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by Various and Sarah Josepha Buell Hale**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, VOL. 48,
FEBRUARY, 1854 ***

**Godey's Lady's Book,
Philadelphia, February, 1854**

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

An Antidote,	188
Anecdote of Byron,	130
A Pleasant Letter,	152
A Story of Valentine's Day, by <i>Mrs. Abdy,</i>	137
Aunt Tabitha's Fireside, by <i>Edith Woodley,</i>	150
A Valentine, by <i>Clara Moreton,</i>	165
A Warning to Lovers,	187
Babylon, Nineveh, and Mr. Layard,	134
Braid Patterns,	172
Boardman & Gray's Dolce Campana Attachment	
Piano-Fortes,	101
Broderie Anglaise for Flouncing,	173
Caps,	170
Celestial Love Letters,	118
Celestial Phenomena, by <i>D. W. Belisle,</i>	131
Centre-Table Gossip,	187
Chemistry for Youth,	185
Decorated Parlor Windows,	97
Development of the Lungs,	107
Dying, by <i>Bell,</i>	165
Editors' Table,	175
Edna, by <i>Ellen Alice Moriarty,</i>	164
Embroidered Collar,	174
Embroidered Screen,	171
Embroidery for Shirts,	169
Enigmas,	185
Fashions,	189
Godey's Arm-Chair,	181
Godey's Course of Lessons in Drawing,	115
Ingenuity of Bees,	133
Instantaneous Flowering of Plants,	161
Instructions for making Ornaments in Rice Shell-Work,	154
Juvenile Books. —From Evans & Brittan,	188
Letters Left at the Pastry Cook's, Edited by <i>Horace Mayhew,</i>	128
Literary Notices,	177
Literature for Ladies,	175
Mantillas, from the celebrated Establishment of G. Brodie, New York,	100, 167, 168
"Mustard to Mix," —A Receipt for Young Housekeepers, by <i>The Author of</i> <i>"Miss Bremer's Visit to Cooper's Landing," etc.,</i>	158
Novelties for the Coming Season,	170
Our Practical Dress Instructor,	168
Parlor Work,	188
Patterns for Embroidery,	172
Petticoat Trimming. —In Broderie Anglaise,	173
Receipts, &c.,	186
Remember the Poor, by <i>Mrs. C. H. Esling,</i>	165
Sonnets, by <i>Wm. Alexander,</i>	163
The Borrower's Department,	184
The Children-Angels, by <i>James A. Bartley,</i>	162
The Evening Walk, by <i>Richard Coe,</i>	162
The Fountain Very Far Down, by <i>Virginia F. Townsend,</i>	145
The Miser, by <i>Charles Leland Porter,</i>	163
The New Sewing-Machine,	127
The Orphan Boy, by <i>Robert G. Allison,</i>	163
The Scotch Piper,	184
The Toilet,	187
The Trials of a Needle-Woman, by <i>T. S. Arthur,</i>	119
To the Gánd'hraj, by <i>Mrs. E. Lock,</i>	165
Transplanting Roses,	188
Valentine's Day,	156
Vegetable Physiology, by <i>Harland Coultas,</i>	148
Veteran Sailor's Song, by <i>"Caryl,"</i>	164
Virginia Percy. —A Sketch of <i>Southern Life,</i> by <i>Pauline Forsyth,</i>	108

EMBELLISHMENTS, &c.

February.

The Evening Walk.
Godey's Colored Fashions.
Embroidered Dressing-Gown.
Broderie Anglaise Flouncing.
The Farm Yard.
Window Curtains.
MUSIC.—Andante and Waltz, by *Thos. A'Becket.*
The Moscow Wrapper.
Boardman & Gray's Dolce Campana Attachment Piano-Fortes.
Godey's Course of Lessons in Drawing.
The New Sewing-Machine.
Babylon and Nineveh.
Vegetable Physiology.
Instructions for making Ornaments in Rice Shell-Work.
The Salamanca.
Polka Jacket and Diagrams.
Embroidery for Shirts.
The Pelisse, a favorite style of outside garment.
Caps.
Embroidered Screen.
Patterns for Embroidery.
Braid Pattern.
Petticoat Trimming.—In Broderie Anglaise.
Embroidered Collar.
The Scotch Piper.



THE EVENING WALK.

Engraved by H. G. Armstrong for Godey's Lady's Book.



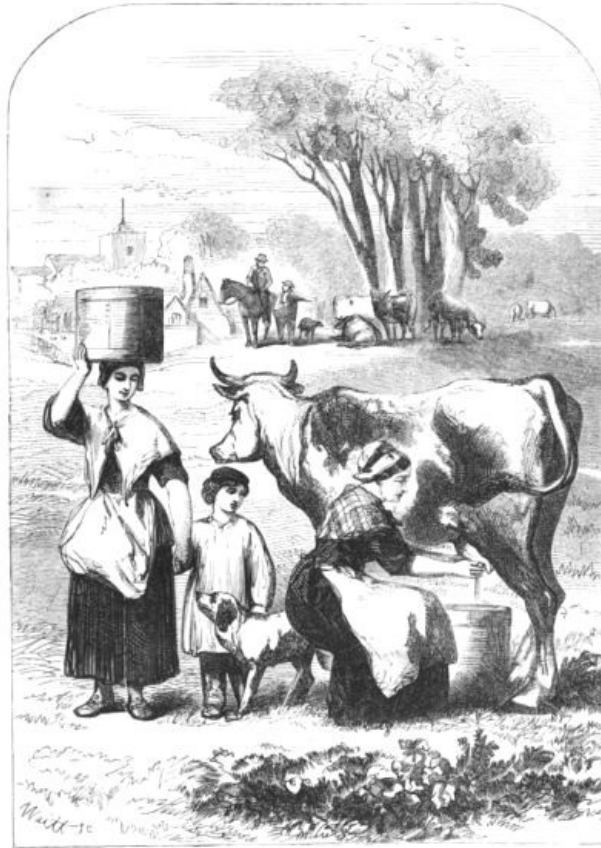
GODEY'S COLORED FASHIONS.



EMBROIDERED DRESSING GOWN.



BRODERIE ANGLAISE FLOUNCING.



The Farm Yard.

FASHION PLATES

FOR DECORATING PARLOR WINDOWS

THE LATEST STYLES.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

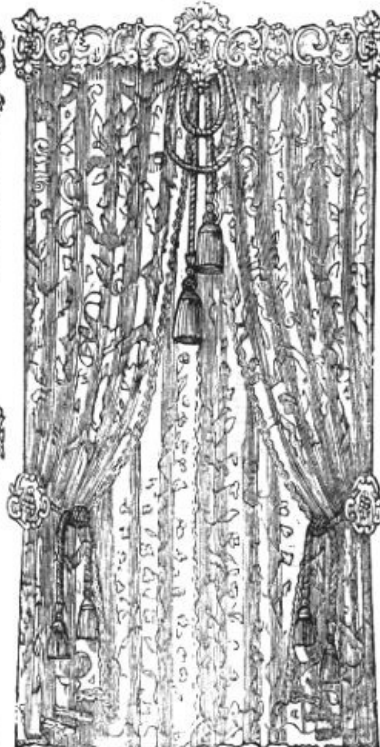


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

From W. H. CARRYL'S celebrated depot for Curtains, Furniture Coverings, Window Shades, and all kinds of parlor trimmings, No. 169 Chestnut Street, corner of Fifth, Philadelphia. (For description, see page 166.)

ANDANTE AND WALTZ.

[99]

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEYS' LADY'S BOOK.

BY THOMAS A'BECKET.

ANDANTE AND WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEYS' LADY'S BOOK.

BY THOMAS A'BECKET.

PIANO FORTE *ff* *Andante dolce* *f*

1st time 2d time.....

Eu - lan - ta - do.

[Listen]



[Listen]



THE MOSCOW WRAPPER.

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

THE MOSCOW WRAPPER.

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

**GODEY'S
LADY'S BOOK.**

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1854.

EVERYDAY ACTUALITIES.—No. XVI.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PEN AND GRAVER.

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

(Concluded.)

The Piano-Forte Action Regulator adjusts the action in all its operations. Those parts are supplied and fitted that are still wanting to complete it. The depth of the touch is regulated, the keys levelled, the drop of the hammer adjusted, and all is now seemingly in order for playing; but in Messrs. Boardman & Gray's Factory, the instrument has to undergo another ordeal in the way of regulating; for, after standing for several days or weeks, and being tuned and somewhat used, it passes into the hands of another and last regulator, who again examines minutely every part, readjusts the action, key by key, and note by note, until all is as it were, perfect. And now its tone must be regulated, and the "hammer finisher" takes it in charge, and gives it the last finishing touch; every note from the bass to the treble must give out a full, rich, even, melodious tone. This is a very important branch of the business; for great care and much experience are required to detect the various qualities and shades of tone, and to know how to alter and adjust the hammer in such a way as to produce the desired result. Some performers prefer a hard or brilliant tone; others a full soft tone; and others, again, a full clear tone of medium quality. It is the hammer-finisher's duty to see that each note in the whole instrument shall correspond in quality and brilliancy with the others. The piano-fortes of Messrs. Boardman & Gray are celebrated for their full organ tone, and for the even quality of each note; for the rich, full, and harmonious music, rather than the noise, which they make; and a discriminating public have set their stamp of approbation on their efforts, if we may judge by the great and increasing demand for their instruments.

The instrument, after being tuned, is ready for the ware-room or parlor.



PIANO-FORTE ACTION REGULATOR.

But several operations we have purposely passed by, as it was our wish to give a clear idea of the structure of the piano-forte by exhibiting, from stage to stage, the progress of the manufacture of the musical machinery. Let us now look after the construction of the other parts of the instrument.

The "leg-bodies," as they come from the machine, are cut out in shape in a rough state, ready for being veneered (or covered with a thin coating of rosewood or mahogany); and, as they are of various curved and crooked forms, it is a trade by itself to bend the veneers and apply them correctly. The veneers are curved and bent to the shapes required while hot, or over hot irons, and then applied to the leg-bodies by "calls," or blocks of wood cut out to exactly fit the surface to be veneered. These calls are heated in the steam ovens. The surface of the leg having been covered with glue, the veneer is put on, and then the hot call is applied and screwed to it by large handscrews holding the veneer closely and firmly to the surface to be covered. The call, by warming the glue, causes it to adhere to the legs and veneer; and, when cold and dry, holds the veneer firmly to its place, covering the surface of the leg entire, and giving it the appearance of solid rosewood, or of whatever wood is used for the purpose. Only one surface can be veneered at a time, and then the screws must remain on until it is cold or dry; and, as the legs have many distinct surfaces, they must be handled many times, and, of course, much labor is expended on them. After all the sides are veneered, they must be trimmed, scraped, and finished, and all imperfections in the wood made perfect, ready for being varnished.

[102]

The desks are made by being so framed together as to give strength, then veneered, and, after being varnished and polished, are sawed out in beautiful forms and shapes by scroll saws, in the machine-shop. They have thus to pass through quite a number of processes before they are ready to constitute a part of a finished piano-forte. The same can be said of many other parts of the

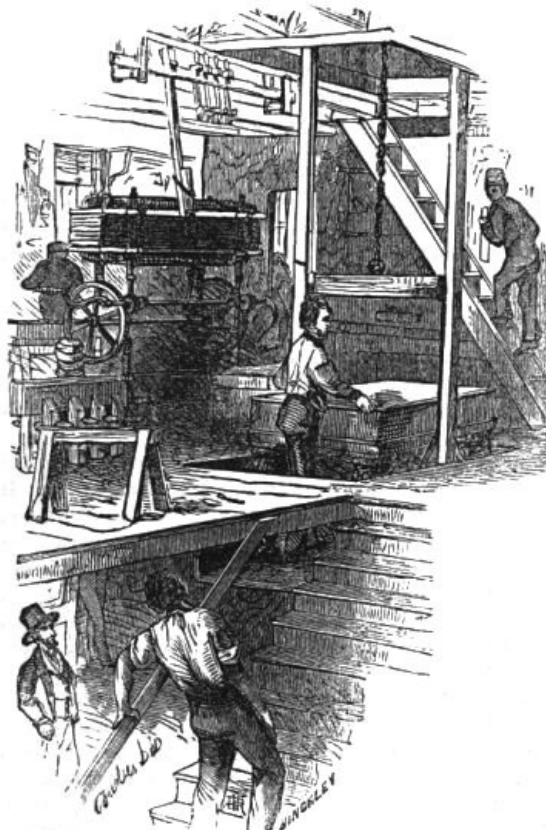
instrument that are made separate, and applied when wanted in the instrument, such as lyres, leg-blocks, or caps, &c. And, as each workman is employed at but one branch alone, and perfects his part, it is evident that, when put together correctly, the whole will be perfect. And, as Messrs. Boardman & Gray conduct their business, there are from twenty to twenty-four distinct kinds of work or trades carried on in their establishment. Thus, the case-maker makes cases; the leg-maker legs; the key-maker keys; the action-maker action; the finisher puts the action into the piano; the regulator adjusts it; and thus each workman bends the whole of his energies and time to the one branch at which he is employed. The result of this division of labor is strikingly shown in the perfection to which Messrs. Boardman & Gray have brought the art of piano-forte making, as may be seen in their superior and splendid instruments.

The putting together the different parts of the piano-forte, such as the top, the legs, the desk, the lyre, &c., to the case, constitutes what is called fly-finishing. The top is finished by the case-maker in one piece, and remains so until varnished and polished; then the fly-finisher saws it apart, and applies the butts or hinges, so that the front will open over the keys; puts on all the hinges; hangs the front or "lock-board" to the top; and completes it. He also takes the legs as they come from the leg-maker, and fits them to the case by means of a screw cut on some hard wood, such as birch or iron-wood, one end of which is securely fastened into the leg, and the other end screws into the bottom of the piano. The fly-finisher also puts on the castors, locks, and all the finishing minutiae to complete the external furniture of the instrument, when it is ready for the ware-rooms, to which it is next lowered by means of a steam elevator, sufficiently large to hold a piano-forte placed on its legs, together with the workman in charge of it.

The following plate exhibits a piano-forte on the elevator passing from the fly-finisher's department to the ware-rooms. Of these steam elevators there are two, one at each end of the building; one for passing workmen, as well as lumber, to and from the machine-shop and drying-rooms, and one for passing cases and pianos up and down to the different rooms. Much ingenuity is shown in their construction, being so adjusted as to be sent up or down by a person on either floor, or by one on the platform, who, going or stopping at will, thus saves an immense amount of hard labor.

Water from the Albany water-works is carried throughout the building on to each floor, with sinks, hose, and every convenience for the workmen, so that they may have no occasion to leave the premises during the working hours. One thing we must not forget to point out, and that is the Top Veneering-Press, made on the plan of "Dicks's Patent Anti-Friction Press" (shown in the following engraving on the upper floor at left hand), and we believe the only press of the kind in the world. It was made to order expressly for Messrs. Boardman & Gray, and its strong arms and massive iron bed-plates denote that it is designed for purposes where power is required. It is used in veneering the tops for their piano-fortes, and it is warranted that two men at the cranks, in a moment's time, can produce a pressure of one hundred tons with perfect ease. It is so arranged that the veneers are laid for several tops at one time. Tops made and veneers laid under such a pressure will remain level and true and perfectly secure. Messrs. Boardman & Gray have used this press upwards of eighteen months, and find that it works excellently, and consider it a great addition to their other labor-saving machines.

[103]



STEAM ELEVATOR, AND DICKS'S PATENT TOP VENEERING PRESS.

Having thus given a passing glance at most of the mechanical parts of the piano-forte, we will now examine the varnishing and polishing departments, consisting of some five or more large rooms. As the different layers of varnish require time to dry, it is policy to let the varnish harden while the workmen are busy putting in the various internal parts of the piano. Thus the case, when it comes from the case-maker, goes first to the first varnishing-room, and receives several coats of varnish; and, when the workman is ready to put in the sounding-board and iron frame, it is taken from the varnish-room to his department; and, when he has finished his work, it is again returned to the varnishing department, where it remains until the finisher wants it, who, when done with it, returns it to the varnishing-room. Thus, these varnishing-rooms are the store-rooms for not only the cases, but all the parts that are varnished; and the drying of the varnishing is going on all the time that the other work is progressing. In this establishment, from 150 to 200 pianos are being manufactured in the course of each day. In the varnish-rooms, from 100 to 150 cases are at all times to be seen; others are in the hands of the workmen in the different rooms, in the various stages of progress towards completion. Besides the cases in the varnish-rooms, we may see all the different parts of the pianos in dozens and hundreds, legs, lyres, tops, desks, bars, &c. &c., forming quite a museum in its way. The processes of varnishing and polishing are as follows: The cases, which are all of rosewood, are covered first with a spirit-varnish made with shellac gum, which, drying almost instantly, becomes hard, and keeps the gum or pitch of the rosewood from acting on the regular oil varnish. After the case has been "shellacked," it then receives its first "coat of varnish" and left to dry; and then a second coat is applied, and again it is left to dry. The varnish used is made of the hardest kind of copal gum, and prepared for this express purpose. It is called scraping varnish; it dries hard and brittle, and is intended to fill in the grain of the wood. When it becomes thoroughly dry and hard, these two coats are scraped off with a steel scraper. The case then receives several coats of another kind of varnish; when this is dried, it is ready for rubbing, which is effected by means of an article made of cloth fastened on blocks of wood or cork; and the varnish is rubbed on with ground pumice stone and water (a process somewhat similar to that of polishing marble). A large machine, driven by the engine, is used for rubbing the tops of pianos and other large surfaces. When the whole surface is perfectly smooth and even, it receives an additional coat of varnish. Each coat having become dry, hard, and firm, the surface receives another rubbing until it is perfectly smooth, when it receives a last flowing coat. After it is thoroughly dried and hardened, it is ready for the polishing process, which consists in first rubbing the surface with fine rotten stone, and then polishing with the fingers and hands until the whole surface is like a mirror wherein we can

[104]

"See ourselves as others see us."



POLISHING AND RUBBING DEPARTMENTS.

In the preceding statement, we have simply given an outline of the mechanical branches of the business, and a general description of the lumber required, and its peculiar seasoning and preparation prior to use. Large quantities of rosewood are used for veneering and carved work, slipping, &c. Just now, this is the fashionable wood for furniture; nothing else is used in the external finish of the piano-fortes of Messrs. Boardman & Gray. A view of their large veneer-room would excite the astonishment of the novice. Rosewood is brought from South America, and is at present a very important article of commerce, a large number of ships being engaged in this trade alone, to say nothing of the thousands employed in getting it from its native forests for

shipping, and the thousands more busy in preparing it for the market after it has reached this country. Much that is used by Messrs. Boardman & Gray is sawed into veneers, and prepared expressly for them at the mills at Cohoes, N. Y. They buy large quantities at a time, and, of course, have a large supply on hand ready for immediate use. They always select the most richly-figured wood in the market, believing that rich music should always proceed from a beautiful instrument. Thick rosewood is constantly undergoing seasoning for those portions which require solid wood. And one thing, dear reader, we would say; and that is, where rosewood veneers are put on hard wood well seasoned, and prepared correctly, they are much more durable than the solid rosewood would be, not being so liable to check and warp. They also make use of a large quantity of hardware in the form of "tuning pins"—upwards of a ton per year. Of iron plates they use some twenty-five tons. Their outlay for steel music wire amounts to hundreds of dollars per year; not to speak of the locks, pedal feet, butts and hinges, plated covering wire for the bass strings, bridge pins, centre pins, steel springs, and screws of various kinds and sizes, of which they use many thousand gross annually. Of all these, they must keep a supply constantly on hand, as it will not do for their work to stop for want of materials. A large capital is at command at all times; and, as many of these things require to be made expressly to order, calculation, judgment, and close attention are needed to keep all moving smoothly on.

Cloth is used for a variety of purposes in the establishment of Messrs. Boardman & Gray. It is made and prepared expressly for their use, from fine wool, of various thicknesses and colors, according to the use for which it is designed. Whether its texture be heavy or thick, firm or loose, smooth or even, soft or hard, every kind has its peculiar place and use. Here we would give a word of caution to the reader. So much cloth is used in and about the action of the piano-forte, that we must beware of the insidious moth, which will often penetrate and live in its soft folds, thereby doing much damage to the instrument. A little spirits of turpentine, or camphor, is a good protection against them.

Ivory is another article which is largely used. Being expensive, no little capital is employed in keeping an adequate supply at all times on hand.

And then there is buckskin of various kinds and degrees of finish, sand-paper, glue, and a variety of other things, all of which are extensively employed in the business.

So far, we have treated merely of materials and labor. We have said nothing of the science of piano-forte making. If, after all the pains taken in selecting and preparing the materials required, the scale of the instrument shall not be correctly laid down on scientific principles; that is to say, if the whole is not constructed in a scientific manner, we shall not have a perfect musical instrument. So the starting-point in making a piano-forte is in having a scale by which to work. This scale must be of the most improved pattern, and laid out with the utmost nicety, and with mathematical precision. By the scale, we mean the length of each string, and the shape of the bridges over which it passes. The length of the string for each note, and its size, are calculated by mathematical rules, and perfected by numerous experiments; and by these experiments alone can perfection be attained in the manufacture of the instrument. Messrs. Boardman & Gray use new and improved circular scales of their own construction, in which they have embodied all the improvements which have from time to time been discovered. They are determined that nothing shall surpass, if anything equals, their *DOLCE CAMPANA ATTACHMENT*.

[105]



VIEW OF ONE OF BOARDMAN AND GRAY'S ORNAMENTAL FINISHED PIANO-FORTES.

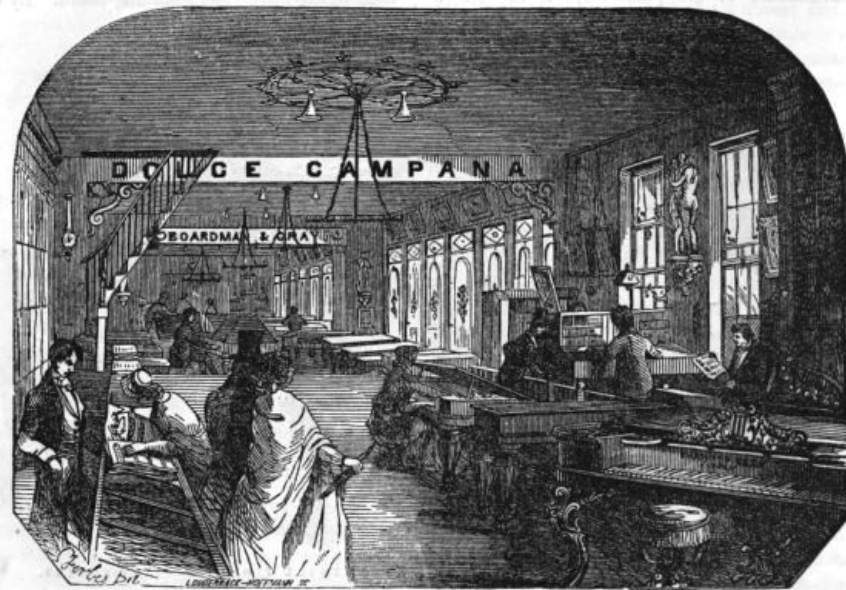
VIEW OF ONE OF BOARDMAN AND GRAY'S ORNAMENTAL FINISHED PIANO-FORTES.

The great improvement of this age in the manufacture of the piano-forte is the *Dolce Campana Attachment*, invented by Mr. Jas. A. Gray, of the firm of Boardman & Gray, and patented in 1848 not only in this country, but in England and her colonies. It consists of a series of weights held in a frame over the bridge of the piano-forte, which is attached to the sounding-board; for the crooked bridge of the piano, at the left hand, is fast to and part of the sounding-board. The strings passing over, and firmly held to this bridge, impart vibration to the sounding-board, and thus tone to the piano. These weights, resting in a frame, are connected with a pedal, so that when the pedal is pressed down, they are let down by their own weight, and rest on screws or pins inserted in the bridge, the tops of which are above the pins that hold the strings, and thus

control the vibrations of the bridge and sounding-board. By this arrangement, almost any sound in the music scale can be obtained, *ad libitum*, at the option of the pianist; and as it is so very simple, and in no way liable to get out of order, or to disturb the action of the piano, of course it must be valuable. But let us listen for ourselves. We try one of the full rich-toned pianos we have described, and, pressing down the pedal, the tone is softened down to a delicious, clear, and delicate sweetness, which is indescribably charming, "like the music of distant clear-toned bells chiming forth their music through wood and dell." We strike full chords with the pedal down, and, holding the key, let the pedal up slowly, and the music swells forth in rich tones which are perfectly surprising. Thus hundreds of beautiful effects are elicited at the will of the performer. This Dolce Campana Attachment is the great desideratum which has been required to perfect the piano-forte, and by using it in combination with the other pedals of the instrument, the lightest shades of *altissimo*, alternating with the *crescendo* notes, may be produced with comparative ease. Its peculiar qualities are the clearness, the brilliancy, and the delicacy of its touch. Those who, in the profession, have tested this improvement have, almost without an exception, given it their unqualified approbation; and amateurs, committees of examination, editors, clergymen, and thousands of others also speak of it in terms of the highest praise. Together with the piano-forte of Messrs. Boardman & Gray, it has received ten first class premiums by various fairs and institutes. And we predict that but a few years will pass ere no piano-forte will be considered perfect without this famous attachment.

[106]

We must now examine its structure and finish. The attachment consists of a series of weights of lead cased in brass, and held in their places by brass arms, which are fastened in a frame. This frame is secured, at its ends, to brass uprights screwed into the iron frame of the piano; and the attachment frame works in these uprights on pivots, so that the weights can be moved up or down from the bridge. The frame rests on a rod which passes through the piano, and connected with the pedal; and the weights are kept raised off the pins or screws in the bridge by means of a large steel spring acting on a long lever under the bottom of the piano, against which the pedal acts; so that the pressing down of the pedal lets the attachment down on to its rests on the bridge, and thus controls the vibrations of the sounding-board and strings. The weights and arms are finished in brass or silver. The frame in which they rest is either bronzed or finished in goldleaf, and thus the whole forms a most beautiful addition to the interior finish of the piano-forte.



BOARDMAN AND GRAY'S STORE (INTERIOR VIEW), ALBANY, N. Y.

Messrs. Boardman & Gray have applied upwards of a thousand of these attachments to piano-fortes, many of which have been in use four and five years, and they have never found that the attachment injured the piano in any way. As their piano-fortes without the attachment have no superiors for perfection in their manufacture, for the fulness and sweetness of their tone, for the delicacy of their touch and action, it may easily be seen how, with this attachment, they must distance all competition.

And now, dear reader, we have attempted to show you how good piano-fortes are made; to give you an idea of the varied materials which are requisite for this purpose; and to describe the numerous processes to which they are subjected, before a really perfect instrument can be produced.

The manufacturing department is under the immediate supervision of Mr. James A. Gray, one of the firm, who gives his time personally to the business. He selects and purchases all the materials used in the establishment. He is thoroughly master of his vocation, having made it a study for life. No piano-forte is permitted to leave the concern until it has been submitted to his careful inspection. If, on examination, an instrument proves to be imperfect, it is returned to the workman to remedy the defect. He is constantly introducing improvements, and producing new patterns and designs, to keep up, in all things, with the progress of the age.

[107]

The senior partner of the firm, Mr. Wm. G. Boardman, attends to the sales, and gives his attention to the financial department of the business. Thus, the proprietors reap the benefit of a

division of labor in their work, and each is enabled to devote his entire time and energies to his own duties. Their great success is a proof of their industry and honorable devotion to their calling. They are gentlemen in every sense of the word, esteemed by all who know them, and honored and trusted by all who have business connections with them. They liberally compensate the workmen in their employ, and act on the principle that the "laborer is worthy of his hire." Their workmen never wait for the return due their labor. Their compensation is always ready, with open hand. The business of the proprietors has increased very rapidly for the last few years, and, although they are constantly enlarging and improving their works, they find themselves unable to satisfy the increasing demand for their piano-fortes. Their establishment is situated at the corner of State and Pearl Streets, Albany, N. Y., well known as the "*Old Elm-Tree Corner*."

Their store is always open to the public, and constantly thronged with customers and visitors, who meet with attention and courtesy from the proprietors and persons in attendance. We would advise our readers, should business or pleasure lead them to the capital of the Empire State, to call on Messrs. Boardman & Gray at their ware-rooms, even though they should not wish to purchase anything from them; for they may spend an hour very pleasantly in examining and listening to their beautiful and fine-toned piano-fortes with the *Dolce Campana* Attachment.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Have your piano-forte tuned, at least four times in the year, by an experienced tuner; if you neglect it too long without tuning, it usually becomes flat, and troubles a tuner to get it to stay at concert pitch, especially in the country. Never place the instrument against an outside wall, or in a cold, damp room. Close the instrument immediately after your practice; by leaving it open, dust fixes on the sound-board and corrodes the movements, and, if in a damp room, the strings soon rust.

Should the piano-forte stand near or opposite a window, guard, if possible, against its being opened, especially on a wet or damp day; and, when the sun is on the window, draw the blind down. Avoid putting metallic or other articles on or in the piano-forte; such things frequently cause unpleasant vibrations, and sometimes injure the instrument. The more equal the temperature of the room, the better the piano will stand in tune.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE LUNGS.

Much has been said and written upon diet, eating and drinking, but I do not recollect ever noticing a remark in any writer upon breathing, or the manner of breathing. Multitudes, and especially ladies in easy circumstances, contract a vicious and destructive mode of breathing. They suppress their breathing and contract the habit of short, quick breathing, not carrying the breath half way down the chest, and scarcely expanding the lower portions of the chest at all. Lacing the bottom of the chest also greatly increases this evil, and confirms a bad habit of breathing. Children that move about a great deal in the open air, and in no way laced, breathe deep and full in the bottom of the chest, and every part of it. So also with most out-door laborers, and persons who take a great deal of exercise in the open air, because the lungs give us the power of action, and the more exercise we take, especially out of doors, the larger the lungs become, and the less liable to disease. In all occupations that require standing, keep the person straight. If at table, let it be high, raised up nearly to the armpits, so as not to require you to stoop; you will find the employment much easier—not one half so fatiguing, whilst the form of the chest and symmetry of the figure will remain perfect. You have noticed that a vast many tall ladies stoop, whilst a great many short ones are straight. This arises, I think, from the table at which they sit or work, or occupy themselves, or study, being of a medium height—for a short one. This should be carefully corrected and regarded, so that each lady may occupy herself at the table to suit her, and thus prevent the possibility or the necessity of stooping. It will be as well not to remain too long in a sitting position, but to rise occasionally, and thus relieve the body from its bending position. The arms could be moved about from time to time.

VIRGINIA PERCY.—A SKETCH OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

[108]

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

One evening, at a large party, my attention was attracted by a tall, distinguished-looking young gentleman, whom I had never seen before. Though a stranger to me, he was evidently well known by most in the room, for he was speaking familiarly to several who stood near him, and bowing occasionally to others as they passed; yet all the time he was thus occupied, his eyes constantly sought the quiet corner to which, according to my usual habit, I had retreated. Strangers being rare in Loudon, and gentlemen of his appearance remarkable in any place, I was at first disposed to gratify a natural curiosity with regard to him, but my eyes, sent out on their exploring expedition, met his so often, that at last, in a state of great confusion, I fastened them on the floor and resolved I would not raise them again for ten minutes. Meantime, I asked Virginia Percy, who was sitting by me, "Who that strange gentleman by the piano was? He looks like an officer," I

continued.

"He is," she replied; "he is Lieutenant Marshall, a son of that Mr. Marshall who lives on the next plantation to us."

"Don't you know him?" asked I, surprised that, while greeting all his friends, he had not yet approached her.

"Oh, yes, of course," said she, quickly; "I have known him all my life."

Virginia, like most Southern girls, was a thorough-bred aristocrat, and I ascribed her evident want of appreciation of Lieutenant Marshall, and of interest in him, to the fact that his father's family, while respectable, did not belong to the "upper ten"—to use the only phrase that describes appropriately the class to which it refers—for they are distinguished neither by goodness, wit, nor birth, but they have become, by some concatenation of circumstances in this ever-shifting kaleidoscope of society, the upper stratum, and the position, once obtained, though it sometimes requires a severe struggle to gain it, is easy enough to keep.

"He is the most strikingly handsome man I ever saw," said I.

Virginia made no answer. Piqued at her indifference, and resolved to show my freedom from all narrow and illiberal prejudices with regard to society or position, I went on:—

"He has what handsome men so often want. They have generally something feminine about them; but he is essentially manly and dignified. I think that his expression would be perhaps a little too stern; only, when he speaks or even listens, his smile has so much warmth and kindness in it."

"You have seen a great deal in a little while," said Virginia.

"Yes, and under great difficulties too." Here I was interrupted by the approach of the person of whom we were speaking, accompanied by the lady of the house. He was introduced to me, and acknowledging Virginia's presence by a low bow, he seated himself by me and commenced a conversation. Much as I had admired him at a distance, this was an attention with which I would willingly have dispensed, for, naturally very shy, to attempt to entertain a stranger was distressing to me. Therefore, though I wondered a little that Virginia still retained her seat near me, so that she was obliged occasionally to join in the conversation with one whom she seemed to consider beneath her, yet I was pleased by her doing so, and attributed it to her friendship for me, and her consideration for my peculiarities.

During all the evening, Lieutenant Marshall paid me marked attention, so much so that, by the time we were ready to go home, I had become the target for all the jokes and witticisms that are kept laid up for such occasions. In a little place like Loudon, where everybody knew everybody, and there was but little going on to talk about, any circumstance that would afford scope for harmless gossip and teasing was "nuts" to the good people, and before noon the next day it was generally understood, throughout Loudon and its vicinity, that "Lieutenant Marshall was desperately smitten with Miss Forsyth."

My own vanity being thus supported by the openly expressed opinions of the discerning public, it is hardly to be wondered at if for a while I shared their delusion and their belief. But, being even then a little given to metaphysics and analytic investigations of all mental phenomena that fell under my notice, instead of putting the pretty rosebud that Mr. Marshall offered me next my heart, I set myself to pulling it to pieces, and presently discovered that it was not a real rose at all, only a patchwork, scentless imitation.

[109]

In other words, I had ideas of my own on the subject of love. As the six-year-old New Yorker said, when he was asked if he had no one little girl whom he loved better than any one else in the world, "show me the boy of my age in New York that hasn't!" so I can say, show me the girl of seventeen who does not think herself an adept in all the signs and tokens of true love. And I soon settled it in my own mind, that, when brought to the test of severe and impartial criticism, Mr. Marshall did not exhibit one evidence of real love, beyond an apparent preference for my society. That the preference was apparent and not real his abstraction and indifference convinced me. At first, considering it a duty I owed to society to talk to those with whom I was thrown, unless they would kindly relieve me of this obligation, I tasked myself to weariness to find some topic of mutual interest between my constant attendant and myself. My remarks were all politely listened and replied to, and then he fell back into his state of reverie and silence. If there had not been a shade of melancholy about him, I should hardly have felt so patiently towards him for engrossing so much of my time, while his thoughts were evidently far away. But I had settled it in my own mind that he had been in love, and that the lady of his love had died—this accounted for his sadness and abstraction; and that some resemblance between the lost lady and myself attracted him to me.

This little romance gave him quite an interest to me, which was somewhat lessened by the discovery that he shared in the village love of gossip. I found that the only subjects that could interest him at all were the petty daily events that occurred to Virginia and myself, for we were constantly together. About these he was never weary of hearing, and would ask me the minutest questions, and by his pleased attention beguile me into long talks about such mere trifles that I used to blush to recall them, and then, as soon as I entered on some topic of higher or more general interest, it needed but little discernment to discover that courtesy alone prompted the attention he gave me.

At last I began to grow quite weary of attentions which I could not persuade myself were prompted by anything but recollections of the dead, and spoke of Lieutenant Marshall to Virginia, my only confidant, constantly, as "that tiresome man." Perhaps it was owing to her desire to

relieve me of one of my heaviest burdens that she so often made one in our *tête-à-têtes*, and by infusing a great deal more spirit and life in our conversation, assisted me greatly. I do not know how it happened, but we both brightened wonderfully when Virginia joined us, and although I might have been half asleep with intense dulness a few moments before, I generally found myself very soon wide awake, and with auditors so attentive and easily pleased that I began to be quite uplifted with elevated ideas of my own newly developed conversational powers. One evening, there was a little gathering of young people in a house where the hostess did not approve of dancing. We were all seated in a stiff circle round the room doing our best to amuse and be amused by rational conversation. The appearance of things was very unpromising, and the lady of the house seemed quite uneasy; at last she proposed a promenade, and anything to break up the monotony was eagerly caught at. The ladies and gentlemen, like prisoners marching for exercise, were soon walking in at one door and out at another with great precision and order. I expected Mr. Marshall to ask me to join the staid procession, but perhaps marching seemed too much like work to him, for he proposed instead a game of backgammon. This had always appeared to me an uninteresting, rattling, flighty sort of a game; but to amuse so sorrow-stricken a man I would even have played checkers.

Before we had finished the first game, I felt a hand lightly resting on my shoulder, and looking round, saw Virginia seated close behind me. This was very kind in her, and I felt it to the depths of my heart. She was a great favorite in Loudon, and to leave all who would have exerted themselves to please and amuse her, to sit quietly with me in a dull corner looking over a game of backgammon, was an effort of friendship of which I hardly thought that, in similar circumstances, I should have been capable. When the game was ended, I made a movement to close the board, but Mr. Marshall asked me so earnestly for one more, just one more, that I consented. However, I took an opportunity, while he was stooping to pick up some of the men that had dropped, to whisper. "You need not stay here, Virginia. You'll be dreadfully tired, and I don't mind much being left alone; there's Charles Foster looking quite distressed because you won't walk with him."

"No, dear," said Virginia, very affectionately, "there is not a person in the room I like half so well to stay with as you."

A stranger, far away from home, these words of affection from one whom I had loved from the first, touched me powerfully, and almost involuntarily I pressed my lips to her cheek as it was bent towards me. Fortunately this little *effusion* passed unobserved, and Mr. Marshall and I resumed our game. But I turned several times to look at Virginia, attracted by a beauty in her that I had never noticed before. Her features were regular and her countenance pleasing, but her complexion was so colorless, and her expression so composed and unvarying, that I had never heard her called even pretty; but that night she looked positively beautiful. Her lips were crimson, her cheeks delicately flushed, and there was a glow and light over her whole face, and a glittering sparkle in her eye, as though some internal flame was informing her whole being with warmth and brightness. I did not wonder that Mr. Marshall was so struck by the change that his eyes rested often and admiringly upon her, so that he hardly seemed to know what he was doing.

[110]

"Virginia! Pauline! do come here," said a laughing girl, looking in from the piazza to which the whole party but our little group had retreated. I started up to obey the summons, for the sounds of merriment and laughter, mingled with the notes of a favorite negro melody, drew me with an irresistible attraction. Mr. Marshall and Virginia did not move.

"Finish my game for me, will you?" said I to Virginia; "I will return in a moment." But my moment lengthened into nearly half an hour, for four gentlemen of the party who were noted for their musical skill had been persuaded to send for their instruments and sing and play for us. This they did so well that it was with reluctance that at last I fulfilled my promise of returning.

Virginia was playing with the backgammon men as I entered, and Lieutenant Marshall was talking to her in a low tone.

"There he is, just as tiresome as ever," thought I; but we do not live in the palace of Youth now, so that I said, as I approached them—

"Well, which has been victorious?"

Virginia looked as though she had never heard of a game of backgammon, and it was a minute or two before I was answered. At last Mr. Marshall said—

"I was—that is, I mean Miss Virginia was"—and he did not seem exactly to know what he did mean.

"Do come out on the porch," said I, benevolently intending to relieve Virginia from a great bore; "we are having some delightful singing, and it is a very pleasant night." And I succeeded in inducing them both to accompany me.

That same evening, Virginia proposed to me to fulfil a promise we had made some time before of visiting her cousins Nannie and Bettie Buckley. I was very willing to do so, having conceived a great admiration for these ladies, which I am afraid had no better foundation than that they were very tall, and dressed more showily and expensively than any one that I had ever seen. Every summer they went to the North, where they enjoyed the reputation of being great heiresses, and consequently received much attention. Their father's wealth, though by no means so large as was supposed, was still ample enough to allow them to keep up their character as heiresses by a free expenditure at the principal shops in New York and Philadelphia, and they returned home with more magnificent brocades, flashy-looking cashmeres and bareges, and fantastic ball-dresses

than would have sufficed for ten years at Louden. I do not think that my friends there appreciated them any the more highly on account of these brilliant robes, but I was still in that state of inexperience when "fine feathers make fine birds," and I was very much inclined to respond cordially to their warmly proffered offers of intimacy, and wondered that Virginia showed so little desire to seek the society of such relations. I was so pleased to find that she was at last willing to accompany me there, that I at once consented to go the next afternoon, spend Saturday and Sunday with the Misses Buckley, and return early on Monday morning.

We were to go on horseback, and when the time arrived, I found that Virginia's brother and younger sister were to accompany us. We galloped on in that glow of spirits and enjoyment that riding on horseback so often imparts; when, as we passed Mr. Marshall's plantation, the Lieutenant, as though he had been expecting and waiting for us, opened the gate and joined us.

"That man is becoming a perfect *bête noir* to me," said I to Ellen Percy; "I can never go anywhere without him, lately."

I had hardly finished my speech, before it struck me that there was something a little peculiar in the greeting between Virginia and Lieutenant Marshall, and a half-formed, undefined suspicion rose in my mind. I banished it immediately, however, for I looked upon Virginia as the soul of truth, and if there had been anything between herself and the man who had been so openly attentive to me, I felt sure she would have told me. Therefore, much against my will, I allowed Ellen and George to ride on, whilst I checked my horse, as fond of a race as its rider, to the slow pace that seemed to suit my other two companions. It was not long, however, before I intercepted one or two glances that "spoke volumes"—ten folios could not have revealed more to me—and all at once I was seized with the oppressive consciousness of being *de trop*. My next thought was how I should contrive to join Ellen, whose swift horse had carried her far in advance of us. I could think of no excuse that did not seem to me so transparent as to be more than useless. At last, murmuring some unintelligible words, I fairly ran off. Afterwards apologizing to Virginia for my abrupt mode of leaving her, saying that I had tried in vain to manage it more skilfully, she replied with some surprise—

"My dear, I thought you managed it beautifully, and so I have no doubt Lieutenant Marshall did."

"If he thought at all about it," answered I; and she smiled.

"Has it ever struck you—have you ever heard anything about Lieutenant Marshall's being in love with Virginia?" I asked, when I had overtaken Ellen.

"A long time ago I heard it talked about a little, but nothing has been said about it for the last year or two. I have always thought, though, that Virginia cared more about him than any one else."

"It is strange she never has alluded to him to me," said I; and I was inexpressibly pained at this want of confidence on her part, revealed at a time when I thought every feeling of her heart was laid bare to me. Nor could I reconcile the clandestine way in which they had carried on their love-affair, with the previous high opinion I had formed both of Virginia and Mr. Marshall, as persons of the highest integrity and principle. An indistinct feeling of annoyance at having been used as a blind, and of disappointment at the tarnish which had suddenly obscured, in my eyes, the bright purity of Virginia's character, prevented me for a time from enjoying my ride. But deeper griefs than mine would not long have been proof against the exhilaration produced by rapid motion, through southern woods, on a cool and balmy afternoon in early spring.

Nature has no secrets in that genial clime. She does not elaborate her delicate buds and leaflets within the closely enveloping bark until they burst suddenly upon you, full-formed and perfect, but her workshop is the open air, and one might almost fancy he could see her dainty fingers patiently adding, day by day, one touch after another, until her work is complete. I have watched the slow development of an oak, from the first red tassel to its full leaved glory, till I have felt quite sure that if, by any of those marvellous metamorphoses we read of in the old mythology, I should ever feel myself taking root and shape like it, I should know exactly what would be expected of me. And so, my eye caught and charmed by one beauty after another, of flower, or tree, or cloud, I had regained all my cheerfulness by the time we halted at the plantation, to allow the lovers to overtake us.

They had loitered so far behind, that we had to wait at least half an hour before they joined us, but we were forbearing, and said nothing to remind them of their want of consideration, though I am afraid my silence was as much owing to wounded feeling as anything else.

We were most cordially welcomed by Nancie and Bettie Buckley, but I was so surprised at the house and its furniture, that I hardly noticed our reception. Was it possible, thought I, that those gorgeously appalled women came out of those low, poorly furnished rooms, with their stiff, old-fashioned chairs, and no carpets, no sofas—no silver forks at tea—in short, few of those little luxuries that long use makes almost necessaries. Virginia explained the incongruity to me by saying that cousin Tom, as she called old Mr. Buckley, refused to allow the least change to be made in their household arrangements. His daughters might travel and spend as much money as they pleased, but not one of their new-fangled notions were allowed to be introduced into the family. To make up for every other deficiency, there was a most bewildering number of servants of all ages and sizes. They ran about the house like tame kittens. Two accompanied me to my room at night, and three assisted, to my great embarrassment, at my morning toilet.

