Or little five franc for cigars or *spice* candy—
  With *all* the week's money pray what do *you* do?"

LILY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted, and will appear as soon as we have room: "The Interview," "Blessington's Choice," "The Last Night of Caulaincourt," "Twilight," "O'er bleak Acadia's Plains," "To O. L. H.," "There's Music," "Eventide," "Stanzas," "The Last Moments," "To a Coquette," "The Pet," and "To the Ladies' Friend, Mr. Godey." Several other articles are under consideration.

"The Fall of the Leaf," and "Autumn and its Memories." Will our correspondents please remember that we have to prepare our "Book" for each month at least two months previous to its date? Both the above articles are accepted; but we cannot publish them before March, when it will be the

spring and not fall of the year.

The following manuscripts are declined: "Stanzas," "Elfie St. Claire," "To a Departed Sister," "Absence is no Cure for Pure Love," "The Last Indian," "Autumn Leaves" (this poem, intended for October, did not reach us till November, so was out of season), "The New Year, 1854" (these "Lines" are not exactly suited to our "Book." The writer's youth affords hope of improvement. The annuals for this season are all out), "Hatred," "The Mistake," "Singing Schools," "Absence," "Pride," and "A Fragment."

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

From E. H. BUTLER & CO., Philadelphia:—

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD; *or, Covenant of Mercy for the Afflicted*, is the appropriate title of a work which can hardly fail of a welcome to the homes and hearts of the sorrowful. It is divided into five portions, viz., "*Affliction*," "*Resignation*," "*Comfort*," "*Leaning on the Cloud*," and "*The Sleep in Jesus*," each of which is most skilfully and tenderly brought to bear on the particular kind of affliction under which the burdened soul may complain. The articles, original and selected, are chosen and prepared with great care, and the pious and eminent writers who have contributed to this volume insure its excellence. It is beautifully printed and illustrated; no other work of the kind within our knowledge unites such various merits.

THE WHITE VEIL: *a Bridal Gift*. By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. This book is beautifully got up, the publisher sparing no expense that could add to its embellishment. The contents are varied, comprising choice articles from eminent authors, and the sentiments of the wise and good of every age respecting marriage and conjugal love. We hope it will be the favorite gift-book of the season, and be always among the bride's treasures. pp. 324.

THE AMERICAN STATESMAN; *or, Illustrations of the Life and Character of Daniel Webster*. Designed for American youth. By Joseph Banvard. There have been such a variety of publications relating to Daniel Webster since his decease, that there hardly seemed room for another. But this neat-looking and well printed volume will be a welcome gift to the young American. There is room for this book, and a welcome, too.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

THE HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD, &c. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. This work, hurriedly written during Miss Bremer's travels through our country, is a compound of journal and letters to her sister and friends in Sweden. It possesses much interest, but needed revision and condensation to make it what it should have been from its popular author. The letter to the Queen of Denmark will be read with deep interest. It is a synopsis of the opinions expressed throughout the book, which, on the whole, are favorable, and in a better spirit than English tourists have ever exhibited. We shall refer to the work again.

LOUIS XVII. *His Life—his Sufferings—his Death. The Captivity of the Royal Family in the Temple.* By A. De Beauchesne. Translated and edited by W. Hazlitt, Esq. Embellished with vignettes, [79]
autographs, and plans. Great care appears to have been taken to sustain the horrible events recorded in this volume, by the production of witnesses living at the time the work was written, and by the production of documents, the authenticity of which seems unquestionable. After this, we think that the Rev. Mr. Williams, and his credulous friends, will feel it to be their duty to postpone indefinitely their claims upon the throne of France. We hope the reverend gentleman, forgetting what appeared to be his high dignity and destiny, will throw himself at the feet of his poor Indian mother and acknowledge his undutifulness, and the scandal he has given by his vain attempts to repudiate her maternal authority.

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD. From "Blackwood's Magazine." A cheap edition of a very delightful story, with which many of our readers have, no doubt, already formed some acquaintance.

THE YOUNG MAN'S INSTITUTE. We have here the Third Report of the Board of Trustees, and great progress seems to have been made. One question that occurred to us we could not solve by this report. Lectures are instituted. Are women permitted to attend? And can women have access to the libraries?

MORRIS'S POETICAL WORKS. We have had the pleasure to receive, with the "kind respects of the author," a copy of the beautiful edition of his poems recently published by Charles Scribner, New York; splendid, indeed, in paper, in printing, in its engravings and binding, but more admirable on account of its literary merits and its poetical gems, in which are chastely blended

the most attractive sentiments of love, friendship, honor, and patriotism, enlivened here and there with a dash of wit, humor, or wholesome satire. As a song-writer, Mr. Morris has but few competitors in this or any other country. He possesses a peculiar faculty for expressing in heart-thrilling versification those domestic and national feelings which are common to every race and kindred of the civilized world. His productions, therefore, in that line of poetry, have attained a popularity as warm as it is general among all who speak the English language. They have also been translated into several languages of the European continent, and have thus not only spread far and wide the reputation of the author, but have contributed to perpetuate the fame of our country, and to extend the free spirit of our people, and a knowledge of the liberality of our institutions to the remotest nations. If it is true that the songs of a people form a prominent and reliable feature in their history, then may it be as truly said that our friend Morris has done his share in promoting the ends which all historians must necessarily keep in view. And as this elegant volume, so creditable to American art, genius, and feeling, could only have been produced by a heavy expenditure of time and money, we most sincerely hope that the author, and all who have had any hand in its beautiful illustrations, will meet with a quick and substantial reward for their patriotic labors.

From Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. (successors to Grigg & Elliot), No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

THE UNDERGROUND MAIL AGENT. By Vidi. Illustrated with designs by White. This, as the reader will be most likely to judge from the title, is another of those works which have been published in rapid succession, setting forth the advantages and the disadvantages, the humanity and the inhumanity of a certain domestic institution. The object of the author has been to contrast the condition of those who live subject to the institution referred to, and to render its general aspects more favorable to their comfort and happiness, than is the condition of the same race of beings in the enjoyment of personal freedom. A tale of some interest, but of no great probability, is interwoven with the main design of the author.

From J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia:—

LIFE IN THE MISSION, THE CAMP, AND THE ZENANA; *or, Six Years in India*. By Mrs. Colin Mackenzie. In two volumes. This is evidently the work of a woman of good sense, amiable feelings, and acute observation, possessing, withal, a courageous Christian heart. Her close and well-written narrative will afford the reader a vast deal of instructive incident illustrative of varied life in India. Its minute descriptions of the domestic habits and manners of the oppressed and idolatrous natives, its continued references to the arduous duties of the missionaries, and its often indignant comments upon the tyrannical forms and practices of the Anglo-Indian government, will most fully command the attention of the reader to its close.

From Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, Boston, through W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia:—

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE; *with Specimens of his Poetry and Letters, and an estimate of his Genius and Talents compared with those of his great Contemporaries*. A new edition, revised and enlarged. By Thomas Pryor, Esq. In two volumes. This is a standard work, which no student of political history, no public speaker, no statesman should be without. The subject of this interesting memoir, Edmund Burke, was one of the most eloquent, liberal, just, and fearless men of the eventful times in which he lived. And yet he was remarkable for his modesty and unobtrusiveness—we might almost say for the humility of his character. On this account, if on no other, these volumes would form an important and instructive study for many of the young men of the present day, who are aspirants for literary, legal, or political honors. They will show to them how consistently the highest attainments in any or all these branches can be made to secure to their possessors the highest triumphs, without a single departure from the strictest propriety, and while sustaining a reputation as guileless as that of childhood.

LIGHT ON THE DARK RIVER; *or, Memorials of Mrs. Henrietta A. L. Hamlin, Missionary in Turkey*. By Margarette Woods Lawrence. In these memorials of a pious and amiable missionary lady, the Christian reader will meet with consoling examples of faith and resignation to the will of God under the severest trials and afflictions.

From Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia:—

OUTLINES OF SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY: *illustrating the Historical portions of the Old and New Testaments*. Designed for the use of schools and private reading. By Edward Hughes, F. R. A. S., F. R. G. S., Head Master of the Royal Naval Lower School, Greenwich hospital; author of "Outlines of Physical Geography," "An Atlas of Physical, Political, and Commercial Geography," etc. etc. It will not be required of us by the observing Christian, who has read the title of this work, that we should say more than that it is all it modestly pretends to be. To the devout student of the Holy Scriptures it will impart a new and delightful interest. It will at once strengthen his faith and enlarge the sphere of his knowledge, rendering him familiar [80] not only with the characters of the prophets and apostles, but familiar also with their places of birth, of their places of residence, of the routes they travelled, and of the scenes of their sufferings and triumphs. A great portion of the work is formed of extracts from the writings of

religious and literary men, who have visited the interesting regions described, and in whose contemplations we have all the beauties of the sublimest poetry blended with the simplest truths of Scripture history.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, through C. G. Henderson & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PINKNEY. By his Nephew, the Rev. William Pinkney, D. D. Here is a work that will at once recommend itself to the American student and the general reader. If any good reason can be given why we should be familiar with the orators and statesmen of Europe, there can certainly be no excuse for our ignorance in regard to the same class of men whose names are an honor to our own country. Among the illustrious men who were the contemporaries of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Marshall, and others, all of whom have passed away, was William Pinkney, the subject of these memoirs. Perhaps no one among his great competitors exceeded him in eloquence, and certainly none of them ever had greater opportunities of becoming acquainted with the statesmen and the diplomatic policy of England and of Europe, during one of the most eventful periods in history. This volume will be deeply interesting to our young men.

