

# EVENING TELEGRAPH-SUPPLEMENT

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TRIPLE SHEET—THREE CENTS.

## ADDRESS

TO THE

NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED,  
WHOSE SUFFERINGS HAVE BEEN PRO-  
TRACTED FROM HIDDEN CAUSES,

AND  
WHOSE CASES REQUIRE PROMPT TREAT-  
MENT TO RENDER EXISTENCE  
DESIRABLE.

If you are suffering, or have suffered, from involuntary discharges, what effort does it produce upon your general health? Do you feel weak, debilitated, easily tired? Does a little extra exertion produce palpitation of the heart? Does your liver urinary organs, or your kidneys, frequently get out of order? Is your urine sometimes thick, milky, or floccy, or is itropy on settling? Or does a thick scum rise to the top? Or is a sediment at the bottom after it has stood awhile? Do you have spells of short breathing or dyspnoea? Are your bowels constipated? Do you have spells of fainting or rushes of blood to the head? Is your memory impaired? Is your mind constantly dwelling upon this subject? Do you feel dull, listless, moping, tired of company, of life? Do you wish to be left alone, to get away from everybody? Does any little thing make you start or jump? Is your sleep broken or restless? Is the lustre of your eyes as brilliant? The bloom on your cheek as bright? Do you enjoy yourself in society as well? Do you pursue your business with the same energy? Do you feel as much confidence in yourself? Are your spirits dull and flagging, given to fits of melancholy? If so, do not lay it to your liver or dyspepsia. Have you restless nights? Your back weak, your knees weak, and have but little appetite, and you attribute this to dyspepsia or liver complaint?

Now, reader, diseases badly cured and excesses are capable of producing a weakness in the generative organs. The organs of generation, when in perfect health, make the man. Did you ever think that those bold, defiant, energetic, persevering, successful business men are always those whose generative organs are in perfect health? You never hear such men complain of being melancholy, of nervousness, of palpitation of the heart. They are never afraid they cannot succeed in business; they don't become sad and discouraged; they are always polite and pleasant in the company of ladies, and look you and them right in the face—none of your downcast looks or any other meanness about them. I do not mean those who keep the organs inflamed by running to excess. These will not only ruin their constitutions, but also those they do business with or for.

How many men, from badly cured diseases and excesses, have brought about that state of weakness in those organs that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease—lunacy, paralysis, spinal affections, suicide, and almost every other form of disease which humanity is heir to—and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever suspected, and have doctored for all but the right one.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a diuretic.

## HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

Is the Great Diuretic, and a Certain Cure for Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Organic Weakness, Female

Complaints, General Debility, and all Diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in Male or Female,

From whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing.

If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources, and the health and happiness, and that of posterity, depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

## HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

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B. T. HELMBOLD, DRUGGIST,  
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Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or Six Bottles for \$6.50; delivered to any address.

Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

None are genuine unless done up in steel engraved wrappers.

## CHRISTMAS COLUMN

### TOO MANY COOKS.

A NEW EDGE TO AN OLD SAW.

BY TOM HOOD.

No haunting song is mine, I ween,  
Though in the illustration seen  
Are dear, and buxom, and dough;  
Nor is't a song for summer bow'rs,  
Although 'tis flony; for the four's  
What's ground and doesn't grow.

It is a song of Christmas-tide—  
Of love—and cookery beside—  
Of spoons that do not stir.  
"You pays your money; what you buys"  
Is making pies or making eyes,  
Whichever you prefer.

Behold a pair of maidens fair—  
"Girls of the Period" I swear  
Not fairly called they'd be,  
Since they're dough-mesticated maids,  
Here as the housewife's skilful aids  
Enlisted, as you see!

For, every Christmas, folks must make  
Great stores of pudding, jelly, cake,  
And apple tart, or quince;—  
Not to omit to mention rich  
And mighty savory pies, for which  
Some matters we must mince.

With snowy apron round her waist,  
See, dainty Laura deals in paste,  
And Grace in candied peel.  
Yet Laura, though she paste supplies,  
Has real brilliants for her eyes,  
As every one must feel.

Though Grace for candied peel we'll thank,  
She has a grace and face more frank  
Than peel most candied boasts.  
Behold our Laura, then, and Grace  
Each in the kitchen at her place—  
Both faithful to their posts.

And now they're settled to their task—  
And who would dare to think, I ask,  
That they won't do their work?  
They'll shred their peels and roll their pastes—  
They're girls with such domestic tastes—  
And ne'er their duties shirk.