Mr. Buckley was a stout, uneducated, kind-hearted sort of a man, with a high appreciation of a mint-julep and a good cigar, and an intense dislike of Yankees. This was so much a part of his

nature that he could not help expressing it even to me, and it was so genuine, that, notwithstanding my natural pride in my birthright, I caught myself insensibly sympathizing. Towards me personally, as a woman and a stranger, he evidently felt nothing but a sort of tender pity and concern. This he showed in the only way he could think of, by mixing me a very strong mint-julep, and urging me to drink it. I tried to please him—in fact, I had watched the process of making it, and thought I should like it; but the very first attempt I made, gave me such a fit of coughing, and came so near strangling me, that I gave up; after that, we all sat down on the porch together until tea was ready, while Mr. Buckley smoked his cigar and looked hopelessly at me.

[112]

After tea, we returned to the porch and our conversation, and Mr. Buckley to his cigar. In the course of the evening, I missed Virginia and my recreant knight, and they did not appear until we were about separating for the night. Virginia and I were to occupy the same room; and hardly were we alone before she turned to me, exclaiming, with a vivacity and eagerness very unusual to her—

"Dear Pauline, how strange you must think my conduct has been lately, after what you have seen to-day! But let me explain it to you. I would have spoken openly to you weeks ago, if I had had anything to tell; but I have been kept as much in the dark as any one until to-day. When we were children, Philip—Mr. Marshall—and I were constantly together, and became very much attached to each other; so that when he went to West Point, though I was but about eleven years old, we were regularly and solemnly engaged. He did not return to Loudon until he had graduated; for, you know, his father is poor, and they could not afford him the money for the journey. Then he came, he says, with the full intention of renewing our childish engagement, if he found me so disposed; but he thought he ought first to speak to my father about it, as I was still so young, and father objected so decidedly to anything of that kind being said to me then, that Philip consented to wait a little while. He came back in a year, and, as soon as father heard of it, he sent me down to New Orleans on a visit to my aunt. I don't know how I discovered the truth; but I did know very well the reason I was sent off so hastily, and felt very badly about it. Then father and Philip had another long talk, and Philip promised to wait until I was eighteen before he made any other attempt to speak to me about what father calls our ridiculous engagement."

"Oh," said I, "you were eighteen the day of Mrs. Simmons's party—last Wednesday."

"Yes; and Philip tried to have an explanation with me then; but he could not, for there were so many people about. He was determined, he said, this time not to see my father until he had spoken to me, and he asked me when he could see me alone for a little while. I told him we had been talking of visiting Nannie and Bettie for some time, and he said he would accompany us, as they were cousins of his, too—Virginia cousins, that is, not very near ones."

"What can be your father's objection to Mr. Marshall?" asked I.

"None at all to him; it is to his profession. He wants me settled near him. He says I am not strong enough to bear the wandering life and hardships I shall have to encounter as an officer's wife. I hope, though, that he will give his consent, now that he sees by our constancy how much we really do like each other. Just think, dear, until to-day, I have hardly had five minutes' uninterrupted conversation with Philip since I was eleven, and our engagement was never alluded to; and yet I never thought of liking any one else, and I was sure his feelings were unchanged; though, of course, until he told me so, I could not speak of it even to my dearest friend."

Before Virginia had finished her little romance, my feelings of annoyance were all lost in sympathy, and we passed the greater part of the night discussing the manner in which Mr. Percy would receive Mr. Marshall's third communication. Virginia seemed to have but little doubt of her father's consent, and neither had I; for I had not yet met a Southern father who had seemed able to refuse any child of his whatever she had fixed her heart upon.

But in this case we were both disappointed. Mr. Percy, usually calm and indulgent, seemed irritated and displeased to an uncommon degree when Mr. Marshall urged his request. He reminded the young officer that he was entirely dependent on his pay, which Mr. Percy said he considered barely enough for one person; told him that, owing to an unfortunate speculation in buying a plantation in Arkansas, which had turned out badly, and to the failure of his cotton crop for the last two years, he had become very much embarrassed, so that he should not be able to assist his daughter, if she married, for some time. He ended by repeating his former decision that, accustomed as Virginia had been to the ease and indulgences of a settled home, he was sure she could never endure the discomforts of a roving life. When she was twenty-one, she might judge for herself; until that time, he wished never to hear the subject mentioned again.

Mr. Marshall was very indignant, and tried to persuade Virginia to renew her engagement with him without her father's knowledge; but to this she would not consent, and he was soon afterwards obliged to return to his post.

Virginia was almost heartbroken at this sudden rupture of a tie that had been formed in her earliest childhood, and strengthened with every subsequent year. I tried to persuade her that the three years which were to intervene before she could make her own decision would pass very quickly; but, hardly heeding my reasonings, she gave herself up to hopeless despair. She was sure, she said, her father never would consent to her union with Philip, and she would never marry without it. Besides, she did not expect to live to be twenty-one. Long before that time she should be in her grave.

[113]

At first, I paid no attention to these dismal forebodings, thinking them only the natural

expressions of an affectionate heart suffering under such a great disappointment. But gradually I began to fear that they should be realized. She would not eat, and grew pale and pined, and her countenance began to wear an unearthly look of patient sorrow and resignation that I never observed without a pang. I knew that her parents had noticed the alteration in Virginia's health and spirits, for hardly a week passed that some pleasant little excursion or journey was not proposed to her. And thus the long warm summer wore away.

One afternoon, late in September, I received a note from her, saying that she had just returned from a visit to the Mammoth Cave, and would like to see me, to tell me about it. As I had not seen her for three weeks, I hastened to Mr. Percy's immediately, and running up to her room, entered without knocking at the half-open door.

Virginia was sitting in the full light of an afternoon sun, whose rays were streaming in unobstructed by shutters or curtain, seemingly as if the occupant of the room had lost all thought of bodily comfort. Her eyes were fixed on a white cloud floating in the distant sky, and as the wind lifted the heavy bands of hair from her pallid temples, she looked so spiritualized and incorporeal, that I should hardly have been surprised if she had floated out to mingle with the clouds on which she was gazing.

"Why, Virginia, have you been sick?" I asked, after our first hurried greetings.

"No, dear; do I look badly?"

"Very," was my reply, sincere, if impolitic.

"I am rather glad to hear it," said Virginia, "though of course it will be painful to me to leave my father and mother, brothers and sisters; still, I have so little to look forward to in this world, that I cannot care to live. I feel, myself, that I am growing weaker every day, and that is one reason that I hurried home; I wanted to see you and leave some messages with you for Philip."

And Virginia went on to impress upon me a variety of tender messages I was to remember for Mr. Marshall. I tried to listen, but I hardly heard what she said, for I was revolving in my mind a bold undertaking. I knew that Mr. Percy loved his daughter devotedly, and that if once aware of her danger he would consent to any means that seemed necessary for her recovery. If I only dared to speak to him about it—but I stood somewhat in awe of him, which feeling I shared with his children and most of his younger acquaintances. He had a certain grand magnificent way with him that I have never seen, excepting in Southern planters, and but seldom in them. I imagine a Roman patrician may have awed the populace, and impressed the rude Gauls by somewhat the same air and bearing.

However, the longer I listened to Virginia's plaintive words and looked at her sorrowful face, the more I felt that my reverence for her father was being gradually lost in anger at what I considered his cruel regardlessness of her feelings. At last I left Virginia as abruptly as I had entered. I had seen Mr. Percy as I passed, attending to the grafting of some trees in the fruit orchard, and there I bent my steps.

He greeted me with a pleasant smile, and offered me a large Indian peach he had just gathered from the tree. It almost seemed as if he wished to propitiate me, for if I have a weakness it is for peaches—and this particular kind, with its deep red juicy pulp, was an especial favorite. But I took it almost unconsciously, and, looking at him earnestly, I said—

"Mr. Percy, Virginia is very ill."

He looked anxiously upon me.

"She will die," I continued, shaking my head at him.

"Why, Pauline, do you really think so?" asked he; and I could see that the alarm that had been half roused for some time was now thoroughly awake, and producing its effect.

"Yes, I do not see how she can recover—unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you send for Lieutenant Marshall immediately."

"Don't you think Dr. Parkinson might do as well?" asked he.

"No," I answered, shortly, looking upon that question as most unkind trifling with mortal need.

Every one knows the effect that decided impulsive natures have on calm meditative ones. An act Mr. Percy had been trying to make up his mind to perform for some time, but had been putting off, in hopes that secondary measures might avail, he now consented to at once.

"I believe I shall have to do it," he said; "you may tell Virginia so."

[114]

My work was but half done. Mr. Percy was a most inveterate dawdle, to use Fanny Kemble's expressive word. If left to himself, the letter might be written in a week, but more probably would be put off for a month. If we lived in antediluvian times, this dilatory way of managing matters might be of little consequence, but life is too short now to afford the loss of even a few weeks' happiness.

"Could you not write to Mr. Marshall now? There is plenty of time to send it to the post-office before dark."

Mr. Percy smiled, and yielded to my request so far as to turn his steps towards the little building dignified with the name of his office, though I do not know what business he had to transact there. He loitered by the way in a manner that tired my patience to its utmost, and once

murmured something about having time to graft another tree; but, heedless of his evident desire to escape, I walked on with resolute purpose, and, as you may have seen some stately vessel, with furled sail, submissively yielding herself up to be dragged into port by an energetic little steamer, so did Mr. Perry resign himself to the fate that had for once overtaken him—of doing the right thing at the right time—and seated himself at his writing-desk.

"How am I to know that Mr. Marshall has not changed his mind?" asked Mr. Percy, before beginning to write.

"Virginia showed me a letter just now that she received from him a few hours ago, in which he said that, although she would not consent to any engagement without your approval, he still and always should, as long as she remained single, consider himself bound by his boyish promise."

"Desperately romantic!" said Mr. Percy, and then the movement of his pen told me that he had commenced the epistle that was to put an end to so much sorrow.

Unable to remain quiet, I leaned out of the window, and beckoned to a servant I saw loitering at a little distance.

"Jack," said I, as he came near, "your master is writing a letter, wait here until it is finished, for he will want you to take it directly to the post-office."

The order to wait was one too congenial to his nature not to be readily obeyed, and discovering at a glance the capabilities for enjoyment and repose afforded by an inviting bed of hot sand in which the afternoon sun was expending its last fierce blaze, Jack threw himself down in it, and I had soon the satisfaction of seeing that he was sound asleep, and therefore in no danger of being out of the way when he was wanted.

"Would you like to read the letter, Miss Pauline?" asked Mr. Percy, when he had finished it.

I was very glad to avail myself of this permission. I found that it contained a cordial, though dignified invitation to Mr. Marshall to return to Loudon, with a full consent to the engagement between Virginia and himself.

Giving the letter to Jack with directions to put it in the post-office without delay, I hurried to Virginia with the joyful tidings. I expected a burst of tears and an infinitude of thanks. Instead of either, when I had finished my story, she said, in a slightly aggrieved tone—

"I am sorry, Pauline, you told father I should certainly die unless he sent for Philip. It will make him think me so weak."

"Why, Virginia," I exclaimed, taken quite by surprise, "what should I have said?"

"You might have said that I was not very well, or something of that kind."

"And then he would have sent for Dr. Parkinson, and the only result would have been a few doses of calomel or quinine. No, dear, I never once thought of your not being well. I felt sure you would die, and I said so. I am sorry it troubles you, but I think it was the best thing I could do."

Virginia blushed the next time she saw her father, as if he had been her lover instead; but, as he said nothing to her on the subject, she gradually recovered from her embarrassment, and by the time Mr. Marshall joined her she had so far recovered her health as to be able to enjoy without a drawback what some people consider the happiest part of one's life.

Mr. Percy did not relinquish his desire to have his daughter settled near him, and one or two successful years enabled him to effect his wishes. Lieutenant Marshall was induced to resign from the army, and with his wife and six children he is now living and prospering on a plantation; and in the substantial person of Mrs. Marshall, anxious and troubled about many things in her household and maternal concerns, I find it hard to discover the least trace of the shadowy and ethereal girl who had seemed to me at one time much more a part of the spirit world than of this material sphere.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

[115]

LESSON II.

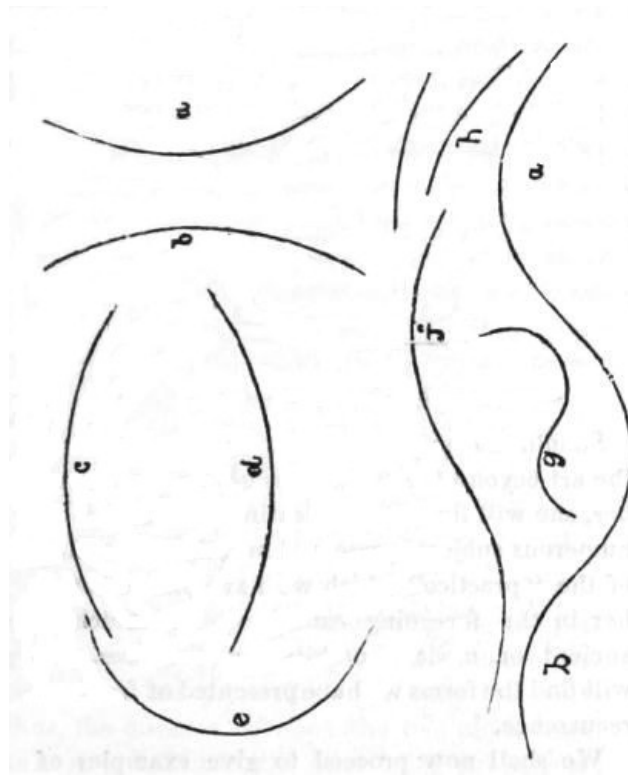


Fig. 11.

We now proceed to the drawing of curved lines, as in Fig. 11. And as these are the basis of innumerable forms, the pupil must not rest satisfied with a few attempts at forming them; she must try and try again, until she is able, with a single sweep, to draw them correctly. They must be done in one stroke, no piecing being allowed. Let the curved line *a* be first produced; beginning at the top, bring the arm or wrist down, so that at one operation the form may be traced; do this repeatedly, until the correct outline is attained at every trial. The pupil may next proceed to the curved line *b*, which is merely the line *a* in another position; then, after repeated trials, the lines *c*, *d*, *e*, *g*, and *h* may be drawn. These curves should be attempted to be drawn in all manner of positions, beginning at the top, then at the bottom, and making the curve upwards, and so on, until the utmost facility is attained in drawing them, howsoever placed. The curved line, generally known as the "line of beauty," *f a b'*, must next be mastered; it is of the utmost importance to be able to do this easily and correctly. In all these and the future elementary lessons, the pupil must remember that when failing to draw a form correctly, she should at once rub it out or destroy it, and commence a new attempt.

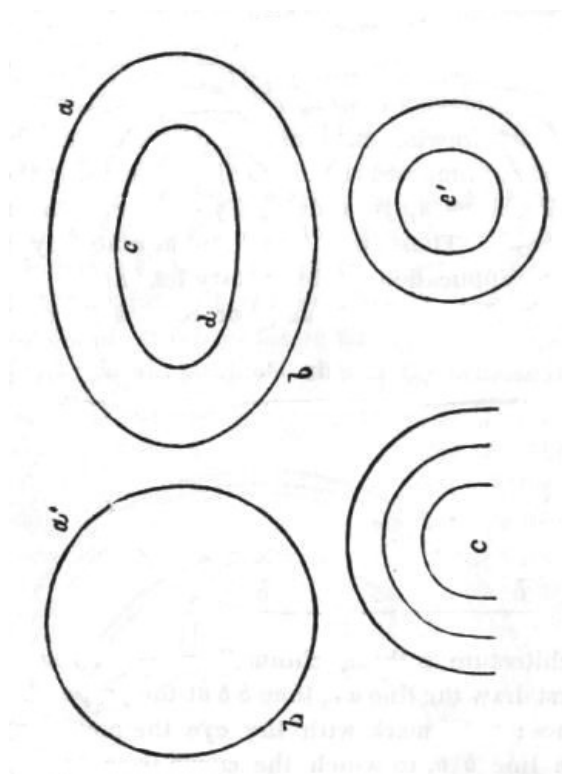


Fig. 12.

Having, then, acquired a ready facility in drawing the simple elementary curved lines, the pupil may next proceed to the combination of these, as exemplified in simple figures, as circles and ellipses, or ovals. First attempt to draw the circle *a' b*, Fig. 12; beginning at *a'*, sweep round by the right down to *b*, then from *b* towards the left and up to *a'*, where the circle was first begun.

The pupil may also try to draw it by going the reverse way to the above. We are quite aware that it will be found rather a difficult matter to draw a circle correctly at the first, or rather even after repeated attempts; but the pupil must not be discouraged; by dint of practice she will be able to draw circles of any size very correctly. We have seen circles drawn by hand so that the strictest test applied could scarcely point out an error in their outline, so correctly were they put in. Circles within circles may be drawn, as at *c*; care should be taken to have the lines at the same distance from each other all round. The ellipse *a b* must next be attempted; this is a form eminently useful in delineating a multiplicity of forms met with in practice. Ovals within ovals may also be drawn, as at *c d*.

At this stage, the pupil ought to be able to draw combinations of straight and curved lines, as met with in many forms which may be presented to her in after-practice. The examples we intend now to place before her are all in pure outline, having no reference to picturesque arrangement, but designed to aid the pupil in drawing outlines with facility; and to prove to her, by a progression of ideas, that the most complicated forms are but made up of lines of extreme simplicity; that although in the aggregate they may look complicated, in reality, when carefully analyzed, they are amazingly simple. Again, although the pupil may object to them as being simple and formal—in fact, not picturesque or decorative enough to please her hasty fancy—she ought to recollect that, before being able to delineate objects shown to her eye perspectively, she must have a thorough knowledge of the method of drawing the outlines of which the objects are composed, and a facility in making the hand follow aptly and readily the dictation of the eye. These can be alone attained by a steady application to elementary lessons.

[116]

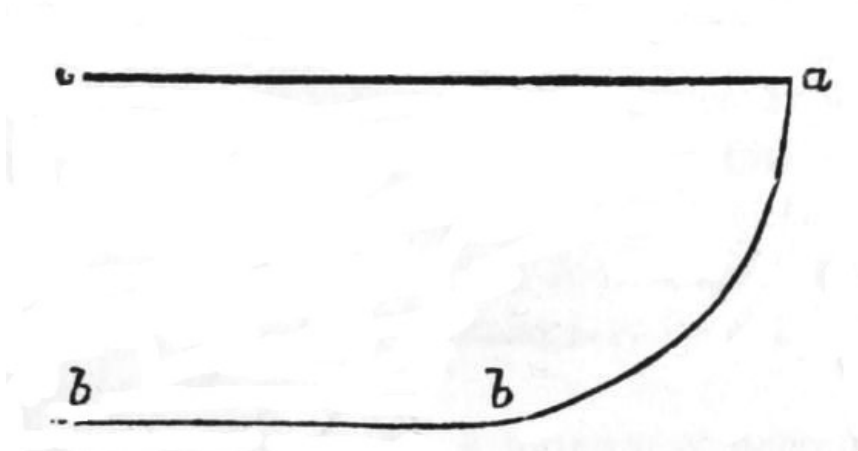


Fig. 13.

Fig. 13 is the moulding, or form known in architecture as the "echinus," or quarter-round. First draw the line *a c*, then *b b* at the proper distance; next mark with the eye the point *b* on the line *b b*, to which the curve from *a* joins; then put in the curve *a b* with one sweep. The curved portion of the moulding in Fig. 14, known as the "ogee," must be put in at one stroke of the pencil or chalk, previously drawing the top and bottom lines.

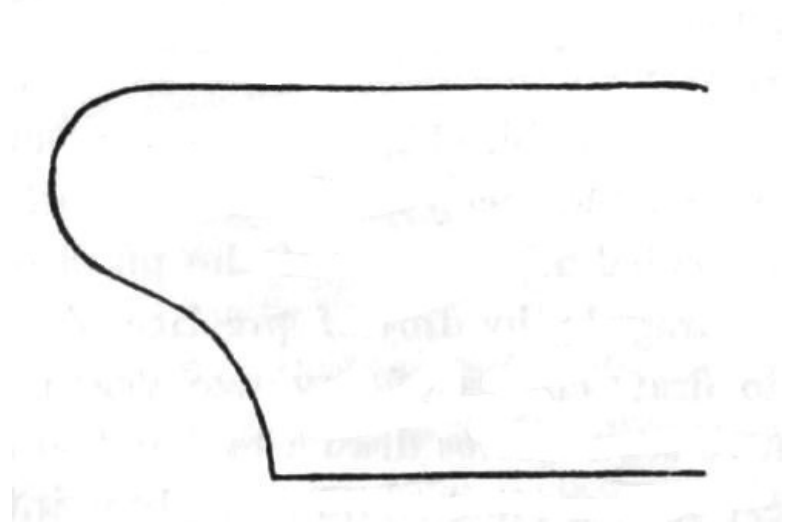


Fig. 14.

Fig. 15 is the "scotia;" it is formed geometrically by two portions of a circle, but the pupil should draw the curve at once with the hand. It is rather a difficult one to draw correctly, but practice will soon overcome the difficulty.

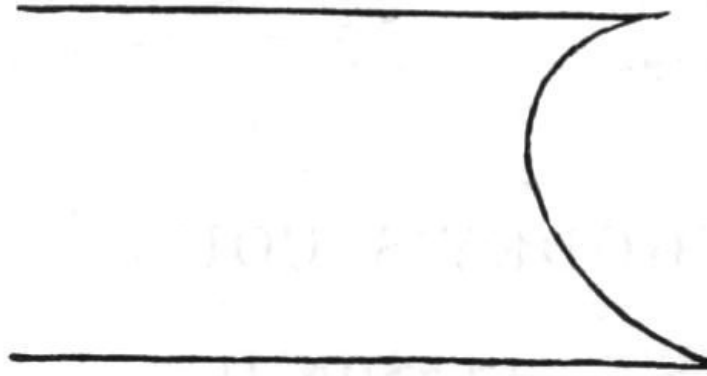


Fig. 15.

Fig. 16 is termed the "cyma recta;" it affords an exemplification of the line of beauty given in Fig. 11.

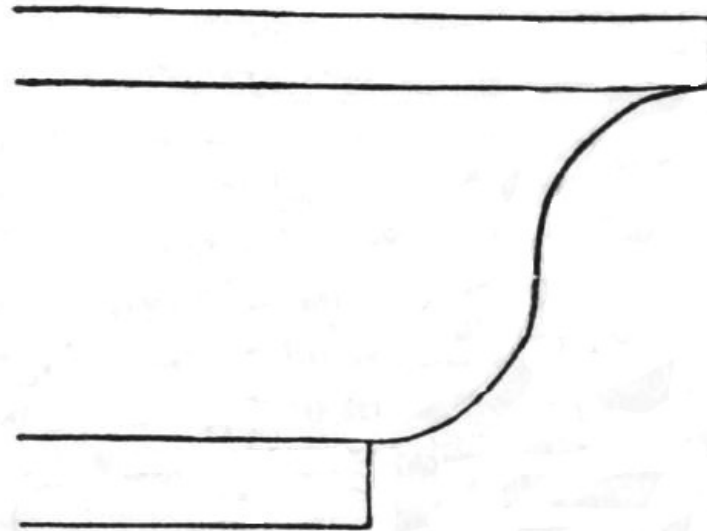


Fig. 16.

Should the pupil ever extend the practice of the art beyond the simple lessons we have given her, she will find, in delineating the outlines of numerous subjects presented her, the vast utility of the "practice" which we have placed before her in the foregoing examples. In sketching ancient or modern architectural edifices, she will find the forms we have presented of frequent recurrence.

We shall now proceed to give examples of the combinations of the forms or outlines we have just noticed.

Fig. 17 is half of the base of an architectural order frequently met with, called the "Doric."

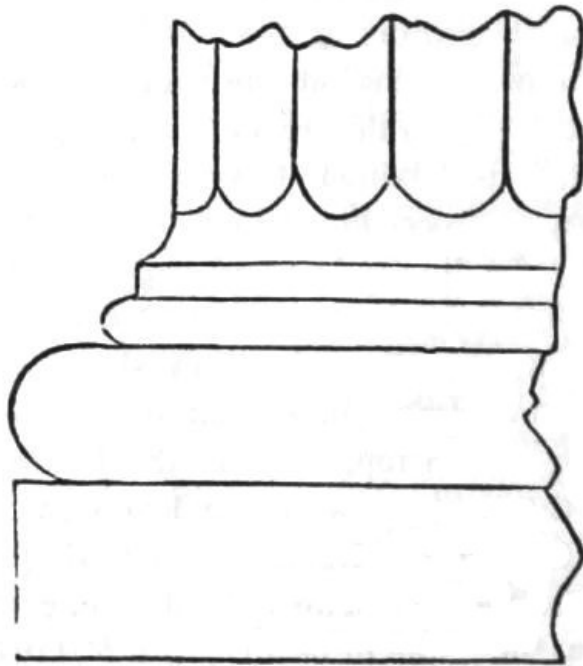


Fig. 17.

[117]

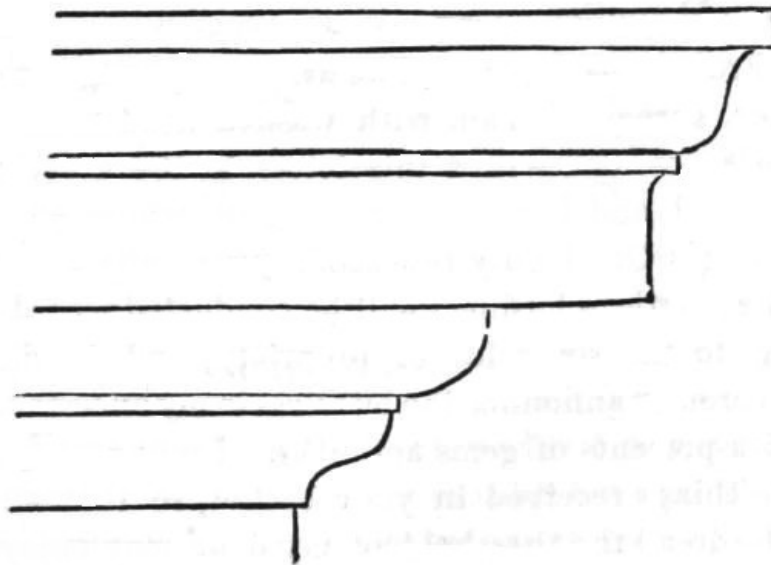


Fig. 18.

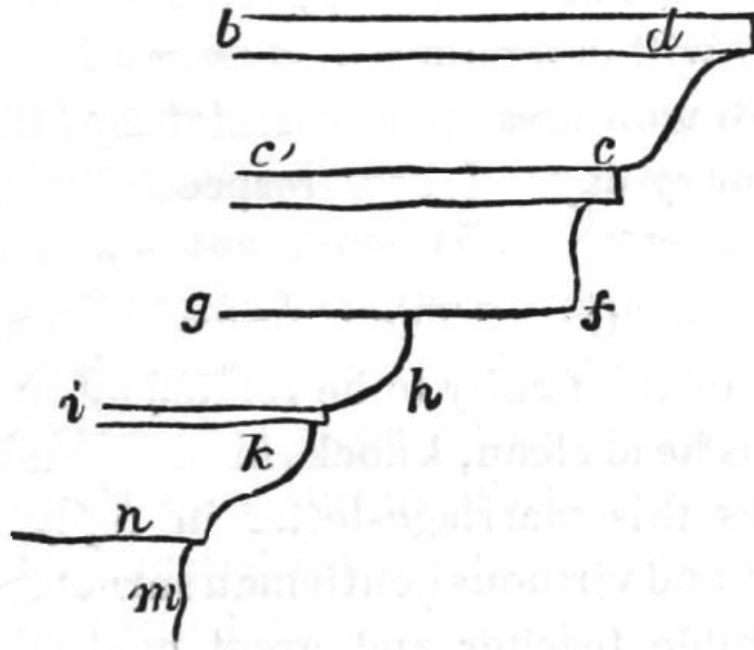


Fig. 19.

Fig. 18 affords an exemplification of the outline of part of a "cornice" belonging to the Tuscan order. Let us slightly analyze the supposed proceedings of the pupil in delineating this. Suppose Fig. 19 to be the rough sketch as first attempted. On examining the copy as given in Fig. 18, the pupil will at once perceive that the proportions are very incorrect; thus, the distance between the two upper lines, as at *d*, is too little, the fillet being too narrow; again, the point *c*, which regulates the extent of the curve from *a*, is too far from *a*, while the line *c c'* is too near the line *d*; the space between *c c'* and the line below it is too wide, and the line *f* is not perpendicular, but slopes outwards towards *f*; the distance between the line *f g* and the one immediately above it is also too narrow by at least one-third. Again, the point *h*, where the portion of the circle begins, is too near the point *f*; the line *i* is also too near that of *f g*; the outline of the curve is not correct, it being too much bulged out near the point *k*; the line *n* is not straight, and that marked *m* is too far from the extreme end of the line. The pupil has here indicated a method of analyzing her proceedings, comparing them with the correct copy, which she would do well, in her earlier practice, to use pretty frequently, until she is perfectly at home in correct delineation of outlines. It may be objected that this analysis is hypercriticism utterly uncalled for, from the simplicity of the practice; but let it be noted that if the pupil is not able, or unwilling to take the necessary trouble to enable her to draw simple outlines correctly, how can she be prevented, when she proceeds to more complicated examples, from drawing difficult outlines incorrectly? We hold that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well; and how can a pupil do a thing correctly, unless from correct models or rules? and how can she ascertain whether she is following them, unless by careful comparison and examination? How often are the works of painters and artists found fault with, from the incorrectness of outline, and the inconsistency of measurement observable, which might be obviated by a more careful attention to the minute details, but are too frequently spurned at by aspiring artists; but of which, after all, the most complicated picture is but a combination? Thus the outline in Fig. 19 presents all the lines and curves found in Fig. 18, but the whole forms a delineation by no means correct; and if a pupil is allowed to run from simple lessons without being able to master them, then the foundation of the art is sapped, and the superstructure certainly endangered. Correct outlining must be attained before the higher examples of art can be mastered.

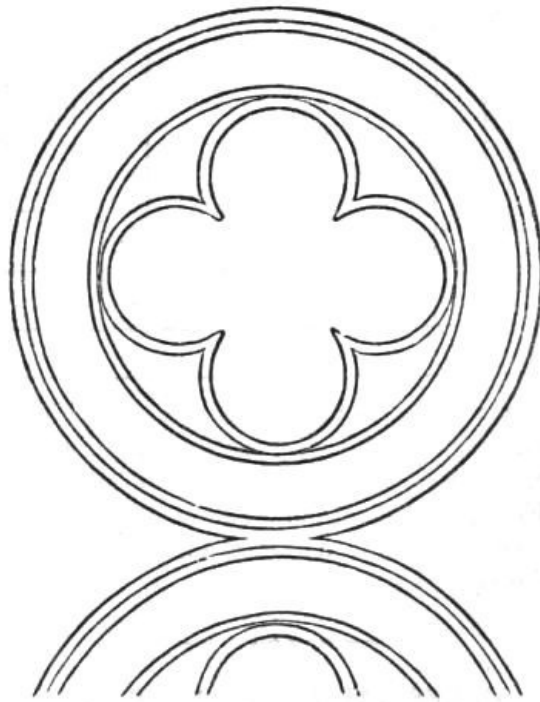


Fig. 20.

Fig. 20 is an outline sketch of the ornament called a quatre-foil, frequently met with in architectural and artistic decoration. It will be a somewhat difficult example to execute at first, but it affords good and useful practice.

Fig. 21 is part of the arch and mullion of a window.

Fig. 22 is an outline sketch of a Gothic recess in a wall.

[118]

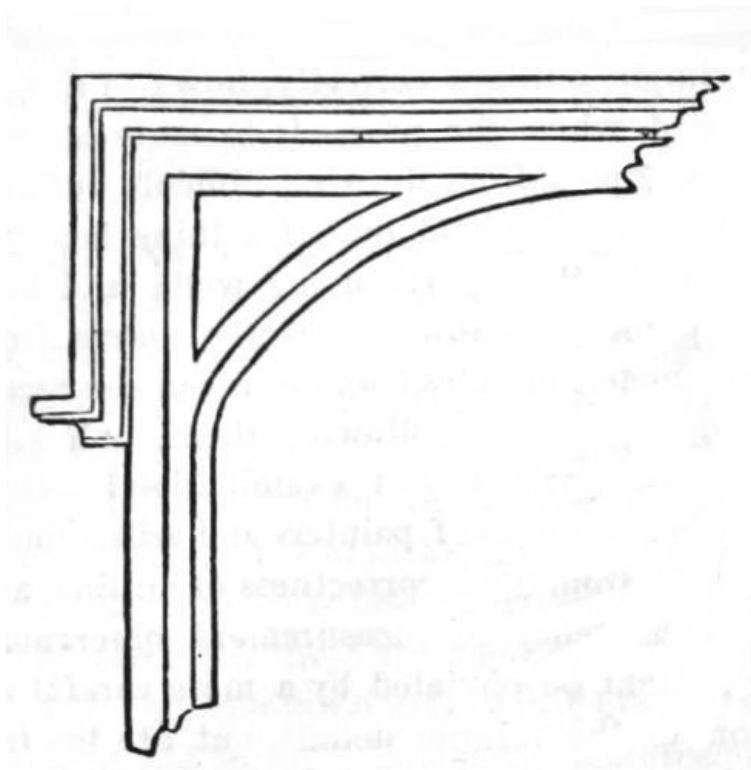


Fig. 21.

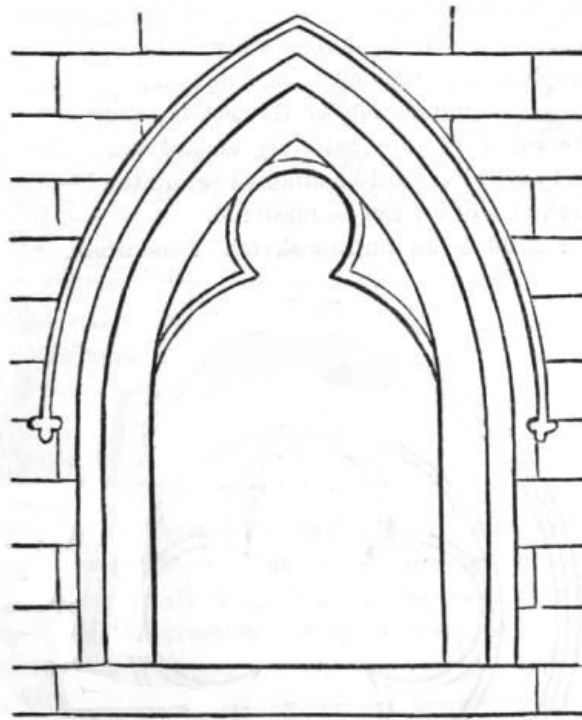


Fig. 22.

The reader will perceive that in all the foregoing designs, although consisting of pure outline, there exists a large amount of practice, which, if she has carefully mastered, will be of eminent service to her in the higher branches of the art.

CELESTIAL LOVE LETTERS.

In the Celestial Empire, love matters are managed by a confidant, and the *billets-doux* written to one another by the papas. At Amoy, a marriage was recently concluded between the respectable houses of Tan and O; on which occasion the following epistles passed between the two old gentlemen:—

From Papa Tan: "The ashamed young brother, surnamed Tan, with washed head makes obeisance, and writes this letter to the greatly virtuous and honorable gentleman whose surname is O. I duly reverence your lofty door. The marriage business will be conducted according to the six rules of propriety, and I will reverently announce the business to my ancestors with presents of gems and silks. I will arrange the things received in your basket, so that all who tread the threshold of my door may enjoy them. From this time forward the two surnames will be united, and I trust the union will be a felicitous one, and last for a hundred years, and realize the delight experienced by the union. I hope that your honorable benevolence and consideration will defend me unceasingly. At present the dragon flies in Sin Hai term, the first month, lucky day. I bow respectfully. Light before. "

TAN.

From Papa O: "The younger brother, surnamed O, of the family to be related by marriage, washes his head clean, knocks his head and bows, and writes this marriage-letter in reply to the far-famed and virtuous gentleman surnamed Tan, the venerable teacher and great man who manages his business. 'Tis matter for congratulation the union of 100 years. I reverence your lofty gate. The prognostic is good, also the divination of the lucky bird. The stars are bright, and the dragons meet together. I, the foolish one, am ashamed of my diminutiveness. I for a long time have desired your dragon powers: now you have not looked down upon me with contempt, but have entertained the statements of the match-maker, and agree to give Kang to be united to my despicable daughter. We all wish the girl to have her hair dressed, and the young man to put on his cap of manhood. The peach-flowers just now look beautiful, the red plum also looks gay. I praise your son, who is like a fairy horse who can cross over through water, and is able to ride upon the wind and waves; but my tiny daughter is like a green window and a feeble plant, and is not worthy of becoming the subject of verse.

"Now, I reverently bow to your good words, and make use of them to display your good breeding. Now, I hope your honorable benevolence will always remember me without end. Now the dragon flies in the Sin Hai term, first month, lucky day. Obeisance! May the future be prosperous. O."

THE TRIALS OF A NEEDLEWOMAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

Needle-work, at best, yields but a small return. Yet how many thousands have no other resource in life, no other barrier thrown up between them and starvation! The manly stay upon which a woman has leaned suddenly fails, and she finds self-support an imperative necessity; yet she has no skill, no strength, no developed resources. In all probability, she is a mother. In this case, she must not only stand alone, but sustain her helpless children. Since her earliest recollection, others have ministered to her wants and pleasures. From a father's hand, childhood and youth received their countless natural blessings; and brother or husband, in later years, has stood between her and the rough winds of a stormy world. All at once, like a bird reared from a fledgling in its cage, and then turned loose in dreary winter time, she finds herself in the world unskilled in its ways, yet required to earn her bread or perish.

What can she do? In what art or profession has she been educated? The world demands service, and proffers its money for labor. But what has she learned? What work can she perform? She can sew. And is that all? Every woman we meet can ply the needle. Ah! As a seamstress, how poor the promise for her future! The labor market is crowded with sewing women, and, as a consequence, the price of needle-work—more particularly that called plain needle-work—is depressed to mere starvation rates. In the more skilled branches, better returns are met; but, even here, few can endure prolonged application—few can bend ten, twelve, or fifteen hours daily over their tasks, without fearful inroads upon health.

In the present time, a strong interest has been awakened on this subject. The cry of the poor seamstress has been heard; and the questions, "How shall we help her?" "How shall we widen the circle of remunerative employments for women?" passes anxiously from lip to lip. To answer this question is not our present purpose. Others are earnestly seeking to work out the problem, and we must leave the solution with them. What we now design is to quicken their generous impulses. How more effectively can this be done than by a life-picture of the poor needlewoman's trials and sufferings? And this we shall now proceed to give.

It was a cold, dark, drizzly day in the fall of 18—, that a young female entered a well-arranged clothing store in Boston, and passed with hesitating steps up to where a man was standing behind one of the counters.

"Have you any work, sir?" she asked, in a low, timid voice.

The individual to whom this was addressed, a short, rough-looking man, with a pair of large black whiskers, eyed her for a moment with a bold stare, and then indicated, by half turning his head and nodding sideways towards the owner of the shop, who stood at a desk some distance back, that her application was to be made there. Turning quickly from the rude, and too familiar gaze of the attendant, the young woman went on to the desk, and stood, half frightened and trembling, beside the man from whom she had come to ask the privilege of toiling for little more than a crust of bread and a cup of cold water.

"Have you any work, sir?" was repeated in a still lower and more timid voice than that in which her request had at first been made.

"Yes, we have," was the gruff reply.

"Can I get some?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure that you'll ever bring it back again."

The applicant endeavored to make some reply to this, but the words choked her; she could not utter them.

"I've been tricked in my time out of more than a little by new-comers. But I don't know; you seem to have a simple, honest look. Are you particularly in want of work?"

"Oh yes, sir!" replied the applicant, in an earnest, half-imploring voice. "I desire work very much."

"What kind do you want?"

"Almost anything you have to give out, sir?"

"Well, we have pants, coarse and fine roundabouts, shirts, drawers, and almost any article of men's wear you can mention."

"What do you give for shirts, sir?"

"Various prices; from six cents up to twenty five, according to the quality of the article."

"Only twenty-five cents for fine shirts!" returned the young woman, in a surprised, disappointed, desponding tone. [120]

"*Only* twenty-five cents? *Only*? Yes, *only* twenty-five cents! Pray, how much did you expect to get, Miss?" retorted the clothier, in a half sneering, half offended voice.

"I don't know. But twenty-five cents is very little for a hard day's work."

"Is it, indeed? I know enough who are thankful for even that. Enough who are at it early and late, and do not even earn as much. Your ideas will have to come down a little, Miss, if you expect to work for this branch of business."

"What do you give for vests and pantaloons?" asked the woman, without seeming to notice the man's rudeness.

"For common trowsers with pockets, twelve cents; and for finer ones, fifteen and twenty cents."

Vests about the same rates."

"Have you any shirts ready?"

"Yes, a plenty. Will you have 'em coarse or fine?"

"Fine, if you please."

"How many will you take?"

"Let me have three to begin with."

"Here, Michael," cried the man to the attendant who had been first addressed by the stranger, "give this girl three fine shirts to make." Then turning to her, he said, "They are cotton shirts, with linen collars, bosoms, and wristbands. There must be two rows of stitching down the bosoms, and one row upon the wristband. Collars plain. And remember, they must be made very nice."

"Yes, sir," was the reply, made in a sad voice, as the young creature turned from her employer and went up to the shop-attendant to receive the three shirts.

"You've never worked for the clothing stores, I should think?" remarked this individual, looking her in the face with a steady gaze.

"Never," replied the applicant, in a low tone, half shrinking away, with an instinctive aversion for the man.

"Well, it's pretty good when one can't do any better. An industrious sewer can get along pretty well upon a pinch."

No reply was made to this. The shirts were now ready; but, before they were handed to her, the man bent over the counter, and, putting his face close to hers, said—

"What might your name be, Miss?"

A quick flush suffused the neck and face of the girl, as she stepped back a pace or two, and answered—

"That is of no consequence, sir."

"Yes, Miss, but it is of consequence. We never give out work to people who don't tell their names. We would be a set of unconscionable fools to do that, I should think."

The young woman stood thoughtful for a little while, and then said, while her cheek still burned—

"Lizzy Glenn."

"Very well. And now, Miss Lizzy, be kind enough to inform me where you live."

"That is altogether unnecessary. I will bring the work home as soon as I have finished it."

"But suppose you should happen to forget our street and number? What then?"

"Oh no, I shall not do that. I know the place very well," was the innocent reply.

"No, but that won't do, Lizzy. We must have the name and place of residence of every man, woman, and child who work for us. It is our rule, and we never depart from it."

There was another brief period of irresolution, and then the place of abode was given. This was first entered, with her name, in a book, and then the three shirts were handed over. The seamstress turned away on receiving them, and walked quickly from the shop.

The appearance of this young applicant for work would have appealed instantly to the sympathies of any one but a regular slop-shop man, who looked only to his own profits, and cared not a fig whose heart-drops cemented the stones of his building. She was tall and slender, with light brown hair, clear soft complexion, and eyes of a mild hazel. But her cheeks were sunken, though slightly flushed, and her eyes lay far back in their sockets. Her forehead was high and very white. The tones of her voice, which was low, were soft and musical, and her words were spoken, few though they were, with a taste and appropriateness that showed her to be one who had moved in a circle of refinement and intelligence. As to her garments, they were old, and far too thin for the season. A light, faded shawl, of costly material, was drawn closely around her shoulders, but had not the power to keep from her attenuated frame the chill air, or to turn off the fine penetrating rain that came with the wind, searchingly, from the bleak north-east. Her dress, of summer calico, much worn, clung closely to her body. Above all was a close bonnet, and a thick veil, which she drew around her face as she stepped into the street and glided hurriedly away.

"She's a touch above the vulgar, Michael," broke in Berlaps, the owner of the shop, coming forward as he spoke.

"Yes, indeed! That craft has been taut rigged in her time."

"Who can she be, Michael? None of your common ones, of course."

"Oh no, of course not; she's 'seen better days,' as the slang phrase is."

"No doubt of that. What name did she give?"

"Lizzy Glenn. But that may or may not be correct. People like her are sometimes apt to forget even their own names."

"Where does she live?"

"In the lower part of the town somewhere. I have it in the book here."

"You think she'll bring them shirts back?"

"Oh yes. Folks that have come down in the world as she has rarely play grab game after that fashion."

"She seemed all struck aback at the price."

"I suppose so. Ha! ha!"

"But she's the right kind," resumed Berlaps. "I only wish we had a dozen like her."

"I wish we had. Her work will never rip."

Further conversation was prevented by the entrance of a customer. Before he had been fully served, a middle-aged woman came in with a large bundle, and went back to Berlaps's desk, where he stood engaged over his account-books.

"Good-day, Mrs. Gaston," said he, looking up, while not a feature relaxed on his cold, rigid countenance.