From L. K. Lippincott, No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia:—

THE LITTLE PILGRIM. *A Monthly Journal for Girls and Boys.* Edited by Grace Greenwood. This is the modest title of a neat and pleasant-looking periodical, which has just entered upon its career of usefulness, under the editorial charge of one well known to our readers. We are happy to see our fair friend engaged in an occupation so congenial to her heart as that of providing for the literary wants of the little ones. That Grace's reward may be commensurate with the worth and excellence of what she can and will do is our heartfelt wish, and one which, if granted, will find her "Little Pilgrim" a welcome visitant to every household in the land.

The terms of the "Little Pilgrim" are fifty cents a year, or ten copies for four dollars. Payment invariably in advance.

From G. P. Putnam, New York, through W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia:—

MR. RUTHERFORD'S CHILDREN. This is the first number of a juvenile series, to be published under the general title of "Ellen Montgomery's Book-Case." When we state that it is from the pen of the author of "The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," etc., our friends will require from us no other assurance of its merits. We are glad to see our writers turning their attention to a better kind of literature for children. Books of this class, even from authors of moderate abilities, are acceptable; but, when they bear the impress of genius and talent, they are, indeed, invaluable. Under their influence, we confidently hope the rising generation will grow up pure in morals, with noble and affectionate hearts, and with minds well stored with things not brilliant only, but useful and entertaining. The engravings in the volume by which these remarks have been elicited are beautiful. The types with which it is printed are large and clear, and the paper exquisite.

WESTERN CHARACTERS; *or, Types of Border Life in the Western States*. By J. L. McConnell, author of "Talbot and Vernon," "The Glenns," etc. etc. With illustrations by Darley. This is a highly entertaining volume, written in a clear, forcible, and pleasant style, and valuable for the amount of interesting information it contains with regard to characters, some of which, a century hence, perhaps, will have no living representatives. As to the correctness of these "Types," we are not abundantly qualified to speak; but they seem to us to be accurate, and certainly are delineated with a skilful and vigorous hand.

From J. W. Moore, 195 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE LIFE, EULOGY, AND GREAT ORATIONS OF DANIEL WEBSTER. We have already noticed the appearance of this volume, and spoken favorably of its character. It is sold wholesale and retail by the gentlemanly publisher, from whom we have received our present copy.

From Eli Adams, Publisher, Davenport, Iowa:—

THE PENNY MAGAZINE, *of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*. American republication from the English plates. Volume 1. Semi-monthly Parts, 1, 2, and 3. In this age, one is to be surprised only by something that is really surprising. We confess we were not a little astonished by receiving, from what was lately the backwoods, these finely printed numbers of a new edition of an old favorite. May success attend the efforts of the enterprising publisher!

CHILDREN'S BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Go to Henderson & Co., Corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, and there you will find the handsomest assortment in the city. They have sent us "Happy Days of Childhood," by Amy Meadows. It contains twenty-four splendid full-page engravings—pictures, really handsome embellishments, showing artistic skill and beauty, very different from those of any other house that we have yet seen. We have also received from Messrs. H. & Co. two large quarto Children's Books, each entitled "The Picture Pleasure Book for 1854," containing in each number five hundred engravings, and all executed in the most masterly manner. These are books that one feels gratified in presenting to children; they are complimentary to the donor's taste. Call at Henderson & Co.'s and see their superb assortment.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, through C. G. Henderson & Co., Philadelphia: "All's not Gold that Glitters: or, the Young Californian." By Cousin Alice, author of "No such word as Fail," "Contentment better than Wealth," etc. etc. If we did not recollect a happy event which took place some months since, we might, indeed, feel surprised at the accuracy with which Cousin Alice describes a voyage around Cape Horn, as well as the condition and habits of the miners and other worthy citizens of the gold regions. But, after all, our personal recollections have nothing to do with the real merits of the book, which are, indeed, of the first order, morally, intellectually, and in its vivid and truthful powers of description.—"Parley's Present for all Seasons." By S. C. Goodrich, author of "Parley's Tales," etc. This is a handsomely illustrated volume, containing twenty-five of Peter's pleasant tales for children.—"Busy Moments of an Idle Woman." This volume comprises several excellent tales.

From Dewitt & Davenport, New York: "Helen Malgrave; or, the Jesuit Executorship: being a Passage in the Life of a Seceder from Romanism." An Autobiography.—"The Monk's Revenge: or, the Secret Enemy." A tale of the later Crusades. By Samuel Spring, Esq.

From J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia: "The Blackwater Chronicle. A Narrative of an Expedition into the Land of Canaan, in Randolph County, Va.—a country flowing with wild animals, such as Panthers, Bears, Wolves, Elk, Deer, Otter, Badger, &c. &c., with innumerable Trout—by Five Adventurous Gentlemen, without any aid of government, and solely upon their own resources, in the Summer of 1851." By "the Clerk of Oxenforde." This book is mainly descriptive of a romantic and beautiful section of country, the advantages of which are imperfectly understood. [81]

From Charles Scribner, New York, through A. Hart, Philadelphia: "Gustavus Lindorm; or, 'Lead us not into Temptation.'" By Emilie F. Carlen, author of "One Year of Wedlock," "The Bride of Ombery," etc. With a preface to her American readers by the author. From the original Swedish, by Elbert Perce. This is a very interesting domestic tale by a favorite author. The preface pays a handsome tribute to some of the best American writers, while the work itself sustains throughout a high moral and religious feeling.—"Tip-Top; or, a Noble Aim." A book for boys and girls. By Mrs. S. C. Tuthill, author of "I'll be a Gentleman," "I'll be a Lady," etc. etc. This is a most attractive little volume. The wholesome lessons it contains cannot fail to make a deep and salutary lesson upon the minds of youthful readers.—"Sparing to Spend; or the Loftons and Pinkertons." By T. S. Arthur. It has been truly said of Mr. Arthur, that he never writes without an aim, and that always a good one. The high moral aim of the present volume is "to exhibit the evils that flow from the too common lack of prudence, self-denial, and economy in young people at the beginning of life; and also to show, by contrast, the beneficial results of a wise restriction of the wants to the means." No one will rise from the perusal of this naturally written story without feeling himself strengthened in all good and honorable resolutions.—"The Little Drummer; or, Filial Affection." A story of the Russian campaign. By Gustav Nieritz. Translated from the German, by Mrs. H. E. Conant. This little work, which will greatly interest the youthful reader, is from the pen of a favorite German author.

From T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "The Countess de Charny." We have received the second and last volume of this charming work by Dumas. We would willingly have three or four more volumes.—"Ten Thousand a Year." By the author of the "Diary of a London Physician." In one volume complete. Price 50 cents.

From Bunce & Brother, New York, through T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "The Star Chamber: an Historical Romance." By Wm. Harrison Ainsworth, author of "Old St. Paul's," etc. etc.—"Jack Adams, the Mutineer." By Capt. Frederick Chamier, R. N., author of "The Spitfire," etc.

From Hermann J. Meyer, 164 William Street, New York: Nos. 3, 4, and 5 of "Meyer's Monats Hefte," a beautifully printed and illustrated German magazine.—Parts 6 and 7, Vol. 2, of "Meyer's Universum."—Parts 4 and 5 (East and West) of "The United States Illustrated; or, Views of the City and Country." With descriptions and historical articles. Edited by Charles A. Dana. This is a valuable publication, presenting some of the finest views on the American continent, elegantly engraved by the first artists.

"Ladies' Winter Book of Crochet Patterns." Miss Annie T. Wilbur has issued a pamphlet containing a large number of receipts for working crochet patterns. It is published by Moses H. Sargent, of Newburyport, Mass. The explanations are very minute, and Miss W. has herself worked every pattern that she has given in the book.

Chemistry for Youth.

Scintillations in the Atmosphere.—When a globule of sodium is thrown into *hot* water, the decomposition is so violent that small particles of the metal are thrown out of the water, and actually burn with scintillation and flame in passing through the atmosphere.

A Lamp without a Flame.—Procure six or eight inches of platinum wire, about the hundredth part of

an inch in thickness, coil it round a small cylinder ten or twelve times, then drop it on the flame of a spirit-lamp, so that part may touch the wick and part remain above it. Light the lamp, and when it has burned a minute or two, put it out; the wire will then be ignited, and continue so long as any spirit remains in the lamp. Lamps manufactured on this principle are sold sometimes by the chemists.

Luminous Characters.—Take a piece of phosphorus and fix it firmly into a quill; with this write any sentence or fanciful figure or character on a whitewashed wall, and in the dark the characters will appear beautifully luminous. Care must be taken while using the quill to dip it in a basin of cold water frequently, or the repeated friction will cause it to inflame, to the manifest detriment of the operator.

Light produced from Sugar.—If two large pieces of sugar (loaf) are rubbed together in the dark, a light blue flame, like lightning, will be emitted. The same effect is produced when a piece of loaf sugar is struck with a hammer.

