THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. XXX--NO. 49. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871. WHOLE NO. 1564.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY E. E. EWING.

SUBSCRIPTION.

$2.00 a Year, in advance. If not paid within the year, $2.50. Six Months, $1.00. Three Months, 50 cents. No subscription taken at less than the above. Single Copies, FIVE CENTS.

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in Baltimore, by consigning to
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CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

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FOR SIGHT IS PRICELESS!
But the Diamond Spectacles will Preserve it.

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CAUTION.—None genuine unless stamped with our trade mark.
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For BEST PLANTS come early, as some of the best will not keep long.

Send for a descriptive Catalogue, or come and see for yourselves.

I also keep TOMATO, CABBAGE and Sweet POTATO PLANTS in season. Address
GEO. BALDERSTON,
april 15, 1871—2m COLORA, MD.

A True Love Song.

BY M. R. WHITTLESEY.

O eyes, whose light withdrawn,
Left Winter in my heart!
Still, still the years go on,
And youth and hope depart.

O eyes, that drew my soul,
And drank its sweetness up!
Still do I hold for dole,
My shrunken, empty cup;

A beggar for one draught
Of that which filled it once,
For I was young, and laughed
With love's pure gladness once.

O eyes, that were my stars!
Shut from your friendly light,
Blight fell on life's best powers;
This was, indeed, the night.

I said: "Lost, lost for aye!
Henceforth our paths divide;
Love can do naught but die,
When truth and trust have died."

In sooth, I did not know
Life's crowning sweetness then—
That love doth stronger grow,
Through loss and life-long pain.

Oh! never lost to us
Are those once loved indeed;
For a diviner trust
Their very errors plead:

A faith that, soon or late—
The better soul we knew—
Will break the chains of fate,
And climb from false to true.

O eyes, that shine afar,
Yet still to me so dear!
I wait, as for a star
That will again appear.

American Watering-Places.

The American watering-place can be one of the most inconvenient, disagreeable, vulgar and objectionable places in the world; on the other hand, it can be somewhat healthful, very amusing, and quite unobjectionable. Be it what it may, however, we are all bound to go to it—to endure it to perpetuate it. For we are hardly civilized enough in this country yet, to live in the country, after the fashion of English people, making our own houses the circle of a delightful neighborhood. Our domestic service is so poor, that the lady at the head of the house is always housekeeper and frequently cook, so she can hardly be expected to provide for more than her own household. She naturally gets tired, and wants to go away herself, and be amused. As for the inhabitants of cities, they must leave the town for their own and their children's health, and so grows up the watering-place.

And it is true that life in America, as soon as it ceases to be struggle, becomes monotonous. The well-to-do in America are a much-to-be-pitied class. There is no one to stop and play with them. They have comparatively few amusements.—Dress and society takes up a little time, not much, and there are none of those tastes and amusements possible which are so immediately practicable in the old world. Therefore amusement becomes a necessity, and we find it in the gregarious watering-place hotel, often at the expense of neatness, and good food, and other most desirable attributes.

Saratoga was the first fashionable watering-place. To it came the Southerners after a successful season; to it the ambitious Westerners; to it the gentry of the North River to it, all the opulent New England families. It was an epitome of our best society, twenty years ago. To it can be traced back some of the most conspicuous intermarriages of our well-known families. The old "United States," with its broad piazzas, has seen some goodly company, then we had a much greater separation of sets than we have now. There was a decided aristocracy in those days which has died out since.

But Newport began, even before the war, to tread on the heels of Saratoga and take away its prestige. The beautiful villas, the superior attractions of Newport began to tell, and the burning of the United States Hotel impeded the career of Saratoga as a fashionable watering-place. Of course the war in taking away the Southern element, conduced to this result very much. Saratoga must alwas attract a crowd from its mineral waters, its race-course, and now its gambling—which is a very conspicuous element; but it has ceased to be a fashionable or desirable place of Summer resort for gentlemen and ladies.