A shadow at the window, see!  
'Tis he—the enviable he—  
On whom our Laura smiles.  
He stops, the open window at,  
And with a little pleasant chat  
The maidens' time begales.

Alas, fair maidens! much I fear  
Your boasted household skill's a mere  
Delusion and a dream.  
You're making, you sad pussies, you—  
Not much of dough, but much ado  
'Bout nothing, it would seem!

Come, Laura, at your paste begin,  
Not let yours be a rolling-pin  
That does not gather dough.  
Come, Grace, I prithee, slice that peel,  
You need not listen with such zeal  
To his appeal, you know!

And, when he's waited full an hour,  
Still Laura has not touched the flour—  
Oh! sadly wasted time!  
While Grace's fingers idly pause—  
She quite forgets the peel because  
She thinks of marriage-chime.

By way of moral here, the sage—  
(Who pens for you, sweet maids, the page,  
And on your picture looks)—  
This topsy-turvy saw employs:—  
"Dan Cupid, who's the broth of boys,  
Has spoilt too many cooks!"

## AUNT GRACE'S SWEETHEART.

A Christmas Story, by Mark Lemon, the Editor of "Punch."

CHAPTER I.

Doctor Gregory always told the story of Aunt Grace Maxwell's Sweetheart after this manner, and when he had been duly furnished with a second dose of "Pickin punch," composed according to a recipe of Charles II, and only known in his family:—

"My mother was a light-hearted woman, as I remember her, with a handsome and intelligent face, dark grey eyes, and a profusion of chestnut ringlets. She was rather short in figure, but her form was faultless, and she had the merriest laugh I ever heard. She was fond of a practical joke, by no means an unladylike propensity in her young days, though happily long discontinued, and by no one more than by my mother. My father being a captain in the merchant service, my mother usually spent the time he was absent on his voyages with her aunt, who was a widow with a good property, and no incumbrances except myself, whom she loved and indulged to the utmost. My aunt—of course I mean my great aunt—being only forty, with three thousand a year at her own disposal, was as handsome as English matrons generally are who commence by being pretty in their maidenhood, had many offers; but she had given her whole heart to the man whom she had married, and had none left for any one else. She lived contented with the memory of a happy past, made so by the love of him who had gone before to the better land where all is love.

Among other suitors was a well-to-do lawyer, about Aunt Grace's age, an emigrant from the principality whence my mother's family originally came, and who had been a constant visitor during the life of my uncle. His proposal met with similar discouragement to all the others, but for the sake of old times he was allowed to continue his friendship. He was persevering and constant, and annually tried it on again, and always

with the same result, until Mr. David Thomas's declarations were looked for like the waits and the holly, the mistletoe, and the mince-pie, and other Christmas cheer.

As my aunt was not offended at Mr. Thomas's pertinacity neither was he at his rejection! His visits were continued; and so constantly, that it came to be thought that Mr. David Thomas was an accepted suitor—an idea which my aunt did not discourage, as it defended her from the assaults of other suitors.

"Old Thomas" was greatly disliked by my mother and her two cousins, who suggested that Aunt Grace's money was the cause of his constancy, as he was saving to meanness, and often gave extra trouble by coming late for dinner; and trouble was all he did give, as no servant was ever known to be the richer for him. He never took the young ladies to the play, nor the opera, nor to any of the subscription balls, then popular with the upper middle-class; but if Aunt Grace gratified the young people with such amusements, he came in at half-price, or more than at the door, amply remunerating himself by his indulgence at supper.

There was always some little plot against old Thomas. Aunt Grace was fond of what, and would play sixpenny points in preference to silver three-pennies, which Mr. Thomas generally proposed, and no wonder. Mr. Thomas was very near-sighted and had a bad memory, so, as my aunt was invariably his partner, the young people opposed to them had no hesitation in taking his quiver of hearts with the king of diamonds, and covering his knave of clubs with the queen of spades. Aunt Grace connived at these irregularities, which had their origin in no other motive than plugging old Thomas, who hated to lose his money. I am bound to say, for the credit of my mother and my aunt and cousins, that the money was devoted to charitable purposes.

