PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1864.

Lamily Circle.

LETTERS.

From a Lady visiting Philadelphia, du ring the Winter of 1863, to her young friend in the Country.

NO. VI.

DEAR EDITH :--- It is about ten days since I received your last letter.] thank you for the details you give on home matters, it renders the letter very interesting to me.

If my memory is faithful, I promised in this letter some description of the party I mentioned to you in my last letter. To gratify you, I must begin with myself, as I am sure you will wish to know what I wore. A rich grey silk, and a set of pearls; the latter a present here: and this evening my equanimity was a little disturbed by a compliment from my grave uncle. Now let me take you to the party without loss of time. I will just remark here, that the hour was one in which your rational neighbors were preparing to retire for the night. I have no hope of giving you a just idea of the display of beauty and wealth in those elegant rooms. The fact is, your country friend was dazzled by the blaze of jewels that flashed on every side as she gazed on the changing scene. There were dresses of every hue and variety. Some that pleased with their richness and harmony in colors, others spicuous. You cannot imagine a greater | and laid aside. contrast than my plain costume among such a throng.

I heard the word "singular," uttered more than once in a suppressed tone. added materially to my appearance on a foothold in this world. this occasion. There were some beautiful girls present. This city may well boast of the fair faces that grace its homes : would that the soul inhabiting these fair forms was always as lovely in the lady whose escort he was. While listening to Aunt Helen, who was chatting with a friend, I noticed Mr. B., making his way through the crowd with a steady perseverance, that amused me, until he reached us. After some kind inquiries of Aunt H. and myself he proposed a promenade through the rooms, I willingly assented, as my mind was in spite of the gay scene around me. sketch of one or two others; asked some suggestive questions and received very ant room where seats could be found, and enjoyed the transition from the heat

the lady of the mansion, we made our adieux and departed. If Mrs. M. was Uncle Lot, however, thought a great as weary as I felt, she must have been quite willing to see the crowd diminishing. My letter is long, but does not contain much. However if it arauses you I have not wasted my time. With love to the friends who remember me, affectionately, HELEN.

Says the Congregationaliss: The life of Dr. Lyman Beecher is made up of the letters of the family, built upon a skeleton of the Doctor's narrative of his life. Reminiscences of the life in their old home are also contributed by the children. The most interesting part of the work naturally is that furnished by the say. "Whoa," and come and give me a from Uncle James. Aunt says I have Doctor himself, and taken down from shake. really improved in style since I came his lips by his children in the sitting-room of his daughter, Mrs. Stowc. When the Doctor's memory flagged his children would ply him with questions. These places are marked by the initials of the questioner. The following extracts are taken from these personal recollections :

HIS BIRTH.

My mother was tall, well proportioned, dignified in her movements, fair to look upon, intelligent in conversation, and in character lovely. I was her only child She died of consumption two days after I was born. When the woman that attended on her saw what a puny thing I was, and that the mother could not live, that evinced a total want of taste, and she thought it useless to attempt to keep mercly served to render ugliness con- me alive. I was actually wrapped up

But, after a while, one of the women thought she would look and see if I was living, and finding, I was, concluded to wash and dress me, saying, "It's a pity Perhaps it will gratify you to know that he had n't died with his mother." So some rich lace (a present from Aunt H.) | you see it was by a hair's breadth I got

HOW HE FARMED.

Then follow some reminiscences of his boyish experiences in farming. It is these fair forms was always as lovely in interesting in these days, to read this its manifestations. Our friend, Mr. B. account of the way the Revolution was entered the room just after we did and paid for and our independence won. greeted us cordially, then passed on with The side remark of the old man : "If it had n't been for this household manufacstanding at the upper end of the room | ture, we never should have succeeded in the Revolution," is a finger post that should be heeded by every lover of his country's prosperity in these days, when extravagance in the midst of impoverishment is the greatest danger of the times : Raised an acre or two of flax, though it was impossible to keep Aunt Benton and niece in spinning for the winter. We tending to thoughts not very inspiriting raised our own breadstuffs, and fodder for stock, and cut salt hay on the marsh. Mr. B. pointed out some of the most Flax-pulling was hard enough to break noticeable persons, and gave me a brief your back the first day, the second lighter, the third easy enough. We had about three day's pulling for Uncle Bencandid replies. After a while, we fol- ton and me, boy and man. Then we lowed two or three persons into a pleas- rotted it, beat it, and bleached it. I knew my business about flax.

