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THE CECIL WHIG.

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WHOLE NO. 1576.

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An Experience and a Moral.
By F. S. COZZENS.

I lent my love a book one day;
She brought it back—I laid it by;
'Twas little either had to say—
She was so strange and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune—
And Time stood still and wretched hours
With rosy looks from June to June.

For her what task to do or dare?
What peril? What to hardship bear?
But with her—ah! she never knew
My heart, and what was hidden there!

And she, with me, so cold and coy,
Scarcely little mating, and a sense;
But in the crowd, all life and joy,
And full of blissful impudence.

She married—well, a woman needs
A mate, her love and life to share;
And little cares sprang up like weeds,
And played around her elbow chair.

And years rolled by—but I, content,
Trimmed my own lamp and kept it bright,
And little cares sprang up like weeds,
And played around her elbow chair.

And then it chanced I took the book,
Which I perused in days gone by;
And as I read, such passion shook
My soul, I needs must blame or cry.

For here and there her love was writ,
In old, half-faded pencil signs,
As if she yielded—bit by bit—
Her heart to dots and underlines.

Ah! I knowed! too late you heard
I loved you; let me here record
The maxims I had to you, and
UNLESS YOU READ IT AFTERWARD!

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.
Nellie Palmer was lying on the lounge in her pretty bedroom, crying and looking very unhappy. And yet she had been married only six months, and to such a nice, handsome man, as all the young ladies declared, that surely she ought to have been happy with him. And so she had, until, until, to tell the truth—Mr. Bob Palmer forgetting, or seeming to forget, that he was a married man, had recently taken to flirting with these very young ladies, at all the balls and parties of Middleton, leaving his wife to take care of herself. Surely it was enough to make any six months' wife cry—especially one so sensitive as Nellie.

Not that Mr. Bob Palmer loved his little wife a bit less than on the day of his marriage—neither that Nellie suspected him of it, or for a moment doubted his morals, any more than she did his constancy. But Mr. Palmer was a gay young man, and loved to amuse himself and to be amused. He liked the society of pretty and lively women, both married and single, and in a word, he liked to flirt and see the young ladies' cheeks, laughing and paying gay compliments, or promanaging the halls and piazzas with the young married ladies, his wife would be looking over a photograph album, or conversing solemnly with some old gentleman, or noising some shy and awkward child, while pretending to be unconscious of her husband's proceedings. Not that she was compelled to employ herself in this dull way—she, usually so bright and pretty, and agreeable—but she had no heart for anything else now. Of late all her liveliness and chattiness had left her, and she answered absently, and smiled listlessly, and if compelled to dance or sing, did so out of time and out of tune, to her husband's great vexation. It was to this that many a young wife settles down into a dull and faded old woman, whilst her husband grows handsome and heartier, and winks a wink on earth could have so changed her.

"Hollo! been crying again, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Bob Palmer, suddenly ceasing his little whistle, as he entered the room, on returning from his office.—"What's the trouble now, Nellie? Can't you refused to sing, or Madame Violine not put flowers enough in your new bonnet?"

"Oh, Bob, how can you?" sobbed poor Nellie, beginning afresh.

"Look here, Ellen," said her husband, sitting down on her lounge, and speaking more seriously; "I don't like this at all. I never come home that your eyes are not red and swollen with crying. What have you to cry about, I should like to know?"

"It's an insult to me to go snivelling about the house after this fashion, and moping away in corners, looking like a miserably as you did last night, at Mr. Maclean's. Why, people will think me a perfect domestic tyrant."

"Ah, Bob, don't speak so! I can't help it, indeed. I do feel so miserable. You make me so, Bob!"

"Well, that is rich! Perhaps you'll be good enough to let me know of what you're so grieved, that has turned you into a modern Niobe?"

"Nothing really wrong, dear; but, oh! if you know how much a wife thinks of her husband's love, and—" here poor Nellie broke down again. Mr. Palmer's eyes opened very wide.

"What?" whistled he, "if this isn't really absurd, so, she's jealous!"

"Indeed no, dear Bob, but—" she also broke down again, for the choking in her throat, and she could not utter a word, but woman takes in having her husband's eye on her with affection and respect before or, or how it humbles and mortifies her to be neglected by him, and have other women consider themselves her rivals—like Isabel Yaden."

Mr. Bob Palmer laughed outright, and then he grew angry.

"You are an absurd little fool, Nellie," he said. "As if Isabel Yaden were anything to me beyond a lively and an agreeable young woman to amuse one's self with at a party. Nonsense!"