Newport on the contrary is perfect.—Either as a resident of one of these charming villas, or as the modest tenant of a hired cottage, or as the boarder at a hotel, one can gain health and recreation in its delicious breezes, beautiful and varied drives, and delightful society. It is urged, by moderate people, that too much dress, too much equipage, too much society is necessary at Newport; but that is entirely optional. One may lead his own life at Newport, gay or grave as he pleases, and may enter or not that very gay circle.

Long Branch, near New York, used to be perfect in its way as a sea-side place.—Now it is crowded beyond all reason, and the prices are enormous. The unhappy visitor is put in a cell, with the scantiest allowance of furniture, and is charged five dollars a day for being roasted alive. The hottest garret in New York was more luxurious last summer than the general run of rooms at Long Branch. Of course the ocean is always there and beautiful. Of course it is gay and sometimes agreeable. They are fortunate who own cottages there, for, take it for all in all, Long Branch has a good average climate, and few objections except the people, of whom there are too many, they crowd each other.

Sharon is a healthful, happy and agreeable spot, particularly in July. Its sulphur baths are very useful, and the drives very pretty. The new comers complain that the old settlers are a little exclusive, and that it has somewhat the effect of a large tea party; but it is not long before the new comer becomes fond of it, finds his place, and enjoys himself.

Richfield Springs has taken a great start within a few years, and is thought by some to be more agreeable than Sharon. It, too, has excellent sulphur baths, and good hotels, some elegant private residences and good drives through a pretty country.

Lake George offers more attraction than almost any place in the United States, with the lake before you and the Adirondacks behind you, it is wonderful that fashion has not, as yet marked it for its own.—Happy are they who have found it out, for they have good food, great comfort, much amusement, for comparatively little money.

It is very difficult, almost impossible it seems, to feed well a huge caravansary full of people. The men who keep the hotels have not mastered the subject, as they have in Europe. At Baden-Baden one is as well fed as at the best *café* in Paris. So at all the crowded places in Europe; but here it has become a serious question, whether it is safe to take a family to one of these large hotels for the Summer, the food being an offset to the advantage obtained by change of climate. One is almost sure to lose appetite after four days at even the best hotel, and to come reluctantly to a table which appears to be groaning with every luxury. This has driven people to take country quarters in farm houses, to go to very dull and disagreeaple places, but very often the results are not much better there. The genius of cookery has not descended on our North American continent. Let us hope that it may be one of the effects of the European war, that a number of French and Italian cooks will be driven over here.

Such are some of the physical evils of the American watering place. Let us now look at the mental and moral side.

There is no doubt that the pouring in of divers people into one house, compelled to a sort of intimacy, all at leisure, with the added charm of a band of music, dancing, boating, croquet, and other amusements—handsome well-dressed women, and men relieved from the horrible monotony of black coats and stove-pipes, and recreating in the becoming light colors and straw hats, of Summer, presents, at first glance, a very attractive picture, that before three weeks is over everybody is very tired of it, and very anxious to change the scene. What can it be that descends like a pall over the senses, after a fortnight or less at a watering place? Is it because it is all unnatural and because no one is responsible for anybody else? Imagine such a scene at an English country house, with an amiable hostess at the head of it, and we would gladly go on forever.

But I have seldom seen people who could stand one watering-place more than a month. They want a new slavery, and go off—from Sharon to Newport, from Newport to West Point.

Now for the moral aspect of the American watering-place. Undoubtedly it is bad. It is the hotbed of scandal, of flirtation, of that school of manners which is so reprehensible, and so ruinous to American society.

It is the arena where the dissolute and vain young married woman carries on that career which is sapping the sacredness of home. It is the "Vanity Fair" of the present day. It of course opens the door to an easy familiarity which is shocking in its outward effects, and most dangerous in its tendencies. Of course, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, are the immediate growths. To sit on the piazza and hear the characters of those who walk up and down before you, assailed, is to doubt if it were best ever to bring a young girl into such a sirocco of scandal and suspicion.—The American woman never appears to such disadvantage as she does at the American watering-place.

Of course there are ladies everywhere.—Of course we must not ignore their existence, but the "Frisky Matron," and the "Handsome Harpy," and the "Associated Harpies," and the "Girl of the Period" all crop out in full development and are the prominent and conspicuous ones at all these resorts.