Green Fire.—Take of flowers of sulphur thirteen drachms, of nitrate of barytes seventy-seven drachms, of oxymuriate of potash five, of metallic arsenic two, of charcoal three. The nitrate of barytes should be well dried and powdered; it should then be mixed with the other ingredients, all finely pulverized, and the whole triturated until perfectly blended together. A little calamine may be occasionally added, to make the mixture burn slower.

The Protean Light.—Soak a cotton wick in a strong solution of salt and water, dry it, place it in a spirit lamp, and, when lighted, it will give a bright yellow light for a long time. If you look through a piece of blue glass at the flame, it will lose all its yellow light, and you will only perceive feeble violet rays. If before the blue glass, you place a yellow glass, the lamp will be absolutely invisible, though a candle may be distinctly seen through the same glasses.

Light from a Flower.—Hold a lighted candle to the flower of the *fraxinella*, and it will dart forth little flashes of light. This beautiful appearance is caused by the essential and inflammable oil contained in small vessels at the extremities of the flower, which vessels burn at the approach of any inflamed body, setting at liberty the essential oil, as that contained in orange-peel is discharged by pressure.

Brilliant Light from Steel.—Pour into a watch glass a little sulphuret of carbon, and light it; hold in the flame a brush of steel wire, and it will burn beautifully. A watch-spring may also be burnt in it.

Light from Flannel.—Shake flannel in the dark, and it will emit a light similar to that produced from rubbing the back of a cat.

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[82]

Godey's Arm-Chair.

Our January Number.—We have no hesitation in saying that this is, so far, the handsomest number we have ever published, in all respects: reading matter, pictorial illustrations, paper, and typography. We again are obliged to give new type, and in our choice of that we think we have been very successful. It is large and clear, and will not be so trying to the eyes as our former small type. It was manufactured for us by Messrs. Collins & M'Leester, and is in every way worthy their established reputation. We have said that this is our best number so far; but we do not mean to say that it is the best number we intend to publish, we make no such promise. Time will show; but if any magazine intends to come in competition with us, they must work harder than we do to please a public that has ever been generous to us.

Our January number is a type of the year, with the exception of the engraved title-page, which we always give in the first number. We do not commence with a large number of pages and plates to catch subscribers, and then dwindle down to a shadow. This thing is beginning to be understood by the public and the press. Hear what the "Auburn Gazette" says on the subject:—

"Godey's Lady's Book.—The last number is, of course, better than the ladies bargained for, for the veteran Godey not only does not do things miserly, but always gives more than he promises. This is perhaps the great reason of his success and popularity. We have seen January numbers of magazines that were really magnificent, but by December their attractions have 'grown small by degrees and beautifully less.' Godey's practice is the reverse of this. Excelsior! is his motto, and nobly does he *work* up to it. Without saying more, we simply suggest that now is the time to form clubs for the next year."

If we fall off in any respect from what we have stated above, we beg to be reminded of it.

Our Title-page for 1854.—This is really one of the most beautiful engravings we have ever published: "Time in search of Cupid." Here we have history, painting, sculpture, music, love, flowers, a little buncomb in the shape of the American Flag, and the portrait of a very worthy person, who has been the ladies' humble servant for twenty-four years. Designed for the "Book" by Gilbert, of London.

The Pleiades.—This engraving was designed expressly for the "Lady's Book" by Wm. Croome, Esq.: it recommends itself. May we say a word here about original designs? We believe that we are the only publisher that has ever gone to the expense of having original designs made for engraving. We have had more than one hundred original designs made for our own use by such artists as Gilbert, of London, Darley, Rothermel, Croome, Schussele, Waitt, and others.

Our Fashion Plate.—We challenge any one to produce anything that can be compared to it this side of Louis Napoleon's dominions.

To the Ladies.—As the season has now arrived, will our lady subscribers please bear in mind the appeal we made to them in our November number, 1853?

We must again remind our subscribers that they need not wait for collecting agents to call, but please remit us at once for last year, and, at the same time, include the subscription for 1854.

General Agency for Periodicals.—Many persons wishing to subscribe for different publications do not like the trouble of writing several letters. This may be obviated by sending the money to the subscriber, who will attend to all orders punctually, whether for publications monthly or weekly in this city or elsewhere.

Any information asked for by any of our subscribers we will cheerfully give, if it is in our power.

We will attend to purchasing any goods that may be desired, and will forward them at the lowest market price.

Brodie, of 51 Canal St., New York, again shines in this number. His store is besieged with customers, and he deserves his success.

Our New Department.—Drawing Lessons.—We recommend the simple method here practised to parents. It is the simplest method of teaching drawing we have ever seen.

A lady writes us: "I find your patterns with diagrams how to cut dresses invaluable to me. I have used every one, and have not failed in any one instance in getting a most becoming garment."

It is well suggested by a lady subscriber that the interest of the "Lady's Book" does not cease with the receipt of the numbers. She says that it is worth more to her when bound as a book of reference for receipts and other matters than any Cyclopædia.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that our fashions are always in advance, so that ladies in distant places can have their dresses made by our descriptions, and wear them at the same time that they are worn in Philadelphia and New York.

"That's Enough."—So say we. If every one would only do as the editor of the "Raleigh Age" has done, hand the "Lady's Book" to his wife—ah, bother! there it is again, we are always forgetting that some of our friends are not so blessed;—well, if they will only hand the "Book" to some female friend, they will all most likely say, as the good wife of "The Age" says, "It is capital," and then the gentleman can add what the editor, in this case, has done, "That's enough."

A young Miss, at a party, was observed once, when it was growing late in the evening, to be getting quite uneasy; they had gone through a great many plays of different kinds, but none of them seemed to suit her: at last, finding it impossible to conceal her uneasiness any longer, she stepped up to the mistress of the house with "Please, ma'am, when does the kissing commence?" We find from our exchanges that, in our own case, it is about to commence with us now. Well, after waiting twenty-four years, rather longer than the young lady had to wait, we can only say "Barcus is willing." Henry Clay kissed his way from North to South, and from East to West; Godey [83] can't refuse—come on, come one, come all. The "Georgia Standard" says: "Mr. Godey, we have a notion of getting up a $10 club, and see how many kisses we can collect for you in the bargain. If we meet with any success (and, for your sake, we are quite confident), we will send the money and retain the kisses, or retain them and send the money, as you please."

Now it strikes us that this editor, in question, never says kisses for us, but is for keeping them all

to himself, something like the saying of the boys, "Heads I win, tails you lose." We are content anyhow.

"Ah, she thinks that I forget her."—The ballad published in our December number was presented to us by Messrs. Andrews & Co., the popular music sellers of Spring Garden St., and is copyrighted, which we neglected to insert under the title.

Music from Andrews's Celebrated Depot, 66 Spring Garden St.—"Gems of the Ball-room," as taught by Mr. and Mrs. Durang, among which will be found "Pop goes the Weasel," the rage now in London, La Willicka; the gems consist of six pieces. We have also received T. C. Andrews's collection of new and fashionable Polkas, Waltzes, Schottisches, &c. "The Return to Philadelphia," a waltz, composed and dedicated to Mr. Andrews by Louis S. D. Rees; "Morning and Evening," two new and beautiful Polkas, composed by Mrs. Burtis.

We shall be happy to furnish our subscribers with any music from this establishment.

Peter Richings, Esq., and his Daughter.—We have been presented with an engraving of the above, perfectly lifelike, reflecting great credit on the artists, Messrs. Wagner & McGuigan. We understand that the success of Mr. R. and daughter has been very great, and we beg leave to recommend them to our friends of the press wherever they may go. They will find in Mr. Richings the perfect gentleman, a man whom we have known for the last twenty years, and never heard a word uttered to his disparagement.

Lithography.—We fancy now that no improvement can be made in printing in colors upon the beautiful specimen lately presented to us by Wm. D. Chillas, Bulletin Buildings, South Third St. In the centre is the best head of Washington we have ever seen, not a mass of yellow and red, but beautifully colored. On his right is a full-length portrait of Liberty, and on his left, Fortitude. A beautiful representation of the Crystal Palace is at the bottom of the picture, a city is seen at the top, in front of which is a splendid full figure of the Genius of Liberty. We give but a faint description of the plate; it must be seen to be appreciated. The colors are beautifully contrasted, and the whole affair we pronounce decidedly the most splendid specimen of printing in colors we have ever seen.

We see an article going the rounds of the papers that an old lady has had her third new set of teeth. We see nothing remarkable in this except the expense. Our dentists here charge some $200 for a new set of teeth.

Doctor, he has Done It.—A physician in this city tells the following story—not without some regret on his part for the advice given:—

"A hard-working woman had a drunken husband, who, when partly sober, would get the blues and endeavor to destroy himself by taking laudanum. Twice did the wife ascertain that he had swallowed the destructive drug, and twice did the doctor restore him. Upon the second restoration, the doctor addressed him as follows: "'You good-for-nothing scoundrel, you don't want to kill yourself, you merely want to annoy your wife and me. If you want to kill yourself, why don't you cut your throat and put an end to the matter?' Well, away went the doctor, and thought no more of his patient until, some two weeks after, he was awakened from a sound nap by the tinkling of his night-bell. He put his head out of the window and inquired 'What's the matter?' 'Doctor, he has done it,' was the reply. 'Done what?' 'John has taken your advice.' 'What advice?' 'Why you told him to cut his throat, and he has done it, and he is uncommon dead this time.'" Imagine the doctor's feelings. He has since ceased giving such *cutting* advice.