"I've brought you in six pairs of pants," said the woman, untying the bundle she had laid upon the counter.

"You had seven pair, ma'am."

"I know that, Mr. Berlaps. But only six are finished; and, as I want some money, I have brought them in."

"It is more than a week since we gave them out. You ought to have had the whole seven pair done. We want them all now. They should have been in day before yesterday."

"They would have been finished, Mr. Berlaps," said the woman, in a deprecating tone; "but one of my children has been sick, and I have had to be up with her so often every night, and have had to attend to her so much through the day, that I have not been able to do more than half work."

"Confound the children!" muttered the tailor to himself, as he began inspecting the woman's work. "They're always getting sick, or something else."

After carefully examining three or four pairs of the coarse trowsers which had been brought in, he pushed the whole from him with a quick impatient gesture and an angry scowl, saying, as he did so—

"Botched to death! I can't give you work unless it's done better, Mrs. Gaston. You grow worse and worse!"

"I know, sir," replied the woman, in a troubled voice, "that they are not made quite so well as they might be. But consider how much I have had against me. A sick child—and worn out by attendance on her night and day."

"It's always a sick child, or some other excuse with the whole of you. But that don't answer me. I want my work done well, and I mean to have it so. If you don't choose to turn out good work, I can find a plenty who will."

"You sha'n't complain of me hereafter, Mr. Berlaps," replied the woman, submissively.

"So you have said before. But we shall see."

Berlaps then turned moodily to his desk, and resumed the employment he had broken off when the seamstress came in, while she stood with her hands folded across each other, awaiting his pleasure in regard to the payment of the meagre sum she had earned by a full week of hard labor, prolonged often to a late hour in the night. She had stood thus, meekly, for nearly five minutes, when Berlaps raised his head, and looking at her sternly over the top of his desk, said—

"What are you waiting for, Mrs. Gaston?"

"I should like to have the money for the pants I have brought in. I am out of every"—

"I never pay until the whole job is done. Bring in the other pair, and you can have your money."

"Yes; but Mr. Berlaps"—

"You needn't talk anything about it, madam. You have my say," was the tailor's angry response.

Slowly turning away, the woman moved, with hesitating steps, to the door, paused there a moment, and then went out. She lingered along, evidently undecided how to act, for several minutes, and then moved on at a quicker pace, as if doubt and irresolution had given way to some encouraging thought. Threading her way along the narrow winding streets in the lower part of the city, she soon emerged into the open space used as a hay-market, and, crossing over this, took her way in the direction of one of the bridges. Before reaching this, she turned down towards the right and entered a small grocery. A woman was the only attendant upon this.

"Won't you trust me for a little more, Mrs. Grubb?" she asked, in a supplicating voice, while she looked anxiously into her face.

"No, ma'am! not one cent till that dollar's paid up!" was the sharp retort. "And, to tell you the truth, I think you've got a heap of impudence to come in here, bold-faced, and ask for more trust, after having promised me over and over again for a month to pay that dollar. No! pay the dollar first!"

"I did intend to pay you a part of it this very day," replied Mrs. Gaston. "But"—

"Oh yes. It's but this, and but that. But, but's ain't my dollar. I'm an honest woman, and want to

make an honest living; and must have my money."

"But I only want a little, Mrs. Grubb. A few potatoes and some salt fish; and just a gill of milk and a cup of flour. The children have had nothing to eat since yesterday. I took home six pairs of trowsers to-day, which came to ninety cents, at fifteen cents a pair. But I had seven pairs, and Mr. Berlaps won't pay me until I bring the whole number. It will take me till twelve o'clock to-night to finish them, and so I can't get any money before to-morrow. Just let me have two pounds of salt fish, which will be only seven cents, and three cents' worth of potatoes; and a little milk and flour to make something for Ella. It won't be much, Mrs. Grubb, and it will keep the little ones from being hungry all day and till late to-morrow."

Her voice failed her as she uttered the last sentence. But she restrained herself after the first sob that heaved her overladen bosom, and stood calmly awaiting the answer to her urgent petition.

Mrs. Grubb was a woman, and a mother into the bargain. She had, too, the remains of a woman's heart, where lingered a few maternal sympathies. These were quick to prompt her to duty. Turning away without a reply, she weighed out two pounds of fish, measured a peck of potatoes, poured out some milk in a cup, and filled a small paper with flour. These she handed to Mrs. Gaston without uttering a word.

"To-morrow you shall be paid for these, and something on the old account," said the recipient, as she took them and hurried from the shop.

"Why not give up at once, instead of trying to keep soul and body together by working for the slop-shops?" muttered Mrs. Grubb, as her customer withdrew. "She'd a great sight better go with her children to the poor-house than keep them half starving under people's noses at this rate, and compelling us, who have a little feeling left, to keep them from dying outright with hunger! It's too bad! There's that Berlaps, who grinds the poor seamstresses, who work for him to death, and makes them one-half of their time beggars at our stores for something for their children to eat. He is building two houses in Roxbury at this very moment; and out of what? Out of the money of which he has robbed these poor women. Fifteen cents for a pair of trowsers with pockets in them! Ten cents for shirts and drawers; and everything at that rate! Is it any wonder they are starving, and he growing rich? Curse him, and all like him! I could see them hung!"

And the woman set her teeth and clenched her hand in momentary, but impotent rage.

In the mean time, Mrs. Gaston hurried home with the food she had obtained. She occupied the upper room of a narrow frame house near the river, for which she paid a rent of three dollars a month. It was small and comfortless; but the best her slender means could provide. Two children were playing on the floor when she entered, the one about four, and the other a boy who looked as if he might be nearly ten years of age. On the bed lay Ella, the sick child to whom the mother had alluded both to the tailor and the shop-keeper. She turned wishfully upon her mother her young bright eyes as she entered, but did not move or utter a word. The children, who had been amusing themselves upon the floor, sprang to their feet, and, catching hold of the basket she brought in with her, ascertained in a moment its contents.

"Fish and taters! fish and taters!" cried the youngest, a little girl, clapping her hands and dancing about the floor.

"Won't we have some dinner now?" said Henry, the oldest boy, looking up into his mother's face with eager delight, as he laid his hands upon her arm.

"Yes, my children, you shall have a good dinner, and that right quickly," returned the mother, in a voice half choked with emotion, as she threw off her bonnet and proceeded to cook the coarse provisions she had obtained at the sacrifice of so much feeling. It did not take long to boil the fish and potatoes, which were eaten with a keen relish by two of the children, Emma and Harry. The gruel prepared for Ella, from the flour obtained at Mrs. Grubb's, did not much tempt the sickly appetite of the child. She sipped a few spoonfuls, and then turned from the bowl which her mother held for her at the bedside.

"Eat more of it, dear," said Mrs. Gaston. "It will make you feel better."

"I'm not very hungry now, mother," answered Ella.

"Don't it taste good to you?"

"Not very good."

The child sighed as she turned her wan face towards the wall, and the unhappy mother sighed responsive. [123]

"I wish you would try to take a little more. It's so long since you have eaten anything; and you'll grow worse if you don't take nourishment. Just two or three spoonfuls. Come, dear."

Ella, thus urged, raised herself in bed, and made an effort to eat more of the gruel. At the third spoonful, her stomach heaved as the tasteless fluid touched her lips.

"Indeed, mother, I can't swallow another mouthful," she said, again sinking back on her pillow.

Slowly did Mrs. Gaston turn from the bed. She had not yet eaten of the food which her two well children were devouring with the eagerness of hungry animals. Only a small portion did she now take for herself, and that was eaten hurriedly, as if the time occupied in attending to her own wants were so much wasted.

The meal over, Mrs. Gaston took the unfinished pair of trowsers, and, though feeling weary and disheartened, bent earnestly to the task before her. At this she toiled, unremittingly, until the

falling twilight admonished her to stop. The children's supper was then prepared. She would have applied to Mrs. Grubb for a loaf of bread, but was so certain of meeting a refusal that she refrained from doing so. For supper, therefore, they had only the salt fish and potatoes.

It was one o'clock that night before exhausted nature refused another draft upon its energies. The garment was not quite finished. But the nerveless hand and the weary head of the poor seamstress obeyed the requirements of her will no longer. The needle had to be laid aside, for the finger had no more strength to grasp, nor skill to direct its motions.

CHAPTER II.

It was about ten o'clock on the next morning, when Mrs. Gaston appeared at the shop of Berlaps, the tailor.

"Here is the other pair," she said, as she came up to the counter, behind which stood Michael, the salesman.

That person took the pair of trowsers, glanced at them a moment, and then, tossing them aside, asked Mrs. Gaston if she could make some cloth roundabouts.

"At what price?" was inquired.

"The usual price—thirty cents."

"Thirty cents for cloth jackets! Indeed, Michael, that is too little. You used to give thirty-seven and a half."

"Can't afford to do it now, then. Thirty cents is enough. There are plenty of women glad to get them even at that price."

"But it will take me a full day and a half to make a cloth jacket, Michael."

"You work slow, that's the reason; a good sewer can easily make one in a day; and that's doing pretty well, these times."

"I don't know what you mean by pretty well, Michael," answered the seamstress. "How do you think you could manage to support yourself and three children on less than thirty cents a day?"

"Haven't you put that oldest boy of yours out yet?" asked Michael, instead of replying to the question of Mrs. Gaston.

"No, I have not."

"Well, you do very wrong, let me tell you, to slave yourself and pinch your other children for him, when he might be earning his living just as well as not. He's plenty old enough to be put out."

"You may think so, but I don't. He is still but a child."

"A pretty big child, I should say. But, if you would like to get him a good master, I know a man over in Cambridge who would take him off of your hands."

"Who is he?"

"He keeps a store, and wants just such a boy to do odd trifles about, and run of errands. It would be the very dandy for your little fellow. He'll be in here to-day, and, if you say so, I will speak to him about your son."

"I would rather try and keep him with me this winter. He is too young to go so far away. I could not know whether he were well or ill used."

"Oh, as to that, ma'am, the man I spoke of is a particular friend of mine, and I know him to be as kind-hearted as a woman. His wife's amiability and good temper are proverbial. Do let me speak a good word for your son; I'm sure you will never repent it."

"I'll think about it, Michael; but don't believe I shall feel satisfied to let Henry go anywhere out of Boston, even if I should be forced to get him a place away from home this winter."

"Well, you can do as you please, Mrs. Gaston," said Michael, in a half offended tone. "I shall not charge anything for my advice. But say! do you intend trying some of these jackets?"

"Can't you give me some more pantaloons? I can do better on them, I think."

"We sha'n't have any more coarse trowsers ready for two or three days. The jackets are your only chance." [124]

"If I must, I suppose I must, then," replied Mrs. Gaston to this, in a desponding tone. "So let me have a couple of them."

The salesman took from a shelf two dark, heavy cloth jackets, cut out and tied up in separate bundles with a strip of the fabric from which they had been taken. As he handed them to the woman, he said—

"Remember, now, these are to be made extra nice."

"You shall have no cause of complaint—depend upon that, Michael. But isn't Mr. Berlaps in this morning?"

"No. He's gone out to Roxbury to see about some houses he is putting up there."

"You can pay me for them pantys, I suppose?"

"No. I never settle any bills in his absence."

"But it's a very small matter, Michael. Only a dollar and five cents," said Mrs. Gaston, earnestly, her heart sinking in her bosom.

"Can't help it. It's just as I tell you."

"When will Mr. Berlaps be home?"

"Some time this afternoon, I suppose."

"Not till this afternoon," murmured the mother, sadly, as she thought of her children, and how meagerly she had been able to provide for them during the past few days. Turning away from the counter, she left the store and hurried homeward. Henry met her at the door as she entered, and, seeing that she brought nothing with her but the small bundles of work, looked disappointed. This touched her feeling a good deal. But she felt much worse when Ella, the sick one, half raised herself from her pillow and said—

"Did you get me that orange as you promised, mother?"

"No, dear; I couldn't get any money this morning," the mother replied, bending over her sick child and kissing her cheek, that was flushed and hot with fever. "But as soon as Mr. Berlaps pays me you shall have an orange."

"I wish he would pay you soon, then, mother; for I want one so bad. I dreamed last night that I had one, and, just as I was going to eat it, I waked up. And, since you have been gone, I've been asleep, and dreamed again that I had a large juicy orange. But don't cry, mother. I know you couldn't get it for me. I'll be very patient."

"I know you will, my dear child," said the mother, putting an arm about the little sufferer, and drawing her to her bosom; "you have been good and patient, and mother is only sorry that she has not been able to get you the orange you want so badly."

"But I don't believe I want it so very, very bad, mother, as I seem to. I think about it so much—that's the reason I want it, I'm sure. I'll try and not think about it any more."

"Try, that's a dear, good girl," murmured Mrs. Gaston, as she kissed her child again, and then turned away to resume once more her wearying task. Unrolling one of the coarse jackets she had brought home, she found that it was of heavy beaver cloth, and had to be sewed with strong thread. For a moment or two, after she spread it out upon the table, she looked at the many pieces to be wrought up into a well-finished whole, and thought of the hours of hard labor it would require to accomplish the task. A feeling of discouragement stole into her heart, and she leaned her head listlessly upon the table. But only a moment or two elapsed before a thought of her children aroused her flagging energies.

It was after eleven o'clock before she was fairly at work. The first thing to be done, after laying aside the different portions of the garment in order, was to put in the pockets. This was not accomplished before one o'clock, when she had to leave her work to prepare a meal for herself and little ones. There remained from their supper and breakfast a small portion of the fish and potatoes. Both of these had been boiled, and hashed up together, and, of what remained, all that was required was to make it into balls and fry it. This was not a matter to occasion much delay. In fifteen minutes from the time she laid aside her needle and thimble, the table had been set, with its one dish upon it, and Harry and little Emma were eating with keen appetites their simple meal. But, to Mrs. Gaston, the food was unpalatable; and Ella turned from it with loathing. There was, however, nothing more in the house; and both Ella and her mother had to practice self-denial and patience.

After the table was cleared away, Mrs. Gaston again resumed her labor; but Emma was unusually fretful, and hung about her mother nearly the whole afternoon, worrying her mind, and keeping her back a good deal, so that, when the brief afternoon had worn away, and the deepening twilight compelled her to suspend her labors, she had made but little perceptible progress in her work.

"Be good children now until I come back," she said, as she rose from her chair, put on her bonnet, and drew an old Rob Roy shawl around her shoulders. Descending then into the street, she took her way with a quick step towards that part of the city in which her employer kept his store. Her heart beat anxiously as she drew near, and trembled lest she should not find him in. If not?—but the fear made her feel sick. She had no food in the house, no friends to whom she could apply, and there was no one of whom she could venture to ask to be trusted for even a single loaf of bread. At length she reached the well-lighted store, in which were several customers, upon whom both Berlaps and his clerk were attending with business assiduity. The sight of the tailor relieved the feelings of poor Mrs. Gaston very much. Passing on to the back part of the store, she stood patiently awaiting his leisure. But his customers were hard to please. And, moreover, one was scarcely suited before another came in. Thus it continued for nearly half an hour, when the poor woman became so anxious about the little ones she had left at home, and especially about Ella, who had appeared to have a good deal of fever when she came away, that she walked slowly down the store, and paused opposite to where Berlaps stood waiting upon a customer, in order to attract his attention. But he took not the slightest notice of her. She remained thus for nearly ten minutes longer. Then she came up to the side of the counter, and, leaning over towards him, said, in a half whisper—

"Can I speak a word with you, Mr. Berlaps?"

"I've no time to attend to you now, woman," he answered, gruffly, and the half frightened

creature shrunk away quickly, and again stood far back in the store.

It was full half an hour after this before the shop was cleared, and then the tailor, instead of coming back to where Mrs. Gaston stood, commenced folding up and replacing his goods upon the shelves. Fearful lest other customers would enter, the seamstress came slowly forward, and again stood near Berlaps.

"What do you want here to-night, woman?" asked the tailor, without lifting his eyes from the employment in which he was engaged.

"I brought home the other pair of trowsers this morning, but you were not in," Mrs. Gaston replied.

"Well?"

"Michael couldn't pay me, and so I've run up this evening."

"You're a very troublesome kind of a person," said Berlaps, looking her rebukingly in the face. Then taking a dollar and five cents from the drawer, he pushed them towards her on the counter, adding, as he did so, "There, take your money. One would think you were actually starving."

Mrs. Gaston picked up the coin eagerly, and hurried away. It was more than an hour since she had left home. Her children were alone, and the night had closed in some time before. The thought of this made her quicken her pace to a run. As she passed on, the sight of an orange in a window reminded her of her promise to Ella. She stopped and bought a small one, and then hurried again on her way.

"Here's half a dollar of what I owe you, Mrs. Grubb," said she, as she stepped into the shop of that personage, and threw the coin she named upon the counter. "And now give me a loaf of bread, quickly; some molasses in this cup, and a pint of milk in this," drawing two little mugs from under her shawl as she spoke.

The articles she mentioned were soon ready for her. She had paid for them, and was about stepping from the door, when she paused, and, turning about, said—

"Oh, I had like to have forgotten! I want two cent candles. I shall have to work late to-night."

The candles were cut from a large bunch hanging above the narrow counter, wrapped in a very small bit of paper, and given to Mrs. Gaston, who took them and went quickly away.

All was dark and still in the room that contained her children, as she gained the house that sheltered them. She lit one of her candles below, and went up stairs. As she entered, Ella's bright eyes glistened upon her from the bed; but little Emma had fallen asleep with her head in the lap of Henry, who was seated upon the floor with his back against the wall, himself likewise locked in the arms of forgetfulness. The fire had nearly gone out, and the room was quite cold.

"Oh, mother, why did you stay so long?" Ella asked, looking her earnestly in the face.

"I couldn't get back any sooner, my dear. But see! I've brought the orange you have wished for so long. You can eat it all by yourself, for Emma is fast asleep on the floor, and can't cry for it."

But Emma roused up at the moment, and began to fret and cry for something to eat.

"Don't cry, dear. You shall have your supper in a little while. I have brought you home some nice bread and molasses," said the mother, in tones meant to soothe and quiet her hungry and impatient little one. But Emma continued to fret and cry on.

"It's so cold, mamma!" she said. "It's so cold, and I'm hungry!"

"Don't cry, dear," again urged the mother. "I'll make the fire up nice and warm in a little while, and then you shall have something good to eat." [126]

But—"It's so cold, mamma! it's so cold! and I'm hungry!" was the continued and incessant complaint of the poor child.

All this time, Ella had been busily engaged in peeling her orange and dividing it into four quarters.

"See here, Emma! Look what I've got!" she said, in a lively, cheerful tone, as soon as her orange had been properly divided. "Come, cover up in bed here with me, until the fire's made, and you shall have this nice bit of orange."

Emma's complaints ceased in a moment, and she turned towards her sister, and clambered upon the bed.

"And here's a piece for you, Henry, and a piece for mother, too," continued Ella, reaching out two other portions.

"No, dear, keep it for yourself. I don't want it," said the mother.

"And Emma shall have my piece," responded Henry; "she wants it worse than I do."

"That is right. Be good children, and love one another," said Mrs. Gaston, encouragingly. "But Emma don't want brother Henry's piece, does she?"

"No, Emma don't want brother Henry's piece," repeated the child; and she took up a portion of the orange as she spoke, and handed it to her brother.

Henry received it, and, getting upon the bed with his sisters, shared with them not only the

orange, but kind fraternal feelings. The taste of the fruit revived Ella a good deal, and she, with the assistance of Henry, succeeded in amusing Emma until their mother had made the fire and boiled some water. Into a portion of the water she poured about half of the milk she had brought home, and, filling a couple of tin cups with this, set it with bread and molasses upon a little table, and called Henry and Emma to supper. The children, at this announcement, scrambled from the bed, and, pushing chairs up to the table, commenced eating the supper provided for them with keen appetites. Into what remained of the pint of milk, Mrs. Gaston poured a small portion of hot water, and then crumbled some bread, and put a few grains of salt into it, and took this to the bed for Ella. The child ate two or three spoonfuls; but her stomach soon turned against the food.

"I don't feel hungry, mother," said she, as she laid herself back upon the pillow.

"But you've eaten scarcely anything to-day. Try and take a little more, dear. It will do you good."

"I can't, indeed, mother." And a slight expression of loathing passed over the child's face.

"Can't you think of something you could eat?" urged the mother.

"I don't want anything. The orange tasted good, and that is enough for to-night," Ella replied, in a cheerful voice.

Mrs. Gaston then sat down by the table with Henry and Emma, and ate a small portion of bread and molasses. But this food touched not her palate with any pleasurable sensation. She ate only because she knew that, unless she took food, she would not have strength to perform her duties to her children. For a long series of years, her system had been accustomed to the generous excitement of tea at the evening meal. A cup of good tea had become almost indispensable to her. It braced her system, cleared her head, and refreshed her after the unremitting toils of the day. But, for some time past, she had felt called upon, for the sake of her children, to deny herself this luxury—no, comfort—no, this, to her, one of the necessities of life. The consequence was that her appetite lost its tone. No food tasted pleasantly to her; and the labors of the evening were performed under depression of spirits and nervous relaxation of body.

This evening she ate, compulsorily, as usual, a small portion of dry bread, and drank a few mouthfuls of warm water in which a little milk had been poured. As she did so, her eyes turned frequently upon the face of Henry, a fair-haired, sweet-faced, delicate boy, her eldest born—the first pledge of pure affection, and the promise of a happy wedded life. Sadly, indeed, had time changed since then. A young mother, smiling over her first born—how full of joy was the sunlight of each succeeding day! Now, widowed and alone, struggling with failing and unequal strength against the tide that was slowly bearing her down the stream, each morning broke to her more and more drearily, and each evening, as it closed darkly in, brought another shadow to rest in despondency upon her spirit. Faithfully had she struggled on, hoping still to be able to keep her little ones around her. The proposition of Michael to put out Henry startled into activity the conscious fear that had for some months been stifled in her bosom; and now she had to look the matter full in the face, and, in spite of all her feelings of reluctance, confess to herself that the effort to keep her children around her must prove unavailing. But how could she part with her boy? How could she see him put out among strangers? How could she bear to let him go away from her side, and be henceforth treated as a servant, and be compelled to perform labor above his years? The very thought made her sick.

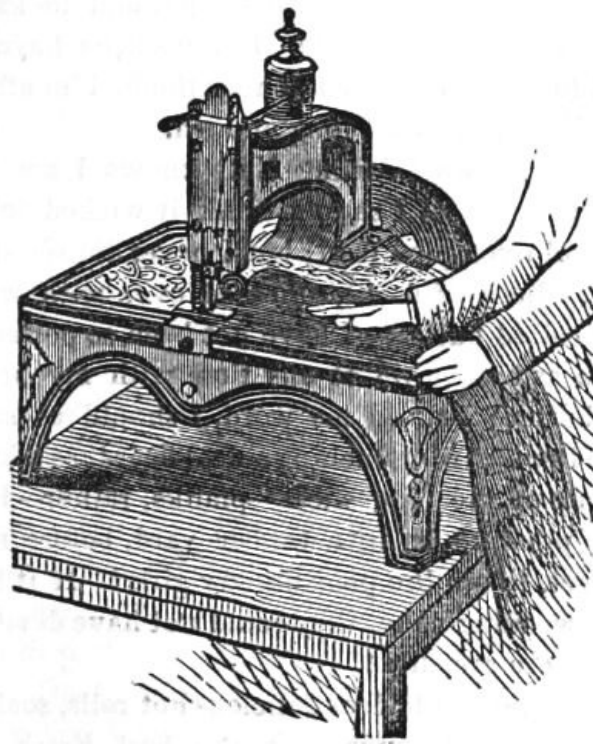
[127]

Her frugal meal was soon finished, and then the children were put to bed. After laying away their clothes, and setting back the table from which their supper had been eaten, Mrs. Gaston seated herself by the already nearly half burned penny candle, whose dim light scarcely enabled her failing eyesight to discern the edges of the dark cloth upon which she was working, and composed herself to her task. Hour after hour she toiled on, weary and aching in every limb. But she remitted not her labors until long after midnight, and then not until her last candle had burned away to the socket in which it rested. Then she put aside her work with a sigh, as she reflected upon the slow progress she had made, and, disrobing herself, laid her over-wearied body beside that of her sick child. Ella was asleep; but her breathing was hard, and her mother perceived, upon laying her hand upon her face, that her fever had greatly increased. But she knew no means of alleviation, and therefore did not attempt any. In a little while, nature claimed for her a respite. Sleep locked her senses in forgetfulness.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW SEWING-MACHINE.

It may interest some of our readers to know how this ingenious invention is applied to such various purposes of utility. The following brief account will explain the mode of operation:—



The sewing-machine, of which a representation is now given, is about twelve inches square, and is driven by a wheel at the end of a main shaft which passes through the machine. The wheel can be driven either by the hand, foot, or steam-engine. From the top plate of the machine and at the side on which the wheel is placed, an arm rises to about ten inches and extends to the opposite or front side, in which arm is worked a lever which drives the vertical needle. This needle is attached to a sliding bar, worked by the arm. Underneath and below the plate of the machine is another needle of horizontal shape, which is fed by a bobbin or reel of thread also out of sight. Imagine the vertical needle as being threaded and supplied by a reel on the top of the arm, and the horizontal needle threaded as described, and the machine put in motion; the vertical needle would penetrate the cloth or other material, say half an inch below the surface, and, on being drawn back by the action of the machine, would leave a loop; when this loop is formed, and at the exact time, the horizontal needle enters it and holds the thread until the stitch is formed, when by a counter action it revolves back and throws the loop off and takes another. The machine is capable of stitching every part of any garment, except the buttons and button-holes, whether the work be *light* or *heavy*, *coarse* or *fine*; also for gaiters, boots, shoes, sacks, bags, sailcloths, tents, &c. &c. It is so *simple* in its construction and action that it may be worked by a *child*, and will sew a circle, curve, or turn a square corner, equally as well as a straight line. It is only twelve inches square, and is driven by the hand or foot. By the action of a screen in the machine, the stitch can be either lengthened or shortened, as may be desired. The machine feeds itself with both cloth and thread, and it is only necessary for the operator to guide the material to the needle to sew. It will with ease sew a yard per minute, stronger, more uniform, and consequently better than it is possible to be done by hand.

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

[128]

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

EDITED BY HORACE MATHEW.

THE SECOND LETTER LEFT.

(Dated February 11th.)

SHOWING HOW KITTY FARED (OR SCARCELY FARED AT ALL) THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL, AND THE DREADFUL DISASTER THAT BEFELL HER.

Oh! my dear Nelly, I'm in such a mess, and can't think how I am to get out of it. I would run away, only I don't know where to run to: and, besides, all the doors are fast; and more than that, I feel ma would only bring me back again if I were to get away. Only think of that shabby Mrs. — (you know whom I mean) opening all the letters; and I never knew this until my letter was in her bag. Mrs. Sharpe (who has promised to give this to some one who will drop it in the post on the sly for me) says every word we write home, and every word we receive from home, is pried into, and very often kept back if it does not exactly please the Lady Principal! A pretty lady! I wonder she isn't ashamed of herself! A nice example to set us young girls—actually teaching as to go a peeping into other persons' secrets! Meggy (that's Miss Sharpe's name) says she intends

speaking to her papa about it. He is a Scotch lawyer; and she has often heard him say that there's a fine of 100*l.* for any one who breaks a seal upon trust papers! What fun it would be if we could make the Lady Principal pay 100*l.*! I'm sure it would only serve her right.

The beauty of it is, Nelly, she says she only looks at the signatures of the letters that come here, to see if they are from proper persons. This is very likely! How, then, *does she know all that is going on in the girls' homes, if she never reads their letters?* I've no patience with her! I'm sure that I shall never be able to look the mean creature in the face again.

Now, Nelly, I must tell you all about the young ladies; for I may not have another opportunity, dearest, of smuggling out a letter.

Well, then, when we went to breakfast, Mrs. Rodwell was seated on a sort of raised throne at the end of the table, and all the girls walked up to her to courtesy, and "*souhaitez le bon jour, Madame,*" and show her—this is a positive fact, dearest—their teeth and nails! Meggy told me this was to teach us to keep them sharp and in good fighting condition, as *woman's natural weapons*; but she was only laughing at me, for I learnt afterwards it was to see that they were properly cleaned every morning. But I think the practice might well be dispensed with, as not being over and above complimentary to young ladies!

When my turn came, I was preparing to show my teeth in real earnest—for I felt both indignant and ashamed of such treatment—when she took me kindly by the hand, and instantly, at that touch of kindness, my mouth shut of its own accord. She asked me how I had slept, and introduced me to Miss Plodder, who, she said would cheer my spirits and make me feel more at home. She is such a fat, round, little sleepy, and looks as stupid, too, as she is fat! If my spirits have to wait for Miss Plodder to cheer them, I'm afraid they'll have to wait long enough.

Well, my own darling Nell knows I am not dainty, and that I should think it wicked to be fanciful over good food; but I never did see such thick slices of bread, smeared over with what they called butter. I have not been so petted at home as to quarrel at any time with my bread and butter; but, on my word, I should as soon have thought of munching a deal board, as taking up one of the long slices—planks, rather—that were piled up, as in a timber yard, before me; and yet, to see the poor hungry girls! If it had been wedding-cake, they could not have devoured it more greedily!

I thought of the dear delicious hot rolls, soaked through and through with the best Fresh (at sixteen pence a pound) that I had been in the habit of having every morning for breakfast, and sighed that I was not at home.

Meggy asked me which I liked best, "*hay or beans?*" Before I could answer that I had never tasted either, the Lady Principal inquired "if I took cocoa or coffee?" A basin of the latter was brought to me, but unless I had been told it was coffee, I'm sure I should never have guessed it. It looked more like water taken from the Regent's-canal. Meggy whispered into my ear, "Hay's best;" and seeing me puzzled, she explained, shortly afterwards, that, in their school dictionary, hay meant cocoa, and that beans was the English for coffee, from a popular belief, which she said "was extremely well grounded" (in their coffee cups), that "those agricultural commodities formed the principal ingredients of their matutinal beverages."

[129]

Meggy Sharpe is such a nice girl, so clever, and so full of fun, and such large bright, black eyes, and a face laughing all over with mischief, it puts one in good-humor merely to look at it. I feel I shall love her very much, but not so much as you, dearest Nelly.

After breakfast, she told Miss Plodder that she would "take care of me, and introduce me to the Elders." Then bidding me not to be afraid, she led me by the hand to a group of tall young ladies, and in a set speech, delivered in a mock tone, such as I've heard my brothers imitate Mr. John Cooper in, "begged to present a humble candidate to their friendship and favor." The tallest, a Miss Noble, who seemed the head girl, and as stiff as a backboard, made me welcome, and then began questioning me in the following manner: "Did I live in London?—at the Westend, of course?—perhaps in Belgrave-square? No! then near Hyde Park? No! then in one of the squares? Yes! Well, some of the squares were still respectable. In which of the squares did I live, pray?"

I mumbled out, as well as I could, "Torrington-square."

"Oh! hem! where was Torrington-square?" continued my tormentor. "Near the city, was it not? No!—what, near Russell-square and Gower-street? Gower-street! Well, really, she knew nothing of those parts of the town."

I was next asked, "Whether my mamma went to court?"

"No," I answered, in my ignorance; "but papa does sometimes, and takes his blue bag with him when he has law business." This gave rise to shouts of laughter, and long exclamations of "Dear, dear!" whilst looks of pity were showered down upon me.

"I mean," continued Miss Noble, "her Majesty's receptions. My mamma goes to court; and I am to be presented myself by the Grand Duchess of Mechlenburgh-Sedlitz immediately on my leaving college;" and she tossed her head up to the ceiling, until I thought it would never come down again.

"How did you come last night?" resumed Miss Noble. "In the omnibus," cried out wicked Meggy, who immediately ran away.

"No; I know how she came," said another beauty, "for I was in the drawing-room at the time, and looked out of the window; she came in a clarence *with one horse.*" And they all tittered again, and I felt my cheeks growing red, though why I should be ashamed of mamma's pretty clarence I don't know, even though it has but *one* horse.

I was next asked, "Whether my paternal (meaning papa, I suppose) lived at home?" "Of course," I answered; "where should he live?" "Why some people have an establishment in the city, and a family in a square. The shop (and they tittered again) must not be neglected." "Do not be rude, Miss Ogle," interrupted Miss Noble, affecting to be very serious; "personalities are extremely rude; and, besides, Miss Clover's father may not live in a shop. Tell us, dear, what profession are you in?" "I—I'm in no profession," I said, trembling lest I should be laughed at again. "Dear! what beautiful simplicity!" said the court lady, lifting her hands up; "not you—your father, child." "Oh! papa is a stockbroker." "A what? A stockbroker! Pray, what's that?" "I know," said the young lady who had told about the clarence with one horse; "it's a trade; for I hear papa talk of desiring his stockbroker to buy and sell; and I am certain, now I think of it, that they deal in *bears and ducks*." "No such thing," exclaimed a little girl with a turn-up nose; "they sell old stocks, such as bankrupts' stocks, or retiring haberdashers' stocks; they're a sort of old-clothesmen." "At any rate, they are not professional, and therefore must be in trade," decided proud Miss Noble; and they all turned away from me, with sneers and contempt. "It's no such thing," I burst out; "my papa is a gentleman—a real gentleman—and he's quite as good, if not better, than any of your papas, though you are so proud; and I sha'n't answer any more of your rude questions." "That's right," laughed Meggy; "that's the way to disappoint them. Don't tell 'em anything."

You should have heard, too, Nelly, their curiosity about my brothers, making me describe them over and over again—their eyes, whiskers, noses, and calling them by their names, Oscar, Alfred, Augustus, Henry, as if they had known them for years. The impudent girl, with the turn-up nose, actually said she felt she could madly love Oscar; and I couldn't help replying, "You need not trouble yourself, Miss; he'll never ask you." Silly thing! I'm sure Oscar wouldn't as much as look at her—not even in church.

But the greatest shame has yet to come. You can never believe what I am going to tell you, Nelly, although you know I scorn fibbing.

Class had just broken up, when a maid came in carrying a large tray; and only imagine my confusion when I saw laid out on it all my cakes and goodies! Miss Bright (the quiet teacher who had brought me into the schoolroom) called me, and I was going to ask for permission to put them into my play-trunk, when—think of my surprise, Nelly!—if she did not actually seize *my plum-cake, and begin cutting it up into thin slices!* At first I was so shocked that I could not speak; and I was about to stop her, when she cut some large slices, and desired me "to hand them to the governesses, and then take the dish round to each young lady." I am afraid I looked vexed, and, in truth, I was nearly choking with passion; and I am sure you would have done the same, Nelly, for you would have seen no joke in treating girls to your goodies, after they had been making fun of you, and turning your papa and mamma into ridicule. But this was not all; for one rude thing, upon ascertaining from me that mamma made it, said, in a voice running over with vinegar, "I thought so, for she has forgotten the plums." Then my oranges were cut into quarters, and I had to hand them round also (*the governesses had halves!*) until all was gone, and I had only two pieces myself as a favor. Now, don't think me greedy, Nelly—you know I don't care for feasting, only I do not like to be forced to be generous, and to give to all alike, whether I like them or not—offering as much to that proud Miss Noble (who is not too proud, however, to eat another girl's cake) as to dear Meggy. I dare say it is very pleasant when it's not your own—"share and share alike" is all very fine; but I should like to know when their goodies are coming? As I am the last girl entering this term, I suppose it won't be before next half-year? And I mean to say, Nelly, it is most heart-rending—putting insult on the top of cruelty—to force you to help the governesses, and to *double shares, too*, whilst I'm sure my slice broke all to pieces, it was so miserably thin.

[130]

Oh, dear, there's Mrs. Rodwell. If she catches me writing, I shall be found out; so, my own darling Nelly, I must say good-by. Mind you write soon, and tell me all about dear S. Has he asked after me? and often? Is he pale? Tell him not to forget your devoted, true-hearted

KITTY CLOVER.

P. S.—Oh! Nelly, I have had such a fright; my heart is jumping up and down like a canary in a cage when the cat's underneath it. Only think of the Lady Principal's coming up to my desk. I made sure it was to ask me for this letter, and I determined in my mind to swallow it sooner than let her read it. But, thank goodness! it was only to say she had not opened my last letter to you, as it was sealed; but, for the future, she would close them herself, after looking over their contents. Much obliged! Catch me giving her any other than my own compositions. So, darling, we are safe; but isn't that lucky?

P. S.—I'm sure you'll never be able to read this scrawl. Why didn't you answer my last?

ANECDOTE OF BYRON.

"I heard an anecdote that evening of the poet, which was very characteristic, and quite new to me. When at Pisa, his lordship found it difficult to keep up his practice with the pistol on account of the objections of his neighbors and the municipal regulations of the place. He, therefore, by the aid of a small gratuity, obtained permission from a farmer in the vicinity to shoot at a mark in his paddock. On the occasion of his first visit to the premises, the peasant's daughter, a very

pretty *contadina*, accosted the bard after the genial manner of her country. She wore in her bosom a freshly-plucked rose with two buds attached to the stem. Byron sportively asked her to give him the flower. She hesitated, and blushed. He instantly turned to his companion and rehearsed in English a very natural tale of humble and virtuous love, bitterly contrasting the apparent loyalty of this fair rustic with women in high life. Then, with perfect seriousness, he again asked for the rose as a token of sympathy for an unloved exile. His manner and words moved the girl to tears. She handed him the rose with a look of compassion, and silently withdrew. The incident aroused his latent superstition. He was lost in a reverie for several minutes, and then inquired of his friend if he remembered that Rousseau confessed throwing stones at a tree to test the prospects of his future happiness. The flower was devoted to a similar ordeal. It was carefully attached to an adjacent pale, and Byron having withdrawn several paces, declared his intention of severing one of the buds from the stalk at one fire. He looked very carefully to his priming, and aimed with great firmness and deliberation. The ball cut the bud neatly off, and just grazed the leaves of the rose. A bright smile illumined the poet's countenance, and he rode back to Pisa in a flow of spirits."

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

[131]

BY D. W. BELISLE.

ORION.—Whoever learns this constellation can never forget the brilliant lesson. It is too clearly defined and magnificently beautiful to pass from the memory. It is distinguished by four bright stars, which form a parallelogram: Betelgeuse, a star of great brilliancy, and of the first magnitude, in the right shoulder, Bellatrix in the left, $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ east of Betelgeuse, are called the "epaulets of Orion." Rigel, a star of the first magnitude, marks the left foot, and is 15° south of Bellatrix. Eight and a half degrees east of Rigel is Saiph, forming the lower end of the parallelogram.

"First in rank
The martial star upon his shoulder flames:
A rival star illuminates his foot;
And on his girdle beams a luminary
Which, in the vicinity of other stars,
Might claim the proudest honors."

Three bright stars lie in a straight line near the middle of the square, and are known by the name of the "Three Kings," or the "Ell," or "Yard." In sacred history, they are usually termed the "bands of Orion;" they are also known as the "belt" of Orion. The space they occupy is three degrees, and a straight line passing through them, points to the Pleiades on one side and Sirius on the other. There is a row of small stars running down obliquely from the belt, called the "sword of Orion." In the middle of this row is one of the most remarkable nebulæ in the heavens. With a good telescope, in the centre an apparent opening is discovered, through which, as through a window, we seem to get a glimpse of other heavens and brighter regions beyond. How little man appears, with all his pride of pomp and splendor, in contemplating this immeasurable expanse, and with awe we are led to exclaim, "What is man, that *Thou* art mindful of him?"

About 9° west of Bellatrix are eight stars of the fourth magnitude, in a curved line that marks the lion's skin, which Orion used as a shield in his left hand. Rheita asserts there are 2,000 stars in this constellation, although but 78 are visible to the naked eye. Galileo found 80 in the belt, 21 in a nebulous star in the head, and about 500 in another part within the space of four degrees. This constellation comes to the meridian the 21st of January.

According to some Greek authorities, Orion was a son of Neptune and Euryale, a famous Amazonian huntress, and inheriting the disposition of his mother, became the most famous hunter in the world, and boasted that there was not an animal on earth which he could not conquer. To punish this vanity, a scorpion sprang out of the earth and bit him, so that he died of the poison, and, at the request of Diana, he was placed among the stars opposite the scorpion that caused his death. Others say that he was the gift of the gods to a peasant of Bœotia as a reward for piety, and that he far surpassed other mortals in strength and stature.

"When chilling winter spreads his azure skies,
Behold Orion's giant form arise;
His golden girdle glitters on the sight,
And the broad falchion beams in splendor bright;
A lion's brindled hide his bosom shields,
And his right hand a ponderous weapon wields!"

LEPUS—*The Hare*.—This constellation is situated south of Orion, and comes to the meridian on the 24th of January. It may readily be distinguished by means of four stars of the third magnitude, which form an irregular square or trapezium. Three small stars curve along the back, while four minute ones mark the ears, and are 5° south of Rigel, whose brilliancy obscures their lesser light. The Greeks assert this animal was one which Orion delighted in hunting, therefore it was placed near him in the sky.

COLUMBIA—*Noah's Dove*.—Continuing a straight line from the Hare 16° south, it comes to Phaet, a star of the second magnitude, in the Dove. This star is also on the meridian at the same time with that in the belt of Orion, and with Sirius and Naos makes an equilateral triangle. This constellation is so called in commemoration of the dove Noah sent out "to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground," after the ark had rested on Ararat. "And the dove came in to him, in the evening, and lo! in her mouth was an olive leaf!"

"The sure messenger,
A dove went forth once, and again, to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign!"

[132]

ERIDANUS.—This constellation is composed of 84 stars, of which one is of the first magnitude, one of the second, and eleven of the third. The others are very minute stars, and the constellation is exceedingly difficult to trace in the heavens. Achernar is a star of great brilliancy and beauty, but it cannot be seen in our latitude, having a southern declination of 58°. West of Rigel are four stars of the fourth magnitude, and five of the fifth, arching up in a semicircular form, marking the first bend of the northern stream, while 19° west of Rigel glitters a bright star of the second magnitude, called Gamma. This star is on the meridian thirteen minutes after the Pleiades. The entire length of Eridanus is 130°, and as the other stars which compose it are very minute, it is not desirable to trace them.

The Latin poets have rendered this river (which is in Cisalpine Gaul, and also called Padus, and by moderns, Po) memorable by its connection with the beautiful fable of Phaeton, a favorite of Venus, who intrusted him with the care of one of her temples. Vain of the favor of the goddess, he obtained an oath from his father, Phœbus, that he would grant him any request he should make. The charioteer of the skies had no sooner uttered the oath than

"The youth, transported, asks without delay,
To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day;
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook;
'My son,' says he, 'some other proof require—
Rash was my promise, rash was thy desire;
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
That hurls the three-forked thunder from above,
Dares try his strength; yet who as strong as Jove?
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course:
I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the currents of the sky;
But how could you resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole!"

Phœbus pleaded with his son in vain. Phaeton undertook the aerial journey, and no sooner had he received the reins than he forgot the explicit directions of his father, and betrayed his ignorance of the manner of guiding the chariot. The flying coursers became sensible of the confusion of their driver, and immediately departed from the usual track. Too late Phaeton saw his rashness, and already heaven and earth were threatened with destruction as the penalty, when Jupiter, perceiving the disorder of the horses, struck the driver with a thunderbolt, and he fell headlong into the river Eridanus—

"At once from life, and from the chariot driven,
The ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heaven."

In Ethiopian and Libyan mythology, it is asserted that the great heat produced by the sun's deviation from his usual course dried up the blood of the Ethiopians, and turned their skins black, and produced sterility and barrenness over the greater part of Libya. Evidently this fable alludes to some extraordinary heats at a remote period, and of which this confused tradition is all the account that has descended to later times.

CAMELOPARDALUS.—This constellation is of modern origin, and the stars—the largest being of the fourth magnitude—are too unimportant and scattered to invite attention. It occupies the space between the head of the Lynx and the pole, containing 58 minute stars.

AURIGA.—This brilliant constellation is readily distinguished by the most beautiful star which lies between Orion and the polar star. This star is called Capella, and marks the position of the Goat, as well as the heart of Auriga, and with Menkalina in the right shoulder, and Auriga or El Nath in the right foot, which also forms the top of the northern horn of the Bull, forms a beautiful

triangle. Capella and Menkalina in the shoulders, have the same distance between them, and are of the same size and brilliancy as Betelguese and Bellatrix in Orion, being $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ apart, and the four form a long, narrow parallelogram, lying north and south, and it is a curious coincidence that its length is precisely five times its breadth. Auriga, Capella, and Menkalina, together with a star of the fourth magnitude in the head, marked Delta, make an elongated diamond. There can be no more exciting, rational, or pleasant pastime than that of forming different objects by various arrangements of the stars. Select any portion of the heavens, and squares, angles, curves, crosses, and diamonds are visible, and no shape can hardly be conceived that its counterpart might not be traced in the starry firmament above. Those who have never spent an hour thus pleasantly employed, are not aware of the pleasure to be found in contemplating the "stars, which are the poetry of heaven."

"Seest thou the orbs that numerous roll above?
Those lamps that nightly greet thy visual powers
Are each a bright capacious world like ours!"