Side by side you see the good mothers, the modest girls, the perfect ladies—it is all mixed up together; but no one can deny that the other class are in the ascendency, and they have the American watering-place in their power. One would imagine that a broad piazza, a bright moon—an assemblage of well-educated and refined people gathered together for that "pursuit of happiness," which the Declaration of Independence declares to be an inalienable right, would bring about a beatific state of enjoyment; that politics, literature and art would, each in turn, engage the conversational wrestlers, and that something good would be evolved.—But such is seldom the case. Either an awkward silence, or a deafening noise of nothingness or worse, the dissection of character engages the group—"At every breath a reputation dies;" and the glow of eloquence, the witty repartee, the quiet philosophical reflection, or the learned experience fails you. It is not what you have hoped for or expected.

At American watering-places there is nothing to do out of the crowded hotel.—No Kursaal. No music in the grounds; a noisy band screetching at dinner when you want to be quiet, is the only equivalent.—No lovely clean walks for neatly booted ladies; a woman must be "shod like a mountaineer" if she walks out. A billiard saloon or a bowling alley affords distraction for an hour. What are you to do with the other fourteen.

Of course we cannot have the old castles, the historic interests, we cannot have the charms of a European watering-place, but we might copy some of the good features. For instance, respectable ladies never dress "fine" at a watering place in Europe.—They wear plain costumes, almost always dine in their bonnets, and devote their time to a sensible out of door life.

The four or five ball, or state costumes, with which American women vulgarize a garish Summer day, would be in Europe merely a type of a class for which a lady does not like to be mistaken.

In England a seaside retreat is a place to wear out old gowns, to ramble in search of shells, and sea weeds, to read and enjoy oneself in a quiet and respectable way.—They do not mix up the London season with the sea-sand.

There are, it is said, delightful and very cheap Summer retreats along the St. Lawrence River in Canada. The air is so brilliant and revivifying, that you seem to have been drinking champagne. There are pleasant things to do at Mount Desert in Maine, in the White Mountains, at Manchester in Vermont, and all along the coast of Massachusetts. The extreme end of Long Island offer delightful coolness and retirement. Quahog, on the Long Island coast, is good. All these are the sensible places, and don't come under the head of the fashionable watering places.

But they are all deficient in comfort. I believe every one sympathizes with a late distinguished statesman, who said "he liked Rockaway better than any other watering-place, he was always so glad to get home from it."

The most fashionable course of a fashionable wanderer is to go to Sharon in July, to Newport in August, and to West Point in September. The climate has something to do with it. Dress and fashion a great deal more. If a young lady will spend her her winter in New York, and her Summer as above stated, she can have unmitigated dancing, and come home thin, pale, and out of condition in October, to begin it all over again.

If she wishes to regain her roses, she will bid adieu to gayety after the June races, and will retreat to the mountains or the sea-shore, and, in some quiet place, lead a life of mingled exercise and repose such as cannot be found in an "American Watering-Place."—*The Aldine.*

—A man may live justly by avoiding what he blames in others.

An Exhausted Husband.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG WIFE TO HER AUNT IN BOSTON.

NEW YORK, June, 1871.

MY DEAR AUNT: Although you told me when I invited you to my wedding, that I was too young to marry, and not capable of choosing a mate for life properly, and with due consideration, I know that you now feel that I was wiser than you thought. In selecting dear Orlando, I have gained a most affectionate and attentive husband, and one who has neither a fault or a vice. Heavens! what must a girl suffer who finds herself united to a dissipated person, neglectful of her, and disposed to seek the society of unworthy persons, who drink, smoke, and do all sorts of dreadful things!

Thank heaven, Orlando is perfection!

To-day is my eighteenth birth-day, and we have been married a year. We keep house now, and I can make pretty good pie, only the undercrust will be damp.—However, I think that must be the oven.—Once I put peppermint in the pudding sauce instead of lemon flavoring; but then Orlando was trying to kiss me, right before the girl, who didn't much like either of us coming into the kitchen at all.