We presume most of our readers have seen or heard of the beautiful song of "The Mistletoe Bough." The following parody we consider one of the best we ever saw:—

THE VORK-'OUSE BOY.

The great coats hung in the vork-'ouse hall,
The vite 'ats shone on the vite-vashed vall;
And the paupers all were blithe and gay,
A-keepin' their Christmas 'oliday;
Ven the master he cried, vith a savage leer,
"You'll get soup for your Christmas cheer!"
Oh! the vork-'ouse boy!
Oh! the vork-'ouse boy!

At length all ov us to bed vas sent,
But a boy was missing—in search ve vent!
Ve sought him above, and ve sought him below,
And ve sought him vith faces of grief and vo!
Ve sought in each corner, each kettle, each pot—
In the vater-butt looked—but found him not!
And veeks rolled on, and ve all vere told
That the vork-'ouse boy had been burked and sold!
Oh! the vork-'ouse boy!
Oh! the vork-'ouse boy!

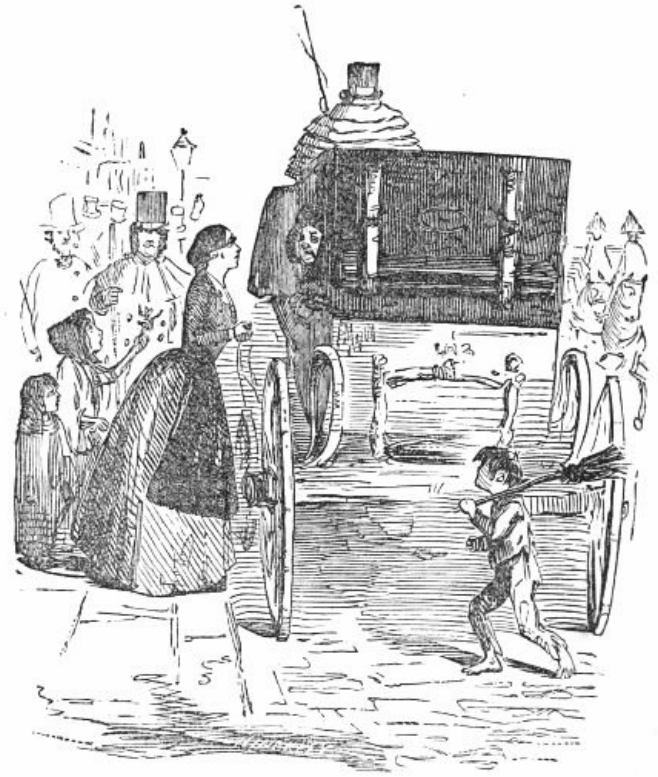
But ven the soup-coppers repair did need,
The copper-smith come, and there he seed
A dollop of bones lie grizzling there,
In a leg of the trowsers the boy did vear!
To gain his fill the lad did stoop,
And dreadful to tell, he vas b'iled into soup
And ve all ov us said, and ve said it vith sneers,
That he was pushed in by the hoverseers!
Oh! the vork-'ouse boy!
Oh! the vork-'ouse boy!

A cockney poet writes as follows:—

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
That chilling fate has on me fell;
There always comes a soaking shower
When I hain't got no umberell!

We have given elsewhere in this number the Philosophy of Shopping. We now give an article of an entirely different nature:—

Directions to Ladies for Shopping.—Shopping is the amusement of spending money at shops. It is to a lady what sporting is to a gentleman; somewhat productive, and very chargeable. Sport, however, involves the payment of one's own shot; shopping may be managed by getting it paid for. Ride all the way till you come to the shopping-ground in a coach if you can, in an omnibus if you must, lest you should be tired when you get there. If you are a lady of fashion, do not get out [84]
of your carriage; and when you stop before your milliner's, particularly if it is a cold, wet day, make one of the young women come out to you, and, without a bonnet, in her thin shoes, stand on the curbstone in the damp and mud. The best places for shopping are fashionable streets, bazaars, and the like. Street-shopping principally relates to hosiery, drapery, and jewellery of the richer sort. Bazaar and arcade shopping, to fancy articles, nicknacks, and perfumery. In street-shopping, walk leisurely along, keeping a sharp lookout on the windows. In bazaar-shopping, beat each stall separately. Many patterns, colors, novelties, conveniences, and other articles will thus strike your eye, which you would otherwise have never wanted or dreamed of. When you have marked down some dress or riband, for instance, that you would like, go and inquire the price of it; haggle, demur, examine, and, lastly, buy. You will then be asked "whether there is any other article to-day?" Whether there is or not, let the shopman show you what wares he pleases; you will very likely desire one or more of them. Whatever you think very cheap, that buy, without reference to your need of it; it is a bargain. You will find, too, as you go on, that one thing suggests another; as bonnets, ribands for trimming, or flowers—and handkerchiefs, perfumery. In considering what more you want, try and recollect what your acquaintances have got that you have not; or what you have seen worn by strangers in going along. See if there is anything before you superior in any respect to a similar thing which you have already; if so, get it instantly, not reflecting whether your own will be well enough. You had better finish your streets before you take your bazaars and arcades; for there the shopping, which one might otherwise call cover-shopping, though excellent sport, refers mostly to articles of no manner of use; and it may be as well to reserve toys and superfluities to the last. Married ladies, when they have laid in all they want for themselves, are recommended to show their thoughtfulness by purchasing some little trifle for their husbands, who, of course, will have to pay for it in the end.



One of Them Gone.—No doubt spurred on by our articles on the subject. We wish the happy couple much joy.

In Middleton, Logan Co., Ky., on Thursday evening, October 6th, by the Rev. James B. Evans, Oscar C. Rhea, editor of the "Russelville Herald," to Miss Judith Grubbs, daughter of Col. Thos. Grubbs.

Covers for Binding.—We have a beautiful cover suitable for binding twelve numbers of the "Lady's Book." Price twenty-five cents.

The Trials of a Needle-woman.—We are unable to commence this very interesting story until February, when a double portion of it will be given.

Orders for music, jewellery, patterns for dresses, children's wardrobes, dresses, dry-goods, etc., will be promptly attended to.

[85]

Godey's Gallery of Splendid Engravings.—We have received the first number of this truly attractive and valuable publication, which has been gotten up with unequalled care and taste by L. A. Godey, Esq., the enterprising publisher of the "Lady's Book." It embraces a large number of choice pictures by the first masters, and forms a real treasury of beauty and art. The subjects are well chosen, and no lover of the beautiful should be without the work.—*Daily Evening Argus.*

The Book of the Toilet.—There goes by our window this instant, as our pen indites our thoughts, a new omnibus, gay as a rainbow, with the pleasant name of "Louis A. Godey" painted on its delicate panels, and we now have the name of the far-famed publisher of the "Lady's Book," Louis A. Godey, on the title-page of one of the most dainty little volumes imaginable. Just the thing for a reticule or a vest pocket, and containing a hundred charming recipes for the fair, which no one would ever have thought of but such a capital lady's man as the gallant and courteous author of "The Book for the Toilet."—*Phila. Sat. Courier.*

Christ Healing the Sick.—This splendid plate, containing fifty-two figures, the most expensive and beautiful one ever given in a periodical, and the only time West's celebrated painting has been engraved, we have printed on fine paper, of a size suitable for framing, and will furnish a copy on receipt of fifty cents.

Friend Pioneer.—We do not object to the term old, we like it, especially when you accompany it with such pleasant compliments. Look at our picture in this number, and then say what you think of us. A man never feels old when he sees himself reproduced in the youngsters around him.

The Boston Stage, by W. W. Clapp, Jr.—We neglected to state, in our last, that this very entertaining book can be purchased at W. P. Hazard's, Chestnut St. above Seventh.

A. R. Wriggs, the very able editor of the "Independent Winchester," Tenn., while in this city, paid a visit to the printing-office of Messrs. Collins, the gentlemen who print the "Lady's Book," and thus he discourses:—

"I next visited the large printing concern of Mr. Collins. I had but a faint idea before of the extent of the printing business. Fourteen large steam presses are kept constantly running, besides six hand-presses. I was politely shown through the rooms of this immense concern by the foreman of the establishment, who took an interest in explaining to me such things as I did not understand. Mr. Collins, the owner of this establishment, was, but a few years ago, a poor journeyman printer. By indomitable industry and perseverance he has arisen to his present position. He is now in the vigor of life, and bids fair to enjoy a long and useful one. I spent an hour in the private office of Mr. C., and when I left I felt that I had been benefited by his conversation. He keeps a large card hanging conspicuously over his desk, requesting loafers to call as seldom as possible, and make their visits as short as convenient. Business men, as well as loafers, should make a note of this."

Rapp's Gold Pens.—We have received orders for more than one hundred of these pens. We repeat the terms, and also our hearty assurance that they are the best gold pens we have ever used. Price of pens, condor size, with a holder, $6; in a silver case, $7; swan-quill size, with double extension silver cases, $4; goose-quill size, suitable for ladies, with holders, as above, $3.

Subscribers will please remit direct to us, and we will act as your agents in procuring and paying for other publications.