and enjoyed the transition from the heat and excitement of the crowd, to the com-parative quiet of this retreat; rendered; used to drag in and souse under. He still more attractive by the drame by the drame in and souse under. He We built an inclosure of rails, and still more attractive by the flowers which | would come out and stand dripping. Then were lavishly displayed on every side. after a day or two, we sheared them. The The halls and staircase were adorned in only difficulty with me was, I used to the same manner, and some of the most | cut in and take out a little piece of the beautiful ornamented the supper table. skin now and then. Then the fleece was Many of the guests were the recipients | washed, salted, carded and spun. Aunt of choice boquets, among whom your Benton spun it all in the house. Flax friend was fortunate enough to be num- in winter, wool in summer; woman's work is never done. They made all sorts of Mr. B. finding that I really enjoyed linen work, table-cloths, shirting, sheets, the repose of my present position, made | and cloths. If it had n't been for this some of his usual witty comments on household manufactory we never should topics that were suggested by the occa- have succeeded in the Revolution. 1 sion. You will not expect to hear that remember in those days how the selectour favorable topic was touched; as it men visited the farm-houses, and took an was almost impossible to pursue a con- inventory, and gave receipts. We paid nected conversation at such a party. in beef. The kitchen was full, and they came with carts and carried it to the army. H.B.S. "Was there no complaining? No complaint; not a word.

proposed going as soon as we could find the most horrible memorial of that time. ment came, sin revived, and I died quick If that plow could tell the story of my as a flash of lightening. eclings it would be a development. "Well," I thought, "it's all over with Mrs. M. After some trouble in finding feelings it would be a development.

deal of it. One day I drove the ox-team so as to graze it with the wheel.

"There, there, Lyman, you've ran over that plow, and broke it all to pieces.' "Why Uncle Lot, I havn't touched selfish and worldly. the plow.

"Well, I'd a great deal mather you had than to have gone so plaguy nigh it."

Now Lam naturally quick, and that was what he "should now call a hopeold plow was so slow-one furrow a little ful, promising case." Finally, however, he found Christ. "Election and dearces vay, and then another—and the whole fifteen agres three times over, some of it became less a sumbling block. I came as steep as a roof of a house. I became n by that door, I felt reconciled and reinexpressibly sick of it. What should I signed, yet with alternations of drakness do, then, but build castles in the air. and discouragement, and a severe conflict First I knew I would be a rod ahead. whether it would be right for me to preach, which extended even into my say, "Whoa," and come and give me a livinity year.

One reason I was so long in the dark Not long after the job was finished was. I was under law, was somebling in Uncle Benton and I were walking tothe doctrines, and had no views of Christ. gether over to Toket Hill, and I had got They gave me other books to read besides so used to driving that I fell in a brown the Bible-a thing I have done practicstudy, and kept saying "Whoa !" "Haw!" ing long since. For cases like mine, Gee!" as if the oxen were along. Brainerd's Life is a most undesirable

"Why, Lyman," said Uncle Lot, did thing. It gave me a tinge for years. you think you were driving the oxen?" It was then I believe, he gave up. So Edwards on the Affections-a most

Next day we were out behind the barn picking up apples. "Lyman," said he, "should you like a state of permanent hypochondria-

to go to college?" "I don't know, sir," said I. But the motive, or ability to do anything. They

next day we were out picking apples again, and, without his saying a word, I said, "Yes sir, I should." So he drove whole in spite of them. I was converted again, and, without his saying a word, I said, "Yes sir, I should." So he drove over to New Haven, and talked with in spite of such books. father, and they settled it between them.

Uncle Lot was to clothe me-Aunt Benton could make nearly everything-and father was to do the rest.

HIS RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

he met with the principal, who finding Being asked by his son Charles what him well versed in the subject, and

religious training he had, he answered : We always had family prayers, and I heard the Bible read every morning. taking him for a practical man, explained some improvements he was about to make. His lordship discovered fallacy in the Aunt Benton became plous when I was about ten. I remember Parson Bray's plan and predicted that it would fail, but the other was confident in his calculation, coming to see her, and talking about "inability." I never heard Parson Bray preach a sermon I understood. and so they parted. Some time afterwards, when his lordship was walking to

the House of Commons, he was accosted They say everybody knows about God naturally. A lie. All such ideas are in the street by one who turned out to be his too confident acquaintance, and who said : by teaching. One Sunday evening I was "I have been often, since we last met, out playing. They kept Saturday evenwishing to see you. You was right and I was wrong, and I am going to make ing, and children might play on Sunday evening, as soon as they could see three stars. But I was so impatient I did not you an offer. My engineering foreman is going to leave me, and if you will come wait for that. Bill H. saw me, and said.

"That's wicked; there ain't three stars." " Don't care." "God says you must n't."

"Don't care.' "He'll punish you." "Well, if He does, I'll tell Aunt Benton.

"Well, He's bigger than Aunt Benton, and He'll put you in the fire and burn you forever and ever."