The flowers are coming up beautifully in the back garden. We sowed a great many seed but hardly expected to see many plants. Among the most numerous is one variety with a very large leaf, that scratches one's fingers, and don't smell nice. I wonder what it is? Orlando frightens me by talking about weeds; but seeds always come up, don't they?

Dear Orlando! I come back to him again—so excellent, temperate and true.—Tell all the girls to marry as soon as they can, if they can find a husband like mine.

I have but one trial—business takes him away from me so much. A lawyer MUST attend to business, you know; and sometimes they carry on the cases until two in the night. Often and often has he examined witnesses until half past twelve, and come home perfectly exhausted. And the nasty things will smoke, so that his dear coat quite smells of it. And as it makes him as ill as it does me, I have to air it, and sprinkle the lining with Cologne water, before he dares to put it on again.

I had a terrible fright the other night—dreadful. Orlando told me that business—I think he said it was a case of life and death—would detain him late. So I sat up as usual, with a book, and did not worry until one o'clock. After that I was a little anxious, I confess, and caught a cold in my head, peeping through the up-stairs' window blinds; for, dear aunt, it was not until three o'clock that I heard a cab driving up the street and saw it stop at our door; then I thought I should faint, for I was sure some dreadful accident had happened to Orlando.

I ran down to open the door, and Mr. Smith, a friend of Orlando's, who is not, I confess, very much to my taste—such a red faced noisy man—was just supporting my dear boy up the steps.

"Oh, what has happened?" cried I.

"Don't be frightened, Mrs. White," said Mr. Smith. "Nothing at all; only White is a little exhausted. Application to business will exhaust a man, and I thought I'd bring him home."

"No," said he, "I'll be all right in the morning. I'm all right now. Here's your health. You're a brick. I—" And over he fell, fast asleep.

Oh, why do men think so much of money making? Is not health better than anything else?

Of course, as he laid down in his hat, I took that off first. And I managed to divest him of his coat. But when it came to his boots—dearest aunt, did you ever take off a gentleman's boots? probably not, as you are a single lady—what a task!—How do they ever get 'em on? I pulled and pulled, and shook and wriggled, and gave it up. But it would not do to leave them on all night; so I went at it again, and at last one came off so suddenly; and over I went on the floor, and into his hat, which I had put down there for a minute. I could have cried. And the other came off the same way, just as hard and just as sudden at last. Then I put a soft blanket over Orlando, and sat in my sewing chair all night. Oh, how heavily he breathed! And I had, as you may fancy, the most dreadful fears. He might have killed himself by his over-application to business for all that I know. The perfect ones go first, it is said.

"All right, Belle," said Orlando, "Smith tells the truth—I'm exhausted."

And, dearest Aunt, he was so much so that he spoke quite thick, and couldn't stand up without tottering. Mr. Smith was kind enough to help him up stairs; and he laid on the bed so prostrated that I thouget he was going to die. Then I remembered the French brandy you gave me in case of sickness. I ran to get it out.

"Have a little brandy and water, dear," I said.

"The very thing. Smith is exhausted, too. Give some to Smith," said he.

And so I reproached myself for not having thought of it before Mr. Smith was gone. But I gave a glass to Orlando, and, under Providedce, I think it saved his life; for, oh, how bad he was!

"Bella," said he, quite faltering in his speech, "the room is going round so fast that I can't catch your eye. And besides there's two of you, and I don't know which is which."

I knew these were dreadful symptoms.

"Take a drink, dear," said I, "and I'll try to wake Mary and send her for the doctor."

However, imagine my delight when at noon next day, he was able to get up, eat a slice of toast and drink a cup of strong tea, and declared himself much better, though his head ached. How happy I was! I found myself laughing over an incident that occurred that afternoon, as though I had never had any trouble. A lady's glove fell out of Orlando's pocket, and the fragments of a bouquet. The bouquet he had, of course, bought for me, thinking to be home early, and the glove he found in the street. And I pretended to be jealous, and pulled his whiskers for him.