Arthur's Home Magazine.—We predict for this magazine a popularity never exceeded in this country. It is the best and cheapest published this side of the Atlantic.—*Herald, Springfield, N. Y.*

Mr. Arthur has succeeded in getting up, in our opinion, one of the best and cheapest magazines of the day. We wish the talented editor and author success in his new enterprise!—*Cincinnati Daily Atlas.*

Arthur's Home Gazette.—The "Church Review and Ecclesiastical Register," published at New Haven, Con., says: "Arthur's Home Gazette is the very best of the literary weekly newspapers. Its moral tone is admirable."

We have a year's subscription ready for the author of the following, if we can ever find out who it is:—

"The ladies are accused of extravagance in their dress and ornaments every day in the week, by some brainless upstart, while the other sex is quite as liable to censure. Talk of female extravagance! why, a fashionable cravat in these days sells for five dollars, while the fall styles of velvet vests range from ten to twenty-five. And in the matter of vest buttons, single sets sell for a hundred dollars and upwards. The jewellers have styles at prices ranging from ten to twenty dollars a button, or from sixty to one hundred and twenty dollars a set, and the price of a fashionable shirt at the Boston clothing stores is twelve dollars. Female extravagance, indeed!"

There seems to be some contention among the New York editors upon the subject of copying articles from magazines. We can only say: You cannot take up an English periodical without finding in it an article from "Godey," under the general head of an "American Tale."

The following notice was lately posted on a store in the upper part of North Fourth Street: "Dis Stor is to rent Enquir in te Stor."

We find in looking over the English papers some queer advertisements:—

A tailor advertises gentlemen's clothing, and ends by saying: "A *fit* guaranteed." That is just what we, in this country, would not like.

"M. D. G. acknowledges the receipt of one pound sterling from a friend."

"Messrs. W. have received the sum of one pound sterling from A. B. In remitting the balance, Messrs. W. should feel obliged by having A. B.'s name and address."

"John, come. Do come, John."

"Betsey will have to wait. The old cook still hangs on."

A friend once gave us the following as an exemplification of patience: "To go to a country tavern, order a chicken for dinner; then, seating yourself at the window, you presently see the cook in full chase after the poor biddy. Then comes the reflection that that chicken first (like Mrs. Glass's

receipt for cooking a fish, 'First catch your fish') has to be caught, next scalded to get the feathers off, then cleaned, and then cooked; and then, if you have any appetite left, you may eat it."

Thrift.—A man wished a landlord to reduce his board, because he had had two teeth extracted and could not eat so much.

The "American Union," published in Boston, is an elegant literary and national newspaper, with a [86]
circulation of nearly 40,000 copies. It employs the most popular American writers, and inserts no advertisements. All the stories are completed in a single number, and are American in their character. It is, in fact, a paper for the American people. A specimen will be sent to any person desiring it. The terms are $2 a year; 1 copy two years $3; 4 copies one year $6; 12 copies one year $15; and 20 copies one year $20. R. B. Fitts & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The Queen giving a Lesson to Ladies on their Bonnets.—The "Dublin Evening Mail" has the following hit on bonnets: "We may mention, for the information of our fair readers, that the queen wore a pink bonnet (on her visit to the Exhibition) which her majesty wore *on her head*, be it remarked, and whose shape we wish we could induce the milliners of the present day to adopt, instead of those absurd things which hang *half way down the backs* of young ladies, giving a *brazen* expression to the fairest and most delicate features, and an appearance of being high-shouldered to even graceful figures."

One would naturally suppose that where there is an article that is pleasant and every way agreeable, and costs but little, a great deal of it would be used. "Civility" costs nothing, and yet how little of it is in use! We are reminded of this by the following anecdote: When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant, of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was—

"Friend, by one article alone, and in which thou mayest deal too, if thou pleasest—it is civility."

"Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child, for death has arrested it with its kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence."

The "State of Matrimony" is one of the United States. It is bounded by a ring on one side and a cradle on the other. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against.

The modest maiden, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband happy, and reclaims him from vice, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.—*Goldsmith.*

The Inventor of Ink.—The Chinese think that the inventor of ink was one of the greatest men that ever lived; that he enjoys a blessed immortality, and is charged with keeping an account of the manner in which all ink is used here below, and for every abuse of it he records a black mark against the offender.

The words of the widow of Helvetius to Napoleon are worth remembering: "You cannot conceive how much happiness can be found in three acres of land."

Some idea may be formed of the importance of perfumery as an article of commerce, when it is stated that one of the large perfumers of Grasse, in France, employs annually 80,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 60,000 lbs. of cassia flowers, 54,000 lbs. of rose-leaves, 32,000 lbs. of jessamine blossoms, 35,000 lbs. of violet flowers, 20,000 lbs. of tube roses, 16,000 lbs. of lilac flowers, besides rosemary, mint, lavender, thyme, lemon, orange, and other odorous plants in like proportions.

To drive Rats from a House.—Let one of the juveniles commence a course of lessons on the French horn.

Mrs. Partington wishes to know if Old Bull plays upon one of his own horns.

Punch inquires, "Did you ever see an actor who did not pronounce garden, 'giardin,' and kind, 'kyind?'"

We once heard a now very celebrated actor say, "He jests at *shyars* (scars) who never felt a wound."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

"S. J. R."—Sent pattern of cloak on 11th, by mail.

"W. F. S."—Sent your Condor Pen on 11th, by mail.

"Miss A. M."—Sent your bonnet on the 8th, by Adams's Express.

"Mrs. P. H. G."—The curtains from Carryl's you will have received before this notice reaches you. Only one change was necessary, which is an improvement.

"G. L. M."—The Talma and chemisettes were forwarded by Kinsly's Express on the 8th.

"Mrs. I. A. C."—Wrote about side-saddle on 31st.

"M. I. D."—Sent your cloak by Adams's Express on the 19th.

"J. P. I."—Your goods were sent from New York.

"New Lexington."—We acknowledge the receipt of a very pretty drawing from an unknown correspondent at this place. He will please accept our thanks.

"J. H.," Dover, N. H.—We do not know the article. Perhaps a physician or apothecary can give you the information. You do not mention in what number you saw the receipt.

"W. S. P.," Cal.—Sent the wardrobe complete by Adams on the 4th, addressed to San Francisco. Wrote you at Benecia, and inclosed receipt; also sent duplicate letter to San Francisco.

"L. A. B."—Send the size of your neck, and we will send you the latest patterns for collars from Griffith's.

"W. J. S."—Write under your proper name, and send a stamp to pay return postage.

"A. H."—We recommend the old establishment opposite State House.

"Mrs. O."—Sent you the artificial flowers on the 8th, both for bonnet and hair.

"H. E. B."—All embroideries are washed at the manufactories before they are offered for sale. Their method of washing is their own secret. It will do no harm to wash them. We cannot ascertain any other method of cleaning them. We will put your question to our subscribers; perhaps some of them may favor us with a reply. Here it is:—

"Mr. Godey: After embroidering your beautiful patterns, we do not like the idea of their being washed before use, as it gives them the appearance of having been worn. The muslin embroidery we purchase is certainly cleaned without washing; and could not Godey from his 'Arm-Chair' tell us how it is done, and greatly oblige one of his subscribers?" H. E. B.

"J. S."—Price of pattern for cloak $1. [87]

"L. M. O."—Have sent you the patterns of the wall paper by Adams. G. will come on and put them up, simply charging his travelling expenses and loss of time.

"E. K. O."—Pattern and material will cost $3.

"Subscriber," Watertown, Miss.—Can send you patterns for boy's aprons for one dollar. Very handsome ones.

"M. L. H."—Sent you two pairs of gaiter boots on the 18th, by Kinsly's Express.

The Borrower's Department.

The Connecticut "Rainbow" says: "Borrowers are informed that they cannot have ours." And yet we will venture to say that the editor will have applicants to loan it.

The "Prairie Journal" says he is determined not to "make a circulating library of the 'Book' Godey kindly sends us."

The Arkansas "Southern Gem" asks a very natural question: "Why does not every one take 'Godey?' Those who read ours shall pay fifty cents for it, and upon no other terms."

What we Lose by Borrowers.—The "Eastern Times" says: "Will the publisher please forward the first three numbers of the present year? We had the misfortune to *lend them*." Of course, we sent them.

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

13. Wren. 14. Water.
15. The letter U. 16. A card.

ENIGMAS.

1.

One side of every thing you see,
You often think and talk of me;
Yet though I clearly should proclaim
All that I am, and tell my name
Without disguise or round about,
Still you could never make me *out*.

2.

By wise men in the days of yore
I was accounted one of four;
But what our number is, of late
Learning has brought into debate.
The circuit of this globe I round;
Disdaining loftiest wall and mound.
Scarce felt or known, I always move
Within you, round you, and above;
Floating the earth and heaven between,
Am often heard but never seen;
Yet, though devoid of shape or size,
Grow thinner always as I rise.
By drawing me, you live and breathe;
If I withdraw, you sink in death.
I help to feed the plant and tree;
I serve the birds for sail and sea.
Without my passport to its flight
Your eye could not discern the light,
Nor to your ear would ever reach
The voice of music or of speech.
I am a gesture, a grimace,
A blemish oftener than a grace,
Except upon a favorite's face.
But many are the parts I play,
And oft the grave and oft the gay,
Am pure, am foul, am heavy, light,
Am safer in the day than night,
Upon the mountain keen and sharp,
But soft and sweet upon the harp.
The prince of demons by degree
Is for a season prince of me;
But thence, too, he shall fall in time,
As once he fell from higher clime;
Meanwhile his lies of every hue
By *taking* me are passed for true.