I have said that my mother was a light-hearted woman; and her cousin Janet was a fair match for her. Aunt Grace having taken a cottage for the summer on the banks of the Thames, old Thomas presented himself there one evening, uninvited. Somewhat to the consternation of my aunt, and greatly to the disgust of the young ladies, he had come to pass the night, as was evident from his little valise, which was adapted to a most limited wardrobe, and might have been only intended as an intimation to his friends that he required to be lodged as well as fed. It is probable our good-natured aunt might have pleaded the slight impropriety of a widow and her nieces receiving a bachelor admirer, but the weather being so excellent, and that I will repeat it as nearly as I can remember it. It was dated from Staples Inn, and ran nearly thus:—

"My Dear Mrs. Maxwell—I do not think you can doubt the sincerity of my strong regard for you, after the many proposals I have made to you, and the many indignities I have put up with for your sake from your nieces and that out of Mrs. Gregory's." (The old meaning me.) "I once more ask you to become my wife, and on the following terms:—

"I will take a house in any part of London you may select, not exceeding £200 a year.

"I will keep you a carriage and pair, coachman and footman.

"I will settle on you £10,000 provided you give me.

"Your own property shall be settled upon yourself for your own life, with the reversion of £10,000 thereof to me, should I prove to be the survivor.

"I will give you at once £500 for your freehold property, and which new only realizes you £150 a year.

"Household expenses to be paid out of our joint income.

"Our marriage to take place in a month from the date of your acceptance.

"An early answer will oblige.

"Your faithful servant,  
"DAVID THOMAS."

Aunt Grace was a clever woman, but she was a woman *par et simple* also; and the constancy of her old admirer touched her. She therefore, having read his letter, refolded it, and put it directly into her pocket. Nor was its contents known to us until some months afterwards, when she was completely satisfied at the refusal she had given, by discovering that the piece of freehold land which Thomas had so generously offered to purchase was worth £10,000 at least, being wanted for the terminus of one of the great railways just then in course of development.

From that time we lost sight of old Thomas for many years. He was either disgusted at his rejection, or ashamed at having his little dodge discovered.

A few months before Aunt Grace's death, at the request of my mother, I paid a visit to Staples Inn, to see if "David Thomas" still appeared on the doorway of No. —, Staples Inn.

"No," the porter told me; "Mr. Thomas had been gone for a year or more, and was off the law-list."

CHAPTER II.

Aunt Grace died in December. She was sincerely beloved by us all, and her death cast a certain amount of gloom upon what with us was usually the merriest time of the year. I am still old-fashioned enough to keep Christmas, as it is called, and find, without any "gush" or affectation, that there are pleasant associations with that period of the year which come at none other—not the least welcome, the recollection of the old house at home and the genial man my father, who had the happy knack of taking sunshine with him wherever he went. My mother, too—but you know all about her. Well, we were making ourselves as merry as we could in our miserable-looking mourning garments (how I hate mourning!) too often, indeed, "the mockery of woe!" when the man-servant asked to speak to my father. My mother's thoughts, no doubt, flew away to the kitchen chimney, prone to take fire on the most important occasions. It couldn't be the pudding that was in difficulties, or she would have been the person called for. Her conjectures were soon at an end by her father returning in a few minutes, followed by a stranger, as we thought.

"An old friend, my dear," said my father, "who has been good enough to look us up on Christmas Eve—Mr. Thomas, my dears."

My mother fairly stared at the dingy apparition which stood bowing and grinning as he approached, placing at last an icy hand in hers, almost sending the blood cold to her heart.

"Long since we have met, Mrs. Gregory; but I was passing by, and recollecting your former kindness, I thought I would venture to intrude, if only for half an hour."

My mother, of course, gave him welcome, whilst my father wheeled an easy chair closer

to the fire, and bade his guest to be seated. A more miserable object could scarcely have been abroad on that cold Christmas night. His threadbare coat was fastened across his chest by what few buttons that remained, whilst a piece of string seemed to be the mainstay of the centre. His trousers glistened in the firelight; and those who looked closely at them would have seen that, where the folds came, they were worn through and showed no underclothing to the spare, shrivelled limbs of the wearer.

Old Thomas, in his younger days, always had an odd sniffing manner, but now, from the effects of the cold, his nasal peculiarity was so incessant that my mother quietly left the room, and returned with a pocket handkerchief, which she presented with a smile to her old antagonist. He received it with a simple "Thank you; always thoughtful," and the rest of the party was equally thankful. I shall never forget the hunger in that man's looks. I have seen many sad faces in my time, pinched and lined by want, but there was something terrible in the expression of David Thomas when the servant brought in a well-furnished supper-tray, which my mother had quietly ordered. Nor can I forget the ravenous manner in which the hungry man devoured the food placed at his disposal, nor the time he remained occupied in eating. "Oh, how hungry he must have been!" said my mother, afterwards. All the shillings and sixpences of which I had cheated him years ago seemed to jingle in my ears, and reproaching me for my wickedness; and yet but a few years ago he was worth thousands!