Mythology is at fault as to the origin of this constellation, and all the most ancient authors are indefinite about its history. Its origin is known to be very ancient, but nothing well authenticated has descended to us as to the period or the character from which it took its rise.

[133]

"The blue, deep, glorious heavens! I lift mine eyes
And bless thee, O my God! that I have met
And owned thy image in the majesty
Of their calm temple, still! that never yet
There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight
By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of night!
I bless thee, O my God!"

GEMINI.—This constellation is remarkable from the singularity of one of its most brilliant stars, Castor, which, on looking through a telescope, resolves into two distinct stars, one of which is very small, and revolves around the larger one once in a period of 342 years and two months. Four and a half degrees south-west of Castor may be seen Pollux, a star of equal brilliancy. This constellation comes to its meridian the 24th of February. It takes its rise from Castor and Pollux, sons of Jupiter and Leda, Queen of Sparta, who were translated to a place in the heavens by Jupiter, as a reward for their courage and bravery.

"Fair Leda's twins in time to stars decreed;
One fought on foot, and one renowned for horse."

CANIS MINOR.—This is a small constellation, containing only fourteen stars, of which two are of great brilliancy. Procyon, a star of the first magnitude, is situated twenty-three degrees south of Pollux, and twenty-six degrees east of Betelguese, and forms with them a large right-angled triangle. Procyon comes to the meridian the 24th of February. According to Greek mythology, this is one of Orion's hounds. The Egyptians, however, claim its origin from their god Anubis, whom they worshipped under the form of a dog's head. Probably the Egyptians were the inventors of the idea, as the constellation rises a little before Sirius, which, at a particular season, they always dreaded; therefore they represented it as a watchful creature, that warned them of the approach of danger. Moderns have asserted it to be one of Actæon's hounds, that devoured their master after he had been transformed into a stag by Diana, to prevent his betraying her. This is evidently an error, as there is no proof to sustain it.

CANIS MAJOR.—This interesting constellation is situated south-east of Orion, and is universally known by the brilliancy of its principal star, Sirius, which is the largest and brightest in the heavens. In our hemisphere, during the winter months, it glows with a lustre unequalled by any other star in the firmament. It is also the nearest star to the earth, yet the distance between Sirius and us is so great that sound, travelling thirteen miles a minute, would be three millions of years in traversing the mighty space. And a ray of light, which moves at the rate of 200,000 miles per second, would be three years and eighty-two days in passing through the vast space that lies between Sirius and the earth. If the nearest star to the earth gives such results, what must those give situated a thousand times as far beyond, where worlds, surrounded by their satellites, roll in their orbits away in the immensity of space, each revolving around its own sun, while, millions of miles beyond, stars, like our own, greet their visual organs, and inspire as great an interest to the inhabitants of that world as those do to us which we discover by the aid of our powerful telescopes?

The Thebans determine the length of the year by Sirius, and the Egyptians dreaded its approach, as, at its rising, commenced the inundation of the Nile, teeming with malaria and death.

"Parched was the grass, and blighted was the corn,
Nor 'scape the beasts; for Sirius, from on high,
With pestilential heat infects the sky."

The Romans, also, were accustomed yearly to propitiate Sirius by the sacrifice of a dog.

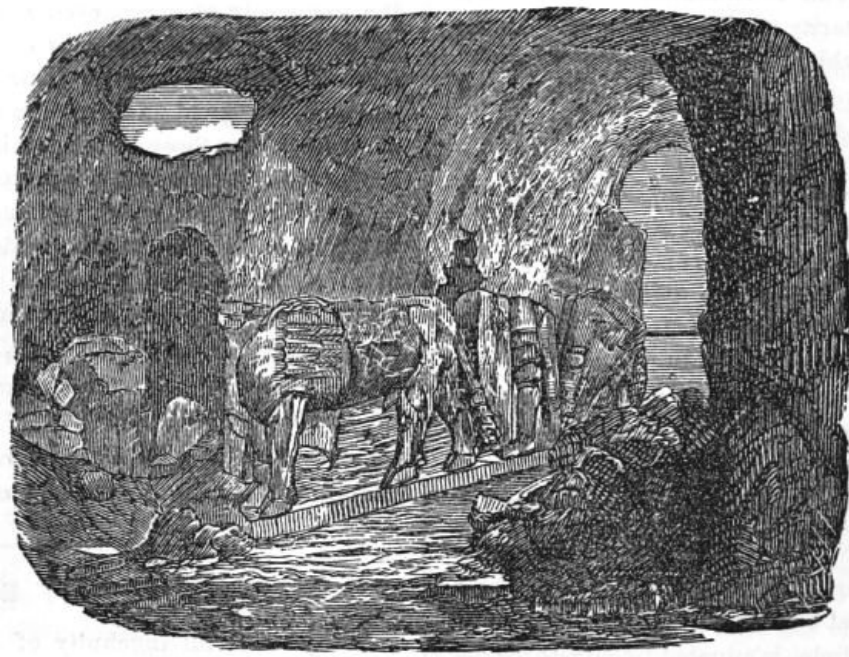
INGENUITY OF BEES.

The wonderful ingenuity of bees has often been remarked. The rose-cutter separates circular pieces from leaves with precision, and, digging a hole six or eight inches deep in the ground, the bee rolls up the leaf, and depositing it in the hole, lodges and secures an egg in it, with food for the larva when hatched, and often several, but all separated, and very perfect, and the bee then presides in the upper part to protect her brood. The upholsterer makes a hole enlarged at the bottom, and lines the whole with red poppy leaves, lays her eggs, supplies them with food, &c., separately, then turns down the lining to cover them, and closing the hole, leaves them to nature. The wood-piercer makes a perpendicular hole with vast labor in a decaying tree, in the sunshine, a foot deep; then deposits her eggs and food, and separates each by a dwarf wall made of sawdust and gluten, each higher than the other, and the last closing the hole; and she then makes another hole horizontally, to enable them to escape as they successively mature. The mason-bee constructs a nest on the side of a sunny wall, makes up sand pellets with gluten, and by persevering industry fixes and finishes a cell, in which it lays an egg and provisions. It then forms others beside it, and covers in the whole, the structure being as firm as the stone. Wasps and humble-bees make cavities in banks. They line them with wax, and make innumerable cells for their eggs in perfect communities.

BABYLON, NINEVEH, AND MR. LAYARD.

[134]

(Continued from page 55.)



GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF KONYUNJIK.

Mr. Layard, having a small amount of money at his disposal, proceeded to make excavations at Konyunjik, opposite Mosul, where the first Assyrian Sculptures had been found. In a month, nine chambers had been explored. The palace had been destroyed by fire. The alabaster slabs were almost reduced to lime, and many of them fell to pieces as soon as uncovered. In its architecture, the newly-discovered edifice resembled the palaces of Nimroud and Khorsobad. The chambers were long and narrow. The walls were of unbaked bricks, with a panelling of sculptured slabs. The bas-reliefs were greatly inferior in general design, and in the beauty of the details, to those of the earliest palace of Nimroud.

The funds assigned to the Trustees of the British Museum for the excavations in Assyria had now been expended by Mr. Layard. He had every reason to congratulate himself upon the results of his labors. Scarcely a year before, with the exception of the ruins of Khorsobad, not one Assyrian monument was known. Almost sufficient materials had now been obtained to restore much of the lost history of the country, and to confirm the vague traditions of the learning and civilization of its people, hitherto considered fabulous. The monuments had been carefully preserved, and the inscriptions in the cuneiform character copied entire. Bidding his workmen an affectionate

farewell, and receiving their best wishes for his future prosperity, Mr. Layard left the ancient Assyria for England.

Our explorer was not allowed to remain inactive long. After a few months' residence in England, during the year 1848, to recruit his constitution, he received orders to proceed to his post of Her Majesty's Embassy in Turkey. Soon afterwards, his work, "Nineveh and its Remains," was published; and so intense was the interest excited, that the Trustees of the British Museum requested him to undertake the superintendence of a second expedition into Assyria. Mr. Layard cheerfully consented, and immediately formed a plan of operations. Mr. H. Cooper, a competent artist, was appointed to accompany the expedition, and several Arabs, who had been found able and faithful, were secured by Mr. Layard. Such was the size of the party formed, that it was deemed necessary to journey in a caravan to Mosul. On the way, Mr. Layard, ever observing and curious, traced the line of the celebrated retreat of Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks.

The very day after his arrival at Mosul, Mr. Layard visited the mound of Konyunjik. The earth had accumulated above the ruins to a considerable depth; and, to save the labor of clearing it all away, the workmen constructed tunnels. Twelve or fourteen parties of laborers were organized by Mr. Layard, and all worked under his superintendence. Operations were carried on at the same time at the great mound of Nimroud. Within two months, several magnificent chambers were excavated at Konyunjik. Assyrian conquests were represented upon the bas-reliefs, each chamber being devoted to one conquering expedition. Thus each was, so to speak, a new volume of history. An understanding of the copious inscriptions in cuneiform character was all that was necessary to the perusal; and, thanks to the exertions of Rawlinson, Hincks, and other scholars, this character was now readable to a considerable extent.

[135]

The Assyrian mode of building was fully illustrated on the bas-reliefs. From them, Mr. Layard found that the Assyrians were well acquainted with the lever and the roller, and also with the art of twisting thick ropes. The men employed in building were known to be captives by their wearing chains, and being urged on by masters armed with staves. A king was represented as superintending the erection of the edifice, and Mr. Layard says that there can be but little doubt that it was intended for Sennacherib, whom the inscriptions mention as the builder of the great palace of Nineveh, and as a mighty conqueror.

The discovery of the grand entrance to the palace of Konyunjik was an important result of Mr. Layard's labors. It was a façade on the south-east side of the edifice. Ten colossal bulls, with six human figures of gigantic proportions, were here grouped together, and the length of the whole, without including the sculptured walls continued beyond the smaller entrances, was estimated at one hundred and eighty feet. Among the figures that adorned this grand entrance was seen the Assyrian Hercules, strangling a lion. The legs, feet, and drapery of the god were in the boldest relief, and designed with truth and vigor.

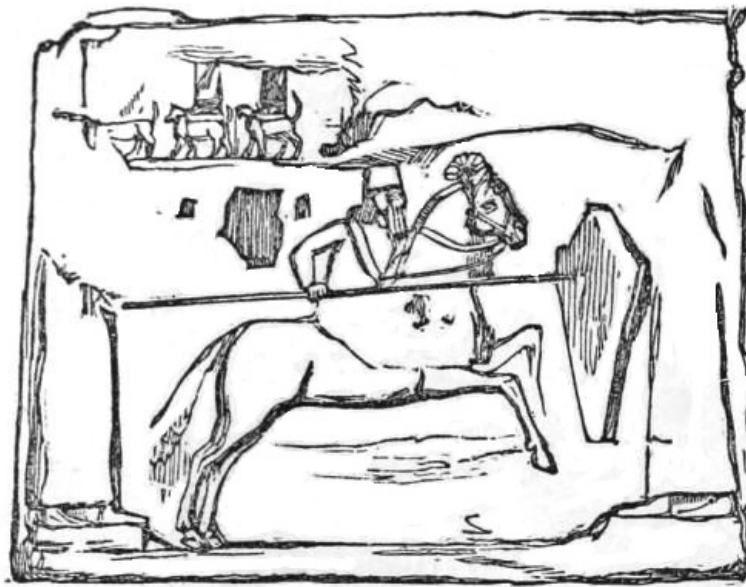
On the slabs in one of the chambers of this palace was represented the siege and capture of Lachish, or Lakhisha, a Jewish city, which, as we know from Scripture, was taken by Sennacherib. The whole power of the king seemed to have been called forth to take this stronghold. All the operations of the besiegers were represented. Before the gate of the city was Sennacherib, seated on a gorgeous throne, giving orders for the slaughter of the citizens. The chiefs of conquered tribes were represented as crouching at the foot of the throne. At the head of the king was an inscription, which Dr. Hincks thus translates: "Sennacherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before (or at the entrance of) the city of Lachish (Lakhisha). I give permission for its slaughter." This furnishes a very important illustration of the Bible.



SENNACHERIB ENTHRONED BEFORE LACHISH.

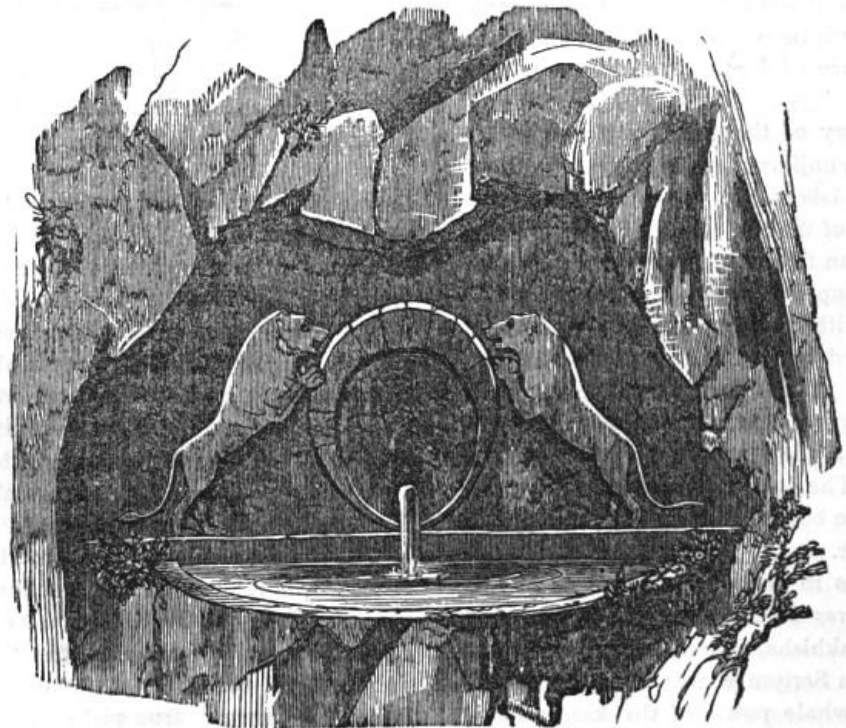
In a chamber, in the south-west corner of the same palace, was found a large number of finely engraved seals, and among them was one—believed to be the royal signet—having engraved upon it a king plunging a dagger into a rampant lion. Egyptian and Phœnician seals were also discovered in the same apartment. One of the Egyptian seals has been discovered to be that of Sabaco, who reigned in Egypt at the end of the seventh century before Christ, the exact time at which Sennacherib came to the throne. The signets of the two kings were most probably attached to a treaty. Iron picks and saws, a large number of bronze articles, pearl and ivory ornaments, part of an ivory staff, believed to have been a sceptre, and many other curious remains of ancient art, were discovered in the various chambers of this gorgeous palace.

During the removal of some sculptures, Mr. Layard had an opportunity of visiting some remarkable remains near the village of Bavian. They were bas-reliefs, cut in the rock, representing warlike events. One of the tablets contained a horseman at full speed, and the remains of other figures. Both horse and rider were of colossal proportions, and wonderful for their spirit and outline. The warrior, who wore the Assyrian armor, was in the act of charging the enemy. Before him was a colossal figure of the king, and behind him a deity with a horned cap. Above his head was a row of smaller figures of gods standing on animals of various forms. The inscriptions upon these rock-sculptures show that they were designed to commemorate the triumphant return of Sennacherib from his expedition against Babylon. Beneath the sculptured tablets, and in the bed of the Gomel, were seen two enormous fragments of rock, which appeared to have been torn from the overhanging cliff. They still bore the remains of ancient sculpture. On them was represented the Assyrian Hercules strangling the lion, between two winged, human-headed bulls, back to back, as at the grand entrances of the palaces of Konyunjik and Khorsobad. Above this group was the king, worshipping between two deities, who stood on mythic animals, having the heads of eagles, the bodies and forefeet of lions, and hind legs armed with the talons of a bird of prey.



BAS-RELIEF FROM BAVIAN.

Remains and foundations of buildings in well-hewn stones were discovered under the thick mud deposited by the Gomel when swollen by rains. A series of basins cut in the rock, and descending in steps to the stream, were discovered by excavation. The water had originally been led from one to the other by small conduits, the lowest of which was ornamented at its mouth by two rampant lions in relief. Mr. Layard restored this fountain as it had been in the time of the Assyrians. From the nature and number of the monuments at Bavian, the explorer inferred that it had been a sacred spot, devoted to religious ceremonies and national sacrifices. The remains of a causeway, from Nineveh to Bavian, were traced upon the plain.



FOUNTAIN AT BAVIAN.

(Concluded next month.)

A STORY OF VALENTINE'S DAY.

[137]

BY MRS. ABDY.

Two young girls were seated in the drawing-room of a handsome house in the neighborhood of Belgrave Square, engaged in earnest conversation. Of them it might truly be said, in the words of Lord Byron, that

"Both were young, and one was beautiful."

Nature had been a lavish benefactress to the one, and a churlish niggard to the other; and Fortune had followed in her sister's wake, and shown just as great an amount of partiality in the distribution of her favors. Philippa Roxby and Janet Penson were the wards of Mr. Chetwode, a

good-natured, warm-hearted man, who, having no wife, child, or sister of his own, was expected by the little world of his acquaintance to take unlimited interest in the wives, children, and sisters of other people, and to perform unlimited services in their behalf. About a year had elapsed since the death of two of his friends within a few weeks of each other; the wealthy widower, Mr. Roxby, and the narrowly-jointured widow, Mrs. Penson, conferred on him the somewhat startling responsibility of becoming guardian to two girls of the respective ages of eighteen and nineteen.

Philippa Roxby was "a lass wi' golden dower and golden hair," beautiful enough to inspire a poet or painter, and rich enough to satisfy the calculations of the most scheming of heiress-hunters. Janet Penson was remarkably plain; in fact, it would have been somewhat difficult, in this age of bright eyes, luxuriant tresses, and graceful forms, to find any one so, thoroughly destitute of attraction. Her features were irregular; her pale cheek and heavy eye indicated the want of that health which, when combined with youth and cheerfulness, may be said to offer a tolerable substitute for beauty; and worse than all, Janet was palpably deformed, beyond the power of Amesbury to remedy, or of Mrs. Geary to conceal. Perhaps some of my readers will think that the worst still remains to be told, when I add that Janet's fortune was very small; two-thirds of the income of Mrs. Penson expired with her, and a hundred a year was all that remained for the provision of the orphan. Mr. Chetwode, however, was as kind and feeling a man as the most enthusiastic of his friends believed him to be. He made no distinction in his manner between the lovely heiress and her less fortunate companion; the comforts of his house, his carriage, his attentive servants, his pleasant circle of visitors, extended alike to each; but how different were their thoughts and feelings! The one looked at society through a Claude Lorraine glass, the other through a screen of dark crape. Janet, although all immediately connected with her were kind and considerate, had often the trial of encountering, in mixed company, the look of ridicule and the whisper of scorn; she pined for the fond and dear mother by whom she was so tenderly beloved, notwithstanding her personal deficiencies; nor could she, like most young women, suffering under a similar loss, anticipate the time when she should become the object of a still more precious and valuable love; she felt, bitterly felt, that the delight of a calm home, the language of loving eyes, the homage of a true heart—all must be ever withheld from her; and could she only have possessed "the fortune of a face," there was no possible amount of poverty and hardship which she would not have gladly welcomed as its accompaniment. She was, however, agreeably surprised in the character and manners of her constant associate, Philippa Roxby; she had pictured her as scornful and repelling, and found her unassuming and kind-hearted. I am of opinion that people in general treat heiresses with a great deal of injustice; dramatists and novelists are especially fond of showing them up in an unamiable light; but, so far as my knowledge of them goes, it is greatly in their favor. Philippa Roxby (and I am disposed to think she was a tolerably fair specimen of the generality of heiresses) was pleasing and unaffected in her manners, and remarkably simple in her tastes. Accustomed from childhood to an elegantly supplied table, she felt an indifference to luxuries which can never be known by those who manufacture their dainties with their own hands, and pay for them from their own scanty purses; she had never been obliged to economize in dress, therefore did not, like many young persons, live in a world of shreds and patches, and pant with perpetual eagerness to unravel the ever-recurring mystery of the "last new fashion;" all such matters she wisely left to Fashion's high priestess, the milliner. She drew, sang, and played well, and perfectly understood French, Italian, and German: but these acquisitions inspired her with no vanity; she felt that, having had from an early age the most accomplished of governesses, and the best of masters, it would have been very inexcusable if she had not profited by their instructions.

[138]

Praise be to the first pastrycook who discovered the important fact that giving novices the unlimited range of the tarts and cakes for a few days is the certain way to insure their subsequent temperance! Philippa had enjoyed the sugarplums and confections of society without restriction, and rated them at their real value. When first introduced to Janet, she felt considerably disappointed; she had hoped (for she was incapable of envy) that her companion would have been still livelier and more attractive than herself; but faithful to her habit of always looking on the sunny side of a question, she soon took warm interest in the poor, timid, sorrowful girl who felt such warm gratitude for her kindness. She cheered her with smiles and kind words, divided with her the fruits and flowers presented to her by her suitors, and was even anxious to divide with her their attentions; for soft looks and flattering speeches were so liberally bestowed on Philippa, that she did not prize them as those do to whom they are seldom and sparingly administered. Few men, however, are willing to be transferred on loan to a young lady of crippled proportions and stunted fortune; and poor Janet was compelled to sustain a great deal of rudeness and inattention from the lords of the creation, and indeed only met with kindness and civility from one of them—the handsome and intellectual Heathcote, of whom more anon.

I will now return to the point at which my story began. It was the morning of St. Valentine's Day, that strange, mysterious day, when men go out of their national character, become tender, sentimental, and manœuvring, purchase exquisite sheets of paper embellished with wreaths of flowers, write love verses on them in a studiously neat, prim hand, seal them with a fanciful device, and drop them into a post-office a mile or two from their own residence. Philippa was seated at a small table covered with these little fanciful productions, some of which were yet unopened; she was laughing in the exuberance of youthful spirits at the hyperbole contained in one of them.

"And yet, Philippa," said Janet, "I could almost feel disposed to envy you even for such light-passing tokens of admiration as are now lying before you; it is hard, in the very spring of youth, to feel one's self quite slighted and forgotten."

"Dear Janet," said the heiress good-humoredly, "can you really attach any importance to such a graceful gallantry of society as a valentine? Depend upon it, the greater number of those who send them do it merely in observance of the courteous custom of the day, and forget, in the formal realities of the next morning, the fascinations of the goddess whom they have so recently deified in poetry, or I should rather say in rhyme."

"Perhaps it may be so," replied Janet; "but at all events you occupied the thoughts of these your admirers at the time that they were writing the verses that you estimate so lightly. I can never hope even for a moment to awaken a fond and favorable thought; I must pass through life unnoticed, even in playfulness, unregarded by all; or, still worse, regarded with pitying scorn."

"Why do you indulge this morbid sensibility, my poor Janet?" said Philippa. "You will be sure to be valued in time by those who discover your many and rare excellences. What does the delightful Frederika Bremer say on this subject? There is in the world so much talent, so much ingenuity, prudence, wit, genius; but goodness—pure, simple, divine goodness—where is it to be found?"

"That is the sentiment of a woman, Philippa," replied Janet; "you would never find a man capable of so pure and delicate a feeling, not even our favorite Heathcote; by the way, is Heathcote among your poetical admirers of to-day?"

"I have not yet met with anything half dignified and sensible enough to come from such a quarter," said Philippa, scrutinizing, as she spoke, the varying countenance of her friend. "You speak of Heathcote as our favorite, Janet; but I am inclined to suspect that he occupies a much more considerable portion of your thoughts than he does of mine."

Philippa was right in her conjecture; the poor little unsightly Janet had dared to love the handsome and popular Heathcote, but it was in silence, in secret, in tears, in humility; not only did she forbear imparting her love to others, but she scarcely dared to own it even to herself. The poet says that

"Love will hope where Reason would despair:"

but Janet had so much reason, and despaired so wholly and thoroughly, that her love was unvisited by a single ray of hope. True, Heathcote was kind and gentle to her; but so he was to every one. True, he came frequently to the house; but was that surprising when it was the residence of one so fair, so charming, so gifted in every respect as Philippa? Suddenly Philippa uttered an exclamation of delight as she opened a fresh valentine; a little case was inclosed within it, on the outside of which was written "Portrait of my beloved." Philippa lifted the lid, and beheld—her own beautiful features in a looking-glass!

[139]

"This must be Heathcote's simple and feeling way of avowing his passion," said Janet, with a half-suppressed sigh.

"My dear girl," said Philippa, "who ever talks of simple and feeling ways of avowing a passion in these days of sophistication? and why will you persist in imagining Heathcote to be my admirer?"

"If he is not now," said Janet, "I think he can hardly fail to be."

"Do not give yourself any uneasiness on that account, Janet," answered the heiress, half in jest and half in earnest; "if you feel any preference for Heathcote, I will most cheerfully make over to you all my right and title to him. I have given away my heart in another direction, and fancy that I have gained a heart in exchange."

"Of that," said Janet, with a sad smile, "I think there can be little doubt; but who is the happy man who I conclude has been the donor of your pretty portrait?"

Janet felt no surprise when her friend mentioned the name of Captain Warrington, for she knew him to be warmly attached to Philippa; he was good-looking, good-humored, and agreeable; and although his position in society and his fortune were both inferior to Mr. Chetwode's ambitious views for his beautiful ward, Janet foresaw no difficulties in their wooing, which the perseverance and courage of Philippa, and the good sense and kindness of her guardian, would not in a short time clear away. Luncheon was now announced, and Janet felt that she should be glad when the day was at an end, the recurrence of which was one of the many ways of bringing to her mind the fact that she was considered by general consent to stand apart from others of her age and sex, and that an avowal of love was never destined to reach her eye even in the masquerade trappings of a valentine.

A few hours afterwards Janet was quietly reading in her chamber, when a letter was brought to her. In these days of cheap postage, when letters descend in a shower on most of us, and in an avalanche on many, it may seem strange to say that merely receiving a letter could be anything but a very commonplace event. Poor Janet, however, had passed her blighted youth in the strictest seclusion, and the half-dozen friends who had known her mother in the retired country place where she vegetated, wrote to her at distant intervals, and the handwriting of each of them was so familiar to her eye, that she was certain her present correspondent was not among them.

Janet had no young friends, no admirers, no debts, no duns; she was poor, and the begging-letter writers spared her; she had never worked for fancy fairs, nor written for albums, nor subscribed to public charities; it was not in her power to confer a favor on anybody, and people thus situated escape a vast influx of correspondence. The letter had been posted in a neighboring street; the direction was written in an evidently feigned hand, and the seal bore the simple impression of a flower. Janet opened it with a kind of vague feeling that some mystery clung about it. Little did she dream of the good fortune that awaited her. The inclosed sheet of paper was a valentine! It boasted of no flowers, cupids, hearts, or darts; it was superscribed "A Valentine to be read when

the others are forgotten."

Delightful phrase! not only was she deemed worthy of receiving a valentine, but the writer evidently considered that she had received others! The charm, however, of this valentine did not consist in the heading, nor even in the love-breathing stanzas that followed; but in the handwriting. It was unquestionably, unmistakably, the handwriting of Heathcote! There was a peculiarity in the formation of the letters that Janet had more than once remarked to Philippa, when he had written notes on some trifling subject to their guardian or themselves. There was no attempt to disguise the hand—no attempt to disguise the feelings. These were the words that electrified poor Janet, or perhaps I should say "mesmerized" her; for she certainly seemed translated to a very different kind of existence from that of the everyday world, dull and vexatious occasionally to all of us, but invariably dull and vexatious to her.

St. Valentine returns—the pleasant time
Of opening verdure and of singing birds
Noted for mystic fantasies in rhyme,
Where gay devices, mingled with soft words,
To many a blushing ladye-love impart
The feelings of her timid lover's heart.

Beneath St. Valentine's protecting shroud,
Lady, I dare thy favor to beseech;
I am at once too humble and too proud
To woo thee in a fluent form of speech;
Methinks my trembling spirit could not brook
Thy cold rejoinder, or thy grave rebuke.

Therefore, my deep and never-changing love
Pours forth its ardor in this veiled disguise;
Shouldst thou my passion scorn or disapprove,
Meet me with distant look and frigid eyes;
I will abide by that denial mute,
As though the voice of worlds forbade my suit.

But if thy heart of kindred love should tell,
Let warm inspiring smiles thy thoughts express;
Then shall this scroll have done its bidding well,
And my freed tongue shall joyously confess
How first I strove to win thy faith to mine,
In the quaint fashion of St. Valentine!

Janet felt much as Cinderella may be supposed to have done when her fairy godmother converted her ragged attire into a splendid gala-dress. Life in a moment seemed changed to her view; all misanthropic fancies, all gloomy forebodings took flight; she was ready to exclaim, in the words of the song,

"This world is a beautiful world after all!"

Away with all feelings of jealous longing to share the advantages of other women! With whom would she now change? Had she not, misshapen and unlovely as she was, achieved the conquest of one who had long appeared, in her eyes, as the most perfect of human beings? How often had she fondly wished to possess the beautiful features and graceful form of Philippa, and yet Philippa had merely won the homage of gay, fashionable triflers, while she had received a declaration of affection from one so dear to her, that if she had been endowed with the most brilliant loveliness, and the most lavish wealth, she would have wished, like Portia, to be for his sake

"A thousand times more fair—ten thousand times more rich!"

These raptures may appear to our readers rather beyond what can be justified by the receipt of a valentine; but be it remembered that it was not in the style of a common valentine, that Heathcote was not a common character, and that poor Janet had never received even the slightest token of admiration before that eventful fourteenth of February. Martin Farquhar Tupper says, in his "Proverbial Philosophy,"

"It is a holy thirst to long for Love's requital;
Hard it will be, hard and sad, to love and be unloved;
And many a thorn is thrust into the side of one that is forgotten."

If such, then, be the suffering of the neglected, what must be the delight of feeling the long-borne load suddenly removed from the heart!

Janet, after enjoying her newly-found happiness in solitude for some time, sought her friend Philippa, who kindly congratulated her on her acquisition, and reminded her how often she had told her that she greatly exaggerated the neglect and unkindness of the world; but Philippa would not be persuaded into thinking that a valentine was at all equivalent to a promise of marriage, or even to a declaration of love.

"You will know better in a little while, Janet," she said kindly; "but at present I cannot prevail upon myself to damp your happiness; you are looking cheerful, and hopeful for the first time in your life."

Happy indeed was that day to Janet; and the ensuing one was no less so. Heathcote and a few other friends dined with Mr. Chetwode, and in the evening he entered the drawing-room shortly after Captain Warrington, who had seated himself between the two young ladies, and was discoursing to Philippa in a low voice on the subject of valentines in general, and doubtless one valentine in particular. Heathcote took a chair by the side of Janet: her heart throbbled violently at his approach, but Janet's eyes and complexion were not of the sort to betray sudden emotion, and no alteration was visible in her usually quiet, and somewhat dull demeanor.

"You will pardon the question I am about to ask, Miss Penson," said Heathcote, catching a few words of the conversation between Philippa and her admirer; "but for the first time in my life I have been endeavoring to perpetrate poetry, and have had the presumption to send my humble attempt to this house, taking advantage of an occasion when even the most inexperienced rhymster may anticipate merciful criticism. May I hope that my offering has not offended?"

Janet felt for a moment unable to reply, but her good sense suggested to her that none but beauties are privileged to be coquettish and tormenting; therefore she promptly replied—

"It has not offended."

"Dear Miss Penson," exclaimed Heathcote, fixing on her his dark, sparkling eyes, full of pleasure and gratitude, "how kind and amiable it is of you thus speedily to relieve my anxiety; but we shall soon be interrupted. I see that the piano has just been opened: one word more, and pardon me if it seems abrupt. I have hitherto visited occasionally at this house; will it be considered intrusive if my visits become more frequent?"

"I am sure," said Janet, again exerting herself to speak calmly and distinctly, "that your visits here will always be welcome to my guardian—to Philippa;" and after a moment's pause she added, "and to myself."

[141]

Heathcote had only time to thank her, by another of those brief, bright glances, so precious in her eyes, when she was summoned to the piano to play the accompaniment to a new ballad, delightfully warbled by Philippa, and she was gratified to observe that Heathcote followed her, and kept his post by the instrument during the greater part of the evening.

Happy was the little party of lovers during the next fortnight. Captain Warrington and Heathcote were constantly at Mr. Chetwode's house, constantly accompanying Philippa and Janet in walks, drives, and visits to morning exhibitions. No young persons ever enjoyed their own way more than the wards of Mr. Chetwode. He had a decided aversion to the idea of a *dame de compagnie* in the house; consequently, although the wife of one of his friends always chaperoned Philippa and Janet in society, their mornings were entirely at their own disposal. Mr. Chetwode spent the greater part of every day comfortably ensconced in his luxurious easy-chair at the club, wielding a paper-knife in one hand, and holding a new review, magazine, or pamphlet, in the other; and if he thought at all about his wards, he concluded them to be occupied in netting purses, watering geraniums, petting canaries, or reading "The Queens of England."

At the end of the fortnight, the member of the party whom my readers will conclude to be the happiest began to feel somewhat anxious, nervous, and discontented. Poor Janet, although the most humble-minded of living creatures, felt greatly mortified that her intimacy with Heathcote did not seem in the slightest manner to progress; he was still kind, courteous, and considerate to her, as he had ever been, but nothing more. She had given him every encouragement that he could expect, but he did not fulfil the promises of his poetry; he never uttered a word that could even be construed into "talking near" the subject of love. Janet mentioned this apparent inconsistency to Philippa.

"Did I not warn you, dear Janet," said her friend, laughingly, "that you were affixing too much importance to a trifle? You should not expect an admirer to fulfil all the promises of a valentine; you might as reasonably expect a member of Parliament to fulfil the promises that he had made during his canvass."

Janet, however, would not allow her faith in valentines to be weakened; she put her own construction on the coolness of Heathcote, and a very painful construction it was. She thought that although for a time his approbation of her mind and manners had overcome his distaste to her personal appearance, the latter feeling was gaining ground upon him, and that he was unable to love her, and ashamed to introduce her to the world as the object of his choice. "I will give him back his faith," thought poor Janet, little surmising how she would be wondered at in society for talking of giving back the faith of a valentine. Before Janet could give Heathcote back his faith, he was summoned into Shropshire, to see a married sister who was believed to be dying; and Janet, instead of pondering over the uncertainty of her own love-affair, had a different subject for her attention, in watching the progress of a far more fortunate wooing. Captain Warrington, by Philippa's permission, had spoken to Mr. Chetwode touching his affection for his beautiful ward; and Mr. Chetwode, after a slight show of reluctance, and an ineffectual attempt to induce the young people to consent to a twelvemonth's engagement, had suffered himself to be persuaded into a promise that he would give the bride away whenever she chose to call upon him to do so.

Mr. Chetwode was a very reasonable guardian; he did not insist on sacrificing his ward to a citizen whose money-bags outweighed his own; or to a patrician, whose "face, like his family, was wonderfully old."

All went on smoothly and satisfactorily; the lawyers were busy with the settlements, and Philippa busy with the choice of her wedding-dresses. But Janet was not without a little gleam of comfort on her own account.

Heathcote had written to Mr. Chetwode. "My sister," he wrote, "I am most thankful to say, is almost convalescent, and in a little while I shall venture to tell her of an important step in life that I contemplate taking. I shall then fly back on the wings of impatience to London, and need scarcely say that my first visit will be to your house."

Mr. Chetwode read aloud Heathcote's letter at the breakfast-table, but made no comment on the sentence in question. Janet placed her own construction on it; she thought that Heathcote, unlike men in general, was a much more ardent lover when absent than when present, because he did justice to the qualities of her mind, but disliked her personal appearance. Moore says of the heroine of one of his sweet melodies—

"She looked in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two."

But Janet "looked in the glass" not with any pleasurable sensations; she came to the conclusion that she grew plainer every day, and she anticipated Heathcote's return with as much fear as hope. One morning Janet was sitting alone in the drawing-room, and felt remarkably nervous and depressed. "Are there such things as presentiments of evil?" she thought; but her previous anticipations were changed into joyous realities when Heathcote was announced. She started up to greet him, but appearing not to notice her outstretched hand, he threw himself into a chair: she thought him very much out of spirits; an indifferent person would have thought him very much out of temper.

[142]

"Your sister, I trust, is not worse," said Janet, timidly.

"She is almost well again," he replied impatiently; "but, had I been aware of what has just been told me, I do not think I should have troubled myself to visit London."

"What has been told you?" gasped the agitated Janet; "you alarm me by your vehemence."

"I have been told," he said, directing a searching glance at her, "that I have a favored rival, who not only has taken advantage of my absence from London to press his suit, but has succeeded in obtaining a propitious answer to it."

How did Janet's heart beat with rapture! "Heathcote's love for her could not now be doubted; he had love enough to be jealous; his anxious misgivings should immediately be removed; he should be told that her love was for him alone."

"You have been deceived, indeed you have been deceived," she exclaimed; "no rival is in the case; you cannot love with greater sincerity and truth than you are loved in return."

"Dear Miss Penson," cried Heathcote, taking her hand, "how can I thank you sufficiently for having so promptly relieved my mind from its groundless suspicions? My sister is prepared to welcome and to value the object of my choice. I begin to fancy myself almost too happy; but I do not see Philippa, and am quite impatient for an interview."

Again was Janet perplexed by the conduct of her lover. Why should he speak of her friend as "Philippa," while he addressed herself as "Miss Penson?" Why should he seem anxious for the entrance of Philippa, while enjoying what ought to be the perfection of happiness to a lover—a *tête-à-tête* with his beloved one?

Even the most humble-minded of women can feel and resent a palpable slight; and it was with some little dignity that Janet replied, "Miss Roxby is not at home at present; Captain Warrington has accompanied her to the jeweller's; the wedding is fixed for this day fortnight, and she is of course so much engaged that I cannot expect to enjoy a great deal of her society."

Heathcote seemed quite transfixed by this simple speech. "Philippa's wedding-day fixed!" he exclaimed angrily; "then you have been cruelly trifling with my feelings, Miss Penson. Why did you tell me that I had no rival? Why did you cheat me into a few minutes of happiness only to give me deeper and more poignant misery?"

"I do not understand you," said Janet. "I feel bewildered and confused; what power can Philippa's engagement have to affect your tranquillity? You asked me if I had encouraged a rival in your absence, and I candidly told you that my heart was all your own."

"You!" exclaimed Heathcote, fixing on her a look of astonished contempt, as if he thought her a fitting inmate for a lunatic asylum. "If you are jesting, Miss Penson, you have chosen a very inappropriate time for it; if you are in earnest, I scarcely know whether to regard with the more pity or anger the absurd vanity which can have led you to construe common civilities into individual attachment."

"Your attentions exceeded common civilities," faltered the unhappy Janet, as she mentally repeated some of the soft passages of the valentine.

"In your opinion, perhaps they might," said Heathcote, with an expression of countenance somewhat closely bordering on a sneer; "your personal drawbacks have doubtless been the cause of obtaining for you the frequent neglect of the coarse and unfeeling. I certainly, however, could never have deemed it possible that you could have supposed yourself likely to inspire passion in my heart, or in that of any other man, especially by the side of the brilliant and fascinating

Philippa Roxby. I have serious trouble enough in losing her, without this ridiculous and provoking misunderstanding. I advise you never to expose yourself to sarcasm by making public to the world your unreasonable expectations; and, for my part, I am willing to promise to be equally silent on the subject: let us both endeavor to forget the untoward conversation of this morning."

Heathcote's injunctions of secrecy and promise to be secret were rendered unavailing, for Mr. Chetwode, who had entered unperceived, had been the astonished auditor of his last speech. Heathcote, with the instinctive dislike that all selfish men feel to the idea of "a scene," uttered a few hasty words of apology to Mr. Chetwode, and made a speedy escape, while the astonished guardian took a seat near Janet in silence: he felt hurt and annoyed; no one likes to meet with vexations that they have not anticipated, and certainly Mr. Chetwode had never dreamed that his poor little ward, Janet, would give him any trouble about her love affairs.

[143]

"My dear Janet," he said at length, "I gather from the few words that I heard on entering the room, that you have construed some slight civilities, shown you by Mr. Heathcote, into proofs of a serious attachment. I am sorry and also surprised that you should have fallen under such a misapprehension; for it was quite evident to me, and to many others, that Mr. Heathcote was an admirer of Philippa."

Janet removed her hands from her face, and steadily met the glance of her guardian. "I assure you," she said, "that I have received more than slight attentions from Mr. Heathcote; Philippa is aware of it, and there has never been any feeling of rivalry between us; he declared his affection for me some weeks ago."

Mr. Chetwode could not avoid giving rather a discourteous start of amazement; but quickly remembering the proverb, that "there is no accounting for tastes," he said, in a kinder tone of voice, "And how did he make this avowal to you, my dear?"

"By letter," replied Janet.

Mr. Chetwode began to feel exceedingly indignant with Heathcote. To write a declaration of love to a young lady, and then, without assigning any reason for his conduct, to break faith with her, was, he justly thought, highly blamable under any circumstances, and peculiarly mysterious under those of poor Janet, since a lover who could once forget her personal disadvantages must be very much in love indeed, and could not have the shadow of an excuse for changing his mind afterwards, as the qualities of her mind and temper were such as to improve upon acquaintance. "Have you any objection, Janet," he said, "to show me this letter?"

"It is not a letter," faltered Janet, "it is a copy of verses."

Mr. Chetwode hastily rose from his chair, and walked up and down the room as an escape-valve for his irritation. He could not bring himself to say a harsh word to the suffering girl before him, but he felt thoroughly provoked with her. Mr. Chetwode was an essentially prosaic, matter-of-fact man, and had once seriously offended a young poet of his acquaintance by averring that he considered poetry "as a cramp way of people saying what they wanted to say!" He controlled, however, his inclination to be very bitter and caustic on the occasion, and merely said, "Your inexperience, my poor Janet, has wofully misled you; young men present copies of verses as they do boxes of *bon-bons* to several of their lady friends in succession, and mean no more by the one trifle than the other; endeavor, my dear, to forget the past, and resolve to be more wise in future."

Thus saying, Mr. Chetwode left the room, went to his club, and after remaining there an hour, took a few turns in St. James's-park, where he was somewhat annoyed to encounter Heathcote. He had, however, no opportunity of escaping him; for Heathcote, who felt a little ashamed of his recent behavior, joined him, and made some inquiries respecting Philippa, lamenting his own ill-fortune in not having been able to make himself acceptable to her.

"Philippa has chosen for herself," replied Mr. Chetwode, somewhat coldly, "and I see no reason to object to her choice. I am sorry, Mr. Heathcote, that you should have considered yourself obliged to make love to both my wards. I do not attach any importance to such a trifle as a copy of verses; but poor Janet, who has, as you may easily conclude, been unused to the slightest attention, actually considered that you were making an offer of your heart in rhyme, and has sadly felt the disappointment of her hopes."

"Write verses to Miss Penson!" repeated Heathcote, in a half-derisive, half-astonished tone; "I never did such a thing, never dreamed of doing it; whoever told you so, my dear sir, has most grossly deceived you."

"I heard it," replied Mr. Chetwode angrily, "from the lips of one whose truth has never been doubted—from poor Janet herself."

"I can only repeat my asseveration," said Heathcote, "and am ready to do it in the presence of Miss Penson, of whose truthfulness I must beg to entertain a less favorable opinion than you seem to do; perhaps, however, some one has been sporting with her vanity, by writing verses to her in my name, in which case she is to be pitied."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Chetwode, thoughtfully. And he parted from Heathcote, and pursued his way home.

Janet was in her own chamber, but he sent to desire her presence.

"I am very much inclined, my poor girl," he said kindly, "from some hints which have been given to me, to surmise that the verses to which you allude were not sent to you by Heathcote, but by some one who successfully imitated his hand."

"You are wrong, dear sir," replied Janet; "not only were the verses unquestionably in the hand-writing of Heathcote, but he alluded to them the next day in conversation with me, and expressed his hope that they had not given offence."

[144]

"And yet, Janet," said her guardian, fixing his eyes sternly on her, "it is from Heathcote himself that I have just heard the suggestion that his hand-writing has been counterfeited; he most strongly and utterly denies that he has ever written verses to you."

"I am concerned," said Janet, "that Heathcote should show himself not only deficient in honor and kindness, but in common truth and honesty. You, however, my dear sir, who have so long known me, will not, I am sure, feel a moment's hesitation in believing my statement in preference to his."

Mr. Chetwode did not speak, but he regarded Janet with a look by no means indicative of the perfect trust which she had anticipated. She burst into tears.

At this moment Philippa entered, radiant with beauty, health, and happiness, having just parted from her lover at the door. She stood astonished at the scene that met her eyes.

"Philippa," said Mr. Chetwode, gravely, "you will be sorry to hear that you must either think very ill of a favorite friend, or of a pleasant acquaintance. A circumstance has arisen, trifling in itself, but involving the veracity either of Janet or of Heathcote; she avers that a few weeks ago he wrote verses to her, containing a declaration of love; he denies that he did any such thing."