3.

Of my first you'll perceive at a glance,
That I'm reckoned ill-meaning in France:
Which annexed with what's everywhere cold,
You'll a form as repulsive behold
As disfigures humanity's race,
Or could character taint with disgrace.

Receipts, &c.

IRON-MOULDS IN PAPER.—When paper is disfigured with iron-moulds, it may be restored by applying to the stained part a solution of sulphate of potash, and afterwards a weak solution of oxalic acid.

The sulphate attracts from the iron part of its oxygen, and renders it soluble in the diluted acids. This is applicable to other substances; but care must be taken to place the oxalic acid in a safe place, and to mark the bottom containing it "poison."

Knives and Forks.—Handles of ebony should be cleaned with a soft cloth dipped in a little sweet oil; and after resting awhile with the oil on them, let them be well wiped with a clean towel. Ivory or bone handles ought to be washed with a soaped flannel and lukewarm water, and then wiped with a dry towel. To preserve or restore their whiteness, soak them occasionally in alum-water that has been boiled and then grown cold. Let them lie for an hour in a vessel of this alum-water. Then take them out, and brush them well with a small brush (a tooth-brush will do), and afterwards take a clean linen towel, dip it in cold water, squeeze it out; and, while wet, wrap it round the handles, leaving them in it to dry gradually—as, if dried too fast out of the alum-water, they will be injured. If properly managed, this process will make them very white.

Expelling Insects generally.—All insects dislike pennyroyal; the odor of it destroys some and drives away others. At seasons when fresh green bunches of pennyroyal are not to be obtained, get oil of pennyroyal, pour some into a saucer, and steep in it small bits of wadding or raw cotton; lay them about in corners; closet-shelves, bureau-drawers, boxes, and all places where you have seen cockroaches or ants, or wherever they are likely to be found. If the insects do not speedily disappear, renew the cotton and pennyroyal. It is also well to place some of them about the bedsteads, between the sacking and the mattress. Bunches of pennyroyal are excellent for brushing off that very annoying little insect, the seed tick.

How To Preserve Eggs.—Take a half inch board of any convenient length and breadth, and pierce it as full of holes (each 1½ inches in diameter) as you can. A board two feet and six inches in length, and one foot wide, has five dozen in it, say twelve rows of five each. Then take four strips [88] two inches broad, and nail them together edgewise into a rectangular frame of the same size as your other board. Nail this board upon the frame, and the work is done, unless you choose to nail a heading around the top.

Put your eggs in this board as they come from the poultry house, the small ends down, and they will keep good for six months, if you take the following precautions: Take care that the eggs do not get wet, either in the nest or afterwards. Keep them in a cool room in summer, and out of the reach of frost in winter. If two boards be kept, one can be filling while the other is emptying.

To Cure Corns.—The cause of corns, and likewise the torture they occasion, is simply friction; and to lessen the friction, you have only to use your toe as you do in like circumstances a coach-wheel —lubricate it with some oily substance. The best and cleanest thing to use is a little sweet oil, rubbed on the affected part (after the corn is carefully pared) with the tip of the finger, which should be done on getting up in the morning, and just before stepping into bed at night. In a few days the pain will diminish, and in a few days more it will cease, when the nightly application may be discontinued.

For Cure of Ringworm.—Take of subcarbonate of soda one drachm, which dissolve in half a pint of vinegar. Wash the head every morning with soft soap, and apply the lotion night and morning. One teaspoonful of sulphur and treacle should also be given occasionally night and morning.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

CUSTARDS, CREAMS, JELLIES, AND BLANC MANGE.

[*First article.*]

Custard is always eaten cold, and either poured over fruit tarts, or served up separately in custard-cups, in each of which a macaroon steeped in wine, and laid at the bottom, will be found a good addition. The flavoring may likewise be altered according to taste, by using a different kind of essence, the name of which it then acquires; as of lemon, orange, marashino, vanilla, &c. It is almost needless to say that cream or a portion of it will make it richer than mere milk. It should be recollected that in custard, when made as cream, and eaten as usually called "raw," the *whites* of the eggs are never all used; but they may be devoted to many other purposes. The *French mode* of making it is, to measure the number of cups which are to be filled, and use nearly that quantity of milk or cream, simmering it upon the fire until beginning to boil, then adding about half an ounce of powdered sugar to each cup, with lemon-peel, bay-leaves, or almond-powder; then take the yolk of an egg to each small cup, beat them up with the milk, fill the cups, place in a vase of boiling water until the custards become firm.

Custard Cream.—Boil half a pint of new milk with a piece of lemon-peel, not very large, a stick of cinnamon, and eight lumps of white sugar. Should cream be employed instead of milk, there will be no occasion to strain it. Beat the yolks, say of four eggs; strain the milk through coarse muslin, or a hair-sieve; then mix the eggs and milk very gradually together, and simmer it gently on the fire, stirring it until it thickens, but removing it the moment it begins to boil, or it will curdle. *A cheap and excellent* sort is made by boiling three pints of new milk with a bit of lemon-peel, a bit of cinnamon, two or three bay-leaves, and sweetening it. Meanwhile, rub down smooth a large spoonful of rice-flour into a cup of cold milk, and mix with it four yolks of eggs well beaten. Take a basin of the boiling milk, mix it with the cold, and pour that to the boiling, stirring it one way till it begins to thicken, and is just going to boil up; then pour it into a pan and stir it some time.

For rich Custard.—Boil a pint of milk with lemon-peel and cinnamon; mix a pint of cream and the

yolks of eight eggs, well beaten; when the milk tastes of the seasoning, strain it and sweeten it enough for the whole; pour it into the cream, stirring it well; then give the custard a simmer till of a proper thickness. Do not let it boil; stir the whole time one way. *Or*:—Boil a pint of cream with some mace, cinnamon, and a little lemon-peel; strain it, and when cold add to it the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, a little orange-flower water, and sugar to your taste. A little nutmeg and two spoonfuls of sweet wine may be added, if approved. Mix well, and bake in cups.

Rice Custards.—Sweeten a pint of milk with loaf-sugar, boil it with a stick of cinnamon, stir in sifted ground rice till quite thick. Take it off the fire; add the whites of three eggs well beaten; stir it again over the fire for two or three minutes, then put it into cups that have lain in cold water; do not wipe them. When cold, turn them out, and put them into the dish in which they are to be served; pour round them a custard made of the yolks of the eggs and a little more than half a pint of milk. Put on the top a little red currant jelly, or raspberry jam. A pretty supper dish.

Orange Custard.—Boil very tender the rind of half a Seville orange; beat it in a mortar to a paste; put to it a spoonful of the best brandy, the juice of a Seville orange, four ounces of lump-sugar, and the yolks of four eggs. Beat all together for ten minutes, and pour in by degrees a pint of boiling cream. Keep beating until the mixture is cold; then put into custard-cups, and set them in a soup-dish of boiling water; let them stand until thick, then put preserved orange-peel in slices, upon the custard. Serve either hot or cold. *Or*:—Take the juice of twelve oranges, strain it, and sweeten it well with pounded loaf-sugar, stir it over a slow fire till the sugar is dissolved, taking off the scum as it rises; when nearly cold, add the yolks of twelve eggs well beaten, and a pint of cream; stir it again over the fire till it thickens. Serve it in a glass dish or in custard-cups.

Lemon Custard may be made in the same manner, or as follows: Strain three wineglassfuls of lemon-juice through a sieve; beat nine eggs, yolks and whites, strain them also, and add them to the lemon-juice, with one-quarter pound of powdered loaf-sugar, a glass of white wine, and half a wineglass of water, with a little grated lemon-peel. Mix all together, and put the ingredients into a sauce-pan on the fire, stirring it until it becomes thick and of a proper consistence.

Almond Custard.—Boil in a pint of milk, or cream, two or three bitter almonds, a stick of cinnamon, and a piece of lemon-peel pared thin, with eight or ten lumps of sugar; let it simmer to extract the flavor, then strain it and stir it till cold. Beat the yolks of six eggs, mix it with the milk, and stir the whole over a slow fire until of a proper thickness, adding one ounce of sweet almonds, beaten fine in rose-water.

Plain Custard.—To one quart of cream or new milk, add a stick of cinnamon, four bay leaves and some mace; boil them altogether a few minutes; then beat well twelve eggs, sweeten them, and when the milk is cold, stir in the eggs, and bake or boil it till of a proper consistency, and perfectly smooth. The spice can be omitted, and four or five bitter almonds used in its place.

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[89]

Centre-Table Gossip.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Not BY MRS. CHAPENE.

Letter-Writing.—We are very sorry to confess the humiliating fact that, notwithstanding the number of editions of the "Complete Letter-Writer" that have been issued, and the quantity of female seminaries scattered through the country, very many of our sex are not elegant correspondents. We do not mean by this that they spell incorrectly, fold awkwardly, or seal *splashingly*—this last has been in some measure corrected by the introduction of self-secured envelopes; but, nevertheless, a letter may have its round periods and distinctly marked paragraphs, yet be destitute of the pith and marrow of a really agreeable epistle.