That took hold. I understood what fire was, and what forever was. What he was informed of the offer, and enter-

me. I'm gone. There's no hope for such a sinner." Despair followed the inward revelation of what I had read, but never felt. I had never had any feeling of SUNDAY SCHOOL. love to God, and all, my affections wera

A TITLED MACHINIST.

Lord Oxmamton was at some manu-

His trial was long and severe. Work-Every superintendent and teacher knows the value of ng at his own heart without outside help nusic in the Sunday School. It is one of its chief he halted long, though he states that his attractions and most prefitable exercises. If you would . have your Sunday School well attended, MAKE ITS MUS ATTRACTIVE., If you would have your Sunday School fficient es a means of good, MAKE 115 MUSIC EPPICIENT Song has peculiar power to reach the heart and arouse the feelings. All this is, in some measure at least understood and appreciated, and the problem, often, difficultione, is how to make the music what it should

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MUSIC

IN THE

No one means is more important to this end then. good accompanying instrument. However excellen the leader may be, he needs an instrument to help him; and where the leader has not much confidence in him self an accompanying instrument is of yet more ina portance. Such an instrument will attract and interes the children ; will induce them to try to sing, and render it much easier for them to do so. It will add.vastly to the impressiveness of the music; and, in deed, so great is its value that no Sunday School which has enjoyed the use of a good one will afterward be satisfied to do without one.

A great difficulty in the way of the general introduc tion of accompanying instruments in Sunday Schools has been the lack of those which were both desirable and available. Such an instrument must have good quality of tone, for this is the first essential; it must have great volume or power, because it should be overwhelming thing, and to common minds most entangling. The impressions sufficient to guide and sustain-though not overpower left by such books were not spiritual, but --- a chorus of hundreds of voices; it must occupy little space, because not many Sunday School rooms have much to spare for such a purpose ; it must be durable the horrors of a mind without guidance, not liable to get out of order or out of tune; and lastnot least, practically-it must be afforded at a moderate cost, for few Sunday Schools can afford to expend a very large sum for an instrument. The melodeon has failed, chiefly because it lacked power or volume of tone; the various harmoniums, school organs, etc., have had more power, but have been deficient in quality of tone, and in other respects. MASON & HAMLIN, having long been extensively

engaged in the manufacture of Melodeons and Harmoniums-for which they have invariably taken the first premiums at all industrial fairs and exhibitions-hay factory, the name I have heard, but had constant evidence of the need of a better instruforgotten. In walking through the works ment, such as has been described, for Sunday School: and Churches, as well as for private use. The experience of this want led th em to the institution of many experiments looking to such improvements, the first important result of which was the introduction by them of the Harmonium several years since.

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CABINET ORGAN

of five octaves compass, a most satisfactory instrumen who saw his father, then Earl of Rosse, for any school. \$125 is the price of a double reed Organ approaching. When the latter came up, he was informed of the offer, and enter-are furnished at \$95 and \$115. The larger sizes at \$280, it did not interfere with his parliament-



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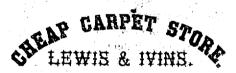
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bered.

The guests flitted in and out, like birds of gay plumage dazzling us for a moment and then disappearing. Disjointed sentences fell on my ear now and then. making rather an amusing medley, and distructing my attention so, that I gave incoherent replies more than once. At such times, dear E., how the grandeur Benton's kitchen.' of the masculine mind manifests itself. Then men can pursue a subject closely, even while granting us a charitable smile, amid the continued flow of small talk incidental to such occasions. I confess that my thoughts were slightly disturbthat I had not enjoyed frequent opportunities for attaining a proficiency in milk. Then they made cheese and spun this respect.

Mr. B.'s remarks were verging to wards literature, and I had decided to ask his opinion of our favorite authors; when a gentleman approached with whom Mr. B. seemed well acquainted, and use, and they lasted till March. turning to me asked permission to introduce his friend Mr. R.

Thus my intended discussion on literary subjects was postponed, to attend to the conversation, of Mr. R., who, to do him justice, seemed fully able to sustain his part in entertaining me. I saw that Mr. B. was about to say farewell for the present, and asked him to find Aunt Helen and tell her I would join her directly. I felt certain that she had something to do with the introduction of Mr. R., and the disappearance of Mr. B.

The remarks of Mr. R., were soon interrupted by a general move toward

THE LIVING.

H. B. S. "How did they live in those days? Tell us something about Aunt

I can see her now as plain as I can see you. She and Annie got breakfast very carly. We had wooden trenchers first, then pewter, and finally earthen ware. Our living was very good. Rye bread, fresh butter, buckwheat cakes, ed, but I comforted myself by thinking and pie for breakfast. After the dishes were washed, Annis and I helped aunt till dinner. We dined on salt pork, vegetables, and pies; corned beef also; and always on Sunday, a boiled Indian pudding. We made a stock of pies at Thanksgiving, froze them for winter's After dinner aunt put things "to ready. Then came pipes, and in less affairs of household, and, even though she

worked at flax and foddering. In the evening we visited, chatted, ate apples, drank cider, and told stories. On Sunday nights the boys went a courting.