Philippa turned very pale, and sat down in silence.

"On what occasion were these verses written?" said Mr. Chetwode, turning to Janet with a predetermined air of disbelief in the reality of them.

"They were entitled," said Janet, "'A valentine, to be read when the others are forgotten.'"

"A valentine!" repeated Mr. Chetwode, indignantly; "and is it possible that the verses of which you speak as containing an avowal of affection, almost amounting to a promise of marriage, were nothing but a valentine? and have I been induced, by your misrepresentations, to reprove and lecture a young man for adding one to the many chartered blockheads who commit fooleries to paper on Valentine's Day? I no longer doubt your truth, Janet; but I have serious doubts of your sanity. You, Philippa, also," he added, turning to her, "have been much to blame; you know more of the world than Janet; why did you let her make herself so ridiculous as she has been pleased to do?"

"Do not censure Philippa," said Janet; "my sorrows have been all of my own making; she repeatedly told me that I affixed far too much consequence to so trifling a mark of attention as a valentine."

"Dearest Janet, forgive me," cried Philippa, in much agitation; "I will make now, in the presence of our guardian, a confession that I ought to have made before. I have been acting as your enemy, when my only wish was to be your friend. You remember our conversation on Valentine's Day. When I repaired to my dressing-room after luncheon, I perceived that one of my valentines was unopened; I broke the seal, the writing within was in the hand of Heathcote; and without even reading it, I inclosed it in a blank envelop, directed it to you, and put it into the post that morning. I wished to give you a few minutes' pleasure, and to prove to you that you were not quite forgotten. I knew Heathcote to be a favorite with you, and imagined that you would be gratified by his attention. When you brought the verses, and read them to me, I was surprised at their warmth and earnestness, and repented of what I had done, and I have repented more and more ever since."

"And those verses were never intended for me!" exclaimed the weeping Janet. "Heathcote never felt a moment's preference for me! Oh, Philippa! I know you intended kindness to me, but this was cruel kindness."

And poor Janet now indeed felt the cope-stone placed on her humiliation; she would have much rather believed Heathcote to be fickle and inconstant, than have discovered that he had never loved her at all. She pressed Philippa's hand, however, in token of forgiveness, and left the room; and the bride elect, for the first time in her life, was called upon to listen to a lecture from her guardian, beginning with some strictures on her own officious folly, continuing with a few allusions to the vanity and blindness of her friend Janet, and concluding with an earnestly expressed hope that none of his friends would ever place a young lady under his guardianship again!

Philippa's wedding-day arrived. Janet was present at it, not as a bridesmaid, for she had refused to spoil the group of beautiful girls who appeared in that character by joining them—she was plainly and quietly dressed; none among the brilliant assemblage prayed more fervently than she did for the happiness of Philippa; but her cheek grew paler than ever, and her tears fell fast, as she listened to the solemn ceremony, feeling that similar vows could never be plighted to herself, and that domestic happiness was as much beyond her reach as if she had been a being of another sphere. She left London on that day to return to the village where her mother died, and where she took up her residence with an old friend, with whom she had previously communicated by letter.

[145]

Almost a year has elapsed since that time: she is calm and composed, but her spirits have never recovered the severe shock that they have sustained; she feels that for a short time she was living in an unreal region, and her violent descent to earth has humbled and bewildered her. Had she never been led to fancy that she was an object of tenderness and affection, her good sense

would in time have reconciled her to the disadvantages under which she labored; but the fitful light thrown across her path only served to make the darkness more unbearable when it was withdrawn. Mr. Chetwode and Philippa have each requested her to visit them, but she has resolutely excused herself from again joining a world for which she feels herself alike unfitted in person and in spirit.

The marriage of Philippa and Captain Warrington has, to use the words of Theodore Hook, produced as much "happiness for two" as the world can be expected to give. Philippa is as charming as ever, and in one respect her character has materially improved. Formerly, Philippa, partly from good-nature, and partly from a wish to be universally popular, was very much in the habit of saying things to her friends that were more pleasant than true; she would tell fourth-rate poetasters that everybody was in raptures with their genius; she would assure mothers that their sickly pedantic prodigies were extolled in every circle; and she would protest to faded spinsters that the gentlemen declared them to be handsomer than they were a dozen years ago. Now, however, Philippa, although still kind and courteous, is as particular in the veracity of her civil speeches as if she had studied Mrs. Opie's "Illustrations of Lying" for the last five years: and all are delighted to obtain her praise, because all feel that she is sincere in bestowing it.

One day her husband found her in tears, and anxiously inquired the reason of her sorrow.

"It will soon pass away," she said; "but I have just been thinking with grief and repentance of a very faulty action in my life, although you, to console me, are in the habit of calling it an amiable weakness. I allude to my unjustifiable imposition on poor Janet; the present day causes it to recur most forcibly to my mind—it is the anniversary of VALENTINE'S DAY!"

THE FOUNTAIN VERY FAR DOWN.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I don't believe it," said my cousin Ned, who was passing his college vacation at our house, and there was a world of unwritten scepticism in the air with which he dashed down the paper over whose damp columns his eyes had been travelling for the previous half hour.

"You see, Cousin Nelly," continued Ned, getting up and pacing the long old-fashioned parlor with quick, nervous strides, "it's all sheer nonsense to talk about these doors in every human heart. It sounds very pretty and pathetic in a story, I'll admit; but so do a great many other things which reason and actual experience entirely repudiate. There are hearts—alas! that their name should be legion—where 'far away up' there is no door to be opened, and 'far away down' are no deeps to be fathomed. Now don't, Cousin Nelly, level another such rebuking glance at me from those brown eyes, for I have just thought of a case illustrative of my theory. Don't you remember Miss Stebbins, the old maid, who lived at the foot of the hill, and how I picked a rose for you one morning which had climbed over her fence into the road, and so, of course, became 'public property?' Faugh! I shall never forget the tones of the virago's voice, or the scowl on her forehead as she sallied out of the front door and shook her hand at me. A woman who could refuse a half withered flower to a little child, I wonder that roses could blossom on her soil! At the 'smiting of the rod,' no waters could flow out of such a granite heart. In the moral desert of such a character, no fertilizing stream can make its way."

I did not answer Cousin Ned's earnest, eloquent tones, for just then there was the low rap of visitors at the parlor door; but I have always thought there was a good angel in the room while he was speaking, and that it flew straight to Miss Stebbins, and looking down, down, very far down in her heart, he saw a fountain there, rank weeds grew all around it, the seal of years was on its lip, and the dust of time deep on the seal; but the angel smiled, as it floated upward and murmured, "I shall return and remove the seal, and the waters will flow."

[146]

Stern and grim sat Miss Stebbins at her work, one summer afternoon. The golden sunshine slept and danced in its play-place in the corner, and broke into a broad laugh along the ceiling, and a single beam, bolder than the rest, crept to the hem of Miss Stebbins's gown, and looked up with a timid, loving smile in her face, such as no human being ever wore when looking there.

Poor Miss Stebbins! those stern, harsh features only daguerreotyped too faithfully the desolate, arid heart beneath them; and that heart, with its dry fountain, was a true type of her life, with the one flower of human affection which had blossomed many years before along its bleak, barren highway.

She never seemed to love anybody, unless it was her brother William, who was a favorite with everybody; but he went to sea, and had never been heard of since. Sally had always been a stray sheep among the family; but dark hours, and at last *death*, came upon all the rest, and so the homestead fell into her hands. Such was the brief verbal history of Miss Stebbins's life, which I received from Aunt Mary, who closed it there, in rigid adherence to her favorite maxim, never to speak evil of her neighbors.

But, that summer afternoon, there came the patter of children's feet along the gravel-walk which led to Miss Stebbins's front door; and, at the same moment, the angel with golden-edged wings came down from its blue-sky home into Miss Stebbins's parlor.

She raised her head and saw them, two weary-looking little children, with golden hair and blue

eyes, standing hand in hand under the little portico, and then that old termagant scowl darkened her forehead, and she asked, with a sharp, disagreeable note in her voice, like the raw breath in the north-east wind—

"Wa-all! I should like to know what you want standing there?"

"Please, ma'am," said the boy, in a timid, entreating voice, which ought to have found its way straight into any heart, "little sister and I feel very tired, for we have walked a long way. Will you let us sit down on the step and rest a little while?"

"No; I can't have children loafing round on my premises," said Miss Stebbins, with the same vinegar sharpness of tone which had characterized her preceding reply. Moreover, the sight of any of the miniature specimens of her race seemed always fated to arouse her belligerent propensities. "So just take yourselves off; and the quicker, the better 'twill be for you."

"Don't stay any longer, Willy. I am afraid," whispered the little girl, with a tremor rippling through her voice, as she pulled significantly at her brother's coat sleeve.

"Willy! Willy! That was your brother's name; don't you remember?" the angel bent down and whispered very softly in the harsh woman's ear; and all the time his hand was gliding down, down in her heart, searching for that hidden fountain. "You must have been just about that little girl's age when you and he used to go trudging down into the meadows together to find sweet flagroot. And you used to keep tight hold of his hand, just as she does. Oh, how tired you used to get! Don't you remember that old brown house, where nobody lived but starved rats and a swarm of wasps, who made their nest there in the summer-time? And you used to sit down on the old step, which the worms had eaten in so many places, and rest there. How he loved you! and how careful he was always to give you the best seat! and, then, he never spoke one cross word to you, if everybody else did. Now, if you should let those children sit down and rest, just as you and Willy did on the old brown step, you could keep a sharp eye on them, to see they didn't get into any mischief."

The angel must have said all this in a very little time, for the children had only reached the gravel-walk again, when Miss Stebbins called out to them; and, this time, that spiteful little note in her voice was not quite so prominent—

"Here, you may sit right down on that corner a little while; but, mind you, don't stir; for, if you do, you'll have to budge."

"Little sister," said the boy, in a low tone, after they were seated, "lay your head here, and try to go to sleep."

The little girl laid her head, with its shower of golden bright curls, on her brother's breast; but, the next moment, she raised it, saying—

"I can't sleep, brother, I'm so thirsty."

"Don't you remember that day you and Willy went into the woods after blackberries, and how you lost your way groping in the twilight of the forest?" again whispered the angel, with his hand feeling all the time for the fountain. "You found an old lightning-blasted tree, and you sat down on it, and he put his arm round you just so, and said, 'Try and go to sleep, little sister.' But you couldn't, you were so thirsty; for you had walked full three miles. Who knows but what those children have, too?"

There was a little pause after the angel had said this, and then Miss Stebbins rose up and went into her pantry, where the shelves were all of immaculate whiteness, and she could see her face in the brightly scoured tin. She brought out a white pitcher, and, going into the garden, filled it at the spring. Returning, she poured some of the cool contents into a cup which stood on the table, and carried it to the children; and she really held it to the little girl's lips all the time she was drinking. [147]

Farther and farther down in the heart of the woman crept the hand of the angel; nearer and nearer to the fountain it drew.

Miss Stebbins went back to her sewing, but, somehow, her fingers did not fly as nimbly as usual. The memories of bygone years were rising out of their mouldy sepulchres; but all freshly they came before her, with none of the grave's rust and dampness upon them.

"That little boy's eyes, when he thanked you for the water, looked just as Willy's used to," once more whispered the angel, bending down close to Miss Stebbins's ear. "And his hair looks like Willy's, too, as he sits there with that sunbeam brightening its gold, and his arm thrown so lovingly around his sister's waist. There! did you see how wistfully he looked up at the grapes, whose purple side are turned towards him as they hang over the portico? How Willy used to love grapes! And how sweet your bowls of bread and milk used to taste, after one of your rambles into the woods! If those children have walked as far as you did—and don't you see the little boy's coat and the little girl's faded dress are all covered with dust?—they must be very hungry, as well as tired and thirsty. Don't you remember that apple-pie you baked this morning? I never saw a pie done to a finer brown in my life. How sweet it would taste to those little tired things, if they could only eat a piece here in the parlor, where the flies and the sun wouldn't keep tormenting them all the time!"

A moment after, Miss Stebbins had stolen with noiseless step to her pantry, and, cutting out two generous slices from her apple-pie, she placed them in saucers, returned to the front door, and said to the children—

"You may come in here, and sit down on the stools by the fire-place and eat some pie; but you must mind and not drop any crumbs on the floor."

It was very strange, but that old harsh tone had almost left her voice. The large, tempting slices were placed in the little hands eagerly lifted up to receive them; and, at that moment, out from the lip of the fountain, out from the dust which lay heavy upon its seal, there came a single drop, and it fell down upon Miss Stebbins's heart. It was the first which had fallen there for years. Ah, the angel had found the fountain then!

The softened woman went back to her seat, and the angel did not bend down and whisper in her ear again; but all the time his hand was busy, very busy at its work.

"Where is your home, children?" inquired Miss Stebbins, after she had watched for a while, with a new, pleasant enjoyment, the children, as they dispatched with hungry avidity their pie.

"Mary and I haven't any home now. We had one once before papa died, a great way over the sea," answered the boy.

"And where are you going now? and what brought you and your little sister over the sea?" still farther queried the now interested woman.

"Why, you see, ma'am, just before papa died, he called old Tony to him—now, Tony was black, and always lived with us—'Tony,' said he, 'I am going to die, and you know I have lost everything, and the children will be all alone in the world. But, Tony, I had a sister once that I loved, and she loved me; and, though I haven't seen her for a great many years, still I know she loves me, if she's living, just as well as she did when she and I used to go hand in hand through the apple-orchard to school; and, Tony, when I'm dead and buried, I want you to sell the furniture, and take the money it brings you and carry the children back to New England. You'll find her name and the place she used to live in a paper—which anybody'll read for you—in the drawer there. And, Tony, when you find her, just take Willy and Mary to her, and tell her I was their father, and that I sent them to her on my death-bed, and asked her to be a mother to them for my sake. It'll be enough, Tony, to tell her that.' And Tony cried real loud, and he said, 'Massa, if I forget one word of what you've said, may God forget me.'

"Well, papa died, and, after he was buried, Tony brought little sister and me over the waters. But, before we got here, Tony was taken sick with the fever, and he died a little while after the ship reached the land and they had carried him on shore. But, just before he died, he called me to him and put a piece of paper in my hand. 'Don't lose it, Willy,' he said, 'for poor Tony's going, and you'll have to find the way to your aunt's all alone. The money's all spent, too, and they say it's a good hundred miles to the place where she lived. But keep up a good heart, and ask the folks the way, and for something to eat when you're hungry; and don't walk too many miles a day, 'cause little sister ain't strong. Perhaps somebody'll help you on with a ride, or let you sleep in their house nights. Now don't forget, Willy; and shake hands the last time with poor Tony.'

[148]

"After that, we stayed at the inn till the next day, when they buried Tony; and, when they asked us what we were going to do, we told them we were going to our aunt's, for papa had sent us to her, and then they let us go. When we asked folks the way they told us, though they always stared, and sometimes shook their heads. We got two rides, and always a good place to sleep. They said our aunt lived round here; but, we got so tired walking, we had to stop."

"And what was your father's name?" asked Miss Stebbins, and, somehow, there was a choking in her throat, and the hand of the angel was placed on the fountain as she spoke.

"William Stebbins; and our aunt's name was Sally Stebbins. Please, ma'am, do you know her?"

Off, at that moment, came the seal, and out leaped a fresh, blessed tide of human affection, and fell down upon the barren heart-soil that grew fertile in a moment.

"William! my brother William!" cried Miss Stebbins, as she sprang towards the children with outstretched arms and tears raining fast down her cheeks. "Oh, for your sake, I will be a mother to them!"

A year had passed away; college vacation had come again, and once more Cousin Ned was at our house. In the summer gloaming we went to walk, and our way lay past Miss Stebbins's cottage. As we drew near the wicket, the sound of merry child-laughter rippled gleefully to our ears, and a moment after, from behind that very rose-tree so disagreeably associated with its owner in Cousin Ned's mind, bounded two golden-haired children.

"Come, Willy! Mary! you have made wreaths of my roses until they are wellnigh gone. You must gather violets after this."

"*Mirabile dictu!*" ejaculated Cousin Ned. "Is *that* the woman who gave me such a blessing a long time ago for plucking a half withered rose from that very tree?"

"The very same, Cousin Ned," I answered; and then I told him of the change which had come over the harsh woman, of her love, her gentleness, and patience for the orphan children of her brother; and that, after all, there was a fountain very far down in her heart, as there surely was in everybody's, if we could only find it.

"Well, Cousin Nelly," said Ned, "I'll agree to become a convert to your theory without further demurring, if you'll promise to tell me where to find a hidden fountain that lies very far down in a dear little somebody's heart, and whose precious waters are gushing only for me."

There was a glance, half arch, half loving, from those dark, handsome eyes, which made me think Cousin Ned knew he would not have to go very far to find it.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

THE PROCESS OF FERTILIZATION.—All organic beings, animals, and plants reproduce themselves by means of fecundated germs, which we call embryos. The embryos of plants form in a particular organ called an ovule, and the matter which fecundates them is termed pollen.

The character of an embryo in organic beings is that it contains, in a rudimentary state, all the organs of which the organic being is composed in its entire developments. Thus, in the animal, the uterine foetus is composed of the head, the trunk, and the extremities; in other words, of all the parts of which the adult animal is composed. In like manner, the embryos of plants, like those of animals, contain all the parts which compose the fabric of the fully developed plant in a rudimentary condition. The embryo of a bean, for example, consists of a plumule or young stem, a pair of leaves or cotyledons, and a radicle or young root, or the entire plant in a rudimentary state; and, by the act of germination, analogous in its effects to the commencement of life in the extra-uterine foetus, all the parts of the plant develop themselves into their wonted figure and hues, in accordance with those *peculiar* organic laws to which the plant is subjected. But germination does not increase the number of these parts, which existed before its influence was exercised on them.

[149]

Now, plants have sexes, or sexual organs, as well as animals. The female sexual organs in plants are named carpels. The pistil, already described, consisting of stigma, style, and germen, is only a fully developed carpel. The male sexual organs are named stamens, the anthers of which contain the pollen or fecundating matter. The stamens and carpels are therefore the essential organs of reproduction in plants, since it is by the mutual action of these bodies that the embryo of the future plant is formed, and the same form of life continued in the earth. Fig. 1 is a representation of a petal, stamen, and the pistil of *Berberis vulgaris*, or the common barberry. In this plant, the anthers open by two valves to let out the pollen. These valves are seen in the figure, and the pistil is exhibited in section, to show the ovules in the cavity of the germen.



Fig. 1.

The reproductive organs only appear at the epoch when plants attain the full development of all their parts, or arrive at an adult state. The period when this occurs varies greatly in each species, and depends entirely on the peculiarities of its constitution. When this epoch arrives, a visible change takes place in the organic functions; the stem ceases to elongate, and its internodes no longer developing, the leaves remain crowded together in closely approximated whorls, and, after undergoing those peculiar modifications in form and coloring which we have already described, a flower is produced.

The process of fecundation appears to be as follows: As soon as the calyx and corolla are fully expanded, the stamens rapidly develop, their filaments elongate, and the anthers, at first moist and closed, become dry, and, rupturing, discharge the pollen on the stigma of the pistil, which at this time is bedewed with a clammy fluid, which serves to retain the grains of pollen that fall upon its surface. The grains of pollen, after remaining for some time on the humid stigma, absorb its moisture, and are seen to swell so that those which are elliptical assume a spherical form. The thin and highly extensible intine or inner covering of the pollen grain ultimately is pushed, in the form of a tube, through one of the pores or ostioles in the surface of the extine or outer covering, the mode of dehiscence of the pollen grain being always determined by the character of its surface. The pollen tube enters the lax tissue of the stigma, and, by gradual increments of

growth, pushes its way down the style into the germen or ovary in which the ovules are found, up to this period, unfertilized. The tube enters one of the unimpregnated ovules through a small hole called the micropyle (from μικρος a little, πύλη gate), conveying the fecundating fluid matter contained in the cavity of the grain into the young ovule. This fluid matter is called fovilla, and its flow through the pollen tube is easily perceived by the movement of those microscopic corpuscles which it contains.

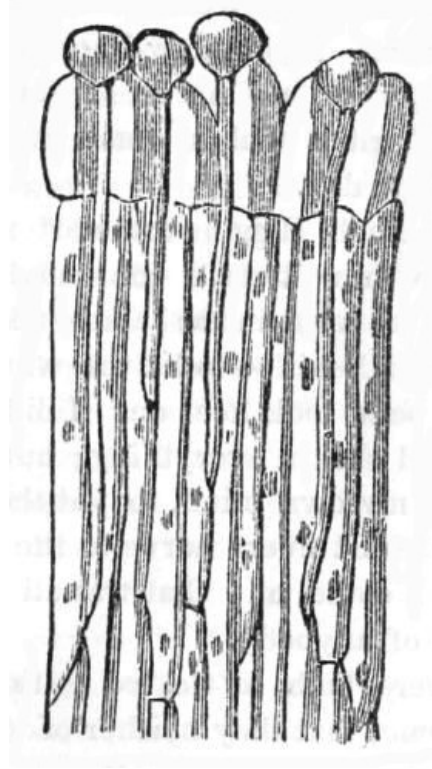


Fig. 2.

Fig. 2 is a section through the stigma, and part of the style of *Antirrhinum majus*, or the common snapdragon. The pollen grains are seen adhering to the surface of the stigma, and the tube is pushing its way down the pistil to the germen.

The ovules having received the impregnating matter, the flower loses its beauty, and nothing remains but the germen, which swells into a fruit abounding with seeds, by which the species is continued. An attentive observer may watch these changes throughout the summer months in any plant that produces flowers and fruit, and may thus satisfy himself of the general correctness of these statements.

AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE.

[150]

No. IX.—THE MISERY CAUSED BY USING THE WRONG PUDDING-DISH.

BY EDITH WOODLEY

"I believe, Lizzy, that I never told you my own experience about goin' out to sarvice. I didn't go out 'cause 'twas necessary that I should, for at my father's there was a house full of everything. We al'ays lived like the sweet cheeses, as the sayin' is.

"You've heern me tell of Aunt Keziah Higgins. She wasn't my aunt, on'y a cousin to my mother; but I al'ays called her aunt, out of respect, seein' she was so much older than I was. Well, she was one of the most partic'lar bodies that ever breathed the breath of life, except Uncle Higgins, and he went a hair furdern she did in some things. She al'ays chose to do her own work, for there wa'n't a pairson on airth that could suit her; but one fall she took a dreadful bad cold, and was threatened with the rebellious fever. Everybody knew how awful nice she was, to say nothin' of Mr. Higgins, and they couldn't git a soul to come and stay with 'em for a single day.

"At last, Uncle Higgins come arter me; and, when I found how 'twas, I consented to go, for it seemed to me a sin and a shame—what I called right down heathenish—to let the woman suffer for want of bein' took keer on. I didn't expect that I should suit in everything; but I felt detarmined, in my own mind, to put the best foot for'ard, and exart every narve to the utmost to do the best I could, and that was all that could be expected of anybody.

"They were both so tickled to think I consented to come, that they neither of 'em uttered a single word of complaint for the two first days. All I said or did was jest right. I was young, and didn't understand a dreadful deal about cookin'; but Aunt Keziah wasn't as sick but what she could give off the orders, so I got along nicely. The third day she said to me, arter breakfast—

"'Tabitha, I guess I'll have a rice puddin' made for dinner to-day. A rice puddin', if 'tis made jest right, is Mr. Higgins's favorite.'

"So she told me how to proportionate all the 'gred'encies—how many eggs, how much rice, sugar, milk, and everything. I mustn't vary the vally of a thimbleful in an individwal thing, she said, 'cause, if I did, it wouldn't suit Mr. Higgins. The sass to eat on't, too, must be made jest so.

"Well, I told her I'd do my best; and I did. If the rice, sugar, and so on had been goold dust, I couldn't 'ave been an atom more partic'lar about measurin' 'em; and, arter I got the puddin' into the oven, I watched it as narrer as ever a cat watched a mouse, so as to be sure 'twas bakin' jest fast enough, and none too fast.

"When 'twas drawin' along towards dinner-time, I thought I'd hunt up a dish to turn the puddin' into, 'cause, you see, I baked it in a brown, airthen dish that wa'n't fit to set on the table. Well, I come across a deep, blue-edged one, jest like one we had at home, that my mother bought on purpose to put puddin' into. We were to have, besides the puddin', a grand good b'iled dish—pork and corned beef, and all sorts of garding-sass, sich as cabbage, turnips, bates, carriots, and so on. 'Twas no fool of a job to prepare so many kinds of sass; but I didn't vally the trouble, all I aimed at was to suit Uncle Higgins. When I'd got everything on the table, they looked so nice I felt quite proud. Accordin' to my mind, 'twas a dinner fit to set afore a king.

"Uncle Higgins was blest with an amazin' good appetite, and, I tell you, he did good justice to the b'iled dish. Arter a while, he begun to slack off a leetle mite, and I could see him eyein' the puddin' purty sharp. At last, says he—

"'What 'ave you got there, Tabitha?'

"'A rice puddin', sir,' says I.

"'A rice puddin'?' says he.

"'Yes, sir,' says I.

"'Well, then, I guess you never sarved much of a 'prenticeship at making rice puddin's,' says he.

"'If you'll jest taste of it, sir, I guess you'll like it,' says I.

"'I sha'n't taste of sich a lookin' thing as that,' says he, and up he jumps from the table, appearantly jest as mad as a March hare.

"I felt purty much riled myself, and should 'ave been glad if the tarnal puddin' had been right in the middle of the Red Sea. Arter I'd taken so much pains, worried myself e'en jest to death about it, as 'twere, I thought 'twas too bad for him to speak about it in sich a short, scornful way. [151]

"I didn't tell Aunt Keziah anything about it, 'cause, as she was sick, I was afear'd 'twould worry her; but, afore I'd finished doin' the work up arter dinner, Uncle Higgins got cooled down a leetle atom, and went into aunt's room to see how she was. She mistrusted by his looks that everything wasn't raly right, so she says to him—

"'How did the dinner suit you?'

"'Well enough,' says he.

"'Did Tabitha make the rice puddin' to yer likin'?' says she.

"'I didn't eat any rice puddin',' says he. 'There was a mushy-lookin' thing on the table that she *called* a rice puddin'; but it didn't look like an eatable to me.'

"'What appeared to be the matter with it?' says Aunt Keziah.

"'Why, one thing that ailed it was, there wa'n't a drop of whey in it; 'twas dry as a contribution-box, and you know I never eat sich puddin's.'

"'I guess you put a leetle too much rice in your puddin' accordin' to the other gred'ences,' says Aunt Keziah, the first time I went into the room arter Uncle Higgins was gone.

"'I put in jest as much as you said I must,' says I.

"'Well,' says she, 'Mr. Higgins told me 'twas too dry—that there wa'n't any whey in it.'

"'If that's all,' says I, 'I'll try my luck ag'in to-morrow, and make jest the same, on'y scant the rice the least mite that ever was.'

"'So do,' says Aunt Keziah. 'I rather guess you were a leetle too heavy-handed when you measured the rice.'

"Well, I do declare that I didn't think of anything but that tarnal rice puddin' all the arternoon; and, the minute I fell asleep at night, rice puddin's were settin' round in every direction, jest as thick as a swarm of bees. Once I thought I went to draw a pail of water, when up came a bucket full of rice puddin'. Then, ag'in, I thought I was starchin' some of Aunt Keziah's best caps, and found I'd been dippin' 'em in a mess of rice puddin', instead of starch. That was the way I was tormented all night long. My sleep didn't do me an atom of good; but, arter breakfast, I brightened up a little, and felt detarmin'd in my own mind, if there was any sich thing as makin' a rice puddin' that would suit Uncle Higgins, I would do it. So I went to work, and, the land o' massy! if I should live to be as old as Methuselah, and forty years on to the eend of that, I shall never forgit how I fussed and worried over that 'ere puddin'. If I measured the rice once, I raly b'l'eve that I measured it half a dozen times, so that, at last, I got to be so addle-pated that I could 'ave hardly told B from a broomstick.

"Aunt Keziah said there sartainly couldn't be any danger of its bein' too dry; and, if it erred a leetle bit on t'other hand, I could dip out two or three spoonfuls of the whey.

"I don't know how the President feels to be at the head of government; but, if the affairs of the nation weigh as heavy on his shoulders as that puddin' did on mine all the time 'twas bakin', he'd soon give up beat.

"There was never anything that looked a mite nicer than it did when I took it out of the oven. 'Twas enough to make a pairson's mouth water to look at it; but, the moment I put the tarnal thing into the deep, blue-edged dish, it looked 'xact as t'other did, on'y, if anything, a leetle more mushy, as Uncle Higgins called it. If there'd been time, I'd 'ave gone off by myself and had a good cryin' spell. It was my fairm belief that the puddin' was bewitched. What to do I didn't know. One minute I thought I'd put it on the table, and Uncle Higgins might eat some of it or not, jest as he was a mind to. The next minute, I made up my mind to hide it away, and not let him know that I'd made one. I was right in the midst of my quandary, when, the first thing I knew, Uncle Higgins walked into the kitchen, and marched right up to the table, where sot the puddin'.

"'What do you call that?' says he.

"'A rice puddin',' says I; and, judgin' by my feelin's, I turned all manner of colors.

"'Well, don't put sich a lookin' thing as that on to the table,' says he. 'It don't look fit to be sot afore anybody but a heathen. I've no notion of havin' what leetle appetite I've got sp'ilt by havin' that dispisable-lookin' thing afore my eyes.'

"So I goes and pokes it away in a sly corner, for it had tried my feelin's so I perfectly hated the sight on't. I wa'n't much afeared that Uncle Higgins would starve, if he didn't have the puddin' to top off with. He was a dreadful great eater—eat as much as two Christian men ought to; but I guess he didn't take a terrible sight of comfort eatin' his dinner, for he had on an awful long face the whole time. I s'pose that tarnal old puddin' was runnin' in his head. If 'twa'n't in his, it was in mine.

"Well, Aunt Keziah was mighty airnest to know what luck I had with it. I meant to ave told her afore dinner, and should, if Uncle Higgins hadn't come in so, all of a sudding, while I was tryin' to settle in my mind what I should do about puttin' it on to the table for dinner. When she asked me about it, I had tough work to keep from bu'stin' right out a cryin'; for I felt sorry, and I felt 'shamed, and, to tell the plain truth, a leetle mite put out.

[152]

"'Well, it does seem curious,' says she, arter I'd finished tellin' her about it. 'Run, Tabitha, and bring the puddin' here, and let me have a squint at it. If I ever made one puddin' by that resait, I'm free to say I've made a hundred, and al'ays had first rate luck. The very witches have got into the puddin', I b'l'eve.'

"So off I goes and gits the puddin', and carries it in for Aunt Keziah to look at.

"'La, child,' says she, the minute she clapped her eye on it, 'I've found out the marvellous mystery. You've put it into the wrong pudding'-dish.'

"'What odds can it make,' says I, 'whether it's in this or any other?'

"'Why, don't you see, child, that the dish, by bein' so deep and so small over, don't give the whey a chance to settle off round the edges, but makes it all mix in with the rice? I al'ays puts it into that shaller, Chany dish, with a gilt edge, that you'll find on the lower shelf of the cupboard. Now, if you'll jest shift the puddin' into that 'ere dish, you'll see 'twill look as different as light and darkness.'

"Well, off I went and put it into the dish she told me about, when, lo and behold! the whey settled off jest as calm and purty as a summer's mornin', and made a streak round the outside of the puddin' clear and bright as crystchal. I could hardly b'l'eve my own eyes, and I s'pose I was as tickled and proud a critter as ever walked on the face of the airth. I carried it right along to let Aunt Keziah see it.

"'There,' says she, 'that looks right; that'll suit Mr. Higgins. Say not a word about it, Tabitha; but jest set it into the kittle to-morrow and heat it over with the steam, and 'twill do for dinner; for, if you should try forty thousand times, you wouldn't hit it righter than you have this time.'

"'Well,' says I, 'if you or any other pairson had told me that I should undergone so much misery on account of usin' the wrong puddin'-dish, I wouldn't 'ave b'l'eved 'em.'

"The next day, I steamed the puddin', put it into the Chany dish, and sot it on the table for dinner.

"'There, now, that looks somethin' like,' says Uncle Higgins. 'I'll tell you what, Tabitha, it isn't best for young, inexperienced gals, like you, to be too wilful—too fond of havin' their own way. You thought you'd tire me out, and git me to eat one of your mushy puddin's at last; but I must be nigh on to famishin' afore I could eat sich a puddin' as you made yesterday.'

"'I'm glad it suits you, sir,' says I, lookin' meek and innocent as old Aunt Peggy's cosset lamb, when it turns its basin of milk over.

"You've no idee how I wanted to tell him 'twas the identical puddin' he run down so to the very lowest notch the day afore; but, you see, I daresn't, so all the pay I could git was the privilege of laughin' in my sleeve as he sot there eatin' the puddin', and praisin' it every other mouthful."

A PLEASANT LETTER.

MR. L. A. GODEY—DEAR SIR: I owe you for my subscription to the "Lady's Book" for 1852 and 1853. I send you five dollars inclosed. Give me such credit as you may think proper to extend to an old subscriber of fifteen years' standing, who sometimes pays in advance, and sometimes don't, yet never clubs, and never fails to pay without charge to you. I call that a pretty strong appeal.

Having a moment of leisure on my hands while addressing you on business, I am tempted to put in a word to you extra—to you, who have been talking to me steadily for fifteen years, while I have never had a chance for a syllable in reply. Indeed, I am not positively assured that editors, however fond they may be of holding forth before their readers, do manifest any remarkable solicitude to have them "answer back again." I should take it they were rather of that class, Irishman-like, who prefer to have "all the reciprocity on one side." I believe it may be justly said of them, that they do not admire any sort of correspondence that don't pay well. It, however, seems that an old subscriber will, once in a while, presume on long acquaintance, and treat you as a familiar friend, with whom he has the right to make free. I, at this present moment, feel an impulse of this kind; but apprehend my position may appear to you rather gawky, and even peradventure unwarrantable. But old men, you know, and especially conceited ones, are garrulous.

[153]

By the way, Mr. Godey, are you phrenologist enough to tell me why it is that, when all the other faculties are growing smaller, the organ of self-esteem is increasing in size? We hear a great deal said about "the aggressive" and "the progressive." Well, it appears to me that this same organ of self-esteem deserves to bear off all the first class premiums at the next "World's Fair" of Active Principles, whether "aggressive" or "progressive." I beg your pardon, my dear sir, I had no idea of being at all personal. But you politely intimate that "brevity is the soul of wit." Thank you! I remark this, with editors, is quite a favorite prescription (you see, I naturally fall into professional figures). Nevertheless, it is one they are not overly fond of calling into requisition themselves. Albeit, Mr. Godey, you and I shall not fall out here. For, as we possess none of the corporeal parts, neither of us has much use for "the soul." Don't frown; I'll praise you presently.

I can remember, in time past, when concluding the perusal of a number of the "Lady's Book," I have found myself soliloquizing thus: "Well, I have read it through, and what is in it? Absolutely nothing that I can remember, or, what is worse, nothing that is worth remembering. I will discontinue. I wish Godey was more of a utilitarian, and would give us a little less of his whipped syllabub, and a little more of solid food." But another year would come in and go out, and I still remained a subscriber to the "Lady's Book;" and, all this time, its strides "progressive" were very humble and moderate, indeed. But times have changed, and the "Lady's Book" has changed with them. I am glad to say there has been a great improvement—a very great improvement in your magazine. Thanks to your industrious, judicious, and sensible editress, the ratio of the useful and valuable is fast gaining on the trashy, "flat, and unprofitable." Go on.

I, some time back, said to my daughter—only, and motherless—

"Well, child, I believe I must discontinue 'Godey.'"

"Why, pa?"

"It is not suited to my taste, and you are always at school."

"But, pa, I always read the numbers through when I come home. I like it very much. It is very interesting. I prefer it to any of the magazines."

"There is 'Harper's'—more solid matter."

"I don't like 'Harper's.' I can't read it. I greatly prefer 'Godey.' I do not know what I should do without it. Do, pa, continue to take it for me."

I saw at once you had a strong hold on her regard, and I dropped the subject. Since then, I observe she has got out the old numbers for many years back (we keep them carefully filed away), and has been very busy with them; and, when she is done with them, she sorts them all over nicely and puts them away again. The upshot of the matter is this letter and the inclosure. Trusting that none other than benign influences will ever be derived from the pages of your popular magazine, I subscribe myself,

Your ob't s'v't, W. S. G.

(*Underscored.*) P. S.—A word about underscoring. I would thank my excellent friend, Mrs. Hale, to give her lady contributors a gentle hint—a very gentle one. Lady authors are much given to underscoring; that the practice is considered, by some of the readers of the "Lady's Book," not to be in good taste, and far "more honored in the breach than in the observance." It generally is declaratory of about this: "Reader, here is the point, which I fear you have not penetration to perceive;" or, "How funny that is!" or, "What a nice thought is here!" or, "How smart and striking this!" or the like. Now, I would respectfully suggest that the better way is to write nothing that does not deserve to be underscored, as might be exemplified, if my modesty did not forbid, in the preceding delectable epistle. If a writer deems a composition to be superlatively fine, as authors not unfrequently do, just recommend that the word "underscored" be written at the top, as I have done at the top of this postscript, with the assurance that the editor will put that in type, too, and then the thing will be fixed. For really some readers do not think it polite in authors to be everlastingly reminding them that "Here is a beautiful idea, which I fear you are too obtuse to discover." We poor readers would be gratified by finding we had a little credit for common sense.

Any way, for one, I prefer to emphasize for myself. Now, I have not the same prejudice or objection, whichever you choose to call it, to capitals. They may be often used with fine effect. As, for instance, in the preface to D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation," where the author states his principle to be that there is a "GOD IN HISTORY." I am pleased to see that some of your best contributors have no use at all for the underscore.

W. S. G.

[154]

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING ORNAMENTS IN RICE SHELL-WORK.

In our January number we described the whole process of preparing the shells, and making all those separate portions necessary to form a wreath; the same instructions apply equally to the present branch of our subject; but then we only spoke of the "simple" form of this work, or that composed merely of shells and silver wire. It is doubtless the most chaste, from its extreme purity; but it is also the most perishable, for we all know how quickly silver tarnishes; it likewise is not so convenient for wear, especially in the hair, for, be as careful as ever we will, we cannot entirely avoid roughness and projecting points.



SPRAYS IN RICE SHELL-WORK.

The "composite form," which we are now about to describe, admits of the ornaments being made to match, or contrast with, or set off, any hue of dress or complexion. In the making of composite rice shell-wreaths, &c., various materials are brought into use, as floss-silk; fine wire-chenil; Roman-pearl beads, and beads of a similar kind of coral color, turquoise, pink, green, or yellow; flower-seeds; velvet or satin, or silver leaves; and silver bullion.

To make a wreath, and a set of sprays for a bridal-dress, we should use white floss-silk, white chenil, and silver bullion. The shells are to be "wired," as directed in our former article; but, in making them up into leaves and flowers, instead of using the fine wire, we use the floss-silk to wind or bind them; and thus, instead of the wires being all exposed, they are hidden, and the stems present a smooth silken surface.

For making a simple, or single flower, we use the five shells as before, but we cut half an inch of silver bullion, thread it on one of the cut lengths of wire (of which we directed there should always be a supply), fold it into a loop, twist the wire to keep the bullion firmly in form and place, and put this in the centre of the flower, arranging the five shells round it, and binding the stem with the silk.

In making the "double flower," we use twenty instead of the seventeen shells before directed; viz. five for the flower, and fifteen for the five leaflets of three shells each; in the centre of the five shells we put the loop of bullion just described, and between the flower and the leaflets we arrange five loops of fine wire-chenil at equal distances, as in this cut, allowing each loop to project nearly half an inch, and binding them on with the fine wire; the leaflets are then arranged round the stem so that the centre shell of each one appears between, and just beyond each two

loops; the whole is bound together with silk, and the stem covered to its extremity. The "bud" may either have a loop of chenil standing up on each side of the shells of which it is composed, or it may be formed solely of two or three loops of chenil bound on to a stem of wire with floss-silk. When the flowers are colored, by adding chenil and beads, or seeds to them, green leaves and green buds have a very pretty effect.

The leaves for the bridal ornaments we were speaking of, may either be composed of shells and wound with white silk or silver, or white satin or velvet, or crêpe leaves may be used. We need scarcely add that silk must be used to bind all the parts together.

Let us imagine, now, that a *brunette* desires to dress her hair, and decorate her snowy ball-dress with wreaths, and sprays, &c., of scarlet or coral color.

The shells must be prepared, and wired in the ordinary way, and half a dozen reels of floss-silk, and a knot of chenil of the desired hue, and four strings of small coral-colored beads, and two of beads about the average size of peas, got. These beads must each be threaded separately like the shells, but on rather shorter lengths of wire, and the wire folded and twisted to make it hold its beads firmly. One of the larger beads should be put in the centre of every double flower, and three of the small ones in the centre of every single flower. The flowers may be made simply with the five shells and five loops of chenil, omitting the leaflets. If the leaves are to be made of shells, the stems must be bound with this colored silk; but velvet, or satin, or tinsel leaves of the same hue may be substituted for or intermixed with the shell leaves with good effect.

Ornaments for blue, pink, green, or maize *toilettes* may in like manner be formed *en suite* by substituting beads, silk, and chenil, of the chosen shade, for the color we have given. Mourning-wreaths, &c., may likewise be made by using black silk, chenil, and beads; or gray silk and chenil with pearl beads, and gray or white satin leaves.

When once our readers have begun to carry our directions into practice, they will perceive how possible it is to create an infinite variety of tasteful articles, all differing in style, form, and hue. Coronets, wreaths, and headdresses of every conceivable pattern may be made; sprays for the dress of any size, length, or shape; bouquets for the waist or bosom; trimmings for the *corsage*; tiny wreaths to put between quilled ribbon or *blonde* for the purpose of ornamenting gloves, or sleeves, or the top of the dress; flowers for caps; studs or buttons for the front of a dress; in short, more things than we have time or space to name. And all these may be made very economically, for less than one-third of the ordinary cost of such decorations.

We have given, at the commencement of this article, a cut of a spray, or rather of a portion of one, for want of space compelled us to shorten it; it has green velvet leaves; the flowers are surrounded by chenil loops, and have in their centres flower-seeds; it is wound with silk.



DOUBLE FLOWER.



BOUQUET IN RICE SHELL-WORK.

This cut represents a small bouquet to be worn brooch-fashion in the bosom of the dress; it is composed of shells and turquoise beads, and wound with light blue silk. The leaves are of shells, and gradually increase in size towards the end of it.

The advantage of using silk instead of the fine silver wire for binding the stems, &c., is, that not only are all points and inequalities thus smoothed over, but, with ordinary care, the articles wear much longer—for even if the small portions of silver wire left exposed do tarnish, they cannot mar

the beauty of the whole, forming then so very trifling a portion of it, instead of the leading feature, as they do in "simple rice shell-work."

We said just now that studs or buttons could be formed with shells; we will now explain how this may be done.

Cut out a set of circular pieces of white cartridge-paper, or very thin card-board of the size it is wished the buttons should be; from the diameter of a dollar to that of a twenty-five cent piece is the ordinary scale. Have ready wired some middle-sized and small shells, and a pearl or colored bead the size of a pea for each button.

With a good-sized pin perforate a circle of holes, about a third of an inch in, all the way round, and pass the wire of a middle-sized shell through each, bending the shells down, so that they lie evenly round with their backs upwards, and their points projecting just beyond the edge of the card-board. Without disturbing the wires on the wrong side, now make another circle of perforated holes, and put in another round of shells, bending them so as just to overlap the outer ones. Still leave the ends of wire, and pierce a third circle of holes, and into these put small shells, and bend them in like manner, to fit on the former rounds. Three circles will generally be sufficient for a good-sized button. Pierce a hole in the centre, and put in the wired bead, which will fill up and complete the surface. Now carefully flatten down the wires at the back, and cover the back with silk, arranging any shell which may have become misplaced afterwards.

[156]

The floss-silk may be obtained at any large Berlin wool shop; it is sold on small reels, of which from two to six or eight will be required, according to the quantity of work which has to be wound.

The chenil is procurable at the same place; one knot goes a great way. It is the small wired chenil we use, not the fine embroidery chenil.

The beads are sold at most fancy repositories. It is not the crystal glass, or the seed bead which we use, but those French colored glass beads that have lately been so much worn. It is not absolutely necessary they be only round; for there is a long, or rather an oblong variety, which is very effective.

The leaves and flower-seeds may be bought at any artificial florist's; but the best way is to obtain them from the makers, then they can be ordered of any color or pattern.

A circular wreath of simple daisy-flowers, like the third flower cut given in our last article, has very chaste and graceful appearance; or these flowers may be combined with the wheat-ears with good effect.

But we have said enough to open the path to our readers; and once entered therein, they will find the work infinitely suggestive, and offering scope for every graceful and tasteful vagary. So we will only add a little word of advice—aim at lightness, not only of appearance, but of actual weight, and never crowd or load any ornament with too much work. The leading principle of artistic excellence in every department of art is simplicity; and this may be attained by close and severe attention. The eye is most pleased when it can retain at a glance the chief points of attraction.