When old Thomas had finished his meal, he took his seat again by the fire, as though nothing extraordinary had occurred since he had left it, and having made free use of my mother's pocket-handkerchief, said—

"I'm afraid we are going to have a sharp winter?"

"There was every prospect of it, no doubt; and there he sits," thought my father, "with no more clothing on him than would be needed in the tropics."

After two or three sips at a glass of hot brandy-and-water, which my mother had compounded for him, old Thomas said, rather abruptly—

"So poor Mrs. Maxwell is gone at last: I saw her death in the paper yesterday."

"Yesterday?" said my father: "it was three weeks ago."

"Ay, yes; but I don't often see the papers now. Did she leave any legacies?"

"Her property was very fairly divided amongst her kindred."

"But you've no overcoat, Mr. Thomas, and it's freezing like mad," said my father; "five degrees colder since you came into the house. Here, let me lend you this old roqueleire; it will at least keep you warm."

The garment in question was a plaid roqueleire or cloak, with a red plush collar, fastened by a brass clasp—once the thing, I assure you, young gentlemen—and I, who had been sent to fetch it by my mother, felt as though I were making some restitution for the damage I had done to the Wilney coat.

"Well," replied old Thomas, "as you say, it is colder since I came out; and this—this certainly is a comfortable garment—yes; I will borrow it, Captain. I'll send it back." He paused.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that. Any time you are passing you can bring it, you know."

"Yes—yes," muttered old Thomas. "I've had a charming evening—very pleasant evening. Good-night!"

And so talking, old Thomas went home.

Home? Where was that?

"How sorry I am I did not ask him," said my mother—and then she made her speech about her cheating. "I'm afraid he is very badly off; and I should have been glad to have made amends for my former folly."

"Too late now," replied my father, after a few moments' pause. "Do you know, my dear, I do not believe he is as poor as he looks."

"Good gracious, my dear!—when his hunger drove him into our house to get a meal!" exclaimed my mother.

"Well, he certainly must have been hungry to have cleared the dishes as he did," replied my father, "and I hope he is better for his stowage. But it was not the supper that he came for—though that might have been included in his calculation."

"What then?" asked my mother, in surprise.

"He came to know if Aunt Grace had left him a legacy," said my father.

"Why, he could have learnt that for a shilling, could he not?"

"Yes; but he preferred saving his shilling," replied my father. "What I have seen tonight, coupled with his inquiry about the legacy, confirms me in an opinion I have long entertained, that old Thomas is a miserable old miser."

"Miser!" exclaimed my mother, adding presently, "well, he was always very stingy and mean, and —"

"There are vices which grow with age, my dear, and bring their own punishment. None more so than loving money better than our fellow-creatures."

"Then we've seen the last of our old roqueleire," said I.

"George—for shame!" cried my mother.

"George, you're a sharp fellow," said my father. "I don't believe he will ever have the heart to return it, especially as I almost made him a present of it."

Father and I were right. The old Scotch cloak came not back to us, though my mother fancied she saw it on a certain occasion.

CHAPTER III.

In a small house in Islington lived Mrs. Drury, and of which she made the most by letting lodgings. The house consisted of six rooms only—two underground, two parlors, and two upper rooms. The parlors were let to a single gentleman, the upper rooms to a widow and her daughter, and the basement Mrs. Drury occupied herself, having only her surplus rent and an annuity of thirty pounds to live upon, save and except what she made by occasional speculations at auctions. The widow and her daughter, Mrs. and Martha

Ramsay, were, comparatively speaking, new comers. Mr. Ramsay had held a position of trust in a large piano-forte establishment, until his failing health compelled him to resign. For nearly eighteen months he had lingered and lingered, until all his available means were exhausted, and then, very reluctantly, he "declared upon his club." He ought to have done so long before, as he was justly entitled to do; but from, I think, a feeling of false pride, he abstained, until he had hardly a choice between that and the workhouse. A few months afterwards he died, and the once happy home of the Ramsays was broken up.

What a terrible change those words convey!—none can know but the poor man and the poor man's family. It is not a sentimental sorrow at a change of place—"the old familiar room"—"the tree my father planted"—and all that. It is as if we were like to a ship driven from its anchor, while shoals and rocks are about her on every side.