Oh, how differently should I have felt had anything happened to my beloved Orlando! He has not had so exhausting a day since, and I think sees the folly of over-work, though if courts will keep open so late, what can poor lawyers do? I think it is very inconsiderate of the Judge. I wonder whether he has a wife—mean old thing.

A CURE FOR LOW SPIRITS.—Exercise, for the body, occupation for the mind; these are the grand constituents of health and happiness, the cardinal points upon which everything turns. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject; for the winds, waves, the earth itself, are restless; and the waving of trees, shrubs and flowers, is known to be an essential part of their economy.

A Higher Culture for Woman.

In his speech at the anniversary of the Packer Institute in New York, George William Curtis said:

All that was best in old times we have now. It is the same old world. I come into the Packer Institute and find Lady Jane Grey studying the classics. I go into households and see Titania embracing the ears of her beloved Bottom. The stern critic denounces extravagance of the woman of the present day. But here is Queen Elizabeth, with three thousand dresses, denouncing extravagance. We have fears for the preservation of our form of government, and lament the corruption of our Legislatures. And yet, in those days long ago, Robert Walpole was heard to say that every man in the British Parliament had his price. But here, last fall, I heard Mr. Mundilla say that Mr. Gladstone, the real King of England, has not even power enough to appoint a post office clerk. I do hope that the time may come when, with a reformed civil service, our Senators and Representatives can say that they have no time to appoint a treasury clerk.

We shudder at the horrors of Paris, and think of modern civilization. And yet here we have the two foremost constitutionally ruled nations of the earth peacefully settling differences that it seemed would never be settled without war and endless hatred. Of these omens of a new and better time, the constant and higher estimate of woman in modern society is the most marked indication. Why, when I see these nuns behind me, I reflect that if they had been Grecian maidens in the time of Pericles, their presence here would have been esteemed as a preparation for a life of degredation. That the highest intellectual development was the exclusive prerogative of men has been until lately the opinion of the world. But now we have a higher culture for women marked out. There is no inhumanity so revolting as that which says to another, "You shall learn what I please, do what I command, and your moral and physical nature shall be subject to my pleasure."

The reasons against selecting a cultivated wife are many. Dean Swift says that the natural levity of the sex will, if woman is educated, upset her reason, that she will be very apt to despise her husband, and the more she knows the worse she will become. In Dean Swift's time they consented to remain ignorant, so as to shame their husbands. I have no doubt that the indecency of that period of writing was induced by the fact that men only wrote books, intending them to be read only by men. The prejudices against woman have been very slowly relaxed. We are told that woman can make light bread without knowing Greek. Is it, then, true that the most ignorant women make the best wives? Is it possible for such a woman to be as fully a mother to her children as one that is intelligent enough to answer their eager questions on every topic? The most notable woman I ever knew fitted her sons for college.

Now, ladies, your presence here to-night shows that you don't believe your greatest empire is simply to please men. Is not your womanhood as precious to you as my manhood is to me? The only law by which women and men can be truly governed is the liberty of perfect development. You cannot know the sphere of any being until he has the liberty of choosing a sphere. Give women every opportunity of education that men enjoy; and if there be a woman with an overwhelming love of learning, then that woman's true sphere is not the nursery, but the shrine of science.—When a miss of Vassar can educate herself in medicine, she has the same right as any longhaired, sallow-cheeked boy in spectacles who hisses at her womanhood. The Goldn age lies before us, and not behind us. We hear the words of promise to the chosen people, and every nation hears the command, "Children of Israel, go forward," and the battle-standard is the advancement of woman. We have left the idle toy. Forward, forward, we go, to find the true woman in the free American home.

The Wonderful Grove of Palms at Rio Janeiro.