"A man don't think so," said Nellie; "and—the others don't think so. They all think you are getting tired of your wife, and Isabel flatters herself that she has cut you out, and is trying to let people know it."

"Fiddlers!" said Bob, raising impatiently from the lounge. "I'm astonished at you, Nellie, and had really given you credit for more sense, as well as temper," he added, more severely. "I wish you'd amuse yourself in society, as I do, instead of going moping about in this fashion.—You can't expect to have me tied to your apron-strings; and I'd much rather see you flirting a little yourself, than skulking away in holes and corners, like a spider, watching your butterfly of a husband, to see if you can't detect him in doing wrong. You make me quite ashamed of you, I declare."

Mr. Palmer took his hat and walked out of the room with an air of mingled dignity and injured innocence. His wife sat up, wiped away her tears, and washed a white with eyes flashing and cheeks flushed with wounded and indignant feeling.

"Yes," she said to herself, "since he has rejected it, I will assume myself 'as he does,' and see how he likes it! Ah! what a man, is he?" And he did not used to be so when I was gay and happy. Oh, Bob,

if you only knew how I loved you!" And once more, despite her resolutely closing her eyes, and pressing her fingers upon them, the tears would come.

There was to be that very evening, a party at Colonel Johnston's, and Nellie took particular pains in dressing herself for it. She had been of late rather careless on this point, and was now rewarded for her extra care by her husband's glance of approval, and his remark that that pink silk was very becoming to her. In consequence her eyes and cheeks were brighter, and her spirits more buoyant, as she entered Mrs. Johnston's crowded drawing-rooms. Scarcely had they paid their respects to the hostess, when Mr. Palmer accosted, or rather was accosted by, Miss Yaden, a brilliant, confident girl, who tried to ensnare him before his marriage; and at the same moment a gentleman addressed Mr. Palmer. She answered mechanically, unable to withdraw her attention entirely from her husband and his companion, until seeing something in Miss Yaden's glance at herself which she did not like, her pride again awoke, and she turned, as with a sudden determination, to the gentleman at her side. He was a recent comer to the town—very pleasant and handsome—and Nellie Palmer forthwith began to try to make herself agreeable to him. He looked so pleased, and was himself so agreeable, that it soon cost her no effort to converse; and then her old lively spirits returned, and to her own surprise she found that she was enjoying herself. Her husband didn't much notice this, but Miss Yaden did; and her flirtation with Mr. Palmer lost much of its charm, now that his wife did not appear mortified and jealous, and that people couldn't see that she was so. Wherefore Miss Yaden grew indifferent, and Mr. Palmer thought himself to look after his wife. Not finding her looking over photographs, or albums, nor talking to deaf old Mr. Brown, neither in any of the "holes and corners" which she was wont of late to frequent, he became rather puzzled.

"She's got in the dumps again, I suppose," was his thought, "and is trying to disguise it under pretence of being sick.—Dare say I shall find her crying in the ladies' dressing-room, or fainting away in the conservatory, with fans and smelling-bottles round her—perhaps she's gone home."

At that very instant a little laugh at his elbow startled him, and turning he saw Nellie bright and flushed, talking to a very handsome man, who appeared quite absorbed in her. Mr. Palmer stared a moment at the unconscious couple.

"Why, the deuce?" was his thought; "what on earth can they have been talking about all this while?" Then suddenly meeting his wife's eyes, he smiled, and whispered—

"Enjoying yourself, Nellie?"

"Don't you think, dear—delightfully. Don't trouble yourself about me, pray."

He passed on, but didn't go far; and as he stood whispering soft nothings to sentimental Kate Marshall, his eyes occasionally wandered to his wife. How pretty she was looking; and how gay she was; and how coquettishly she was exchanging light repartee with that flirting fellow, Tom Harrison. And all the while the handsome stranger never left her side. It was perfectly evident that he admired her. "If she were not a married woman he would certainly fall in love with her—she's my wife," and he felt a little resentful of the admiration.

Nellie Palmer had never sung more sweetly or danced more gracefully than upon this evening.

"Don't you think, Nell, you've danced enough for one night?" said her husband, toward the close of the evening; "for a married woman?" she answered cheerfully.

"I must enjoy myself so much! Really, I almost forgot that I am a married woman, and felt like a girl again."

"And behaved like one," he said, rather coolly. "Who is that fellow that has been in attendance upon you all the evening?"

"I never come home that your eyes are not red and swollen with crying. What have you to cry about, I should like to know?"