Letter-writing is generally complained of as a bore, or ridiculed as a school-girl weakness, yet it is the medium of much pleasure and happiness, and, as such, should always be a favorite occupation with our sex especially, who have ever been distinguished as excelling in the art. If it is a bore to send kindly messages, to interchange lively criticism upon popular music or reading, to record excellent or earnest thoughts, the writer can have very little to say, and that little might as well be left altogether, in nine cases out of ten. The tone of such a correspondent would be frivolous, trifling, gossiping, and no doubt the shafts of mischief, intended or careless, wing her words. We commend to such a lady the laconic and affectionate epistle of the French wife to her husband, if so be she must needs write at all: "*Je vous écris parceque je n'ai rien à faire; je finis parceque je n'ai rien à dire.* I write to you because I have nothing to do; I finish because I have nothing to say." This would, at least, be common honesty, and a harmless, if not satisfactory communication.

Letter-writing, in its happiest aspect, is, as we have said, a pleasant interchange of thought, and may be made the medium of usefulness and happiness. If every idle word we speak bears witness against us, every thoughtless sentence written must have double weight. Spirited narratives of passing events, a summer day's tour, even of domestic incidents, clever criticisms, or suggestions, hearty good wishes, or the offering of sincere sympathy, these can never offend charity or good taste; but to write because it is expected of us is a tiresome hypocrisy no one should feel bound to keep up, out of which mischief to ourselves or others is almost sure to arise.

AMATEUR GARDENING.

A New Method for Hastening the Blowing of Bulbs.—The following liquid has been used with great advantage for this purpose: Sulphate or nitrate of ammonia, four ounces; nitrate of potash, two ounces; sugar, one ounce; hot water, one pint; dissolve and keep it in a well-corked bottle. For use, put eight or ten drops of this liquid into the water of a hyacinth glass, or jar, for bulbous-rooted plants, changing the water every ten or twelve days. For flowering plants in pots, a few drops must be added to the water employed to moisten them. Rain-water is preferable for this purpose.

City Gardens.—In winter, city gardens have generally a very gloomy appearance. The greenhouse plants, which, during summer, made a brilliant show in the open ground, have been blackened by frost, and present that appearance of ruined beauty which it is always so painful to contemplate. In many gardens, the pelargoniums (geraniums) and other greenhouse plants, which have stood out during the summer in the open ground, are suffered to remain till they are quite killed by the frost, and are then taken up and thrown on the waste heap to rot with the dead leaves, mowings of grass, and other vegetable refuse, in order that, in due time, they may form vegetable mould for other plants to grow in; but, in some cases, it is desirable to preserve the old plants of the scarlet geraniums during the winter, in order to procure a finer display of flowers early in the following season. When this is the case, the plants are taken up, and the earth being shaken from their roots, they are laid in a dry, shady, airy place, generally in the back shed of the greenhouse; or hung up with their heads downwards for a week or ten days. Each plant should afterwards be carefully examined, and cleansed from all decaying matter, and the branches pruned back to about four or five buds or eyes, the roots being shortened accordingly; after which the plants should be either potted in small pots, or laid in rows in a cellar with their roots covered with dry sand. Where the cellar is not sufficiently dry, they may be put into a spare room, passage, or shed, where the frost cannot penetrate, and where they are kept till spring.

At this season, if the frost will permit, the beds in city gardens may be dug over, that the earth may be ameliorated by the influence of the air.

PARLOR WORK.

The pleasant old fashion of centre-table work has been revived, except in New York City, perhaps, where, save in some secluded circles, every one seems bent on disproving the preacher's proposition: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

In the busy whirl of the metropolis, there is little leisure for domestic enjoyment. It is not even known when sleeping is accomplished; and eating, at least the one comfortable meal they allow themselves, is crowded between daylight and dark, at "blind-man's holiday." But in Boston and Philadelphia, in all sober country towns and villages, where pleasant society can be had, the work-basket makes its appearance upon the round-table once more, and chit-chat is stimulated by busy hands.

Nice plain sewing, not so fine as to injure the eyes, nor so large as to encumber either the workwoman or visitor, is always a graceful, womanly resource. It does not distract the attention, and many wearisome stitches may be set unconsciously, thus lightening hours devoted to real task work. We would not advise embroidery as an evening occupation, for the reason that, in most cases, it is a strain upon the eyes, to be felt sooner or later. Embroidery is, nevertheless, very fashionable just now; cotton embroidery for infants' shirts and petticoats; for pocket-handkerchiefs, and the bands and sleeves of underclothes. The patterns are, in general, points or scallops, enriched with eyelets or dots in rows, stars or diamonds; sprays, light wreaths, and even the elaborate work to be found at Bradbrook's, where a single garment, with an embroidered [90] yoke, is valued at $13, are also in use. Worsted embroidery is chiefly used for flannels, sacques, and skirts, or blankets for infants. Silk is also chiefly fashionable in the wardrobes of children, their dresses, tunics, sacques, and cloaks. For older persons, it is nearly superseded by the use of broad braids, ribbons, and galoons as trimmings.

Worsted knitting is a favorite and appropriate branch of parlor industry. Opera shawls are very fashionable the present season, a plain centre, with a band of white, or some contrast on the two sides, and a border of points or scallops in the principal color. Rigolettes, or worsted caps, of every description, for evening wear, carriage boots, half handkerchiefs or spencers, to be worn beneath cloaks and shawls, infants' shirts, socks, sacques, and aprons, are included in the ample list. For many of these, directions will be found in the "Lady's Book" from month to month, and novelties are always in preparation for our centre-table circle. Crochet and ornamental netting, slippers, chairs, and ottomans of worsted work, are still in vogue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Miss J. H."—The yarn required is called Saxony, and comes numbered. For infants' shirts, 60 is the best; that is, if you knit closely, and use moderately sized bone or wooden needles; they stretch very much in washing. "Split zephyr" will not wash as well, although it may look whiter and softer at first. They can also be made, if more easily procured, from any fine domestic worsted or yarn, such as used to be saved in New England for "best stockings." To wash an infant's knit shirt or robin requires peculiar care.

Dip it in hot soapsuds, as hot as the hand can bear, and squeeze it out repeatedly. Rinse in clear water of the same temperature. Then iron or press it; but, when nearly dry, pull it into the required shape, taking great care to stretch it down, not crosswise, or it will shrink in length so as to be useless. It will thus look like new again.

"Mrs. S. Lawton."—It is best, in teaching a servant to wait, to have her take all the silver first upon a tray of convenient size. It saves from jar and breakage, and scratches the silver less. For instance, in removing soup, she should take the spoon of each person from the right, and then the plates can be piled smoothly and quickly upon the tray in her second round. So of the knives and forks in the second remove. The tray should then be cleared for the reception of the castors, salts, etc., which should at once be set in the china closet, if convenient, as it is useless trouble and exposure to breakage to have them placed upon the side-table, in the midst of china and glass that has been used.

"Annie."—It is best to have the magazines bound at once; they are apt to get loaned and spoiled, besides giving trouble in assorting, if kept over a year. It is safest to file any magazine or paper intended for binding, just as soon as every one has read it. The volumes can be done neatly for about seventy-five cents apiece.

"A Young Contributor" should bear in mind the oft-repeated rule that manuscripts are to be written only on one side of the leaf. In all conversations, the remark of each person must have separate and distinct quotation marks, and, in general, form a separate paragraph. By attending to a few simple rules, she will be much more likely to find favor in the sight of editors, who are accustomed to judge of the merit of an article by the very style of a manuscript, the unpractised writer betraying him or herself in minor points on the very first page.

"A Sufferer" should keep a list of all her books and magazines. It is never well to trust too much to the honesty of acquaintances in the matter of books and umbrellas. A bachelor friend of ours invariably inscribed his name in full on the margin of some central chapter, with this Scriptural hint below: "*The wicked borroweth and payeth not again*."

"Mrs. S." will receive her box in good season. The mitts were very hard to find, as they are quite out of date, except for very old ladies.

"Mrs. T. M."—The shoes were noticed a year or more ago; they are black silk, quilted in diamonds, the sole also lined with cotton wadding. For invalids or old persons, they are the best shoes we know.

"Miss Eliza G.," of Macon.—The music is selected, and waits the promised opportunity.

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. Bridal wardrobes, spring and autumn bonnets, dresses, jewelry, bridal cards, cake-boxes, envelopes, etc. etc., 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., who will be responsible for the amount, and the early execution of commissions.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Stewart's, bonnets from Miss Wharton's, jewelry from Bailey's, Warden's, Philadelphia, or Tiffany's, New York, if requested.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE FOR JANUARY.

Fig. 1st.—Dinner and carriage-dress, the skirt a light taffeta silk, with nine narrow flounces, pinked on the edge. Body of a basque pattern, in royal purple velvet, trimmed with a fall of black lace. Scarf of India pattern, in bright colors. White uncut velvet bonnet, with fall and strings of embroidered ribbon. Small winter sun-shade, of pale dove-colored silk. A carriage-cloak is thrown over the whole figure in the open air.

Fig. 2d.—Dress for receiving New Year's calls. A white grounded silk, the skirt elegantly woven with a pattern of full-blown roses and foliage in blue. Plain white body and sleeves, finished with broad bands of blue embossed velvet. Pearl ornaments. The hair slightly puffed, and dressed with lappets of blue and gold ribbon, intermingled with golden leaves.