I hardly know how to describe this garden. There are one hundred and ten palms in two rows—a fine gravel walk about forty feet wide running between them. These palms, set out as straight as an arrow, are crossed at one end by another path with about as many palms on each side as in the first row; the whole forms the letter T. A fountain from the aqueduct which supplies the city plays in the centre of this grove. The trees are perfectly straight, with no branches until near the top, where the whole cluster is. The whole tree is, I should say, about seventy-five feet high; the upper part of the trunk is perfect green, the lower part is bottle-shaped. Every variety of palm is to be found in this garden. Plots of flowers are between every walk, and of the brightest colors; most of the walks are lined with hedges, trimmed up to square corners, flat on top, and are a little larger than at the ground. These hedges are in perfect line in their trimming. So true and perfect are they that I first took them for blocks of wood cut out and painted green. Every kind of tropical fruit is found in this garden. The orange, lemon, pine-apple, cocoanut, fig, mango, bread-fruit, guava, caju, plantain, banana, and I don't know how many more, whose names I do not remember, and the fruit I never saw before. Bowers covered with running vines, having seats under them, were filled with humming-birds of gayest plumage. Bamboo canes, in spots, were growing so thick that a mouse could not have crawled through the clusters. The canes were forty feet high, some of them, and perfectly straight. Think of a fishing pole as straight as an arrow, thirty or forty feet long, not as large as your wrist at the butt, with a perfect taper down to nothing. This garden is about one-fourth as large as Central Park, New York, or about as large as Boston Common. Like the park, it is not finished yet. A line of horse cars run to it from the city. This line is owned by some New Yorkers, pays 40 per cent a year dividend, and the stock can't be bought for money. Although negroes and whites are on equality here (I mean the free negroes,) no man can ride in the cars unless he has on a cravat and collar.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.—Samuel Buck, who died recently near Conneaut, Ohio, was a very eccentric character. He seems to have had a strange predilection to ape the manners and character of the opposite sex. He has lived alone for many years, and performed with equal facility the duties of housewife and farmer. In the morning he would don woman's attire, which become his delicate person well, prepare breakfast, eat, and, having put the house in order, would unpin his chignon, exchange his hoopskirt for trowsers, and go out to plow or chop wood, as the case might be, till noon, when he would appear again in the role of a lady cook.

Letter from Utah.

CENTRAL CITY, LITTLE COTTONWOOD, UTAH, June 23, 1871.

MR. EDITOR:—I left Bingham Canon and following in the van of excitement, arrived at the city of green foliage, (Salt Lake,) and for the first time I saw Mr. Young, the father of the Saints, who looks young for seventy years—having plenty of gray hair on the side of his cranium, the summit being bare. Next morning took stage before breakfast for the Little Cottonwood Canon, which is in the Wasatch range. Arrived at the mouth of the canon in due time; changed stage for open spring-seated wagons, and proceeded up under a very warm sun. Breakfasted and dined on dust, which was in abundance. We progressed so slow, that it took six hours to go nine miles. We were incessantly meeting one-horse and mule teams—frequently quarter of a mile in a stretch, all loaded with ores in sacks, from those mines so celebrated.

This canon is unlike Bingham; it is one long, unbroken defile for many miles.—Those hills are composed of granite, and just before we arrived at Central City, the mineral belt (lime stone) appeared above the granitic formation. In this belt is embedded the Emma mine, so renowned throughout the world. They are shipping about 150 tons of ore per day. I tried to go through the mine, but was positively denied; also in the Flag Staff, Montezuma, Savage, &c.: but I have asked a gentleman to get me permission to descend them, and if I do, it will be confidential, consequently of no use to your readers.. Here the snow is stuck to the side of the hills, which are about 9,000 to 10,000 feet high. The Emma, and in fact the principal part of those mines, are 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. There were several copper veins discovered here recently. I saw some specimens of the ore, which is very promising, assaying about 40 per cent. of copper, and also contains silver. This camp's mineral resources are abundant, on account of which there is a telegraphic communication from here to the city, or to any part of the world; and in about three months the Southern Utah Railroad will run to the mouth of this canon; it is already out past the city. There are two smelting furnaces here, operating admirably; but hitherto great trouble and perplexity had to be contended with, owing to their not knowing the proper fluxes, and there appears to be needed quite different flux for the ores of different mines, hence, every experienced smelter failed at first, but are now overcoming the difficulty, and many new furnaces are now contemplated.

THOMAS STEPHENS.

"Aw, I Beg Pawdon."