The poor man's "home" has been made bit by bit, and every object within it marks the progress of his married life. How hard they worked, how early they awoke, to add the little and that to the first few necessary purchases!

With the small sum realized by their remaining furniture—some of it had been sold long ago—and the twenty pounds payable by the club to Mrs. Ramsay as a member's widow, the mother and daughter had to look the world in the face. Mrs. Drury's rooms were only eight shillings a week, and Martha had hopes that she could earn something by teaching. Mrs. Drury had kindly consented to have a printed card with the words "Day School" hung on the knocker during the hours that the parlors were absent; but the bait hung many weeks without attracting a nibble. Martha did not wait for employment to knock at the door, as she went every day in search of needlework, always returning with the same ill success. She would gladly have gone into service, as she had done once during her father's long sickness; but she was a fragile creature, subject to recurrent attacks of nervous headache, which entirely prostrated her for a time. Her mother, too, from long mental anxiety, had become partially paralyzed in her left arm. Do not think I am describing an imaginary case. I have met with more than one similar instance of combined circumstances that contributed to the pains of poverty; and at times it is well to be reminded of the suffering which is around us, that we may be more liberal in our thank-offerings for the good which we ourselves enjoy.

The little capital of the Ramsays had sensibly decreased, and they resolved to seek cheaper lodgings, now that the expectations had failed which had induced them to pay so large a rent. But Mrs. Drury had become in some way attached to her lodgers, and was lucky enough to find a gentleman, a surveyor, temporarily engaged in the neighborhood, who wanted the use of a room for two or three hours one day in the week, and who agreed to pay more than half the rent for the accommodation. This arrangement afforded help, but only for a time. The money dwindled still, and then the Ramsays had recourse to the pawnbroker. One by one the few superfluities they possessed were parted with, until there was not sufficient to pay the small amount of rent due on the following day.

"What is to be done? What is to become of us?" asked the mother, despairingly. "God has abandoned us!"

"Oh, do not say that! We are being tried very sorely; but we have never done wrong, and have His promise that the fatherless and widow will be cared for, and we shall be in His good time," said Martha, kneeling down beside her mother.

"But when will that be?—when we are without food? To-morrow we shall have no right to stay here. No, there is nothing for us but to—that dreadful place!"

"There are good and honest people even in the workhouse, mother. Think that—think anything but that God has deserted us."

Mrs. Ramsay shook her head despairingly. After a few moments' silence she said, "Something must be done to keep us here. I would rather starve here than go into any of the miserable holes where we can find shelter. I would rather die than be made a pauper."

"We have striven bravely, I am sure—bravely to the last," said Martha. "It would be sin to die by our own will, when any means were left us whereby we could live out our allotted time."

The two women sat silent for some time, each busy with her thoughts. They were aroused by Mrs. Drury calling from the bottom of the stairs—

"Here's a letter for Mrs. Ramsay."

"A letter!" cried Martha, hastening from the room, her heart beating rapidly with the vague hope that some good had come to them at their utmost need.

The letter had been long in finding them, and it was indorsed with many addresses, which the postman had been directed to try. It was very brief, and misspelt, and came from a country friend of Mrs. Ramsay, to say that her sister Charlotte, whom all had thought long since dead, had returned to her native village, and had been inquiring after Mrs. Ramsay. There was not much to hope from this; but, coming at this time, the almost despairing women received it as a promise of deliverance.

"Let us now tell our position to Mrs. Drury. Show her this letter, and no doubt she will help us," said Martha, rapidly.

"Stop—not yet," replied Mrs. Ramsay. "Mrs. Drury is like the rest of the world, I'm afraid. So long as we can pay, she is civil; but—I have not told you this—of late she has been very different in her manner towards me—suspecting, no doubt, the truth, and preparing us for the consequences. It is more necessary than ever that we stay here, that Charlotte may be able to find us. She may not be able or willing to help us, and we must not leave her."

"But the rent, mother?"

"Must be paid. We have nothing of our own on which we can raise a shilling."

What she then proposed was met with such earnest objections from Martha, that it was evening before she gained her daughter's assent to adopt it.

Mrs. Ramsay was right in her observation of change in Mrs. Drury's bearing to her, and she would have been right in her estimate of Mrs. Drury's character as a letter of lodgings. But of this presently.

CHAPTER IV.

Doctor Gregory having replenished his glass, went on with his story:—

As I have told you, Mrs. Drury's lodger in the parlors was a single gentleman. "I did him at first," Mrs. Drury had been heard to