In our third article, we shall give instructions for making baskets, &c.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

In the western counties, the children, decked with the wreaths and true-lover's knots presented to them, gayly adorn one of their number as their chief, and march from house to house, singing

"Good-morrow to you, Valentine!
Curl your locks as I do mine,
Two before and three behind;
Good-morrow to you, Valentine!"

They commence in many places as early as six o'clock in the morning, and intermingle the cry, "To-morrow is come!" Afterwards they make merry with their collections. At Islip, Oxfordshire, England, I have heard the children sing the following, when collecting pence on this day—

"Good-morrow, Valentine!
I be thine and thou be'st mine,
So please give me a Valentine."

And likewise the following—

"Good-morrow, Valentine!
God bless you ever!
If you'll be true to me,
I'll be the like to thee;
Old England for ever!"

Schoolboys have a very uncomplimentary way of presenting each other with these poetical memorials—

"Peep, fool, peep,
What do you think to see?
Every one has a Valentine,
And here's one for thee!"

Far different from these is a stanza which is a great favorite with young girls on this day, offered indiscriminately, and, of course, quite innocently, to most of their acquaintances—

"The rose is red,
The violet's blue;
Pinks are sweet,
And so are you!"

The mission of Valentines is one of the very few old customs not on the wane; and the streets of our metropolis practically bear evidence of this fact in the distribution of love-messages on our stalls and shop-windows, varying in price from a sovereign to one halfpenny. Our readers, no doubt, will ask for its origin, and there we are at fault to begin with. The events of St. Valentine's life furnish no clue whatever to the mystery, although Wheatley, in his "Illustration of the Common Prayer," absurdly disposes of the question in this way: "St. Valentine was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing Valentines upon his festival, which is still practised, took its rise from thence." We see no explanation here in any way satisfactory, and must be contented with the hope that some of our antiquaries may hit on something more to the purpose. [157]

It was anciently the custom to draw lots on this day. The names of an equal number of each sex were put into a box, in separate partitions, out of which every one present drew a name, called the Valentine, which was regarded as a good omen of their future marriage. It would appear from a curious passage quoted in the "Dictionary of Archaisms," that any lover was hence termed a Valentine; not necessarily an affianced lover, as suggested in "Hampson's Calendarium," vol. i. p. 163. Lydgate, the poet of Bury, in the fifteenth century, thus mentions this practice—

"St. Valentine, of custom year by year
Men have an usance in this region
To look and search Cupid's calendere,
And choose their choice by great affection:
Such as be prick'd with Cupid's motion,
Taking their choice as their lot doth fall:
But I love one which excelleth all."

The divinations practised on Valentine's day are a curious subject. Herrick mentions one by rose-buds—

"She must no more a-Maying;
Or by rose-buds divine
Who'll be her Valentine."

Perhaps the poet may here allude to a practice similar to the following, quoted by Brand: "Last Friday was Valentine day; and the night before I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. *But, to make it more sure*, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and, when I went to bed, eat it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lover's names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed, and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world." According to Mother Bunch, the following lines should be said by the girl on retiring to rest the previous night—

"Sweet guardian angels, let me have
What I most earnestly do crave,
A Valentine endowed with love,
That will both kind and constant prove."

We believe the old custom of drawing lots on this eventful day is obsolete, and has given place to the favorite practice of sending pictures, with poetical legends, to objects of love or ridicule. The lower classes, however, seldom treat the matter with levity, and many are the offers of marriage thus made. The clerks at the post-offices are to be pitied, the immense increase of letters beyond the usual average adding very inconveniently to their labors. Such is Mr. Halliwell's account of Valentine's day.

In "Poor Robin's Almanack," 1676, the *drawing* of Valentines is thus alluded to—

"Now, Andrew, Anthony,
Ny, and William,
For Valentines *draw*
Prue, Kate, Jilian."

Many curious customs are related by different writers in honor of this day; but, of all the quotations that could be made, none is more quaint and striking than the following from the Diary of the celebrated Pepys. On the 14th of February, 1667, is there entered: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to her Valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by myself very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out, if we had not been Valentines." He also adds: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, easing me of something more than I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the drawing of mottoes as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me: what mine was I forget; but my wife's was most courteous, and most fair, which, as it may be used on an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty. One wonder I observed to-day, there was no music in the morning, to call up our new married friend (Peg Penn), which is very mean, methinks."

That Valentines were not confined to the lower classes in the days of Pepys, and were sometimes of a very costly description, may be judged from the following statement: "The Duke of York being once Mrs. Stuart's Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800, and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300."

[158]

And, in the following year, he notes down: "This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds; with this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewels of one kind or other, and I am glad of it; for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."

With regard to the origin of this festival in the calendar, there are many conflicting opinions. St. Valentine, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, was eminently distinguished for his love and charity; and the custom of choosing Valentines, or special loving friends on this day, is by some supposed to have thence originated. The following solution is, however, the more probable one. It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februa, or Februalis. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men, as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who by every possible means endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints, instead of those of the women; and, as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time.

"MUSTARD TO MIX."

A RECEIPT FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING,"
"GETTING INTO SOCIETY," "BOARDING-HOUSE POLITICS," ETC.

"And the ice it isn't water, and water isn't free—and I can't say that anything is what it ought to be."
Cricket on the Hearth.

"I feel as if I should fly!"

No wonder poor Mrs. Bunker longed for the wings of a dove, if they could bear her to anything like rest. It was Monday—washing-day—and *blue* Monday into the bargain. The parlor was in disorder (the Bunkers always sat in their parlor on Sunday, and held it sacred the rest of the week); the front hall tracked and littered up with the arrival of a visitor's baggage—the spare room was not ready—the clothes not counted out—the girl idling away her time at the pump—the breakfast dishes unwashed—and the baby screaming, as only a cross child can scream, in its mother's arms, showing not the least symptom of a morning nap, or, indeed, of *anything* but

colic.

Mrs. Bunker, as she sat in the midst of this confusion, and expressed her desire to fly, bore no resemblance whatever to an angel—except that angels are usually represented with loose robes and unconfined hair. We question if she had looked at a brush since the day before, and her morning-dress was of the style denominated "wrapper"—a not over-clean chintz. The room itself was cheerful enough, so far as sunshine and comfortable furniture would go; but nothing was in its place; and this disorder, added to the forlorn appearance of Mrs. Bunker, holding the baby in its sour, crumpled night-dress and soiled flannel, was anything but an inviting prospect to a newly arrived guest.

Mrs. Bunker expected her every minute—Aunt Lovey—her husband's aunt, who had brought him up, and had given him all those particular ways that were the bane of Mrs. Bunker's wedded life, she having very little idea of the necessity he attached to method in managing a household. Mrs. Bunker, only two years from school, had written very nice letters to this friend of her husband's orphaned childhood. She loved her Joshua, in spite of his unsentimental name, and was inclined to adopt all his family in her affectionate little soul. Nor was it unnatural that she wished them to think well of her in return; she particularly desired to gain Aunt Lovey's good opinion, and when the long talked of visit was decided on, had hoped to make a grand first impression. If it hadn't been Monday morning, and if baby hadn't been so cross—if the spare room had only been cleared up after her brother's departure—if the girl was "worth two straws"—in fact, if everything hadn't been exactly what it shouldn't be, Mrs. Bunker would have got up herself, her house, and her baby, to the best advantage. She had a very pretty face and figure, a fact of which she was well aware, and as a school-girl and young lady in society, had made the most of. Since her marriage, this was not so apparent to Mr. Bunker, however, as in the days of their courtship. *Then*, she never allowed herself to be seen without her hair in the most wonderful French twists and Grecian braids—or her dress put on to the utmost advantage. Now, "it wasn't worth while to dress just for Joshua"—or "baby was *so* troublesome"—or "she hadn't a thing to put on." It *was* worth while to dress for Aunt Lovey, and she desired to look her very best—only baby *wouldn't* go to sleep. "Rock-a-by baby"—

[159]

(Mrs. Bunker had been considered to have the best voice in the Highville Seminary, but now her music was confined chiefly to that charming ballad writer, Mother Goose.)

"Rock-a-by baby, father's gone a hunting"—Oh, dear, she will be here before I can get him down! There—therey—did the drayman say his Aunty Lovey was a-goin' to walky uppy to the housey? Johnny shall ride, Johnny shall ride (you provoking little monkey, why *don't* you shut your eyes!)—"Wid a white pussy-cat tied to his side!"—sang, and rocked, and trotted Mrs. Bunker.

"Where *is* that Jane? Not a dish washed—and I don't believe the hot water's on for the clothes. Therey, therey, mother's baby, mother's only little man! Did the naughty colic bother mother's little son? Send the wind right up, so I would. Ride a cock horse to Banbury cross—therey, therey, don't cry so, mother's little man—'Had a little dog, sir, Banger was his name, sir'—Banger, Buffer, Kicker, Cuffer, *Banger* was his name, sir! Jane! Jane! Where is that girl? I feel as if I should fly!"

At which remark—the energy of which we have endeavored to portray in the most crumpled italics—the door opened to admit, not Jane, but Aunt Lovey, and our history of Mrs. Bunker's tribulations began.

She gave one glance at her visitor, one to herself, and round the room. There was no help for it—she was obliged to deposit baby in the cradle, screaming as he was, and advance to make a "first impression." Aunt Lovey did not look shocked or disgusted—a little surprised certainly, for, knowing her nephew's orderly propensities, this was not what she expected to find his home, and the untidy, tired, fretted-looking woman who introduced herself as his wife, did not certainly answer to the lover's descriptions of his betrothed. However, she had been a housekeeper, and knew what Monday mornings were, with only one maid of all work, and a young child to see to. So she kissed her niece very cordially for the warm welcome she offered, and begging 'not to be minded, as she understood these little troubles,' sat down, laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and asked for the baby.

There it was again—hardest of all! Mrs. Bunker's personal vanity, in departing from her as a married woman, had rested and centred itself on the baby. Aunt Lovey had taken the utmost interest in its advent—knitted all its socks, the very blue pair, soiled and dirty, which he was kicking out at that moment—and in return, had been favored by rapturous accounts of his *beauty* at three days old, his knowingness at three months. Mrs. Bunker had pictured herself presenting the baby in grand toilet to his great-aunt, and seeing her surprise, as the old lady confessed the half had not been told her—"oh, dear!"

But there was no help for it, and she was obliged to withdraw the poor little juvenile from its involuntary confinement, ready to cry with weariness and disappointment, as she tried to coax it into something like good-humor. Jane, drawn by curiosity where duty failed, arrived to complete the tableau, slamming the door, and slopping over the pump-water on her way to the wash-kitchen. She must have been experimenting on the principle that "the longest way round is the shortest way home," for there was a door in the work-kitchen leading directly to the street.

Good Aunt Lovey was no more discomposed by the bold stare the "help" fixed upon her, than she had been by the rest of the picture. It must have cost her an inward tremor to lay down her dove-colored cashmere shawl and split straw bonnet with its white satin ribbons, on the littered bureau, but she did so without invitation, Mrs. Bunker having fairly forgotten to offer one in the

combined annoyances and embarrassments of the moment, and then, seated in the rocking-chair, from which her niece had risen, she spread the cradle blanket in her lap, and held out her hands for the baby.

It was really a very nice child, as babies go, in spite of its rumpled costume. Aunt Lovey's first proceeding was to "straighten it out," smoothing the uncomfortable folds of cloth and flannel from under its back, and thus covering its cold little feet. Her handkerchief was produced to dry the little face from the mingled effects of tears and teething, and then warmed on the stove—there was very little fire—the stove never *did* draw on washing-day—to cover the mottled arms and hands. Baby thus smoothed, soothed, and comforted, presented a much more respectable appearance, and received a hearty kiss from its grand-aunt, by way of an anodyne. It seemed to have the desired effect, for, after staring with its round blue eyes in the old lady's face, as if endeavoring to recall the features, it gradually winked and blinked itself to sleep, certainly contrary to its most determined intentions. [160]

Mrs. Bunker, who had excused herself as if to overlook Jane's operations, but in reality to take up the crying fit where the baby left off, returned, with eyes very much swollen in consequence, and tried to offer an apology for herself and her house, but broke down again into a little sob, and a clean pocket-handkerchief.

"Come, come, my dear, no excuse is needed," hummed Aunt Lovey, at the mother and the fast retiring baby, to the old-fashioned melody of "Banks and braes." "Just warm a pillow—there, that's right; now shake it up, and make it soft; have every feather smooth and light," unconsciously relapsing into rhyme as well as chime, while she deposited the placid Johnny in his accustomed bed. "And now, my dear, I see how it all is. Could you lend me a clean check apron?—never mind, this towel will do, and will wash up these dishes post haste. What's your girl's name? Jane? Jane, here, come and rake up this fire a little; there's nothing helps matters along faster than a bright, cheerful fire; it's like a lively disposition, which I'm sure you have naturally."

It was wonderful to see Jane's alacrity in obeying these instructions, given in a quick, inspiriting, and, at the same time, not-to-be-trifled-with tone. Mrs. Bunker, captain as she was, placed herself willingly under the orders of so skilful a pilot, and was steered triumphantly through the household difficulties that had gathered so thickly around her.

"And now, my dear," resumed that excellent woman, unpinning the towel that encircled her ample waist, and folding it smoothly before she laid it down, "what else is there to do this morning?"

The fire was burning cheerfully, the dishes put away, the carpet swept, the chairs set back, and the baby still sleeping soundly in the bright warmth that had diffused itself throughout the room. Mrs. Bunker already felt as if she had known Aunt Lovey for a long time; they had talked all the while they were busied about household affairs, and the new niece felt as if she could almost open her heart to the kind old lady, and consult her about those constantly occurring domestic drawbacks and trials. Joshua, good husband as he was, did not seem to understand. It was more effective than a week of formal visiting, and Mrs. Bunker's face and step brightened with the room. Now came the clouds again. "There was so much to be done, she didn't know where to begin."

"But what is it?" urged Aunt Lovey, stooping down admiringly over the cradle, for the baby looked very lovely in his quiet sleep, one little round hand pushed under his cheek—he was making as good an impression as his mother could desire.

"Oh, *everything!*" responded the baby's mother, in a despairing tone.

"Ah, I see, *mustard to mix*," and with these cabalistic words, the visitor took a deliberate survey of her hostess for the first time. "Consider me your grandmother, Sophia, and let me advise you to tidy yourself a little; that will be the first step towards it. A neat morning-dress and clean apron are next best, or perhaps better, than a good fire, in any house. I'll see to the baby."

Aunt Lucy certainly made herself at home. She put the tips of her prunella buskins on the stove hearth, and examined the hem of her skirts to see if they had contracted any dampness or mud stains in her recent walk, and then produced her knitting, as if she was settled down for some time. Mrs. Bunker took the advice, as she had former prescriptions, and found it to work as well. The morning's duties were accomplished with an ease and alacrity that astonished herself, even to making the great chamber as neat as Aunt Lovey's heart could desire, without the mortification of her knowing it had ever been otherwise.

It was not until Mr. Bunker had come from the store, and been duly astonished and delighted at his aunt's unexpected arrival, and the tidy appearance of the whole household—to tell the truth, he wondered how the last happened to be so—that Mrs. Bunker found time to seek an explanation of the significant sentence applied by the old lady to her state of despondency with regard to domestic affairs. Significant she was convinced, though she could not exactly make out the application, as her aunt had seen the mutton chops destined for dinner arrive from the butcher's, and she had never heard of mustard being taken with them. They had been duly served, praised, and eaten; the dinner dishes were washed and put away, so was the baby for his second diurnal nap, and Mrs. Bunker, notwithstanding she had company, found herself seated to her sewing by three o'clock for the first in a month, while Jane, like the unfortunate "maid" mentioned in one of the baby's favorite lullabies, was [161]

"In the garden
Hanging out the clothes."

Aunt Lovey, looking thoughtfully over her spectacles, thought her nephew's description of his wife not so far out of the way after all, as she hemmed away industriously at a pile of new towels, the most fascinating work next to crochet one can undertake; it slips by so fast and evenly, and there seems to be so much accomplished.

"But, Aunt Lovey," said Mrs. Bunker, looking up suddenly, and finding those penetrating gray eyes fixed on her, "what did you mean by 'mustard to mix?'"

"Oh, I did not explain, did I? Well, when I was first married and moved out west—Utica was out west then, from Connecticut—I knew no more about managing for myself than you do now. I used to find my work accumulate, and I would get discouraged and go about a whole week, feeling as if the world rested upon my shoulders; and that made me mope, and your uncle John got discouraged, because I did, and there was no end of the snarl things would get into. Our only near neighbor was a nice tidy body, who always looked like wax-work."

"Something such a person as you," interrupted Mrs. Bunker, playfully.

"Well, perhaps so; but you never saw my house; her house was like a pin from one end to the other. One day I just ran in to borrow a little meal—ours had given out unexpectedly—and I found my good neighbor in a flurry, acting just as I used to feel sometimes."

"'Oh, she had *everything* to do,' she said, 'and company coming to dinner.'"

"'Everything? Well, what? As far as I could see, everything was done.'"

"'Oh, the table's to set;' and up and around the room she went again."

"'But it was two hours to dinner—what else?'"

"'Why!—well, then, *mustard to mix!*'"

"That was every earthly thing, come to think of it; but she had been flurried by the sudden arrival, and did not stop to see that it could not possibly disturb any of her arrangements. So I went home, and found I generally had *mustard to mix*, when my flurries came on; that is, if I set myself right to work to clear up the snarl, it wasn't half so bad as I felt it was. Setting down to fret over matters only snarled things the more, and then poor John was troubled to see me worried, and things would go from bad to worse."

"But, aunty," said the young wife, with a half sigh, ending in a smile, "do you think I shall *ever* make a housekeeper? I know Joshua is disappointed."

"Yes, yes, my dear; why not? Only you will have to learn how to *mix mustard* to begin with."

INSTANTANEOUS FLOWERING OF PLANTS.

M. Herbert, a gentleman who has recently arrived from France, on Saturday exhibited to a few ladies and gentlemen his method of causing plants to blow almost instantaneously. The plants selected—a group of geraniums and a rose-tree—were planted in two rather deep boxes of garden mould, previously prepared with some chemical manure, and were then covered with glass shades. M. Herbert next proceeded to pour over the roots, from a small watering-pot, a chemical mixture, which, uniting with the ingredients already in the earth, caused a great heat, as was shown by an intense steam or vapor, which was evolved within the shades, and allowed to some extent to escape through a small hole in the top, which at first was kept closed. The effect upon the geraniums was certainly almost instantaneous, the buds beginning to burst in about five or six minutes, and the plants being in full bloom within ten minutes, when the blossoms were gathered by M. Herbert and distributed amongst the ladies present. With the rose-tree the exhibitor was less fortunate, M. Herbert explaining that it had only been in his possession about half or three-quarters of an hour, and he had therefore not had sufficient time to prepare for the experiment, thereby evincing that it occupies more time than would appear to the casual observer to be the case. The invention may prove useful where ladies require to decorate their drawing-rooms or boudoirs with the beauties of Flora somewhat earlier in the seasons than can otherwise be obtained. The experiments took place at the residence of M. Laurent, Onslow-house, Brompton. [How far does this account for the Chinese "magical" method?]

Poetry.

THE EVENING WALK.

BY RICHARD COE.

(See Plate.)

Upon her head she gently threw
A veil of fabric light,
To shield her from the pearly dew
That mingled with the night:
Then with a motion light and free—
No proud and stately stalk—
The lady of the mansion rose
To take her evening walk.

Thou placid moon, and you, ye stars,
That nightly deck the sky,
Ye must not look in envy on
The brightness of her eye;
And you, ye babbling waters near,
That make my soul rejoice,
Ye must be silent when ye hear
The music of her voice!

Ye moon and stars and babbling fount,
Your choicest blessings throw
Across the pathway of my fair,
Wherever she may go!
And if I soothe her cares the while,
With fine poetic talk,
Perhaps on me she'll deign to smile,
In some sweet evening walk!

THE CHILDREN-ANGELS.

BY JAMES A. BARTLEY.

Seven bright ones in the angel-land,
With stars to crown each brow;
The mother spied them hand in hand,
Around the Saviour bow;
And oh! that whiteness, heavenly bland,
That clothed their bodies now!

Seven bright ones in that sunny clime,
Hope would her tears condemn,
She blessed the eagle wings of Time
Which bore her nearer them,
Where she would join the seraph chime,
And wear a diadem.

Seven dear ones born of her heart's love,
Now safely housed in heaven,
She humbly sought that test to prove,
To every mortal given,
To labor for her King above,
Who keepeth these her seven.

And ofttimes, at her daily toil,
Seven bright ones would alight,
And each with sweet and holy smile,
Fill her with deep delight,
Until the very earthly wild,
To her, looked strangely bright.

And oft, when stars gleamed forth on high,
And silence reigned around,
She heard their pinions sweeping by,
A far, unearthly sound;
And then her spirit reached the sky,
At one ecstatic bound.

Seven bright ones in the land called Light,
And oft with her below!
Far fled the frightened shades of Night
From Faith's celestial glow,
Wherein she walked with humble might,
Till she lay humbly low.

Then her free spirit walked in Light,
And smiled, but wept no more,
And with her, seven, all dazzling bright,
Beheld all perils o'er;
The goal of which mysterious flight,
None living may explore.

WORKING AND DREAMING.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

All the while my needle traces
Stitches in a prosy seam,
Flit before me little faces,
And for them the while I dream.

Building castle, light and airy,
For my merry little Kate,
Wond'ring if the wayward fairy
Will unlock its golden gate.

Scaling Fame's proud height for Willie,
Just as all fond mothers do,
And for her, my thoughtful Lily,
Twining laurel leaflets too.

In the far-off future roving,
Where the skies are bright and fair;
Hearing voices charmed and loving,
Calling all my darlings there.

Through the distant years I'm tracing
Dewy pathways bright with flowers,
And along their borders placing
Here and there these pets of ours.

And the while my fancy lingers
In that hope-born summer clime,
Pretty garments prove my fingers
Have been busy all the time.

And I care not, though around me
Romp the little merry band;
Never could the spell that bound me
Break at touch of softer hand

Than the little hand of Nora,
Soiled in search of blossoms rare;
For she says they're gifts that Flora
Bade her bring to deck my hair.

So my summer days are flying
On their swift oblivious track;
But while love meets fond replying,
I would never wish them back.

But their precious fragrant roses
I would gather and entwine
In a wreath, ere summer closes
For the autumn's pale decline.

[163]

THE MISER.

BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

Away from the gladsome and life-giving breeze,
In his damp and mouldering cell,
Away from the rustle of waving trees,
Alone did the miser dwell;
Around his wrinkled and careworn brow
Hung wild his hoary hair,
And the spectre look of death e'en now,
And the furrows deep of the Ruler's plow,
Sat grim on his temples there.

He grasps the gold with his fingers cold,
And counts it o'er again,
And he envies the snuggling beam of light
That creeps through the broken pane;
And he starts at every passing sound,
And hastily turns the key,
And casts a hurried glance around,
And, hugging his chest, on the cold, damp ground
To his god he bows the knee.

The owl on the roof-tree flaps his wings,
And moans a plaintive strain,
And grimly peers with his glassy eye
Over the golden gain;
And the pallid smoke from the chimney crawls
Away from its mean abode;
It cannot rise to heaven, but falls
Adown the damp and mouldering walls,
And hurries beneath the sod.

Oh, I have thought that a mother's love
Was the fondest passion yet,
As she breathes the breath of her infant babe—
Still, a mother may forget;
But the miser's throne is his gold alone,
His passion is centred there;
His life, his love, his dearest one,
The joy of his breast is the tinkling tone,
Gold, gold is his fondest fair.

The midnight moon looks lovingly down
On the sleeping laborer's head;
Hushed and still is the busy mill,
And the infant's cradle bed;
But the miser springs, if a footstep rings,
Like a wild beast from his lair;
He feels the poison of conscience stings,
He fears the robber a bandit brings,
And he creeps to his golden care.

The beggar stopped at the rich man's door,
And paused at the miser's stone,
Yet stayed he not there, for he did not dare
To cross the word "*begone!*"
The wretch felt not for others' woes,
No soul in his body dwelt;
The trembling sprite took a final flight—
Though he seemed to live—on the dismal night
When he first to the gold-god knelt.

In a village near, his sister lay
At the door of the demon death;
Starving was written on her brow,
And hot was her fevered breath:
"*Oh, give me bread!*" in accents low,
Was the burden of her prayer—
"*I'm dying, brother!*" 'twas even so;
While her eye was glazing, the miser's "*No!*"
Startled the chilly air.

Cheerily rang the Sabbath bells,
And from each hush'd abode
The aged sire, and the cheerful child
Moved on to the house of God;
While prayer was ascending towards the Throne,
The miser also prayed;
To his golden altar he bowed, alone,
And prayed from out his heart of stone
That his god would lend him aid.

He lieth upon the bed of death,
And alone he pines away;
As dieth the fool, so passeth his breath,
And clay is mingled with clay;
No marble is there to mark the spot,
No flowret weeps o'er his tomb;
Unwept, unhonored, and forgot,
Ay, none can weep that he there doth rot—
The miser has gone to his doom!

Oh, ye who roll in splendor and wealth
Go to the poor man's home;
Comfort the sick—employ your gold
As gain for the world to come;
And the widow's heart shall leap for joy,
And the orphan upon your bier,

When the summons bears you from earth away
To dwell in the mansions of endless day,
Shall pour the sorrowing tear.

SONNET.—WASHINGTON

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

A sculptured cenotaph thy sons will raise,
That they eternize may thy honored name;
Nor this, nor Story's scroll can tell thy praise,
So blended with thy glorious country's fame.
Lo! in a corner of Mount Vernon's field,
Past which Potomac's peaceful waters flow,
Reclined hast thou upon thy sacred shield,
To sleep till the archangel's trumpet blow.
Around thy lone and ever-honored grave,
The Muses of thy noble country sing,
While the tall corn in plenty still shall wave,
To speak of Peace thy valiant sword did bring.
Rest peacefully, then, Patriot, Hero, Sage,
Best, brightest name to grace fair Clio's sacred page.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

I saw a smiling little boy,
Not to childish pastime given;
His countenance radiant with joy,
He seemed just ripe for Heaven.
I asked, "Where are thy parents dear?
Hast thou from them been riven?"
He said, "My parents are not here,
They have gone home to heaven."
A year had sped—I passed that way
On the eve of a balmy autumn day;
I asked, "Where is the charming orphan boy,
With face so radiant with joy?
Is he to the cold world driven?"
The answer was, "He had gone home to Heaven."

EDNA.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

Hear you not the night-wind moaning,
Sadly moaning all the time,
Like a spirit doomed to wander
O'er the earth for some dark crime?

Round the door it ever lingers,
Calling mortal aid in vain,
And with gaunt and spectral fingers,
Feebly knocks upon the pane.

Love I well to hear it wailing,
And I listen, pensively;
Strange sad thoughts, unearthly dreamings,
Mournfully it wakes in me.

Such a night did Edna leave us,
When she with Lord Ronald fled;
Better, ere she thus had grieved us,
She was numbered with the dead.

Yet my mother, we'd forgive her
Did she seek her home at last,
Kindly in our arms receive her,
Bidding her forget the past.

Ah! she loved Lord Ronald truly;
She was young and sweetly fair;
Loved—and we were all forgotten—
When Lord Ronald tarried here.

Dost remember, mother dearest,
The sad day before she went,
How the fleetly passing moments
By thy side she fondly spent?

And I marked her, mother dearest,
When was said the soft "good-night,"
How her cheek so sadly faded—
Faded to a marble white.

To her door I followed gently,
Raised the latch, and in I went,
And the thoughts that so oppressed me
Found in gushing tears a vent.

"Jessie, Jessie," murmured Edna,
"Weeping sister! Why is this?"
And she pressed with gentle fondness
On my brow a soothing kiss.

Spoke I not. My heart was breaking
'Neath some vague, uncertain woe;
Wept I, on her breast reclining,
Mother—and I slumbered so.

When from out that sleep, awaking,
I upon her pillow lay,
Through the half-divided curtain
Faintly streamed the dawning day.

Then we missed her. Oh, my mother,
Who our woe's excess can speak!
Not a father, not a brother—
Who the loved and lost could seek.

Mother dearest, you are weeping!
Why did I remembrance wake?
I should bear my grief in silence,
Oh, my mother, for thy sake.

Listen listen! on the night-blast
Heard you not a well-known tone?
Oh, it seemed so much, my mother,
Like my sister Edna's own!

There are feet upon the threshold!
And a hand is on the door—
Mother! mother!—it is Edna,
Coming back to us once more!

"Oh, forgive me! Oh, forgive me!"
Thus my sister Edna prayed—
"Oh, forgive me!" "Edna! Edna!"
That was all my mother said.

But she oped her arms unto her,
Drew her upward to her breast,
And in fair and tearful beauty
Bowed that gentle head to rest.

"Well I loved Lord Ronald, mother,
Ay, far better than my life;
Home I come to thee," said Edna,
"Proudly his acknowledged *wife*."

"Cared he not for rank or station,
But a loving heart sought he;
Mother, sister, love my husband—
See, he claims it now of ye."

Turned we then. He stood beside us,
Bending low with manly grace,
With his soul's true love for Edna

with his soul's true love for Euna
Lighting up his noble face.

We are happy, I and mother,
Now that all our care has gone;
Ever seems it like a shadow
Scarcely cast ere it had flown.

VETERAN SAILOR'S SONG.

BY "CARYL."

The flag that floats above us, boys,
So proudly in the gale,
Old Neptune never yet had seen,
When first I clewed a sail;
St. George's cross flamed o'er the seas
With undisputed sway,
With English oak, and British tars,
Beneath it, in that day.

The Stars and Stripes above us, boys,
Since then have been unfurled;
In tempest tried, baptized in blood;
'Tis the pride of Ocean-world!
And freer, nobler hearts sustain
Your banner floating proud;
Than e'er before Atlantic bore,
Or wrapped in seaman's shroud.

The glorious flag above us, boys,
Was ne'er disgraced in fight;
No foeman ever saw it struck,
But dearly bought the sight;
Wherever prow has cleft the waves,
In every zone and sea,
'Tis known and honored as the flag
Of a nation brave and free.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

Oh! remember the poor, said a sad little voice,
As the shadow of evening grew dim,
And the thick, heavy snow-flakes fell silently down,
Benumbing each half-covered limb;

Oh! remember the poor, and the face of the child
Was as white as the thick-falling snow,
And my heart, how it readily aided my hand,
In the little I had to bestow!

A smile checked the tear in her dim, sunken eye,
As she clasped the small alms in her hand,
And I thought what a joy in this bright world of ours,
The wealthy might have at command;

To purchase a smile from a grief-stricken heart,
To chase back the tear ere 'tis shed,
To call a glad look to a wan, saddened face,
With a pittance that scarce would buy bread.

Oh think, ye glad children of affluence, think,
As ye sit by the firelight's glow,
Yes, think, as it gleams on your carpeted floor,
Of the poor little feet in the snow.

Yes, think, as those gems glitter bright on thy hand,
With a light from the diamond's mine,
Of the little blue fingers benumbed with the cold,
That else were as dainty as thine.

God fashioned thee both—the poor, shivering child,
Alone in the cold winter night,
Who begs for its bread, and the pampered, who bask
Forever in luxury's light.

Then "remember the poor," for their wants are but few;
Let thy *much* but a *little* insure
To the needy; the world will be better, by far,
When the rich shall remember the poor.

A VALENTINE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

Fair as Lucrece, and as serenely cold,
Art thou, sweet maiden, with thine eyes of blue;
Thy tresses long, in bands of burnished gold,
Cast shadows o'er a cheek of rose-leaf hue.

The silken lashes of those violet eyes
Droop with a sunny curve from snowy lid,
Half shading all the purity that lies
Within their quiet depths so sweetly hid.

The matchless arching of thy coral lip,
The glittering pearl thy smile discloses,
Thy mouth, fresh as the dew the flowers sip,
And redolent of sweets as budding roses.

Too fair for my unskilful hand to trace!
Never a poet could thy charms combine,
Nor artist draw thee in thy winning grace
Unless a monarch of his art divine.

For such a boon, how dare my heart aspire?
Trembling, I bring its wealth of love to thee,
No Persian worshipper of flaming fire
E'er bent his god a more devoted knee.

DYING

BY BELL.

Is this dying? round me gathers
Such a silent, countless throng,
Beaming on me smiles that beckon,
As if I with them belong.

This is dying! raise my pillow;
Come and kiss me, mother dear;
When I'm gone away you'll miss me,
But for me weep not a tear.

Is this dying? waters rolling
Bear me on to yonder shore,
Love to Christ my bark has freighted,
Not a billow surges o'er.

This is dying! pain, returning,
Shows how nature clings to earth,
While the prisoned soul is panting
For the clime that gave it birth.

Is this dying? strains of music
Seem upon the air to float,
Such could only come from angels,
And I almost catch the note.

Now my crown and harp are coming,
Borne by seraphs' hands along,
And a robe of whitest linen
Clothes me like the angel throng.

Is this dying? pain may writhe me,
But has Death not lost his sting?
And since Christ has gone to glory,
Death is but a conquered king!

TO THE GAND'HRAJ. ^[A]

WRITTEN IN INDIA, BY MRS. E. LOCK.

Oh! beautiful Gánd'hraj! sweet is thy breath;
Thou art pale, too, as bearing the impress of Death,
Like the velvety touch of the Kokila's ^[B] wing,
Or the flakes that the snow-spirits playfully fling,
Are thy robings unstained by a glance from the sun;
To me thou art welcome, my beautiful one!

Like a penitent nun at the hour of prayer,
Thou inclinest to earth, though no shrive-priest be there,
Pale, innocent darling! would we were as pure,
Then ours the blessings that ever endure.
Gaze not downward so sadly, still bloom on thy stem,
Thou Nature's adornment! sweet, pearly-hued gem!

The fibre that links thee to life, ah! how slight!
The dealings of Death with the flowers are light;
The delicate tintings that vein thy array
Must be changed ere the scene dons its mantle of gray,
And heavenly ones thy aroma will bear
Away to the gardens more pure and more fair.

As the moon-ray dissolves on the lake's tranquil breast,
Or the morn-mists float off to their home in the west;
Like the iris that gladdens a moment our eyes,
With its colors prismatic, then blends with the skies,
Such peaceful and holy departure is thine;
Euthanasia like this, sweetest flow'ret, be mine!

Our readers will notice that the models for parlor window drapery are, as usual, furnished by Mr. W. H. Carryl, who is rare authority in such matters. Draperies arranged by him are shutting out the cold air from northern firesides, and excluding the already fervent glow of a southern sun. His constantly increasing establishment is filled with busy workmen; and the choicest materials that are manufactured abroad, whether in silk or lace, are to be found among his importations. Among the public calls upon his taste and skill, we notice particularly the fitting up of the La Pierre House, the new and model Philadelphia hotel; and, still more recently, the draperies of the State House at Harrisburg.

The La Pierre is situated on Broad, our finest street, and was opened to the public the past October. It is not one of the mammoth toy-shops now so much the rage, where everything is too fine to use, and comfort is swallowed up in carving and gilding. Comfort is, in fact, the distinguishing characteristic of the La Pierre, the rooms being of an inhabitable size, and furnished with united neatness and elegance, giving the traveller a cheerful welcome and a homelike feeling. To this the draperies of Mr. Carryl, which are found all through the house, even in the fifth story, contribute; for it is now an undisputed axiom in decorating, that nothing goes so far as curtains in furnishing a room. On the principal floor, we find the drawing-room windows draped with crimson, garnet, and gold brocatelle, finished by heavy cornices and the richest corresponding decorations, as will be seen in Fig. 1. which is nearly identical with the style. Of course, there are exquisite lace curtains, as in the plate, falling below. The reading and sitting-rooms, appropriated to the gentlemen, are made cheerful by crimson brocatelle draperies, while the tea-room is distinguished by the heavy green lambrequins, with their rich bullion fringe. It would take a practised eye to detect it from gold bullion, so perfect is the imitation. The effect, especially in the evening, is precisely the same. In the elegant suite of parlors on the second floor, Mr. Carryl has placed curtains of brocatelle, crimson, yellow, and green and gold, equally rich and suited to the style of the apartments, as in the drawing-room below (see Fig. 2); while throughout the bed-chambers, many entire suites, curtains of Paris stripe, in *satın laine*, give the cheerful aspect we at first noticed.

The bridal chamber—that modern abomination to good taste and common sense, yet demanded by the fashion of hotels—is, of course, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the whole house. Mr. Carryl has chosen "celestial *rosy* red, love's proper hue," instead of the pure white of the St. Nicholas, or the staring yellow of the Metropolitan, for the draperies of the apartment. A *rose* red, be it understood, of the most delicate shade, softened still more by the pure transparency of the lace embroideries falling from the rich canopy above the bed, or shrouding the broad arch that divides the two apartments—a triumphal arch to Mr. Carryl's decorative art. The whole house is decorated in good keeping with the already far-famed character of this luxurious hotel, which may be justly regarded as one of the most fashionable and distinguished in the United States.

The State House at Harrisburg is fitted from drawings made expressly for it, in a style now become classic in public buildings. The deep crimson India damask of our grandmothers' times, lined with white India silk—the most judicious choice, as it never grows yellow by age—is disposed in full folds above the Speaker's chair; and from these, which take the place of a lambrequin in a modern curtain, falls a similar heavy drapery to the floor. The whole is surmounted by a superbly carved eagle in gilt, with expanded wings, done expressly for Mr. Carryl from a life model. The curtains of the windows are to be in the same rich and simple style, and the clock has also a decorative drapery. The whole is arranged with a classic taste far more appropriate to the hall than modern French fripperies, and will add much to Mr. Carryl's rapidly growing celebrity in this branch of domestic art. Mr. Carryl has also furnished the State House at Austin, Texas, with rich brocatelle hangings, diversified with emblems and mottoes of the Southern State of the Gulf, all finished in superb style.

Through the very extensive establishment of Mr. Carryl, No. 169 Chestnut Street, our Southern and Western merchants can conveniently fill their orders for curtains and trimmings, gilt ornaments, &c., being sure to get the newest styles and the best qualities. The height from *floor* to top of *window-frame*, and width of frame at the top, should always accompany an order.

THE SALAMANCA AND THE MOSCOW WRAPPER.

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



THE SALAMANCA.

The engravings presented this month are so very dear in the design, that any person at all conversant with the fabrication of garments can construct either of them without the aid of any special information. We, however, will merely say that

THE SALAMANCA.

[168]

Is composed of maroon or black satin. The skirt is set in box plaits upon the yoke in the back; it is plain in front. The yoke is deep, and is pointed in front. The sleeves are flowing. A trimming of very deep black lace (from ten to twelve inches) ornaments the skirt and the bottom of the yoke. The whole is finished by a neat ornament made of a succession of small loops of No. 6 satin ribbon terminating in streamers.

THE MOSCOW WRAPPER.

(See Plate in front of Book.)

Consists of three three-quarter circular capes upon a circular skirt. The first is plain, the others full, and are of equal depth. The skirt, however, is about one-third less in depth below the capes than they are with each other. It may be constructed of cloth, but the one illustrated is of royal purple velvet, edged around each cape with royal ermine six inches wide. The bottom of the skirt, however, is wider, the fur there being eight inches. It is lined with white enamelled satin.

OUR PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.



This dress, which is a combination of the "Polka Jacket" and ordinary dress, is exceedingly pretty and elegant, and well calculated to show off the figure to advantage. It is made up in silk or French merino, and the trimming consists of broad ribbon velvet, about an inch in width, of the same color as the dress, or one in good contrast. To those who are averse to wearing the jacket as a single garment, this may form a pleasing substitute.

DESCRIPTION OF DIAGRAMS.

Fig. 1.—The front of body—the trimming to be brought up in the form of stomacher.

Fig. 2.—Back of body. Join *a* to *a* (Fig. 1), *b* to *b*, *c* to *c*, *d* to *d*.

[169]

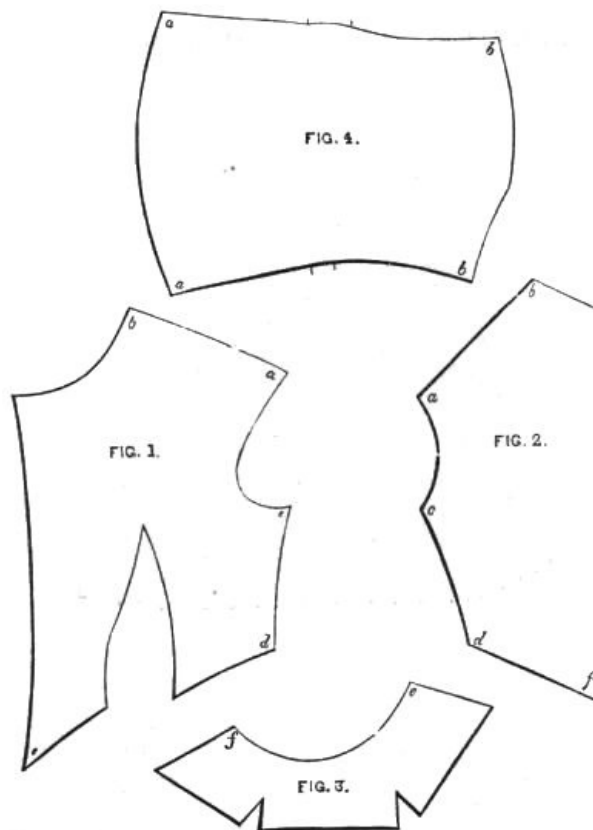


Fig. 3.—Jacket. Join *e* to *e* (Fig. 1) *f* to *f* (Fig. 2).
 Fig. 4.—Sleeve.



EMBROIDERY FOR SHIRTS.

[170]

NOVELTIES FOR THE COMING SEASON.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

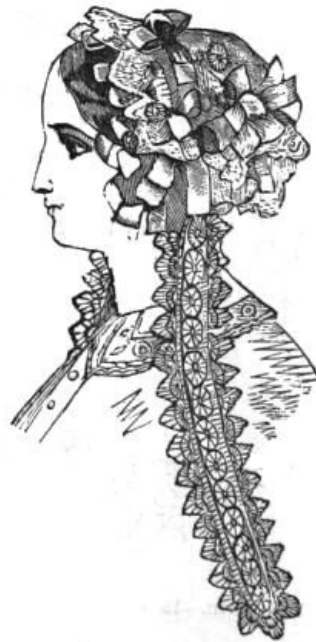


Fig. 3.

Fig. 1, it will be seen, approaches more to the style of the pelisse than the mantilla, a fashion that bids fair to be quite general the entire winter for outside garments, or *pardessus*, as the French call them. This, however, is intended for the milder season of spring, being made of rich violet-colored taffeta, trimmed with bows of thick satin ribbon, the same shade in front, and encircled by two falls of black lace.

[171]

Figs. 2 and 3 are breakfast caps, Fig. 2 being intended for a bride or young married lady, being composed of lace and close bows of rose-colored satin ribbon; the cap fits close to the head, a fall of broad ribbon coming behind the ear.

Fig. 3 is more novel in shape, and intended for an older person, the trimming encircling the face.

EMBROIDERED SCREEN.



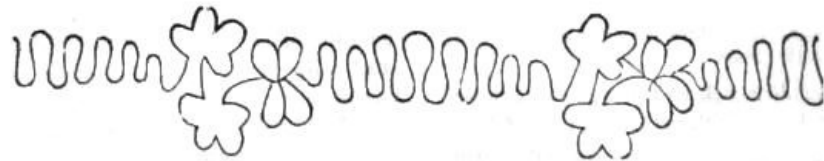
Materials.—Black satin, three shades of green chenille, gold twist, and gold beads.

Work the shamrock with the green chenille, veining the leaves with gold twist; the foliage in the background is also worked with green chenille. The frame-work of the harp is executed with beads, and the strings with twist. The wolf-hound is worked with brown chenille in embroidery stitch, as also are the stems of the shamrock and foliage.

PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY.

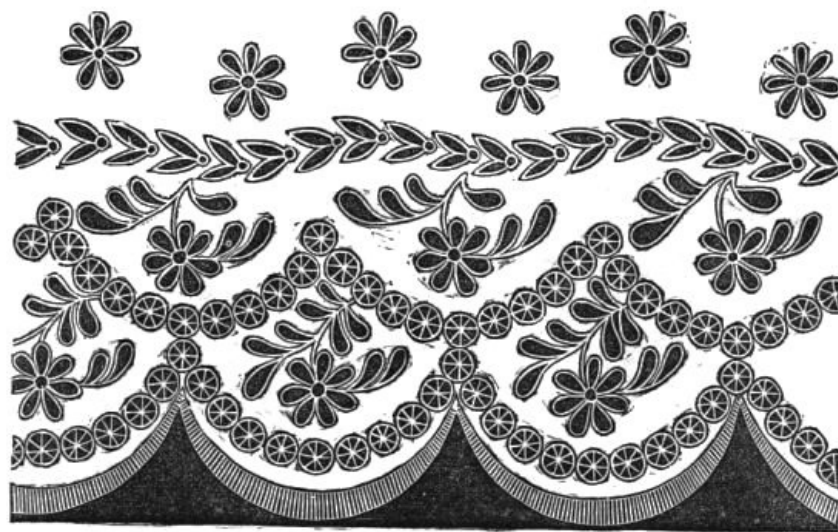


BRAID PATTERN.