WHY HE WASN'T A FARMER.

account of the way he came not to be a farmer:

H. B. S. "Well, father, how did it | now." happen that you did not become a farmer ?

I should, if Uncle Benton had not I felt a sudden impulse to pray. It was the door, leading to the dining room, cleared a fifteen-acre lot, and I driven but a breath across the surface of my little backbiting, gossiping, enviousness where the supper table was. You will plow over the whole three times. He soul. I was not in the habit of prayer. and other kindred sins, and women in not expect me to describe the crushing always meant I should be his heir, and I rose to pray, and had not spoken five experience of that hour; it required have the homestead, and be a farmer as words before I was under as deep consome skill to move an arm without en- he was. I wish you could see his old viction as ever I was in my life. The croaching on your neighbor's rights. plow. It was a curious thing of his own sinking of the shaft was instantaneous. When supper was over, Ifelt weary, and making—clumsy, heavy, and patched I understood the law and my heart as the ruins of one's own house; and the Aunt Helen, who was suffering from the with old hoes and pieces of old iron to well as I do now, or shall in the day of grander the home, why, the heavier the light which sometimes affects her head, keep it from wearing out. That plow is judgment, I believe. The Command-stone -Bulwer.

ver since.

I had a good orthodox education ; was day of judgment. Conscience only troubled me about particular sins.

I knew nothing about my heart. For instance: I got to pulling hair with Alex. Collins one training day, and Granny Rossiter told Aunt Benton, "I'm afraid Lyman's been a fighting." I felt so ashamed, as if I had lost my character. Curious, now, this thing of personal dentity ! Here I am now, an old man, telling you this story about a little boy; and yet I feel that I am the same person now that I was then.

PARSONS IN THE OLD DAYS.

studied. he said :

and attended funerals, and that was all up in perfect idleness, take no bodily except the quarterly sacramental lecture. | exercise except that of walking in fine That was the average of ministerial weather, or riding in cushioned carriages, work in those days.

they lived longer, and staid longer in the same place.'

True. Nowaday they wear a man out in a few years. They make him a slave, health they started life with, becoming worse than on the plantation. The old way was healthier.

and dined at Uncle Benton's. As soon stand alone. A German lady, no matter as Aunt Benton saw them coming, she how elevated her rank, never forgets threw the irons in the fire, and ran down that domestic labors conduce to the cellar to draw a pail of beer. Then the health of mind and body alike. An hot irons were thrust in hissing and foam- English lady, whatever may be her posiing, it was sweetened, and the flip was | tion in society, does not neglect the rights," Annie (his nurse) spun, and I than fifteen minutes you could not see has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of across the room.

HIS RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

One day, as we were sitting at home, mother looked out of the window, and saw a drunkard passing. "Poor man," said she, "I hope he'll receive his pun-A few pages further on we have his ishment in this life. He was under con- to idleness since the foundation of the viction once, and thought he had religion; world, and either wilts away from sheer but he's nothing but a poor drunkard ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fash-

these words, only after she left the room,

serious-minded, conscientious, and had are you, old gentleman?" roughly dea settled fear of God, and terror of the manded the Brummagen "I am Lord Rosse," was the reply, "and this is Lord Oxmanton." Eventually, the latter consented to look down for a few days in Warwickshire, and give his

friend the benefit of his best advice, raise the means. which ended, this time, in the thoroughly successful completion of the improvement in hand.—Bristol (England) Times.

HOUSEHOLD CARES.

Mrs. Kirkland has_very truly said that woman is never really and healthily happy, without household cares. But to perform housework is too frequently considered degrading. Even where the Speaking of a minister with whom he mother, in obedience to the traditions of her youth, condescends to labor occasion-He preached twice on the Sabbath, ally the daughters are frequently brought or dancing at a party. Those, in short, H. B. S. "That is one reason why who can afford servants, cannot demean themselves, as they think, by domestic labors. The result is, too frequently, that ladies of this class lose what little feeble in just about the proportion as they become fashionable. In this neglect I remember the Association met there, of household cares, American ladies her time to this, her true and happiest sphere. A contrary course to this, results in a lassitude of mind often as fatal to health as the neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to her domestics, generally pays the penalty which has been affixed

ionable follies to find employment for There was no perceptible effect from her mind. If household cares were more generally attended to by ladies of the good society would be much happier and much more truly loveable.

ary duties. "And who is he ?- and who their cost, while they are more portable, durable, and less liable to get out of order. Any one who can play the piano or melodeon a little

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