Don Piatt says the latest story that is going the rounds in Washington is told of one of the second joints, as the secretaries were called to distinguish them from the high joints. This was an elegant youth, rather slender and tall, whose talk began and ended in one short sentence, which said, "Aw, I beg pawdon," which, drawled out, has a very pleasing result, and is being generally imitated by our free-born youths of America about Washington.

It seems that this sprig of English nobility was invited to pass some days at the country house of a wealthy American, and late at night, before retiring, concluded to take "a bath, you know," and so directed by a servant he found his way to the bath-room, and turning on the warm water was soon enjoying at full length the delicious sense of an entire relaxation of his aristocratic person and repose of his aristocratic intellect.

Unfortunately the daughter of the house also concluded to take a dip in the tub; and not knowing what their illustrious guest had done to himself, undressed in her room, ran hurriedly along the hall for fear of meeting some one, and darting into the bath-room closed and locked the door. What was her consternation to see a head raise languidly from the tub, and a voice exclaim:

"Aw, I beg pawdon."

She screamed a scream—I indulge in no exaggeration when I say that girl screamed a scream of the first magnitude; and then she screamed another scream as, in her confusion, she turned the key in the wrong direction, and so did not open the door.—Between each scream the languid voice exclaimed:

"Aw, I beg pawdon."

After sixteen screams, any one of which would have rivalled a locomotive, she succeeded in opening the door, and fell fainting in the arms of her frightened papa.—So soon as *pater familias* could relieve himself of his nude daughter, he stuck his paternal head into the bath-room, and wanted to know what in h—l was the matter. All he could get in reply was:

"Aw, I beg pawdon."

What it is to be a Widow.

"I think it must be a jolly thing to be a young widow!" I heard this remark, the other day, in a group of laughing girls. I think I remember saying such a thing myself in the careless girlish times.

Do you know, girls, what it is to be a widow? It is to be ten times more open to comment and criticism than any *demoiselle* could possibly be. It is to have men gaze as you pass, first at your black dress, and then at your widow's cap, until sensitive nerves quiver under the infliction. It is to have one illnatured person say, "I wonder how long she will wait before she marries again?" and another answer, "Until she gets a good chance, I suppose!" It is now and then to meet the glance of real sympathy, generally from the poorest and humblest woman that you meet, and feel your eyes fill at the token, so rare, that it is, alas! unlooked for. It is to have your dear fashionable friends condole you after the following fashion: "Oh, well! it's a dreadful loss. We know you'd feel it, poor dear." And in the next breath, "You well be sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you."

But it is more than this to be a widow. It is to miss the strong arm that you have leaned upon, the true faith that you know could never fail you, though all the world might forsake you. It is to miss the dear voice that uttered your name with a tenderness none other could give it. It is to hear never more the well-known footsteps that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that, to your adoring eyes, seemed more lovely than any other. To feel no more the twining arms that folded you so lovingly; the dear eyes that, looking into your own, said so plainly, whate'er it might seem to others, yours was the fairest face earth held to him. It is to fight with a mighty sorrow as a man fights with the waves that overwhelm him and to hold it at arm's length for a while only to have—in hours of loneliness and weakness—torrent roll over you, while—poor storm-driven dove—you see no haven of peace in the distance but heaven.

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Somebody'll Come To-Night.

I must bind my hair with the magic bough
And gem it with buds of white,
And drive this blush from my burning brow,
For somebody'll call to-night;
And while his eyes shall discern a grace
In the braid and folded bower,
He must not find in my tell-tale face
The spell of his wondrous power.

I must don the robe which he fondly calls
A flood of enchanting light,
And sit where the mellow moonlight falls,
For somebody'll come to-night;
And while the robes and place shall seem
But the very freak of chance,
'Tis sweet to know that his eyes shall beam
With a tender, happier glance.

'Twas thus I sang when years were few
That lay on my girlish head,
And all the flowers that fancy grew
Were tied with a golden thread;
And somebody came, and the whispers there—
I cannot repeat them quite;
But I know that my soul went up in prayer,
And somebody's here to-night.