CHITCHAT UPON JANUARY FASHIONS.

We are constantly inquired of if there are no new styles for dressing the hair, and, in response, give wood-cuts that have recently made their appearance in the fashionable world abroad. They are very elaborate, perhaps too much so for ordinary everyday use, where plain bands and twists are still in vogue. For parties, however, we give No. 1. [91]

No. 1.

The front hair is parted horizontally on each side of the forehead into three distinct divisions, each of which is turned back and forms a roll. These *rouleaux* may be made either of the hair alone or by rolling it on small silk cushions, covered with hair-colored silk. In front, they are divided by *bandeaux* of Roman pearls.

No. 2.

No. 2 is the same headdress at the back, the hair being entwined with the pearls very low on the neck, and fastened by two pearl-headed pins, of an antique bodkin pattern.

No. 3 is still a different style, more in accordance with the taste of our grandmothers, especially the small flat curls on the temples. A light plume is entwined with the Grecian braid at the back of the head.

No. 3.

We give these, as we have said before, more from their novelty than grace. For ordinary wear, plain bands on each side the temple, drawn out wide where the size and shape of the head admit of it, are principally seen. The back hair is formed into a French twist flat to the head, around which the rest is disposed in a close circle, either twisted, roped, or braided, leaving the smooth twist displayed in the centre. "Roping" the hair is done by dividing it in two equal parts, and twisting one over the other, a kind of round braid, taking its name from the resemblance it bears when smoothly managed to a hempen rope or cable.

Speaking of which reminds us that hair ornaments were never more worn than now. Several very beautiful stands of designs have been on exhibition in the Crystal Palace, some of them quite plain, suitable for mourning, others richly set with gold, enamel, and even precious stones. Among the more costly we have described in our foreign correspondence, is a set recently completed in Paris for a foreign princess. It consists of a necklace, bracelet, and ear-rings. The hair is said to be that of a celebrated Spanish beauty, very dark, and wrought into small globes resembling beads of various size. These globes are transparent, and are wrought in a style of such exquisite delicacy that they seem to be made of the finest lace. They are clustered together like drooping bunches of grapes, and between each bunch there is a small tulip formed of diamonds. The ear-rings consist of pendent drops, formed of hair beads, with tops consisting of diamond tulips. Hair ornaments similar to these are made with pearls, gold, or silver, in place of the diamonds; fortunately for people who like tasteful jewelry, and are *not* foreign princesses.

Two bracelets, made for a wealthy English lady, are also described, and, as there is a mania for this description of ornaments, we copy it for those ordering hair-work from a distance, or who are curious in these matters. One, made of very fair, soft, glossy hair, is in the form of a serpent, [92] having the rings on its back, distinctly marked by a peculiar method of plaiting the hair. This serpent is represented as creeping gracefully on a long reed leaf, made of green enamel in natural shades, the head being studded with emeralds. The other bracelet consists of a flat band, formed of plaited hair of various shades, and the shades so disposed as to intersect each other transversely, forming a kind of chequered pattern. Five medallions are affixed to this band, each opening by a spring in the manner of a watch-case, and within are a name and date, or any inscription appropriate to those whose tresses have formed the memento. For plain bracelets, there is the round elastic band, fastened by a broad gold band or link, to which is attached a single medallion, inclosing hair too short to be braided. Two of these bands, twisted or roped together, make a heavier bracelet. There is another, inclosing a steel spring, having the head or tail of a serpent in gold, and thus appearing to coil about the wrist; a common device, but one we do not much fancy. Brooches are made in the form of knots, bows, clasps, etc. Plain flat rings, with a gold band just wide enough for initials, or fastened by a tiny gold knot or buckle, are great favorites, and make a simple, tasteful love-token. Pendents for bracelets or brooches, in every shape, are worn, and tipped with gold, lyres, harps, baskets, acorns, etc. etc., all of fairy-like delicacy and proportions. Ear-rings in globes, as described above, acorns, harps, baskets, etc., are also worn. The Swiss style, once thought so tasteful—flat flowers, feathers, landscapes, and funeral urns, pictured on a white ground, and set as cameos—are almost entirely out of date.

The changes of the present month in outside garments are by no means important. More furs are seen of the usual variety, from ermine and sable down to the equally comfortable Siberian or gray squirrel and fitch. The tippets are giving place almost entirely to the large round capes of twenty years ago; muffs are still small, and cuffs worn as much as ever. Velvet and cloth circular, or Talma cloaks, are again in favor, of several new varieties in trimming. Some of them consist of two and three capes, one above the other, like the horseman's cloak capes, once so fashionable for gentlemen. The favorite trimming which has replaced the narrow velvet ribbons of last year is broad satin galoon of different patterns. Beaver bonnets for children, at Oakford's and Genin's, are trimmed principally with satin bands and plaited satin ribbons, making a glossy contrast. We consider beaver as most suitable for the little people. Satin and velvet are the favorite materials

for ladies' hats, and close plumes will be worn as much as ever, feathers being used in inside trimming for the brim, mixed with knots of ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(*See Cuts in front of Book.*)

No. 1.—Boy's skirt and jacket of dark cashmere, the latter open, with a front in imitation of a vest, of pale buff kerseymere. Plain linen collar and undersleeves, with a small ribbon necktie.

No. 2.—Street coat of dark green pelisse cloth, trimmed with velvet to correspond, suitable for a boy from three to six years old.

No. 3.—Little girl's dress, with basque and tunic skirt, trimmed with scalloped frills of the same material. Short pantalettes, with narrow tucks.

No. 4.—Dress and loose sacque jacket, of embroidered fawn-colored cashmere; the sleeves have a deep cuff, and, for cold weather, a plain plaited muslin chemisette may be worn to protect the neck. FASHION.

The Toilet.

MILK OF ALMONDS is used to bathe the face, and is made thus: Bruise some sweet almonds in a mortar, and add water by slow degrees, in the proportion of a pint to twenty or thirty almonds; put to this a piece of sugar, to prevent the separation of the oil from the water, rubbing assiduously. Pass the whole through a flannel, and perfume it with orange-flower water.

TOOTH POWDER.—Mix together equal parts of powdered chalk and charcoal, and add a small quantity of Castile soap. These produce a powder which will keep the teeth beautifully white.

A COOLING WASH FOR THE HANDS AND FACE.—A correspondent writes: "The following has been used in my family some years: An equal quantity of ammonia and soap liniment, one teaspoonful in the water."

WARTS.—These are got rid of in various ways. Some tie a thread round their base; but a better plan is to have a piece of thick paper, with a hole cut in it, the size of the wart; this is put over the wart, and then every morning a drop or two of the strongest acetic acid should be dropped through the hole upon the wart. If this do not succeed, dropping oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) in the same way will answer.

HOW TO MAKE TRANSPARENT SOAP.—Equal parts of tallow soap, made perfectly dry, and spirits of wine, are to be put into a copper still, which is plunged into a water-bath, and furnished with its capital and refrigeratory. The heat applied to effect the solution should be as slight as possible, to avoid evaporating too much of the alcohol. The solution being effected, it must be suffered to settle; and, after a few hours repose, the clear supernatant liquid is drawn off into tin frames of the form desired for the cakes of soap. These bars do not acquire their proper degree of transparency till after a few weeks' exposure to dry air. The soap is colored with strong alcoholic solution of ochre for the rose tint, and turmeric for the deep yellow.

TO MAKE COURT-PLASTER.—Stretch tightly some thin black or flesh-colored silk in a wooden frame, securing it with packthread or small tacks. Then go all over it with a soft bristle brush, dipped in dissolved isinglass or strong gum-arabic water. Give it two or three coats, letting it dry between each. Then go several times over it with white of egg.

TO CLEAN FOUL SPONGE.—When very foul, wash them in dilute tartaric acid, rinsing them afterwards in water: it will make them very soft and white. Be careful to dilute the acid well.

TO KEEP SILK.—Silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will probably impair the color of the silk. Brown or blue paper is better—the yellowish smooth India paper is best of all. Silk intended for a dress should not be kept in the house long before it is made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened by gum. We knew an instance of a very elegant and costly thread-lace veil being found on its arrival from France cut into squares (and therefore destroyed) by being folded over a pasteboard card. A white satin dress should be pinned up in blue paper, with coarse brown paper outside, sewed together at the edges.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The "Nation" newspaper, a short time after its establishment, was styled by that first of critics and most literal of translators—John Gibson Lockhart—"a startling phenomenon"!

[2] Complete sets of the "Nation" sell to this day for no less a sum than $30, or £6 sterling.

Transcriber notes:

Music. First line, flat in bass moved to correct position.

Line 6, fixed flat position (no changed determined).

P. 8. 'fill' changed to 'will'.
P. 10. 'market' changed to 'marked'.
P. 28. 'May be,' on another copy.
P. 34. 'surburban' changed to 'suburban'.
P. 39. Bottom of page 39. 'Next draw'.
P. 40. text is 'ones all round'.
P. 44. 'smtiten' changed to 'smitten'.
P. 48. 'the had' changed to 'she had'.
P. 48. 'determin d' changed to 'determined'.
P. 53. 'Khorsabad' changed to 'Khorsobad'.
P. 69. Illustration 'Fig.' is Fig. 1.', changed.
P. 87. 'oxgyen' changed to 'oxygen'.

Fixed various punctuation.

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