[173]

PETTICOAT TRIMMING.—IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.



Materials.—French muslin, with royal embroidery cotton, No. 30, and Moravian, No. 24.

This engraving is on a scale just half the size of the original pattern. It is so strong that it is peculiarly adapted for jupons, which are worn, generally, most elaborately trimmed. The edge, which consists of a single scallop, is considerably raised; the Moravian cotton is to be used for this purpose. The wheels are all worked round in button-hole stitch, over a tracing of three threads, a rosette being in the centre of each. Indeed, if the entire pattern be overcast, instead of being sewed in the usual way, it will contribute much to the durability as well as the appearance

BRODERIE ANGLAISE FOR FLOUNCING.

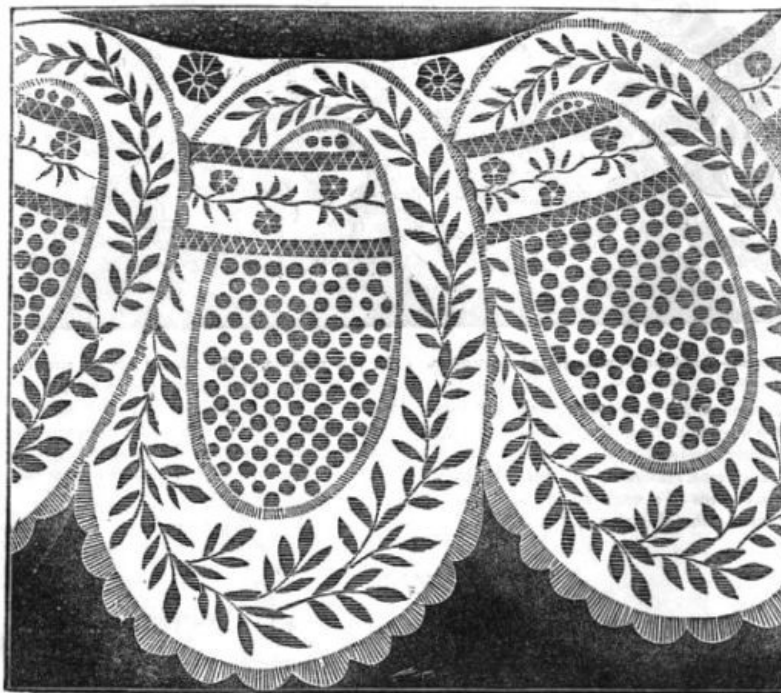
(See Blue Plate in front of Book.)

Material.—French embroidery cotton, No. 20.

This description of work, now so extremely fashionable for every description of dress, is usually done on fine jacconet muslin; and, to prepare the pattern, either of the following methods may be used: Place the muslin over the pattern, taking care to keep it even and tight; then, with a fine camel-hair brush, and a solution of indigo or powder blue, mixed with gum-water, copy the outline of the pattern, and, to continue it, take care, after one length of the design is drawn, to place the muslin so that the pattern joins correctly. The other method, which is useful for thicker material—take the design, and, with a fine penknife or scissors, cut out the blue parts of the pattern, place it over the material to be used, and trace it round the cut-out parts as above directed; pierce the small eyelet-hole with a stiletto. When the pattern is prepared, tack the muslin on a piece of oil-cloth (green is the best color to work on for all descriptions of embroidery); run twice round the outline of the pattern with the cotton used double, and join the open spaces, cut a small piece out of the centre of the rounds and ovals, and, with the single cotton, work the edges in overcast stitch—the cotton run round, and the edges cut, forming the foundation. In the parts between the ovals and rounds, when there is only a small division of muslin, the whole should be overcast so as to form one bar between the open spaces. Repeat the same for the ovals which form the scallop round the outer edge, the diamonds of twelve ovals, and the rounds which form the Vandykes. The remainder of the pattern is worked in the same manner; but, instead of the overcast stitch, the open spaces are to be sewn thickly over. A small portion only of the pattern should be cut out at a time; and, should the design be worked on a fine material, use cotton No. 24 or 30.

[174]

EMBROIDERED COLLAR.



Materials.—French muslin, with embroidery cottons, Nos. 70 and 50; and boar's head sewing cotton, No. 90.

As the popularity of embroidery in muslin has become greater during the past year than it had been for a long period previous to it, so the skill of the majority of lady-workers has greatly increased; and we can now venture on presenting them with designs of a more elaborate nature than we have hitherto done, in the hope that our friends will be tempted, by the novel style of the pattern, to try the effect of a blending of the open work with satin-stitch.

The medallions are given of the full size, and any number may be used for a collar, according to the taste of the wearer. One half must fall in one direction, and the other half in the opposite one. Perhaps the design may appear hardly deep enough to those who are accustomed to the outrageous size of some of the mousquetaire collars; but very large collars are entirely exploded, and the dimensions of this now given are quite in accordance with the mode.

The design is so clearly seen in the engraving that no description of it is required. The finest embroidery cotton is to be used for the satin-stitch, and for sewing round the eyelet-holes; the coarser for the button-hole stitch; the boar's head cotton for the herring-bone.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Our American Peripatetics—that is, travelling lecturers—are now, and have been since last October, in full voice among us. To number the amount of "good sentences and well pronounced" uttered by these popular instructors during the season, would require the assistance of a calculating machine. Let us hope the effect of all this speechifying may be salutary. At any rate, none will deny that the general tendency of this mode of evening entertainments is innocent, and if the knowledge thus acquired is not of great amount, the love of knowledge is warmed into new life, and the desire to improve awakened; and then, women are admitted to these lessons of literature and philosophy, a vital improvement on the Aristotelian platform. Let the educator be rightly instructed—woman is the educator of the race—and who shall set bounds to the progress of humanity? But the lectures—among those we have heard or read, as reported for the press, none pleased us better than one on Poetry, by Mr. Saxe; one on "Books," by Mr. Giles; and the series on "The Poetry of Poets," by Dr. Holmes. The lecture on "Books" was, perhaps, the most original, and a few paragraphs we will select as illustrative of the style and tone of thought.

The Power of Books.—"Fragments of divine biography swept away the bloody power of the Cæsars, and books may set in action the most resistless natures—overturn and obliterate empires. The elements, even, are weak to what a book may be. The most accessible, the most manageable, it may possess that which will change nations, and make empires disappear.

* * * * *

"When we inquire what it is that causes the words of men to live upon the earth after they have departed, we may say, Truth; but that is undefinable: but if we could arrive at the greatest cause, we would say, Humanity—those attributes which constitute man's universal nature.

Of Books, good and bad.—"A good book is among the best of good things, and its contents are embalmed and treasured up 'to life above life.' Good is not alone that which is fact, but that which gives impulse—which does not flatter into content, but quickens into inspiration; and while a good book is the best of good things, a bad book is the worst of bad things. But we must take a free literature with its imperfections as well as its advantages, for an inquisition of literature would be no more tolerable than an inquisition of religion. Preaching, even, on bad books is worse than vain—it only advertises them, and makes the hearer eager to read and examine their contents, for how can the preacher know that it is a bad book unless he reads it? and why are his hearers not as capable to judge as well as himself? The true guard against them is education, and the next step is to treat them with silence and contempt. There are those who desire a book as a living companion of the mind; and to such, a good work is society to his loneliness—a balm to his troubles—a friend to the friendless—wealth to the poor, and moreover, can keep the mind in action though the body dies.

The Pleasures of Books.—"There is a joy in books which those alone can know who read them with desire and with enthusiasm; as from time to time there were books which created order out of disorder, and made states, and shaped empires. By books we can accompany the traveller, and take a voyage with the navigator, see what they have seen, and thus go back to other days, and other times; can listen to eloquence which was not so much the thought, of man as of nations, and read speeches of men who incarnate whole civilized nations in their views—whose impulse was the common heart. There is a genius for reading as well as for writing, and there are probably as few successful readers as writers—that is, those who come in material relation to the meaning of the author; for, without imbibing the spirit of the writer, there can be no criticism."

LITERATURE FOR LADIES.

Among the books of interest lately published, we must place the last work^[C] by Miss Bremer, which needs to be read in the spirit of the writer—that is, in the love of the true and the good, which she deeply manifests, in order to be justly appreciated. We gave in our last number a short notice of this remarkable work, intending to prepare a longer critique for this month; and regret we have been hindered from completing our intention. But as the work cannot now be readily obtained, our readers who have not read it, will, we are sure, be gratified by a few selections expressive of Miss Bremer's opinions concerning the position, prospects, and progress of American women.

The Ideal of Man and Woman in America.—"The ideal of the men of America seems to me to be, purity of intention, decision in will, energy in action, simplicity and gentleness in demeanor. Hence it is that there is something tender and chivalric in his behavior to women, which is infinitely becoming to him. In every woman he respects his own mother.

"In the same way it appeared to me that the ideal of the women of America, of the women of the New World, is independence in character, gentleness of demeanor and manner. The American's ideal of happiness seems to me to be, marriage and home, combined with public activity.

"Of the American home, I have seen enough and heard enough for me to be able to say that the women have, in general, all the rule there that they wish to have. Woman is the centre and lawgiver in the homes of the New World, and the American man loves that it should be so. I must, however, say, that in the happy homes in which I lived, I saw the wife equally careful to guide herself by the wishes of her husband, as he was to indulge her; affection and sound reason make all things equal."

Female Education in America.—"The educational institutions for women are, in general, much superior to those of Europe, and perhaps the most important work which America is doing for the future of humanity, consists in her treatment and education of woman. Woman's increasing value as a *teacher*, and the employment of her as such in public schools, even in those for boys, is a public fact in these States; which greatly delights me. Seminaries have been established to educate her for this vocation. It even seems as if the daughters of New England had a peculiar faculty and love for this employment. Young girls of fortune devote themselves to it. The daughters of poor farmers go to work in the manufactories a sufficient time to earn the necessary sum to put themselves to school, and thus to become teachers in due course. Whole crowds of school teachers go from New England to the Western and Southern States, where schools are established and placed under their direction. In the schools for young ladies, they learn the classics, mathematics, physics, algebra, with great ease, and pass their examination like young men. Not long since, a young lady in Nantucket,^[D] not far from Boston, distinguished herself in astronomy; discovered a new planet, and received in consequence a medal from the King of Denmark."—Vol. i. pp. 190, 191.

[176]

Woman the Physician for her own Sex.—"When one reflects how important for future generations is the proper estimation of the woman and the child, how much depends upon diet, upon that fostering which lies beyond the sphere of the physician and his oversight, and which woman alone can rightly understand, who can doubt the importance of the female physician, in whose case science steps in to aid natural sense, and to constitute her the best helper and counsellor of women and children? That women have a natural feeling and talent for the vocation of physician, is proved by innumerable instances from the experience of all ages and people, and it is a shame and a pity that men have not, hitherto, permitted these to be developed by science.

* * * * *

"In the old times, the physician was also the priest, and consecrated to holy mysteries. The descendants of Æsculapius were considered a holy race, and among them were also women; the daughter of Æsculapius Hygeia, one of them, was called the Goddess of Health. Of this race came Hippocrates. We now talk about Hygeia, but we only talk. She must be recalled to earth, she must have room given her, and justice done her, if she is to present the earth with a new Hippocrates."—Vol. i. pp. 143, 144.

Family Affections in America.—"The family relationship between parents and children seems to me particularly beautiful, especially as regards the parents towards the children. The beautiful maternal instinct is inborn in the American woman, at least, in all its fervent, heart-felt sentiment; and better and more affectionate family-fathers than the men of America, I have seen no where in the world. They have in particular a charming weakness for—daughters, and God bless them for it! I hope the daughters may know how to return it with interest."—Vol. i. p. 337.

The American Thanksgiving.—"After breakfast, we went to church, for this day (Thanksgiving) is as sacred throughout the country.

* * * * *

"Why have not we, why have not all people such a festival in the year? It has grown here out of the necessities of the nobler popular heart; it is the ascribing of our highest earthly blessings to their heavenly Giver. We, in Sweden, have many publicly appointed days for prayer, but none for Thanksgiving; it is not right and noble."

Such was Miss Bremer's appreciation of our Thanksgiving Festival, and thus it will be approved and followed in all Christendom, when the popular heart and voice shall bear sway. A national Thanksgiving Day!—If this could once be established in our own land, Americans would soon introduce its observance and cheerful festivities into every part of the world where they are found, and thus, our American Thanksgiving would be the example for all people.

The last Thursday in November has these advantages—harvests of all kinds are then gathered in—summer travellers have returned to their homes—the diseases that, during summer and early autumn, often afflict some portions of our country, have ceased, and all are prepared to enjoy a day of Thanksgiving. The unanimity was nearly perfect last November; still it would be better to have the *day* so fixed by the expression of public sentiment that no discord would be possible, but, from Maine to Mexico, from Plymouth Rock to Sunset Sea, the hymn of thanksgiving should

be simultaneously raised, as the pledge of brotherhood in the enjoyment of God's blessings during the year. How this national festival can be made sure, we must leave to those who have the guidance of public affairs; but we do earnestly desire to see the *last Thursday in November* become the fixed time for this American jubilee.

A TRUE HEROINE.—Margaret of Valois, sister of Francis I. of France, was the most celebrated woman of the seventeenth century, and deservedly esteemed for her piety as well as great talents. Theodore de Bèze thus eulogizes Margaret: "Her name is worthy of perpetual honor, on account of her piety and the holy zeal she manifested for the advancement and preservation of the Church of God, so that to her we owe the life of many a good man."

To Margaret, also, is due the glory of elucidating the true principles of royal government, which no man of that age understood or taught. She says: "Kings and princes are not the masters and lords of the multitude, but only ministers whom God has established to serve and protect them."

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.—A school for street children has recently been established in Brooklyn, N. Y., by an association of ladies, which is supported entirely by voluntary contribution. In order to induce the children to attend regularly, a good dinner is provided every day. The number of scholars—all girls—at the present time, is thirty.

This plan might be adopted in every city, and thus the saddest sorrow of humanity, the sufferings of childhood from the want, ignorance, or wickedness of their parents be greatly alleviated. Christian ladies of Philadelphia, will you not enter on this good work?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted, and will appear as we have room: "Vesuvius," "Niagara," "Little Effie," "The Maniac's Parting Salute," "The Lady Doctor," "A Patient of the Insane Hospital," "The Last Banquet of the Girondists," "The Wanderer's Return," "The Was, and the Is," "I was robbed of my Spirit's Love," "Mary," and "Home, Sister, Home."

The following articles are declined: "Idylls," "The Venetian Girl," "I'm Sad," "Woman's Heart," "André's Prayer to Washington," "The Angel's Whisper," "Lines to a Bride," "True Love for True Love," "Cui Bono?" "The Future," "A Tradition of Sicily," and "Morning Dreams."

A number of articles on hand have not been examined, for want of time. The writers will, we trust, wait patiently another month.

Literary Notices.

[177]

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 HENRY CAREY BAIRD (successor to E. L. Carey), No. 7 Hart's Buildings, Sixth Street above Chestnut, Philadelphia:—

SPECIMENS OF THE BRITISH POETS; *with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry.* By Thomas Campbell, Esq. This is a new edition, revised and with additional notes, of a work which has long since passed the ordeal of criticism unscathed. Nothing more remains to us, therefore, than to notice the beautiful appearance of the present edition, with its appropriate illustrations, elegant binding, and attractive typography. But of this few need be told. Mr. Baird's poetical publications are already celebrated.

From BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia:—

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By William B. Carpenter, M. D., F. R. S., Examiner in Physiology in the University of London, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in University College, etc. With a preface by D. F. Condie, M. D., Secretary of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, etc. The author of this essay takes strong ground against the habitual use of alcoholic liquors, even in moderate quantities. Medically, he favors their employment in certain cases; but with the same precautions that are observed in administering "any other powerful remedy which is poisonous in large doses." With a view to its circulation as an auxiliary in the temperance cause, Dr. Condie, the American editor, has added to the popular elements of the work by explaining concisely, yet clearly, its technical language; while Messrs. Blanchard & Lea have prepared copies in flexible cloth, suitable for mailing, which they will forward, free of postage, to any part of the United States, on receipt of fifty cents. For \$30, one hundred copies may be obtained, the purchaser to pay freight charges.

A HISTORY OF ROMAN CLASSICAL LITERATURE. By R. W. Browne, M. A., Ph. D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. Unlike the generality of works of its class, this volume is not made up wholly of the names of authors and the titles of their works. These, however, it does not omit; but there is nothing dry or

uninteresting in their enumeration. Well adapted for the use of classes in schools, it need not be shunned by such readers as desire a graceful style and entertaining narrative, while they would be fully informed with regard to the subject upon which it treats.

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

LINES FOR THE GENTLE AND LOVING. By Thomas MacKellar. A modest-looking, but charmingly printed little collection of unpretending poems, which, though they may not possess the sublimer elements of poesy, are nevertheless well calculated to touch the heart and excite it to tender and generous action.

A DICTIONARY OF DOMESTIC MEDICINE AND HOUSEHOLD SURGERY. By Spencer Thomson, M. D. First American from the last London edition. Revised, with additions, by Henry H. Smith, M. D. A work of this kind should be found in every family. It would prove an invaluable assistant to a mother, or those who have the care of the family. Diseases are described simply and clearly; all the ordinary medicines are treated of, and their use explained; and, although it by no means takes the place of the physician, yet it would be of great use in an innumerable number of cases, especially where the aid and advice of a medical practitioner cannot be readily obtained. The names of the compiler and editor are a sufficient guarantee for the correctness of the work.

From LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE; *or, Transcendental Gastronomy. Illustrated by Anecdotes of Distinguished Artists and Statesmen of both Continents (Europe and America)*. By Brillat Savarin. Translated from the last Paris edition, by Fayette Robinson. A book for epicureans, gastronomists, and the admirers of Parisian wit; but one which, with all its peculiar merits, we cannot consider an extremely desirable addition to our translated literature.

From LEARY & GETZ, No. 138 North Second Street, Philadelphia:—

THE LIFE AND SPEECHES OF HENRY CLAY. Two volumes in one. In this very heavy volume of more than a thousand pages, we have a succinct narrative, somewhat partisan in its tone, of the career of the great statesman and orator, together with full and correct reports of all his more important speeches, from that "On the Line of the Perdido," to the later effort in support of the "Compromise Bills."

From WILLIS P. HAZARD, No. 178 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN FAMILY ROBINSON; *or, the Adventures of a Family Lost in the Great Desert of the West*. By D. W. Belisle. With illustrations. Aside from its interest as a tale abounding in strange and stirring adventures, with which the young cannot fail to be delighted, this volume will prove attractive to "the larger growth" of children, as one imparting in a pleasant way all the existing knowledge with regard to those antiquities of the Great West which render it wellnigh certain that those wilds were once peopled—centuries ago, perhaps—with a race infinitely more cultivated than the restless, barbarous tribes that now wander there. Pleased with the design and execution of the literary portion of this entertaining work, we must also notice the beautiful appearance of its typography and binding, and the excellence of its four steel plate illustrations.

From D. APPLETON & Co., No. 200 Broadway, New York, through C. G. HENDERSON & Co., corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia:—

AN ATTEMPT TO EXHIBIT THE TRUE THEORY OF CHRISTIANITY AS A CONSISTENT AND PRACTICAL SYSTEM. By William S. Grayson. The author of this volume displays much ingenuity of argument and originality of thought in his discussion of questions so momentous as those of man's fall, redemption, and free moral agency. His "object," he informs us, "has been primarily to reconcile the philosophy of reason with the spiritual laws of the Gospel."

THE HEARTH-STONE: *Thoughts upon Home-Life in our Cities*. By Samuel Osgood, author of "Studies in Christian Biography," "God with Men; or, Footprints of Providential Leaders," etc. Mr. Osgood's reflections show him to be a man of kindly feelings, Christian sympathy, and cultivated intellect. His book is a most acceptable one. None who love the peaceful joys and quiet beauties of home should be without it.

[178]

THE INVALID'S OWN BOOK: *a Collection of Recipes from various Books and various Countries*. By the Hon. Lady Cust. In its peculiar province, this is an invaluable little book.

A WEEK'S DELIGHT; *or, Games and Stories for the Parlor and Fireside*. Prepared for the use of the young. This volume of entertaining games and stories will, we doubt not, find a welcome reception in families who love their children, and wish them to enjoy themselves innocently.

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

HISTORY OF THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA; *with Notices of the Christianity, Creed, and Proclamations of the Insurgents*. By MM. Callery and Yvan. Translated from the French, with a supplementary chapter, narrating the most recent events, by John Oxenford. With a fac-simile of

a Chinese map of the course of the insurrection, and a portrait of Tien-Te, its Chief. Probably no movement of modern times presents so important an aspect as that of the revolution now going on in the great empire of the "Celestials." To those desiring information with regard to its origin, leaders, and progress, the work under notice will prove interesting and acceptable.

THE CZAR AND THE SULTAN; *or, Nicholas and Abdul Medjid: their Private Lives and Public Actions.* By Adrian Gilson. To which is added, "The Turks in Europe: their Rise and Decadence." By Francis Bouvet. Like the foregoing volume, this little work has been brought out to meet the demand created by stirring events of the day. Giving a clear and concise statement of the character and antecedents of the two monarchs, upon whose doings the attention of half the world has of late been riveted, it also contains an account of the past and present condition of the Turkish empire, in which the manners, customs, and religion of the people are treated of briefly, but comprehensively.

HISTORY OF GREECE. By George Grote, Esq. Vol. 11. Reprinted from the London edition. In this volume, the learned historian brings down his narrative to the death of Philip of Macedon. One other volume, embracing the reign of Alexander, will conclude the work.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN ABERNETHY, F. R. S. *With a View of his Lectures, Writings, and Character.* By George Macilwain, F. R. C. S., author of "Medicine and Surgery," "One Inductive Science," etc. This work the author confesses to have been a labor of love. Both his heart and intellect were with the great physician, whose life and character he has so skilfully delineated that, while the medical practitioner cannot fail to peruse his account with profit, the general reader will find himself continually and deeply interested in it. With regard to Abernethy's rudeness, of which so many anecdotes have been related, Professor Macilwain remarks: "His manner was at times, and in all serious cases, and to hospital patients, as unaffectedly kind as could be desired. On many occasions of minor import, his impulsiveness of character led him to say things which, however much we may palliate, we shall not attempt to excuse." But "his roughness was really superficial. It was the easiest thing in the world to develop the real kindness of heart which lay beneath it."

LIFE OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, HISTORICAL PAINTER, *from his Autobiography and Journals.* Edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, of the Inner Temple, Esq., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and late Professor of the English Language and Literature in University College, London. "My task," says the editor of these two thick volumes, "has been that of presenting the self-portraiture, which Haydon left behind him, in such a light as may show the work intelligibly.... It is not the biography of Haydon, but his *autobiography*—not a life of him by me, but his life by himself." And, truly, Mr. Taylor has performed his part with discrimination and judgment. Strangely interesting is the record that has thus been given us of the great but unfortunate painter's struggles through the world. Even as a study of character, it will not lack readers.

HISTORY OF THE CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA. *From the Letters and Journals of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents not before made public.* By William Forsyth, M. A., author of "Hortensius," and "History of Trial by Jury;" late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In two volumes. Nothing relative to the first Napoleon, however trifling, can be valueless or unattractive. The work before us is an important one, and of deep interest, inasmuch as it is a very full, though not unprejudiced account of the captivity and last days of the great Corsican. But, while acknowledging the historical value of Mr. Forsyth's labors, we reserve to ourselves the opinion that his special pleading in behalf of Sir Hudson Lowe and the British government will fall far short of its intended effect.

From M. W. DODD, opposite the City Hall, New York, through WILLIS P. HAZARD, 176 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

OLD SIGHTS WITH NEW EYES. By a Yankee. With an introduction by Robert Baird, D. D. Written in a concise, plain, and yet graceful style, this little volume of European travels will be found an entertaining and useful guide to any one designing to pursue the route adopted by its author; who, we are told, is a "young New England clergyman, whose modesty" has constrained him from presenting his name to the public.

From J. S. REDFIELD, 110 and 112 Nassau Street, New York, through W. B. ZIEBER, Philadelphia:—

MINNESOTA AND ITS RESOURCES. To which are added Camp-Fire Sketches; or, Notes of a Trip from St. Paul to Pembina and Selkirk Settlement on the Red River of the North. By J. Wesley Bond. Lying along and around the head waters of the Mississippi, the new Territory of Minnesota offers one of the most attractive homes for emigration. For the variety and picturesqueness of its scenery, the salubrity of its climate, and the number and completeness of its agricultural advantages, it is scarcely equalled by any other portion of our country. As containing a comprehensive, clear, and pleasantly-written account of the past history and present condition of Minnesota, the work before us will be found indispensable by those designing to emigrate there, while the general reader will derive from it much valuable information, with a great deal that may prove entertaining.

A MONTH IN ENGLAND. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Favored by the completeness of the railway system of England, Mr. Tuckerman was enabled to inspect many more "specimens" of that country's peculiarities than we might have expected him to do in so brief a visit. With quick and cultivated powers of observation, refined in his tastes, well-informed in all that relates to literature and art, and mastering an elegant style, he has succeeded in investing his pen pictures

of well-known scenes with all the attractive brightness of novelty, yet retaining the mellow softness of tone so well suited to the character of the subjects.

From DERBY & MILLER, Auburn, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

[179]

LITTLE FERNS. By Fanny Fern. We have received this most agreeable little book, which is full of the peculiar characteristics of Fanny's mode of writing. The work is worthy of her, and she has given us some of the most beautiful children's stories we have ever read. The first edition was 20,000. We presume now it is 40,000.

From C. M. SAXTON, Agricultural Book Publisher, New York:—

LANDSCAPE GARDENING; *or, Parks and Pleasure Grounds. With Practical Notes on Country Residences, Villas, Public Parks, and Gardens.* By Charles H. G. Smith, Landscape Gardener, Garden Architect, etc. With notes and additions. By Lewis F. Allen, author of "Rural Architecture," etc. We have already spoken favorably of this excellent and most desirable volume. For the benefit of our distant subscribers, who may wish to send for the work, we may state that its price is \$1 25.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE. By Lewis F. Allen. Containing numerous designs for cottage and other residences, farm-houses and out-buildings, carriage and wagon-houses, stables, poultry-houses, piggery, barns, and sheds for cattle. Also, the best method of conducting water into cattle-yards and houses, &c. &c. Containing an immense number of designs beautifully engraved. We can furnish our subscribers at \$1 25. A very cheap work.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, Nassau Street, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

UP THE RIVER. By F. W. Shelton, author of "Rector of St. Bardolph's," and "Salander the Dragon." With illustrations from original designs. This is a series of letters professedly written from a country-seat, "up the river," and somewhere in the vicinity of that most beautiful portion of the Hudson, the Tappaan Sea. Suns setting lovely and uprising gloriously, Shanghai chickens, cottages, pig-styes, cows, horses, playful lambs, delightful landscapes, and all the pains, pleasures, and occupations of rural life during the year, are here talked of in the most natural way in the world; but in good taste withal, and with hearty, genial, delicate humor. Nor are literary topics left untouched; while, occasionally, a sage reflection is thrown in unobtrusively, yet so as to attract thoughtful attention. The volume will enhance the already high reputation of its author, and deserves, as it will obtain, many and admiring readers.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

HEALTH TRIP TO THE TROPICS. By N. Parker Willis. We have here collected and printed, in one elegant volume, the interesting letters, already given to the public through the columns of the "Home Journal," which were written by Willis during his "health trip" to the West Indies, and to several of our western and north-western States. These letters bear no evidence of their author's having been in any condition but that of cheerful health, and contain many piquant reflections and observations, along with much useful information with regard to the places and peoples visited.

AUTUMN HOURS AND FIRESIDE READING. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. Such as are so fortunate as to possess Mrs. Kirkland's two previous miscellanies may form some idea of the perfection to which the engraver, the printer, and the binder have carried their respective arts in the preparation of this exquisite volume. Its contents are worthy the grace and beauty in which they are enshrined. Still better, like a pure heart in a fair body, they have qualities that will long outlast their exterior elegance. Wit, humor, philosophy, and sentiment, all of a tender, womanly kind, pervade the various tales, sketches, and essays of which the book is composed, and cannot fail to render it what it was intended to be—something to amuse the "cool, delicious hours that relieve the summer exhaustion, and incline the mind to quiet reading."

THE BLOODSTONE. By Donald MacLeod, author of "Pynnhurst," "Life of Sir Walter Scott," etc. Pleasant, fascinating, and tenderly natural are the pictures of boy-hood and home-life in the earlier portions of this simple little story. What follows, "over the sea," abounds with thrilling scenes and touching, healthy sentiment. Purely English in its style, and eminently moral in its tone, this "new venture" of Mr. MacLeod will add fresh lustre to his already brilliant reputation.

From EVANS & BRITTAN, New York:—

BOOK OF SONGS FOR CHILDREN. Illustrated to the heart's content of any child. A very beautiful collection of songs and very pretty engravings. Evans & Brittan deserve the thanks of everybody having children for the admirable works for the young they have published. They have two of the best writers of children's stories in this or any other country—Cousin Alice and Mrs. Manners. May they prosper! We can furnish the above for 75 cents in cloth, and in cloth, gilt extra, for \$1. "The Schoolfellow for Boys and Girls," a magazine we have often praised, price \$1 a year, is also published by the same firm.

From EVANS & BRITTAN, New York, through J. W. MOORE, Philadelphia:—

PRETTY POLL: A PARROT'S OWN HISTORY. Edited by the author of "The Amyott's Home," "Older and Wiser," etc. With illustrations by Harrison Weir. Quite an interesting little story, intended to be read by children, whom it cannot fail to please as well as instruct.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF SONGS FOR CHILDREN. The engravings from designs by Birket Foster. A very neat volume, prettily illustrated. Most of the songs in it are from the German. The airs to which many of them are adapted come evidently from the same source.

From G. P. PUTNAM & Co., 10 Park Place, New York:—

LYRICS FROM THE "WIDE, WIDE WORLD." The words by W. H. Bellamy. The music by C. W. Glover. None of the numerous readers of the "Wide, Wide World" should be without this beautiful volume.

A DAY IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE. This work may be termed a memento of the Crystal Palace. It is a beautiful book, containing the finest of the specimens of statuary, and other articles of special interest in the Palace. The engravings are amongst the finest specimens we have ever seen, and the whole work reflects great credit on its able author, W. C. Richards, A. M.

From GARRETT & Co., New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR. This work is compiled from the journals, letters, and memoranda of the late Yankee Hill. The illustrations are original. Poor Hill! we knew him well. "He was the noblest *Yankee* of them all." The journal is very amusing, and gives the eventful and amusing scenes in the life of an actor with great truth. There are many side-splitting scenes in the "Life," reminiscences of the great "stars" of the day, and amusing scenes with some of the lesser lights. In fact, it is one of the most amusing books we have ever read.

[180]

From TICKNOR, REED, & FIELDS, Boston, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

HUFELAND'S ART OF PROLONGING LIFE. Edited by Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S. Our everyday observation is conclusive of the fact that the art of shortening existence is one with which but few are unacquainted; yet the majority of men have the desire, if they do not act upon it, to add to the number of the days of their earthly pilgrimage. For such the philosophic Hufeland, at one time professor of medicine in the University of Jena, has prepared the little volume under notice. Stored with valuable facts and hints, and sound advice, which, if attended to, must inevitably contribute towards health and longevity, the work will, we hope, soon become as popular here as it has long since been in Germany.

From JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston and Cambridge:—

LUCY HERBERT; *or, the Little Girl who would have an Education.* By Estelle. With eight engravings. This is a very pretty and simply told story of successful effort and self-discipline. The heroine, left an orphan and dependent on her own exertions at a very early age, resolves to carry out her mother's strong desire that her little Lucy should be an educated woman, fitted as well to occupy an elevated station as the more humble one which seemed her lot. Her perseverance in pursuing this object, and the happy termination of her labors, are related in an easy and agreeable style.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL: *a Series of Readings and Discourses thereon.* In two volumes. The first volume of this work has long been a familiar and favorite book with us. To read it is like holding familiar converse with a man of a large, generous, and kindly heart, and with an intellect at once deep, comprehensive, and penetrating into the very pith and marrow of the subject discussed. Vexed political questions, and those connected with our social life and happiness, are viewed with thoughtful consideration and an evident desire to look on both sides with impartiality; and, mingled with this, there is a genial undercurrent of humor and fancy, which makes the book an attractive one even to those who generally avoid the abstruser subjects. The clear and simple, yet elegant style in which the work is written shows that the author is a man of high cultivation as well as of earnest thought.

NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia: "First Love. A Story of Woman's Heart." By Eugene Sue. This is said to be the author's best book. Powerful, pathetic, and witty, by turns, and of exciting interest, it undoubtedly is; but we can discover no other merit in a hasty examination of its pages. Far more to be read and admired, if not so intricate in plot or so lively in narration, are the two companion volumes, from the same publishers, respectively entitled, "The Iron Rule; or, Tyranny in the Household," and "The Lady at Home; or, Happiness in the Household." When we state that those interesting, naturally written, lifelike fictions are from the pen of T. S. Arthur, no one need be told of their excellence. Happy will it be if the lessons, so pleasingly and so touchingly inculcated by them, take root in the hearts of many and bear their proper fruit—charity, peace, humanity, and love.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia: "Charles

Auchester. A Memorial." By E. Berger. This purports to be the autobiography of a musical artist, portraying, in a somewhat sentimental, though not unattractive style, the early impulses and maturer struggles of one bountifully endowed with the tender and childlike feelings which the world is pleased to allot to the softer types of genius.

From A. Hart (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia: "Old England and New England, in a Series of Views taken on the Spot." By Alfred Bunn, author of "The Stage Before and Behind the Curtain." Two volumes of the London edition complete in one. We have received, with the publisher's respects, a cheap American reprint of this volume of travels through the United States. As containing anecdotes and sketches of sixty or seventy of our notabilities, it will create some stir and attract many readers. With the usual amount of cant in regard to the "spitting" propensities of our population, we find much amusing matter, and no little philosophic consideration for manners and customs undoubtedly strange and singular to a thorough-bred Englishman. Mr. Bunn, while peregrinating the States, must have encountered an unusual number of our "fast men," who seem to have passed upon him for truth many of the broadly-humorous, if not profane stories, the relation of which is one of their peculiar amusements.

From Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston, through T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "Hearts and Faces; or, Home-Life Unveiled." By Paul Creyton, author of "Father Brighthopes," etc. This is a charming little collection of domestic tales and sketches, making no pretensions to literary merit, but really possessing it in a high degree.

From J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia: "The Yemassee; a Romance of Carolina." By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., author of "The Partisan," "Guy Rivers," "Martin Faber," "Richard Hurdis," "Border Beagles," etc. This is a new and revised edition of a standard romance, of whose acknowledged merits it is not necessary for us to speak.

From H. Long & Brothers, 43 Ann Street, New York: "The Old Doctor; or, Stray Leaves from my Journal: being Sketches of the most interesting Reminiscences of a Retired Physician." A volume of well-told, thrilling, and instructive tales, the character of which is sufficiently shown by the title of the collection.

From D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New York, through C. G. Henderson & Co., Philadelphia: "The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi." A Series of Sketches. By Joseph G. Baldwin. Many of these sketches, which are mostly humorous, have already been admired and laughed at, as they appeared from time to time in the "Southern Literary Messenger."

From Lamport, Blakeman, & Low, 8 Park Place, New York, through H. C. Baird, Philadelphia: "The Ladies' Glee-Book: a Collection of Choice and Beautiful Glee's, for three Female Voices; in English, French, and Italian. Designed for the Use of Classes, School Exhibitions, and to add to the Pleasures of the Home Circle." Translated, adapted, arranged, and composed, with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, by Henry C. Watson. Recommended by Wallace, Strakosch, and Maretzek.

From Garrett & Co., 18 Ann Street, New York, through T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia: "Romantic Incidents in the Lives of the Queens of England." By J. P. Smith, Esq., author of "Stanfield Hall," "Amy Lawrence," etc. This is a deeply interesting volume of semi-historical sketches.

From Moore, Anderson, Wilstach, & Keys, Cincinnati, through Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., Philadelphia: "Mrs. Ben Darby; or, the Weal and Woe of Social Life." By A. Maria Collins. This is a graphic story of real life, from the pen of a western authoress, who, if we may judge by her present volume, is a lady of superior abilities.

[181]

From Hermann J. Meyer, 164 William Street, New York: Parts 8 and 9, Vol. 2, of "Meyer's Universum." Parts 6 and 7 (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 truly valuable and beautiful national publication eminently deserves a hearty national support.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen! and are happy to hear that you agree with us. We told you that our January number would far exceed in beauty and worth any other magazine, and your unanimous approval is grateful. Well, what think you of the February? The Evening Walk is a fine line engraving. But a word with you upon that subject. It is a portrait of a lady of our city whose least charm is her beauty. The graces of her mind and the kindness of her heart far exceed the beauty of her face. To know her is to love her.

WE commence in this number "The Trials of a Needle-woman," by T. S. Arthur, one of Mr. Arthur's best stories. It will take some five or six numbers to complete it.

WE publish in this number a Valentine story, and the supposed origin of St. Valentine's day. These two articles are for our subscribers. In return, we should be pleased to receive a Valentine from them, inclosing \$3, \$6, \$10, or \$20. It can be addressed as follows:—

Registered.

L. A. Godey,
113 Chestnut St.,
Philada.

We shall promptly answer the receipt of every such Valentine.

WE CANNOT HELP IT.—If our friends will send us such letters, we must publish them. Mrs. J. D. M., of New Jersey, writes: "Allow me to thank you for the pleasure your 'Lady's Book' has afforded me for the last TWELVE YEARS. As for the first sweet flowers of spring, so do we each month watch for and welcome thy agreeable messenger."

Mrs. M. F. W., of Mauch Chunk, writes: "Permit an old subscriber and admirer to congratulate you upon the great success and unusual esteem with which your efforts have been met. I am sure you deserve and get the thanks of all the ladies for your untiring zeal in their behalf, and the gentlemen also owe you many thanks for the patterns to which they are indebted for many a pretty keepsake."

HOW SAD!—An editor writes us, and even in writing his sad condition is shown; not that the writing is bad, that is very good; but the words convey his desolation. "As yet I am a single man." What a world of expression there is in that "yet!" "Your 'Book' accompanies me occasionally on a visit to my female friends." Take it along with you, and, if that does not get you a wife, you may as well give it up.

THE "Danbury Times" says: "While speaking of the 'Lady's Book' to a friend the other day, she remarked that she had taken it from the first number issued in July, 1830, and that there was nothing like it." We know two others who have taken it from January, 1831, within six months from the commencement. It is needless to add that such subscribers always pay regularly.

Since writing the above, we have received a letter from a lady in Virginia, inclosing her twenty-second year's subscription.

We clip the following from the "Philadelphia Inquirer," of this city:—

"AMERICAN STORIES.—American stories are becoming quite popular with the conductors of some of the foreign periodicals. We observe that two, viz., 'My Brother Tom,' and 'Marrying through Prudential Motives,' which appeared in 'Godey's Lady's Book' some time since, were soon after republished in England, without credit, and have more recently been republished in some of the New York papers as of foreign origin. Quite a compliment this to Godey and his contributors."

"My Grandmother's Bracelet," by Mrs. Hentz, a story that we published in 1844, is now revived, and is going the rounds of the press as a new story. No credit is given the "Lady's Book"—*of course* NOT.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.—We have a few copies of this splendid plate, printed on paper of a good size for framing, still for sale at 50 cents each.

We now print precisely 9800 copies more than we did this time last year, and we are anxious to make it up even 10,000. If all our subscribers would follow the suggestion made by the "Huntingdon Democrat," and many, we are proud to say, have already done what that paper suggests, we would soon have that other 200: "We are compelled to consider Mr. Godey the most successful intellectual caterer for the ladies in all magazine-dom, and all who agree with us (and all who take the 'Book' must), should each one get another subscriber to it, as a compliment to its enterprising publisher for his untiring efforts to please."

COVERS BY MAIL.—We cannot send covers for binding by mail, as the Postmaster-General has decided that they must pay letter postage. Rather queer! when you can send the whole Book, cover and all, and only pay book or pamphlet postage. We can supply agents, and will send any ordered in their packages.

A LADY writes us to know how she can receive her "Lady's Book" without being folded. She is the only subscriber in the place. Our answer is: Get another subscriber, and the "Book" will then be done up without being folded.

A LADY, who sent us a club, writes as follows: "I extolled your inestimable 'Book'—and why should I not?—showed them the benefit to be derived from it, in order to induce them to subscribe, knowing, if they could be persuaded to do so for one year, that they could not be prevailed upon in future to be without so interesting and useful a book, especially a lady." [182]

EDITORS TURNING LECTURERS.—Graham and Fitzgerald. The former delivered a lecture before the Excelsior Temperance Circle of Honor, some days since, which did honor to his head and heart. The Circle have had the lecture printed, and we have read it with great satisfaction. Fitzgerald's lecture was upon music, and well he handled the subject. The audience were much pleased, and so much so that Mr. Fitzgerald has been solicited to repeat the lecture. He would be a card for the lyceums in want of a good lecturer.

LA PIERRE HOUSE.—We advise all our subscribers who visit this city to stop at the La Pierre House. It is situated on the widest street and highest part of the city. Messrs. Taber & Son are indefatigable in their efforts to please. Their table is admirable, and their "grand hops" are the most neatly managed affairs we have ever seen.

R. H. SEE & Co.'s New Book-Store, No. 106 Chestnut Street, is one of the neatest establishments in the city, with the most gentlemanly attendants. All the new publications will be found there; and great inducements are held out to subscribe for "Godey's Lady's Book" and "Graham's Magazine," in the shape of splendid premium plates of a large size, and most beautifully engraved. This is a great opportunity. Mr. See has also become one of the publishers of that old and favorite monthly, "Graham's Magazine."

We hope this extravagance will not extend to this country:—

"EUROPEAN FASHIONS.—Letters from Paris state that the extravagance in dress for the last winter will be outdone by the magnificence of the toilettes in preparation for the approaching season. Enormously expensive toilettes are not confined to the older members of society; the juvenile part of the *beau-monde* is loaded with velvets, embroideries, flounces, and feathers. As an instance of the vanity and extravagance of private families in Paris, we may cite an instance in which a baptismal dress of an infant has been prepared, of exquisite embroidery and lace, at an expense of eighteen thousand dollars. The establishment where these tiny articles were produced has been thronged with lady visitors, to see the rich and costly dress in which the little creature is to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world."

JULLIEN the celebrated, and his band, have been here, and we confess that we have never heard anything approaching them. Concert Hall was crowded every evening they played—and the repetition of the "Prima Donna Waltz," the "Katydid Polka," and the "American Quadrille," seemed more and more to please the delighted audience. Jullien himself is an admirable leader. He is devoid of affectation, although we were led to suppose he had a great deal of it. His leading is most judicious, using his baton no more than what seemed absolutely necessary, not thumping constantly, as we have seen other leaders do, seemingly with no other purpose than to call attention to themselves. He is ably represented in his out-door business by Dr. Joy and W. F. Brough, Esq.

DEMPSTER, the delightful ballad-singer, has been with us once again. He always pleases. And, wherever he may go, we wish him great success, and commend him to the kind consideration of our friends of the press. They will find him a thorough, good-hearted gentleman.

FRANKENSTEIN'S PANORAMA OF NIAGARA.—This great exhibition of the most stupendous waterfall in the world, which has excited wonder and admiration for so many months in New York, is now at Concert hall, in this city. The brothers Frankenstein say, with a perfect enthusiasm, that the sight of it will remain like a vision of glory forever upon your memories—for,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

This may by some be thought a high tone, but in these days of panoramas, it is necessary to speak emphatically, and they fear not the result, if you but see this work.

WE extract from the Philadelphia "Evening Argus" a notice of a very powerfully written book:—

"'THE OLD DOCTOR' is the *nom de plume* of the author of a book bearing the same title, and filled with fragmentary sketches of various incidents that have actually occurred in the practice of the unknown physician who records them. The style is easy and pleasant, and the sketches—some

twenty in number—possess a thrilling interest that will amply repay perusal. There are four superb illustrations, and the book will prove a valuable addition to the library or the centre-table. Since the publication of Dr. Warren's 'Diary of a Physician,' nothing of the kind has appeared that will vie, in point of interesting narrative, with these reminiscences of a retired physician. Physicians have opportunities for observation and for learning secret histories that never can be allowed to any one else, and the expositions of this book show how much stranger truth is than fiction. H. Long & Brother, 43 Ann St., are the publishers; and this volume is well entitled to take a front rank in the serial of family books which this house is engaged in publishing."