I blush no more at the whispered vow,
Nor sigh in the soft moonligt;
My robe has a tint of amber now
As I sit by my anthracite,
And the locks that vied with the glossy wren
Have passed to the silver gray,
But the love that decked them with flowers then
Is a holier love to-day.

What it was About.

Well now that puts me in mind of two old fellows down in Kentucky that had been the best friends in the world for over thirty years—never had a cross word, and would do anything for each other. They got into a top buggy wagon and started down to Lexington on business. You see they lived about twelve miles out of Lexington. One was named Burr, and the other Clark. About six miles from Lexington they passed a tract of land belonging to a man named Baker. It had a brook running through a gully on it.

"Tom," says Burr, coming to the gully, "if Baker wanted to build a pond all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"Yes," says Clark, "but Tom don't want a pond."

"Well," replied Burr, raising himself up, "I didn't say he wanted a ponb, did I? I said if he wanted a pond all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"Well," exclaimed Clark, firing up in his turn: "I didn't say that you did say he wanted a pond, did I? All that I said was that Baker didn't want any bond."

"Well," shouted Burr, in angry tone, "I didn't say that you did say that I said he wanted a Pond, did I?" I said *if*—if he wanted a pond, all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully.

"Well," said Clark, now thoroughly enraged, "you are a d—d old fool, and I won't ride with you any further! Stop the wagon."

"So Bur stopped the wagon," said the Blue Grass man, and Clark walked all the way to Lexington, six miles, before he would ride with him. That was seven years ago, and the cussed old fools have never spoken to one another since.

THE PRESENT LIFE.—The present life is sleeping and waking; it is "good-night" on going to bed, and "good morning" on getting up; it is to walk in the garden, and see the flower open, and hear the birds sing; it is to have the postman bring letters; it is to have news from east, west, north, and south; it is to read old books and new books; it is to see pictures and hear music; it is to have Sundays; it is to pray with a family morning and evening; it is to sit in the twilight and meditate; it is to be well; and sometimes to be ill; it is to have business to do, and to do it; it is to have breakfast, and dinner, and tea; it is to belong to a town, and to have neighbors, and to be in one circle of acquaintace; it is to have friends to love one; it is to have sight of dear old faces; and with some men it is to be kissed daily by the same loving lips for fifty years; and it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by children and grandchildren and many friends.

—Foolish spending is the father of poverty, Do not be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best salaries yon can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up or wear out all that you earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your own appetite but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up before conquering every difficulty, too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expense; too proud to lie, or steel, or cheat; too proud to be stingy.

EXCITING TALE.—A Yankee, out walking in Virginia, at Wheeling, while to himself atalking experienced a feeling—strange, painful, alarmin', from his caput to his knees, as he suddenly discovered he was covered o'er with bees! They rested on his eyelids, and perched upon his nose; they colonized his peaked face, and swarmed upon his clothes. They explored his swelling nostrils, dived deep into his ears; they crawled up his trousers, and filled his eyes with tears! Did he yell like a hyena? did he holler like a loon? was he scar't and did he cut and au' run?—or did the critter swoon? Ne'er a one! no wasn't scar't a mite; he never swoons nor hollers; but he hived 'em in a nail-keg tight and sold 'em for two dollars.

NEVER.—Never throw a stone at any one until you have looked to see whether there is a window behind, or you may have to pay rather dearly for you revenge. Never leave your hat in the passage, unless it is a bad one. Never be executor to a will, as it is all liability, great trouble, and no profit. Never quarrel with your wife, as you will only have to make it up and pay for reconciliation. Never mention that you have received a legacy, or some impertinent fellow will be asking you to stand a dinner. Never pay to see a balloon go up, as you can see it much better by remaining outside.

☞ At the cor. of 3d & Orange sts., in the City of Wilmington Del., there is an establishment from which issues weekly thousands of pounds of an article which to every housewife is like "good news from a far country." That establishment belongs to Moore & Bro;—that article is *Wilmington City Soap.*"

—When Mrs. Jones chided her daughter for allowing young men to throw kisses at her, Mary Ann declared that she was quite aware of the impropriety, and never had a kiss thrown at her that she did not throw back.