"It's an insult to me to go snivelling about the house after this fashion, and moping away in corners, looking like a miserably as you did last night, at Mr. Maclean's. Why, people will think me a perfect domestic tyrant."

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most unexpected—most astounding. You are by far too intimate with this fellow, Lovell. He is constantly in my house, and last evening he scarcely left your side, while you stood for two hours the centre of a group of chattering, gissing popinjays, like himself."

"Why, Bob, you yourself blamed me for playing wallflower and 'spiler,' and you stood for two hours the centre of a group of chattering, gissing popinjays, like himself."

"I am much more ashamed of you now," he retorted, severely.

"Now, dear, that is quite unreasonable of you. Didn't you tell me that I would please you by enjoying myself, and flirting a little? You know you did," added Nellie, reproachfully, "and now that I am obeying you, you get jealous!"

"Jealous? no! But I am offended and insulted—yes, and disgusted as well. If only you could hear the remarks about yourself and that Lovell—"

"Similar to that which I heard in regard to you and Miss Yaden, I presume?" said his wife.

"What was Miss Yaden to me?" he demanded, angrily.

"And what is Captain Lovell to me?"

"You encourage him, madam. You flirt with him."

"As you do with Isabel Yaden."

"A man may do what is not permissible in a woman."

"Ah, that is it," said Nellie, with her old sigh. "You men may neglect a wife—may wear out her life with anguish—may expose her to the pity or ridicule of all her acquaintance by showing devotion to another—and she, poor slave, must not presume to turn, as may even the trampled worm, but must bear all in meek silence, never even employing mercy, lest she offend her lord. But I have had enough of this, Bob; and now as you do to me will I do to you. If you will go on flirting, so will I. I know you don't care a bit for Isabel Yaden than I do for Captain Lovell—but I will not be neglected and humbled in spite of the whole world. I am not a slave to a wife, and demand the honor due to me!"

Her mood was a new one to her husband. She sat erect and proud, looking him steadily in the face with bright clear eyes, in whose depths he could still read great tenderness; and he at once comprehended the whole matter. He looked at her a moment, as steadily as she at him, and then he rose and took a seat by her side.

"And you really care nothing for this Lovell, Nellie?"

"No more than I ought to do for my cousin, Laura's affianced husband," she replied.

"I would have told you of it, but—"

"I will do so no more, love?"

"Never!—N. Y. Sunday Times.

Gloves.
In some northern countries there exists a custom for brides, on their wedding-day, to present a pair of gloves of their own manufacture to each invited guest; and we bet the unlucky bride who neglects a single one, for his or her revenge would follow the young wife throughout her whole life, however distant her home might be. To provide, therefore, for the utmost emergency, a girl begins early in life to lay by dozens and dozens of gloves of her own making ready for the wedding day. The most countries it is still customary to give white gloves to menials on a wedding-day, but these need not be worked, stitched, or knitted by the bride's own fair fingers. It is also usual to give gloves at a christening; and abroad, especially in Switzerland, and the godmother who presents them rather reversing the laws of gallantry. The custom of giving gloves at funerals is also very old, though now it is generally restricted to the mourners. Thus, in almost every age and country, the glove has been linked with love, marriage, birth, and death. It has also formed the theme for many a romance and poem, and it has more than once proved a powerful instrument of revenge in the hands of jealousy and hatred; poisoned gloves being at one time but too frequently used as the means whereby the disposal of the fatal dose of the Medicinal and fed with tainted meat and drank some wine. So it came to pass that it was the nobles that had to put up with this sorry fare, while the despised peasants were well served in the duke's presence. They must have been of a more docile make than most of their class, however, for this contemptuous treatment, added by the eloquence and arguments of the Archbishop of Salzburg, converted them into zealous followers of Christ. This was the treatment they were told, which awaited them on the Day of Judgement; while believers, however lowly, would sit with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, at the marriage-feast of the Lamb. In recognition, therefore, of the great good which the example of the peasants had wrought, in thus bringing their nobles to the following custom was established. The custom was a real one, whatever we may think of its alleged origin.