"WE see that several of our bachelor brothers of the 'press gang' have taken up with Godey's offer to choose a wife for each of them from among the 'Filadelfy Gals.' We hope they are not all spoken for, and will put in our order. Friend Godey, you will please look us up one with rosy cheeks, not over five feet high, nor more than nineteen years old; and of good 'mettle.' One who can set type, and act as *sub.* in our office, when we are out, preferred. Have her ready by the first of the coming year, and we will call for her in person."

Friend "Argus," we would like you to call at once, for we have here now some of the finest specimens of ladies ever presented to an admiring public. But we do not claim them as Philadelphians. There are three ladies *on exhibition* here, the largest of which weighs 769 pounds, and the least, some 600. The youngest is about nineteen. Just the age you want, and if she can't set type now, she could soon learn. She is ready now for you.

THE "Iowa Sentinel" says: "We have but one objection to Godey, and that is the devoting entire of his magazine to the ladies. However, it is just what it purports to be—a Lady's Book."

Now, we do not consider this an objection, but a compliment. We endeavor to please the ladies, and how gloriously have they responded to the appeal we made to them some few months since, and how from our heart we thank them! Still, friend Sentinel, look over each number of the "Book" and see if you cannot find enough to interest a gentleman. Read the article upon Artesian Wells.

[183]

JOHN ROSS DIX, ESQ., has become one of the editors of the "Waverley Magazine," published in Boston. This gentleman and W. R. Lawrence, Esq., its old editor, between them are able to make the "Waverley Magazine" even better than it has been, if that were necessary.

"THE DESERTED BRIDE, AND OTHER POEMS." By GEO. P. MORRIS.—A contemporary, in speaking of this work, says:

"Its splendid exterior, gay in gold and morocco, the finely executed portrait, by which the reader may see that the poet is no hard-featured wight, but has the impress of a noble soul upon his features, and the beautiful steel engravings, will attract the admirers of sumptuous books; but they will find their taste purified and elevated, and their hearts made better by the poems, which will cling to the memory as they are read like strains of bewitching music. Space does not permit us to point out our special favorites; but they may be found almost *passim*. We counsel all who have libraries or drawing-rooms to procure the volume as an ornament to be proud of; while those who have not, will find it a meet companion either in travel or seclusion."

It is a most beautiful work, and is a suitable volume either for a New Year or birthday present, and would be a beautiful Valentine to send to a lady.

FROM the "New York Spirit of the Times" we extract the following. It is an excellent book, that we can vouch for.

"The New Household Receipt Book; containing Maxims, Directions, and Specifics for Promoting Health, Comfort, and Improvement in the Homes of the People. Compiled from the best Authorities, with many Receipts never before collected." By Sarah Josepha Hale. This is a very useful book, and every housekeeper should have a copy. Young women just married, or about to be married, would do well to look into it, as much time may be saved and trouble avoided by attending to its instructions. Mrs. Hale must be exceedingly industrious, and if those masculine feminines who go prating about "Women's Rights" would employ themselves as usefully and virtuously, they would, like her, have the thanks of the women of the world, and be respected by the men of the world. Published by Long & Brother, 43 Ann St.

THE "Florist and Horticultural Journal" continues to come to us elegantly illustrated, and containing useful and well-written articles on all that relates to fruits, flowers, and vegetables. Each number contains a beautifully colored plate of some new or rare plant. Some of the engravings are executed in Europe. It is published by H. C. Hanson, at \$2 per annum.

"THE SATURDAY EVENING MAIL." Geo. R. Graham, editor; R. H. See, publisher.—Graham in a new character—editor of a weekly newspaper. Won't he make the old fogies of the press mind their P's and Q's! Already has the "Mail" assumed its place among those of a "large circulation." It is a splendid quarto, beautifully illustrated, and most ably edited.

WE ask attention to our new work, "How to Make a Dress." It is by our Fashion Editor, and we think it will be useful to every one of our lady subscribers. Orders for materials of all kinds, jewelry, patterns, etc. etc., will be attended to, by inclosing a remittance to L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—This invaluable monthly comes to us, as usual, richly freighted with literary gems and treasures. In our estimation, it stands in the first rank of our periodical literature. It is conducted with ability and taste, and presents a well-selected variety of choice reading, in which are mingled the grave and the gay, the solid and the less weighty, with a felicity seldom obtained in works of this character. It requires a rare discrimination and a still more rare combination of the moral and literary element to make a magazine what it *ought to be*—what the high interests of society and the family demand it should be—what a Christian parent would feel a pleasure in putting into the hands of his children. But such, we are happy to say, in our opinion, is the "Home Magazine." The Little Colporteur story of Arthur in this number, is worth, for its touching Christian simplicity and its power to awaken and enliven the better feelings of the heart, the price of the work for a year many times told. May he write many such Christian parables! It is safe copying the GREAT MASTER here. We warmly commend the "Home Magazine" to all our friends as a cheap, but valuable magazine, and one every way worthy of their confidence and patronage.—*Central New Yorker*.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—We give to this journal our meed of praise, it being one of the best, if not the very best weekly paper published. It is a paper which no one, possessing even a spark of goodness, can attentively read without being benefited by it. The public should in all cases show a preference for such papers. Parents, especially, in addition to the best daily paper they can procure, should supply their families with two or three of the best weeklies; and we would most cordially recommend "Arthur's Home Gazette" as one of the number. Money thus spent would be very profitably invested.—*Christian Banner, Fredericksburg, Va.*

No. 3 of our "Splendid Gallery of Engravings" is now ready. See advertisement on cover.

THE "Boston Post" says that "a young man, a member of an Evangelical church," advertises in a New York paper for board "in a pious family, where his Christian example would be considered a compensation."

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.

MOORE, the poet, always had an eye to, we were going to say, dollars and cents; but pounds, shilling, and pence would be more appropriate:—

"I have been passing three days with the Duchess of Kent and our little future Queen at Earl Stoke Park, and we had a great deal of music. The duchess sang some of my melodies with me better than I ever heard them performed. I promised to send her some of the songs of mine she most liked, and I should be glad if you would get them bound together (not *too* expensively) for me to present to her. They are as follows: Meeting of Ships—Indian Boat—The Evening Gun—Say, what shall be our Sport, (can you detach this from the Nationals?)—Keep your tears for me—The Watchman—I love but thee (beginning 'If after all')—Reason and Folly and Beauty. She has promised me copies of some very pretty German things she sang."

THE SCOTCH PIPER.

[184]

Draw a design upon cardboard, similar to the annexed engraving. Then cut it out neatly with a pair of scissors, and gum a piece of black cloth or velvet over the part intended as the cap; attach two pieces of China ribbon to the side of the cap, and gild or paint the epaulettes. Sew a small band of tape or webbing to the back part of the kilt, large enough to allow the two forefingers to pass through it; and when this is done, gum a portion of tartan over the lower part of the design, so as to represent the kilt, and otherwise ornament the figure so that it may represent a Highland piper.

If the whole figure is only intended to be painted, the band at the back of the kilt must be glued on instead of sewing it. Thus far the figure is complete, and you must now make the boots, which may be easily done from a piece of plaid ribbon or stuff, and some black cloth, leather, or velvet. Take care that they are large enough to admit the tips of your fingers at the tops, which should be ornamented with some strips of China ribbon of various colors. The figure is now finished.

To make the piper dance, introduce the two forefingers of the right hand through the bands, at the back of the kilt, so that the knuckles only are seen; then place the boots upon the tips of the fingers, and as the back of the hand and other fingers are concealed, the



Scotchman may be made to dance by moving the fingers in such a manner that the knuckles are bent during the performance.

This forms a very amusing trifle for children.

We will furnish any of the following from the establishment of Mrs. Suplee, the originator of this style of patterns. But few persons can imagine how complete they are in every respect, fit, trimming, &c. At a little distance, they look like the real garment. The stock and variety of patterns for ladies' dresses, cloaks, mantillas, sacks, sleeves, and every article of ladies' and children's wear, are unequalled in the United States. Every new design from Paris and London is regularly received, so that persons wishing something new can always be supplied. The patterns are cut in tissue paper, and trimmed as the article is made.

Cloaks, Mantillas, Dress Bodies, Sleeves, Basques, Full Dress, Children's Dresses, Basques, Sacks, and Aprons, Boys' Jackets and Pants.

In ordering patterns, please say if for ladies or children.

Address FASHION EDITOR,
Care of "Godey's Lady's Book," Phila.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

"Mary Vale."—It may be interesting to this lady to know that her story of "Marrying through Prudential Motives" has been copied from the "Lady's Book" for March, 1853, in two of the English magazines, recopied into the New York "Albion," that professes to give nothing but the cream of the English magazines, credited to an English magazine; and now, being an *English* story, will no doubt be published by half the papers in the United States. So much for the British stamp.

"Nannie" is informed that MSS. for publishing must only be written on one side of the paper, as plainly as possible, done up neatly in an envelope, sealed, and postage paid. MSS. always come to hand. We have never lost one through the mails. To her other question, we have repeatedly asked of our book publishers to name their price, but they will not study their own interests enough to do it. We could sell thrice as many books for them if they would attend to it. In London, the price of the work is invariably mentioned in the advertisement.

"A. L. H."—Sent your box by Adams's Express. Wrote by mail and inclosed receipt.

"G. L. M."—Sent cloak pattern by mail on the 16th.

"H. S."—We furnish any of Mrs. Suplee's patterns.

"M. A. D."—Sent cloak pattern by mail on 25th.

"N. B. D."—Jefferson's, or Mathias's, or Sutherland's Manual.

"J. S."—Sent pattern by mail on 12th.

"Mrs. S. J. F."—Sent your patterns by mail on 30th.

"Mrs. S. M. B."—Sent your articles by mail on 3d.

"W. G."—Sent your Rapp pencil on the 6th.

"M. N."—Sent patterns by mail on 7th.

"E. C. H."—Answered yours about the polish on 5th.

"F. M. B."—Sent the silk on the 6th.

"J. H.," New York.—Will please mention what particular one she wants explained. The different artists that compose the work use different terms, and what will explain one will not another.

"C. V. S."—Sent your order by Kinsley's Express on the 7th.

"Mrs. C. E. S."—Sent your patterns on the 9th.

"H. S."—Sent your patterns on the 7th.

"H. B. S."—Sent ear-rings on the 9th.

"F. L. K."—Will please accept our thanks for the pattern for "muslin flouncing." It is very pretty, and shall be engraved. We will be pleased to receive any original designs from our subscribers for any kind of fancy work.

"Miss L. J. T."—Sent your handkerchief by mail on 9th.

"Mrs. R. F. L."—Sent your pattern by mail on 10th.

"L. J."—Sent the Talma by Adams & Co.'s Express, and sent you their receipt.

"Mrs. A. E. S."—Sent pattern on the 13th.

No orders attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp.

The Borrower's Department.

"The wicked borroweth and payeth not again."

The "Wadesboro' Argus" says: "We have been lending the 'Book' for the last year or two; but Godey positively forbids it, and we will have to refuse it to borrowers. We are now making up a club for the work for next year, and ask those whom we have been supplying the present year to send us their names with two dollars, and we will see that they have the 'Book' supplied in their own names for the next twelve months."

Will one of these borrowers subscribe? Doubtful. But we shall see.

LETTER FROM A LADY.—"I am trying to raise a large club here. Our only trouble is from borrowers. During my absence in the country this past summer, the whole of last year's numbers were taken out of the house, and two or three of them were never returned. I have come to the determination, as New Year is a time to make good resolutions, one of mine shall be not to lend 'Godey.' H."

"YOUR 'Book' is very popular; but many of your subscribers wish that it was more popular, at least enough so to cause those who borrow to subscribe for themselves. Our copy generally goes round to a dozen families, the rightful owner receiving little or no benefit from it; for, by the time it is returned, it is so defaced that we can scarcely recognize it. J. D. M."

[185]

Chemistry for Youth.

HEAT, LIGHT, AND FLAME.

LOCO-FOCO MATCHES, ETC.—The oxygenated or *chlorate matches* are first dipped in melted sulphur, and then tipped with a paste made of chlorate of potass, sulphur, and sugar, mixed with gum-water, and colored with vermilion; frankincense and camphor are sometimes mixed with the composition, and the wood of the match is pencil cedar, so that a fragrant odor is diffused from the matches in burning. To obtain light, a match is very lightly dipped in a bottle containing a little asbestos soaked in oil of vitriol.

Lucifers consist of chips of wood tipped with a paste of chlorate of potass mixed with sulphuret of antimony, starch, and gum-water; when a match is pinched between the folds of glass-paper and suddenly drawn out, a light is instantly obtained.

Prometheans consist of small rows of waxed paper, in one end of which is a minute quantity of vitriol, in a glass bulb, sealed up and surrounded with chlorate of potass; when the end thus prepared is pressed so as to break the bulb, the vitriol comes in contact with the composition, and produces light instantly.

Loco-foco Matches are made of a compound of phosphorus, rice-flour, &c., colored with any suitable article.

PHOSPHORIC FIRE-BOTTLE.—Take a common brimstone match, introduce its point into a bottle containing oxide of phosphorus so as to cause a minute quantity of it to adhere to it; if the match be then rubbed on a common bottle cork, it instantly takes fire; care should be taken not to use the same match immediately, or while still hot, as it would inevitably set fire to the oxide of phosphorus in the bottle. The phosphoric fire-bottle may be prepared in the following manner:

Take a small phial of very thin glass, heat it gradually in a ladleful of sand, and introduce into it a few grains of phosphorus; let the phial be then left undisturbed for a few minutes, and proceed in this manner until the phial is full; or, put a little phosphorus into a small phial; heat the phial in a ladleful of sand, and when the phosphorus is melted, turn it round, so that the phosphorus may adhere to the sides of the phial; and then cork the phial closely.

A COMBUSTIBLE BODY SET ON FIRE BY WATER.—Fill a saucer nearly full of water, and drop into it a small piece of potassium the size of a pepper-corn (about two grains); the potassium will instantly become red-hot and dart from one side of the saucer to the other, and burn vividly on the surface of the water.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—Procure three basins, and put water of the temperature of thirty-three degrees into one basin, of fifty degrees into another, and of a hundred degrees into the third; then plunge one hand into the water of thirty-three degrees, and the other into that of a hundred degrees, and when they have both remained a few seconds, withdraw them, and plunge both hands into the water of fifty degrees: the one which was before in warm water will now feel cold, and the one that was in the cold water will feel warm.

VIVID PRODUCTION OF FIRE.—Take three parts by weight of flowers of sulphur, and eight parts of copper filings, mix them intimately together, and put the mixture into a large test-tube, or small glass matrass. If the tube be now placed upon red-hot coals, the mass begins to swell, and a small ignited spark becomes first visible at the bottom, which rapidly increases in size, and lastly, the whole mass glows and exhibits a brilliant combustion without the access of air or oxygen gas.

THE FIERY FLASH.—Pour iron filings upon the flame of a candle, from a sheet of paper, about eight or ten inches above it; as they descend into the flame, they will enter into a very vivid scintillating combustion.

SPIRITS OF WINE.—Put a small quantity of spirits of wine into a glass, and put a halfpenny or shilling in with it; then direct the rays of the sun, by means of a burning glass, upon the coin, and in a short time it will become so hot as to inflame the spirits.

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN JANUARY NUMBER.

1. Inside. 2. Air. 3. Mal-ice.

ENIGMAS.

4.

A museum am I, and my pictures so true
That their merits are never disputed by you
Such graphic expression each sketch must reveal
Of all I present to engage the ideal:
My collection abounds in so varied a stock
(Some sure to enchant, while some others may shock)
Of portraits and landscapes, and scenes of the past—
Historic and classic; some others are cast
In chimerical moulds, and stand out to the sight
In colors of fancy illusively bright.
Some are visions of dreams that appeal to the sense
With a mystical fervor, so fair their pretence.
Now this Exhibition at will you may view,
For you'll aye find it open and gratis to *you*:
Though you'll enter it solus, your gaze none can share,
So it's not like the show in Trafalgar-square.

5.

My first "to know" might signify;
My second "melody" imply;
My third must "fashionable" mean,
And in my whole much fashion's seen.

6.

More truly valuable am I,
As visibly is shown,
Than California's gold could buy—
Which you at sight must own.

Of one alone, or else of three,
You'll fabricate my name;
Then, even backwards spelling me,
You'll find me still the same.

7.

As introductory, I'll state,
We are a family of eight,
Fluent of speech as e'en are you,
And quite as comprehensive, too.
Our character is somewhat strange—
One-half of us are apt to change
In constitution frequently,
As you continually may see:
Although the other four, 'tis plain,
Unalter'd always must remain;
And in their own primeval state,
Your constant exigence await.
Collectively, our family
With reasoning humanity
Must o'er retain the first degree.

[186]

8.

My first is what you all must share
So long as you respire the air;
And when deceased, survivors will
Your proper share attribute still.
My second's what I think you'd do
Whene'er my first might do so too.
Then let the two united be,
To form what you'd not wish to see.

Receipts, &c.

THE SICK ROOM AND NURSERY.

IMPROVED MODE OF ADMINISTERING SENNA.—Take of senna three drachms; lesser cardamom-seeds, husked and bruised, half a drachm; boiling water, as much as will yield a filtered infusion of six ounces. Digest for an hour, and filter when cold. This is a well-contrived purgative infusion, the aromatic correcting the drastic efforts of the senna. It is of advantage that it should be used freshly prepared, as it is apt to spoil very quickly.

WARM WATER.—Warm water is preferable to cold water, as a drink to persons who are subject to dyspeptic and bilious complaints, and it may be taken more freely than cold water, and consequently answers better as a diluent for carrying off bile, and removing obstructions in the urinary secretion in cases of stone and gravel. When water of a temperature equal to that of the human body is used for drink, it proves considerably stimulant, and is particularly suited to dyspeptic, bilious, gouty, and chlorotic subjects.

BARLEY-WATER.—To make good barley-water, choose the best pearl-barley, boil it for a few minutes, then throw away the water and add fresh, in the proportion of a pint to an ounce of barley. Boil quickly, and then let it simmer for an hour; strain and sweeten; flavor with lemon, or according to taste. It is a very mucilaginous drink, and beneficial to invalids.

ADVANTAGES OF CLEANLINESS.—Health and strength cannot be long continued unless the skin, *all* the skin, is washed frequently with a sponge or other means. Every morning is best, after which the skin should be rubbed very well with a rough cloth. This is the most certain way of preventing cold, and a little substitute for exercise, as it brings blood to the surface, and causes it to circulate well through the fine capillary vessels. Labor produces this circulation naturally. The insensible perspiration cannot escape well if the skin is not clean, as the pores get choked up. It

is said that in health about half the aliment we take passes out through the skin.

ANTIDOTE TO ARSENIC.—Magnesia is an antidote to arsenic, equally efficacious with peroxide of iron, and preferable to it, inasmuch as it is completely innocuous in almost any quantity, and can be procured in any form.

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—Take of alum, in powder, two drachms; spirit of nitre, seven drachms. Mix, and apply it to the teeth.

TO ASSIST THE HEARING OF ELDERLY PERSONS WHEN SUFFERING FROM DEAFNESS.—Deafness is usually accompanied with confused sounds, and noises of various kinds in the inside of the ear itself; in such cases, insert a piece of cotton wool, on which a very little oil of cloves or cinnamon has been dropped.

RHEUMATIC EMBROCATION.—Take of spirit of turpentine, spirit of hartshorn, liquid opodeldoc, of each one ounce.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

CUSTARDS, CREAMS, JELLIES, AND BLANC MANGE.

[*Second article.*]

COMMON BAKED CUSTARD.—Mix a quart of new milk with eight well-beaten eggs, strain the mixture through a fine sieve, and sweeten it with from five to eight ounces of sugar, according to the taste; add a small pinch of salt, and pour the custard into a deep dish, with or without a lining or rim of paste; grate nutmeg or lemon rind over the top, and bake it in a *very* slow oven from twenty to thirty minutes, or longer, should it not be firm in the centre. A custard, if well made, and properly baked, will be quite smooth when cut, without the honey-combed appearance which a hot oven gives; and there will be no whey in the dish. New milk, one quart; eggs, eight; sugar, five to eight oz.; salt, one-quarter salt-spoonful; nutmeg or lemon-grate; baked, slow oven, twenty to thirty minutes, or more.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARDS.—Dissolve gently by the side of the fire an ounce and a half of the best chocolate in rather more than a wineglassful of water, and then boil it until it is perfectly smooth; mix with it a pint of milk well flavored with lemon-peel or vanilla, and two ounces of fine sugar, and when the whole boils, stir to it five well-beaten eggs that have been strained. Put the custard into a jar or jug, set it into a pan of boiling water, and stir it without ceasing until it is thick. Do not put it into glasses or a dish till nearly or quite cold. These, as well as all other custards, are infinitely finer when made with the yolks only of the eggs.

RICE CUSTARDS WITHOUT CREAM.—Take one teaspoonful of rice flour, a pint of new milk, the yolks of three eggs, sugar to your liking; mix the rice very smooth, and stir it, with the eggs, into the boiling milk. An excellent dish for children.

A FINER BAKED CUSTARD.—Boil together gently, for five minutes, a pint and a half of new milk, a few grains of salt, the very thin rind of a lemon, and six ounces of loaf sugar; stir these boiling, but very gradually, to the well-beaten yolks of ten fresh eggs, and the whites of four; strain the mixture, and add to it half a pint of good cream; let it cool, and then flavor it with a few spoonfuls of brandy or a little ratafia; finish and bake it by the directions given for the common custard above; or pour it into small well-buttered cups, and bake it very slowly from ten to twelve minutes.

APPLE OR GOOSEBERRY SOUFFLE.—Scald and sweeten the fruit, beat it through a sieve, and put it into a tart dish. When cold, pour a rich custard over it, about two inches deep; whip the whites of the eggs, of which the custard was made, to a snow, and lay it in small rough pieces on the custard; sift fine sugar over, and put it into a slack oven for a short time. It will make an exceedingly pretty dish.

GOOSEBERRY-FOOL.—Put the fruit into a stone jar, with some good Lisbon sugar; set the jar on a stove, or in a saucepan of water over the fire; if the former, a large spoonful of water should be added to the fruit. When it is done enough to pulp, press it through a cullender; have ready a teacupful of new milk and the same quantity of raw cream boiled together, and left to be cold; then sweeten pretty well with fine sugar, and mix the pulp by degrees with it. *Or*.—Mix equal proportion of gooseberry pulp and custard.

[187]

APPLE-FOOL may be made the same as gooseberry, except that when stewed the apples should be peeled and pulped.

FRENCH FLUMMERY.—Boil one ounce and a half of isinglass in a pint and a half of cream for ten minutes, stirring it well; sweeten it with loaf-sugar, flavor with two tablespoonfuls of orange-flower water, strain it into a deep dish.

FRUIT CREAMS.—Take half an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in a little water, then put one pint of good cream, sweetened to the taste; boil it; when nearly cold, lay some apricot or raspberry jam on the bottom of a glass dish, and pour it over. This is most excellent.

BURNT CREAM.—Set over the fire in a pan three ounces of sifted sugar, stir it, and when it browns, add a quart of cream, and two ounces of isinglass; boil and stir till the latter is dissolved, when sweeten it, and strain into moulds. *Or*, this cream may be made by boiling it without sugar, adding the yolks of four eggs, sweetening and sifting over it in a dish loaf-sugar, to be browned with a salamander.

LEMON CREAM.—Take a pint of cream, add the zest of a lemon rubbed on sugar; whip it well; add sugar and lemon-juice to palate. Have half an ounce of isinglass dissolved and cool; when the cream is thick, which it will be when the lemon-juice is added, pour in the isinglass, and immediately mould it. A smaller quantity of isinglass may suffice, but that depends on the thickness of the cream. Other flavors may be used, as orange, almond, maraschino. *Or*.—Take a pint of thick cream, and put to it the yolks of two eggs well beaten, 4 oz. of fine sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon; boil it up, then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and pour the cream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

RASPBERRY CREAM.—Put six ounces of raspberry jam to a quart of cream, pulp it through a lawn sieve, add to it the juice of a lemon and a little sugar, and whisk it till thick. Serve it in a dish or glasses.

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Put six ounces of strawberry jam with a pint of cream through a sieve, add to it the juice of a lemon, whisk it fast at the edge of a dish, lay the froth on a sieve, add a little more juice of lemon, and when no more froth will rise, put the cream into a dish, or into glasses, and place the froth upon it, well drained.

The Toilet.

CELEBRATED HONEY ALMOND PASTE.—Take honey, one pound; white bitter paste, one pound; expressed oil of bitter almonds, two pounds; yolks of eggs, five. Heat the honey, strain, then add the bitter paste, knead well together, and, lastly, add the eggs and oil in alternate portions.

INVALUABLE OINTMENT.—Obtain a pint of real cream, let it simmer over the fire, or on the side, till it resembles butter, and forms a thick oily substance, which may be used as ointment for fresh or old wounds, cracked lips or hands.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Mix a quarter of a pound of unsalted hog's-lard, which should be washed first in water and then in rose-water, with the yolk of a new-laid egg and a large spoonful of honey. Add to this as much fine oatmeal or almond paste as will make the whole into a paste, and apply this after washing the hands.

TO MAKE WASH-BALLS.—Take two pounds of new white soap, and shave thin into a teacupful of rose-water, pouring in as much boiling water as will soften it. Put into a pipkin a pint of sweet oil, fourpennyworth of oil of almonds, half a pound of spermaceti, and set all over the fire till dissolved; then add the soap, and half a pound of camphor that has been first reduced to powder by rubbing it in a mortar with a few drops of spirit of wine or lavender-water. Boil ten minutes; then pour it into a basin, and stir till it is quite thick enough to roll up into hard balls.

TO CLEAN WHITE VEILS.—Put the veil in a solution of white soap, and let it simmer a quarter of an hour; squeeze it in some warm water and soap till quite clean. Rinse it from soap, and then in clean cold water, in which is a drop of liquid blue; then pour boiling water on a teaspoonful of starch, run the veil through this, and clear it well by clapping it. Afterwards pin it out, keeping the edges straight and even.

Centre-Table Gossip.

A WARNING TO LOVERS.

The following delicate translation from the German we commend to all just betrothed lovers, or those who are enduring the anxieties and suspense of a long engagement. It has the burden of more than one life in which pride has made a wreck of happiness.

HOW IT HAPPENS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.

They said to her. "He loves thee not, he speaks
False vows, he plays but with thee." Then she grieved
And bowed her head, and tears pearly from her cheeks,
Like dew from roses. Oh, that she believed!
For when he came, and saw her doubting mood,
His heart grew wayward: not to show his sorrow,
He sang, and played, and drank, and laughed aloud—
Then wept in secret till the morrow.

"He is not false, give him thy hand again!"
Thus a good angel still her heart doth move.
He, too, yet feels, 'mid bitterness and pain:
"She loves you still! oh, she is still your love!
Speak one kind word, let her speak one to you,
And then the spell that parts you will be broken."
They went—they met—but what will pride not do?
That single word remained unspoken!

They parted, and as in the minster's choir
Doth die away the altar lamp's red glow—
At first grows dimmer, then the sacred fire
Burns bright once more, at length expires—'twas so;
Lamented first, then longed for bitterly,
And then—forgotten, love within them perished;
Till an illusion vain it seemed to be
That each the other e'er had cherished.

'Twas only sometimes, in the moon's pale gleam,
They'd from their pillow start: 'twas wet with tears,
And wet with tears their face. They'd had a dream,
I hardly know of what. And then the years
Of bliss, long past, came to their memory;
And how they'd vainly doubted, how they'd parted,
And now were sundered so eternally—
O God! forgive these stubborn-hearted! M. A. R.

[188]

AN ANTIDOTE.

Mr. Brown says Mrs. Green—Miss White that was—doesn't live happily with her husband. The poison works and comes to Mrs. Green's ears. But stop, dear madam, before you have exhausted your week's supply of fresh pocket-handkerchiefs by tears—didn't you refuse Mr. Brown's brother? There's the antidote.

Mrs. Knight tells all her acquaintances that Mrs. Day is abominably extravagant, and caused her husband's failure. Mrs. Starr is sorry to hear it, but recollects in time that Mrs. Day once declined making Mrs. Knight's acquaintance, because there were already more names on her visiting list than she could do justice to. Mrs. Knight feels injured, and sets it down to her living in a two story house in a cross street. Hence her remarks.

And if our lady readers, young and old, would but notice it, a similar antidote might be found for almost all the troublesome reports that come to their ears. It is not in *human* nature to give a kiss for a blow; and fancied or real injuries are often visited upon one's character or standing. The next best thing to being "let alone," is not to mind what is said, so one is conscious of the right, and never willingly to listen to what people say of you. If disagreeable, you will be sorry you heard it; if the reverse, the best of us are sensibly inclined to vanity.

TRANSPLANTING ROSES.

THE season for transplanting roses "is from the end of October to the middle of March. The autumn is generally preferred; although, I think, it matters but little, provided they are not removed during frosty weather. If standards are chosen, each plant should be tied to a stake to preserve it from the action of the wind; and, whether standards or dwarfs, it is an excellent plan to cover the soil with old hotbed manure, describing a circle round the plant about eighteen inches in diameter. This done, pruning is the next operation, and this should be performed in February or March. As the roots of the plants will have been curtailed by the act of removal, more pruning is necessary the first year than at any subsequent period. It is scarcely possible to acquire a correct knowledge of pruning otherwise than by watching a proficient in the art. Nevertheless, a few hints may prove serviceable. A young plant should have from three to seven shoots; if more are present, those best situated for the formation of a well-balanced plant should be singled out, and the others cut away. This is called thinning. It is now necessary to shorten the shoots that are left. It is an axiom in rose-pruning—the more rigorous the growth, the less should the shoots be shortened. The kinds of weak growth may be shortened to two, or at most three eyes (buds), the moderate growers ranging from three to five eyes, and the strong growers from

five to seven. In the early growth of spring, it is necessary to look through the plants occasionally, to remove the caterpillars which infest them at that season, and which travel from bud to bud, eating out the core, and destroying the future flowers. The autumnal blooming kinds require higher cultivation than the summer ones. The latter flower in summer only; the former give a succession of flowers during the autumn months. By strict attention to these directions, a beautiful collection of roses may be formed."

PARLOR WORK.

Collars and undersleeves being so expensive once more, many ladies prefer to embroider for themselves, as the style is by no means difficult. The pattern, principally of eyelets, and with deep points of button-hole stitch (such as we have given, from time to time, in the "Lady's Book" Work-Table), is traced on the muslin or cambric. Instead of the old-fashioned hoops, or tambour-frames, a piece of dark morocco or kid is basted beneath, to keep the strip quite straight and even, then worked over the finger. The same is used for scalloping or pointing skirts, or, in fact, for any style of cambric or muslin embroidery.

Slippers are principally in *applique*. That is, a pattern of velvet, be it a scroll, leaves, or flowers, is applied to black broadcloth by braiding or chain-stitching. It takes much less time than canvas-work, and, though it will not last so long, has a much richer effect. This style of work is much used in smoking-caps, also in silk and velvet for mantillas, short Talmas, etc. For canvas patterns, some of the latest styles introduce the heads of animals, as the fox, or the whole figure, a tiny kitten—on the toe, looking out from a wreath of leaves or flowers, with a groundwork of some plain color. Scrolls, octagons, diamonds, etc., shaded from black to the palest colors, are also much used.

JUVENILE BOOKS.—FROM EVANS & BRITTAN.

A celebrated publisher in our own country has come to the conclusion that there are but three classes of readers it is a bookseller's pleasure or interest to cater for—young ladies, college students, and *children*. Medical works, law books, or, indeed, those pertaining to any of the professions, are to be considered as the tools of trade; but we refer to those who read for pleasure simply, and enjoy what they read without carping or cavil. Yet children are critics, often admirable, though always genial, nevertheless very observant of good morals and truthfulness to nature; and, this most favorite class of readers constantly increasing, it has become a distinct branch of business at the present time—the selection and publication of juvenile books.

Of the firms especially devoted to it, we have before noticed Evans & Brittan, of New York, now the publishers of our old and well-beloved friend, "The Schoolfellow." They are issuing many attractive volumes for the little people, even though the holidays are over, and among those destined to a permanent place in juvenile literature, we notice "*At Home and Abroad; or, How to Behave.*" By Mrs. Manners. "Pleasure and Profit," an admirable series of stories on the Lord's Prayer, was the first claim put forth by this pleasant friend and instructress upon the attention of the little people and their elders. The praise which it won will be still farther secured to the authoress by her second book, which is *exactly what was needed in every nursery and school-room in the country*, and we predict that it will become a text-book speedily. There is running through every chapter the kindest Christian politeness, the truest of all, as well as many judicious hints on the customs of good society; and yet, with all its valuable instruction, it is neither dull nor prosy, but a series of interesting stories, conversations, or rather "talks," in the most good-natured and cheerful vein. We fancy this will be the most popular of the series, in which the "Pet Bird," by Cousin Alice, "Pleasure and Profit," and many others are numbered. It is published in a uniform style with these.

[189]

Then, again, for still younger people, is the capital "*Laughter-Book*," and "*Naughty Boys and Girls*," with their broad German mirth and brilliant pictures; the wonderful "*Adventures of a Dog*," with text and illustration to make any boy's holiday feast: "*Pretty Polly*," also illustrated; and, above all, that perfect gem for the nursery, "*The Book of Songs*," with its quaint nursery tales and quiet hymns, illustrated by no less a pencil than Birket Foster, of English celebrity. We particularly commend the editorial taste and style in the letter-press and illustrations of all these volumes.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"HELEN" desires to know if it is proper to allow the salesman at a shoe-store to fit on boots and slippers. If by proper she means customary, we reply in the affirmative; and, indeed, if the attendant is respectful, there can be nothing more to say. If in the least rude, his employer should at once be spoken to; a few such lessons would teach civility. In Philadelphia, and sometimes in New York, ladies are the attendants, which is much more agreeable, and should be made a general custom. Whenever the reverse is the case, the motto of the "garter" should be taken for the shoe—"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

"Miss L. S. D." will find a reply to her queries in our "Centre-Table Gossip." We prefer the old style of canvas-work, which should never be done in the evening hour, as the threads of the canvas, counting stitches, or sorting the wools strains the strongest eyes. Filling up the groundwork is not so objectionable.

"LA TABLIER"—Aprons are *not* worn in the street, but are very fashionable for morning or home-dress. They are two breadths wide, and reach a little below the knee, and can be made of plain black or fancy silk, with outside pockets or not, at pleasure. Velvet ribbon and galloon are sometimes used in trimming them. Others are flounced across the bottom by graduated ruffles, or ornamented by knots of ribbon in the old style.

"E. JANE B." need not fear that we will betray her inquiries to any of her acquaintances. We cannot recommend any perfectly safe cosmetic but soap and water, disapproving of the whole plan. Elder-flower water is said to be efficacious, and is certainly simple. Powder of any kind will *eventually* dry up the skin, and produce wrinkles and discoloration, however much it may seem to improve the complexion at first.

"A SOUTHERN SUBSCRIBER" must remember that we have no claims to medical skill as a journal. The word dyspepsia explains the nature of the ailment. It came from the Greek, and signifies, "I digest with difficulty." For the oppression he speaks of after meals, we have always found a cup of water taken clear, and as hot as it is possible to drink it, the best remedy. Ginger, or any other stimulant, has its mischievous reaction or consequent.

"MRS. C." can have the curtains cleaned at any dyers; they are the persons to apply to, and will often restore them wonderfully. The shawl will probably look almost as well as new, though crapes have invariably a stiff, *washed* look that betrays them.

"ROSA" will find that we continue our gardening hints, finding them very popular. As regards the other matter, she will find all necessary information in "Godey's Hand-Book of Dress-making," just published.

"A SCHOOL-GIRL" should never use common brown soap if she is liable to chapped hands, as it contains turpentine, which roughens the skin. Oatmeal will answer instead of any soap; also, honey softens the skin.

"A HOUSEKEEPER."—French mustard differs materially from what is used in England, for vinegar, more or less, enters into the composition, and the grain itself is not the same; the finer sorts have always the addition of aromatic herbs, so that there are no less than twenty-four different sorts of French mustard. The common kind is made with the grain of the Lenvoyè, which is of a darker color than English mustard seed. It is ground up with vinegar on a stone slab, and then put into pots for use. Provide yourself with the senevè or senvy seed, and then reduce it to a fine powder, mixing it with the French vinegar sold by the grocers.

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 FEBRUARY.

Fig. 1st.—Morning or home-dress, of violet-colored cashmere, embroidered with black, in a new and very elegant style. The basque has deep points, and a trimming to correspond extends up the points and surrounds the sleeves. Chemisette in imitation of a vest pattern; sleeves and cap of Honiton lace.

Fig. 2d.—Dinner or evening-dress of pale rose-colored watered silk, made perfectly plain, with a tunic skirt end *berthé* cape of a white brocaded pattern. The hair is arranged in very rich puffs and bands, and dressed with rose-colored plumes falling to the throat.

EMBROIDERED DRESSING-GOWN.

(See Plate.)

We give the pattern of a beautiful dressing-gown in needle-work embroidery. It may be done on plain cashmere or merino for winter, or muslin or cambric as a summer dress. It consists of a

petticoat and sacque, the latter loose, with flowing sleeves.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

February, with its few mild days, is still to be reckoned as one of the winter months by dress as well as the calendar. The shop windows themselves present very few novelties, and the side-walk none at all. The endless varieties of cloaks and mantillas—the Hungarian, the Galeta, the Nabob, the Victoria, the Norma—are still in season, and the winter bonnets, with their profusion of trimming inside and out, will be worn until April. We particularly notice for the benefit of those having a large or expensive stock on hand, the edict of a late foreign fashion journal: *although large collars are the fashion, it must not be supposed that small ones are altogether laid aside.* They are still worn with cloth and merino dresses, and for the street, as large ones do not set well over cloaks and mantillas. Plain linen collars and undersleeves are still worn for the street, and travelling, and for the morning.

For making dresses, there are every variety of sleeves. For morning-dresses, the fulness at the wrist is gathered into a wide cuff turned over. It is a mistake to copy the full-puffed or slashed sleeve of Charles V.'s costume with any other style of waist. Such fanciful costumes should not be copied piecemeal; they lose all their effect. Better be a little behind the fashion. Costumes invented for rich materials expressly cut a very shabby figure in mousselines or chintzes.

Basques are as much in fashion as ever, the favorite style being renamed "Odette Bodies." The basque, or lappets, being of the same piece as the body—not attached to it, but gored out, as it were, over the hips. For slender waists, the Parisian dress-makers have used gathered bodies, with the lappets sewed on, as the Odette body, being quite plain, is not considered becoming.

We conclude our chat by an article upon mourning, copied from a valuable little publication, to which we would call the attention of our lady readers. The title is significant—"HOW TO MAKE A DRESS: a Help to those who wish to Help themselves." The American edition is altered and enlarged by our own editress, from whom we quote the following chapter:—

"MOURNING.

"Some guiding hints as to the choice of mourning goods, and the general effect of close and half mourning, may not be amiss.

"Close mourning, more commonly called *deep* mourning, is usually worn only for the nearest relations—a husband, parents, child, brother, or sister. A widow's mourning, called 'weeds' in England, is not so distinct in this country. There the close tarleton or muslin cap, with its crimped border, is its accompaniment for a year at least. The fashion has of late years been adopted in this country, particularly in New York, where it is so common as not longer to excite the curiosity it called out at first, when worn by young persons. Bombazine, trimmed with folds of crape (the dress, mantilla, and bonnet), with a veil of double Italian or heavy English crape, is considered the deepest mourning. Nothing white, as collar, cuffs, or undersleeves, is worn by those who thus follow the dictates of fashion, even in their sorrow, through the first six months or year.

"Another style—also considered deep, and usually worn for parents or children—allows of a variety of material, as black cashmere, mousseline, Tamese cloth, alpaca, etc. etc., trimmed with silk or ribbon, even plain braids and galloons. Undersleeves and collars of Swiss muslin, tarleton, or linen, relieve the sombre shade, and add a neatness to the dress which it can never have where black crape is used for the purpose. This is the most general style.

"A lighter mourning is black silk trimmed lightly with crape, mode bonnet, etc. etc.

"Again, half mourning admits of as great a variety in shade and material as colors; lead and stone colors being considered appropriate; lavender, and even deep purple, are often used. What is thus denominated 'dresy black,' or, by the witty author of 'How to get Married,' 'mitigated grief,' seems to us to lose the sacredness with which sorrow usually invests the dress of a mourner.

"In choosing mourning goods, the first essential, *even before quality*, is a good shade of black, neither blue nor rusty; a dead, solid color is considered most desirable. If possible, have the dress, mantle, and bonnet from the same piece, either in bombazine or silk. It gives the whole dress the same shade, and will wear alike. Never get a cheap material in black; it will be sure to fade or grow rusty. Here, especially, *the dearest is always the cheapest in the end.* For constant wear, we prefer cashmeres, or even plain mousselines, to bombazines. Black English chintzes make nice morning-dresses, and fade very little in washing. For summer wear, *barèges*, silk tissues, and grenadines are considered deep mourning. The cross-barred *barège* is the strongest, and grenadines of good quality will wear several years.

"Although not exactly belonging to our present purpose, we would mention that drawn hats of crape and grenadine, or even black straws trimmed with crape, are appropriate to the second style of dress we have mentioned, when the heat of the weather is too great for bombazine and silk.

"Veils are of double crape, single English, and crape lisse. 'Love veils' are a thick tissue or grenadine, with a deep silk border.

"In making up mourning, if in a thick material, a lead-colored lining will be sufficiently dark; in a thin material, it is usual to have the lining covered with thin Florence silk. Black linen will, however, answer the purpose. It should be boiled first in salt and water, and pressed out while

damp. Black cambric, etc., will color the skin, and the stain be found very difficult to efface. The same is true of plain black lawns as a dress material.

"Very little trimming suffices for mourning; indeed, the very intention of the dress would be lost if much were used. We know this is often the case; but it is sanctioned neither by taste nor economy. We have even seen *ruffled bombazines*. We object to them decidedly. Folds, by general consent, seem to be the most appropriate style; in the first place, from the thickness of the material generally in use, and again, from the plainness of the effect which is generally required. Broad flat galloons have also been the style the present year; but that is only a transient shade of fashion.

"As travelling has always its accompaniment of dust, gray dresses are almost invariably worn even by those in deep mourning. There is a material of silk and linen which will be found very serviceable, and is sufficiently dark trimmed with black braid. As there can be very little variety in close mourning, *neatness is considered its principal elegance*, and is the point to be aimed at."

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER

[191]

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HENRY C. WATSON'S

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the incidents of which are taken from the early history of the hardy Pioneers of Kentucky.

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READING FOR THE MILLION!

[192]

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Of its quality we will let the press speak. From hundreds of editorial notices of a highly commendatory character, the following are taken:—

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The publishers of this valuable monthly have added a new feature to its attractiveness. The second volume, beginning with the number for July, opens with a beautiful steel plate, besides a great number of fine wood engravings. The Home Magazine only lacked this feature, of illustrations, to make it not only one of the best, but one of the most beautiful and attractive of all our monthlies. With this addition, it will certainly rank among the first, if not at the head of the list.—*Journal, Greenville, N. Y.*

Arthur's editorial department is characterized by sense, energy, and progress.—*Philadelphia Delta.*

Parents, if you wish to create and foster a love for reading in your children, obtain Arthur's Magazine.—*Courier of Reform, Concord, N. H.*

Arthur's Home Magazine is before us in its endless variety. It is the finest breakfast-table companion we meet with. A person can peruse its pages with pleasure and profit for a moment, or for hours.—*Herald, Fond du Lac, Mich.*

This monthly, although one of the youngest, is certainly one of the most popular periodicals in the country.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

This periodical should be a "standard" in every family.—*Intelligencer, Amsterdam, N. Y.*

Arthur's Home Magazine is rapidly making its way into public favor, as it deserves, and will, before very long, assume its place among the best and most widely circulated magazines in our

country.—*Philadelphia News*.

We can confidently recommend this magazine.—*Times, Maumee City, Ohio*.

The contents are of the most interesting and useful character, and it is exactly what it purports to be, a "Home" Magazine.—*Literary Journal, Washington, Ind.*

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.*

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FOOTNOTES:

- [A] Gardenia florida.
- [B] The Kokila, or Koil, is the Indian Cuckoo.
- [C] "Homes of the New World;" published by the Harpers—and the last edition destroyed by the fire that consumed their warehouses.
- [D] Miss Mitchell. See "Woman's Record," by Mrs. Hale.

Transcriber notes:

P. 124. 'how meagrely' changed to 'how meagerly'

P. [147](#). 'crums' changed to 'crumbs'.

P. [159](#). 'had'nt' changed to 'hadn't'

P. [183](#). Taken hyphen out of 'excellent-book'.

P. [184](#). 'envelop' changed to 'envelope'.

P. [189](#). 'Miss Wharton's jewelry', was 'ewelry', changed.

Add 1: 'the followin' changed to 'the following'.

Music, page 1. bar 19, [g b], should be [g b], changed; bar 18, g,8.[b8 d8] should be g,8.[b16 d8], changed.

Fixed various punctuation.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, VOL. 48, FEBRUARY, 1854 ***

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