Whenever a duke was to be installed in Corinthia, he went on foot, in peasant's attire, with a shepherd's staff in his hand, attended by a black ox upon his left, and a lean horse upon his right, to a stone called the "Prince's Stone," about a mile from Klagenfurt. Here sat a peasant—it was the hereditary right of a particular family to take part in the drama—and, as the new prince drew near, followed by a crowd of the people, he asked: "Who is it that comes here with such a lordly step?" Then the people answered: "The prince of the land comes." "Is he also," he asked, "a righteous judge, a furtherer of the welfare of our land, and of our free possessions?" In he also a protector of the Christian faith and of widows and orphans?" "Yes," was the answer, "he is, and shall be." Then the new prince promised the peasants that he would not be ashamed to plough with such cattle. And the peasant asked: "How shall I be brought from this place?" The Count of Gorz, hereditary Count of Tyrol, answered for the prince: "We will buy you up with sixty pieces the ox and the horse shall be yours, you shall have the garments of the prince, and your house shall be free and never taxed." At this, the peasant rose and gave the prince a mighty blow on the ear with the left hand, the prince took his seat upon the stone; swore to observe the liberties of his subjects, and began to administer his office.

As long as the prince sat upon the stone the Gradenekers had a right to now grass wherever they liked, and the Portendore to burn and destroy at will; and when the family of the Portendore became extinct, this desirable privilege passed to the Mondenax. This singular right reminds one of a custom in another Slavonic country: When the dukes of Bohemia began to be summoned to appear at the diets of the empire, in the 11th century, they often used to regularly wear four pairs of new gloves a day, of different quality and color, according to different times and places.—Indeed it is a popular belief on the Continent that every English gentleman wears at least three pairs of new gloves a day. I must here confess my ignorance on this point, therefore can neither affirm nor deny it; should it be correct, however, I should say that it must make a tolerably

unpleasant brood into many a restricted income.

As a rule, gloves should always be of a shade lighter than the dress with which they are worn, never darker,—dark gloves with light dresses are most offensive to the eye.

To return to black gloves for a moment, I must here remark that abroad, where rules respecting mourning are much more strict than in England, black kid gloves are not allowed during the first stage of mourning. Black kid is shining, and deep mourning should avoid all that shines; thus black woolen gloves are also allowed under these circumstances. At the Burgundian Court gloves were not allowed at all during mourning. It would appear by that that gloves were considered entirely as objects of vanity, like powder and rouge, which likewise were prohibited during mourning.

For general wear, neutral tints are the best for gloves, and above all, the Swedish kid glove in its natural tan-color. There is no glove like it for usefulness, elegance, and economy. They may be worn at all hours, and with all dresses, excepting evening dress.

In the event of embroidered gloves or mittens returning into fashion, it will be as well to remark here that embroidery should always correspond with the natural shape of the hand,—flowers and symbols, such as two hands united, should be scrupulously avoided. Lines and arabesques are the most appropriate patterns for glove embroidery,—lines tend to make the hands look narrow, and therefore are preferred to any other style of working.

The first requisite for a glove is that it should fit well, therefore it ought to be cut according to the hand; in fact, the hands should be measured for gloves at the feet for boots. In France it has long been customary to measure for gloves, and there are now a few establishments in London which adopt a similar fashion.

The art of cutting out a glove is one especially excelled in by the French, and is most difficult in execution. Indeed, these is an old proverb which says it takes three kingdoms to make one glove: Spain to provide the kid, France to cut it out, and England to sew it. The French have a particular art in economical cutting, and can cut three pairs of gloves out of the same quantity of kid that an Englishman can scarcely cut two. Consequently French gloves ought to be cheaper than English, but they are not. The Germans, although their kid is really finer than the English, and they sew as well as the English, are quite ignorant of the art of cutting, consequently their are as yet unable to make good gloves.

If a glove is not to disfigure a hand, it should be made of the softest and most elastic kid, that will lend itself to every natural movement of the hand; and the best color, as already stated, is the natural light tan-color of the kid itself. In former romantic days, young ladies were gloves the colors they wished their hands to be, and tied to imitate the rose-fingered glove by wearing rose-colored gloves. But we are more matter-of-fact in these days, and I think more natural.

Land and Water.
A Corinthian Custom.

When Christianity was first introduced into Corinthia, it was gladly received by the peasants, but the nobles despised it as a low and ignoble superstition. The duke, therefore—Ingow, who held his office at the hands of Christianity, and was himself a devout Christian—brought him to give the haughty nobles a lesson. He made a great banquet, and invited to it poor and rich, high and low alike. But the Christians alone sat at the table of his prince, and were well and sumptuously feasted; while the heathen were left in the open air, and fed with tainted meat and drank some wine. So it came to pass that it was the nobles that had to put up with this sorry fare, while the despised peasants were well served in the duke's presence. They must have been of a more docile make than most of their class, however, for this contemptuous treatment, added by the eloquence and arguments of the Archbishop of Salzburg, converted them into zealous followers of Christ. This was the treatment they were told, which awaited them on the Day of Judgement; while believers, however lowly, would sit with