# Poetical.

#### THE TRUE WOMAN.

BY E. M. SWAN.

I dreamed, when a outld, that s ome day in th When I should be tall, graceful, noble and I would find for my bride some bright, radia

whose eyes should be stars, plucked from Heaven's own blue; Her cheeks should be brighter than rose of Da

mascus: Her lips should be sweeter than mortal e'e Rissed; Her form should be loyliness; graceful her m A statue of Venus half-shrouded with mist.

Years passed; and my childish impression still 'Twas graven so deep on my heart and m

mind; Though Time and Experience shattered m As yet, 'twas too dear to be lightly resigned As youth came upon me, and no revelation Of being scraphic was granted; it seemed That I had been gazing too high; so I pailsted

l looked upon all in the hope of securing The angel that surely was fashioned for m But the dull, listless eye, or the grace-lacki

figure.
Or something, still told me each could not Tis true I off found most symmetrical feature And forms that Praxiteles might have adore Eyes that were witching, and lips full an

But never in one were all requisites stored. Manhood arrived, and still thinking I'd fine i her, I viewed again every acquaintance an

friend;
Then sought other places, and gazed on new faces,
Determined to die or accomplish my end.
I visited towns, and I visited cities,
Sojourned in the country, rode over the main
Scaled mountains, trod valleys, sought places or

Searching, still searching, but ever in vain.

I flirted with beauties at levess and parties;
I denced with the belles Saratoga has known
I waltzed with dark-eyed senoritas in Cuba;
And paced with maidens the banks of th

Rhone; I visited Albion's isle of the ocean; The courts and saloons of Europe, surveyed I whispered of love in fair ears of Ausonia;
And pressed dewy lips in Trinacria's shade.

The plains of Judea, the vales of Circassia.

The Turkish seraglios, were searched one is one;
Then Persia's rich palaces suffered inspection
In short, not a land escaped under the sun.
I often would think I'd discovered my angel,
But a word, look, or motion would soon un

deceive;
I found so much heartless connected wit

I was quick to mistrust and most slow to be I knew from my childhood one true-hear

woman, Not utterly void of expression and grace; Whose beauty resided not wholly in figure In vesture, in countenance, feature or face. Unskilled in decaption, unfettered by Fashio Unskilled in deception, unlettered by the Untaught in the little essentials of art, Ignoring the folly that beauties delight in

nurtured the graces of soul and of he I thought of this being while riding the billo nuted me ever in forest or hall;

Far more than the smiles that from lovlines Tho' the good and the true may be found in all

In the bright sunny south, or amid norther Still I knew but this one, for I'd skimmed o'er

The pearls, as I passed, shed their lights far

## Miscellaneous.

## THAT BABE.

Mrs. Whiffters was a pretty little mar ried woman of some two or three years standing, with a charmingly winning manner, which instantaneously captured the hearts of all male bipeds who ap

I call Mrs. Whiffters pretty, though her features were not correct when tried by the standard of classical beauty, be se of the smile which always lit up her face and transfused it with a subtle magnetic power of attraction there was no resisting. Strange, almost incredible as it may appear, she was no less a favorite with women than with men; whether it was on account of her intense womanliness, her ready sympathy with all questions of dress, her omniembroing charity, or some more mystic and profound chord of nature, is a fact whose solution must be left to some abysmal pay-

But, although delighting to walk on the Avenue in the glory of bewitching costumes, adapted to dazzle and bewilder masculine eyes, and as fond of afternoon performances at the theatres as if she was born in the city which country editors think it funny to call Gotham, her mind and all its constituent parts were wrapped up in two objects. One of these objects was about six feet high, with red whickers, blue eyes and brown hair, answering, when called, to the name of Jack Whiffters. It kissed her every morning with much unction, and then departed 'down-town,' that mysterious bourn from which so many travelers ne'er return, save with empty pockets.-Mr. Whiffters, however, was sustained by the unfaltering trust universally placed in him, and his better half never knew an ungratified wish-to be sure her wishes were always moderate. The other object which shared her heart was a pink-faced, large-eyed, , bald-hea I might go to Stewart's and order a new ded anomaly, entitled indiscriminately Jack; Junior, (by his father) precious darling (by his mother); pooty cetle sing (by bread-and-butter, young ladies), the nulbange (by Mr. Whiffters' bachelor brother), and that baby by (by Mrs. Ma

ria Quilts).
Almost holding it as a fortieth article that her baby was the wisest, handso and altogether the most remarkable of its species that had ever honored the earth by appearing on its surface. Mrs. Whifters was accustomed, when speaking of it, to withdraw the spiggot of discretion from the barrel of love, and so deluge her friends with its praises, that they sometimes vaguely wondered how it was possible so small a body could be so gigantic a bore.

With mothers and young ladies who were young, it was of course an entirely different thing; they were never weary of inquiring and hearing about the last tooth, or of watching the infant's mentally tottering steps toward intelligence. It was the young ladies who were not shop-rummaging expedition. As her

# The American

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1872.

'Infatuated female! beware how you

All the time the baby was yelling wit

'I want that man arrested,' said Mis

'He wishes to abandon his child.'

'It's a lie-an infernal lie!' shout

'Ow !-ow !-ow !' from Miss Quilts

'Come now,' said the policeman, 'ye

The policeman rubbed his chin me

I guess you had better step around

'Oh, my baby! my precious little dar-

ling! And did its naughty mamma go

and leave it, so she did!' With which

rather confused observation, Mr. Whiff-

ters rushed into the room, snatched the

aby from Potters, and fell to kissing it

mbarrassed policeman, who could find

o other remedy for the situation than

o repeat his former remark, that they

Potters gave him a bill and he departed

'You norrid thing!' said Mrst Whiff-

ers, energetically, to the humiliated

Miss Quilts. 'This comes of an old maid!

neddling with children ' Flinging this.

ankling Parthian arrow, she withdrew.

f yesterday?' asked Potters, glooming-

"That-that-that is my front,"

'What is that terrible secret you spoke

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that

he engagement was broken, and Miss

Quilts left her boarding-house that after-

A PLEA FOR DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

Some people are very apt to abuse and

nay be ground for their complaints and

ridicule, there is probably too often a

moving cause for their conduct in the

their employers. Every human being

has a right to be treated with respect and

kinduess, whatever his or her station in

lfe.i We must exhibit kind and considerate conduct in order to beget affection

in others, and obtain their hearty and

reasonable service. Employ a contrary

course, treat them with distrust and sus-

ing, and they will distruct, fear and

There is nothing in which the aid of

imagination, that hand-maid of charity,

may be more advantageously employed

than in considering the condition of do-

and he will be careful not to throw in

large a disturbance in the shallow curren

of a servant's hopes and joys. How often

on the contrary, do we find that master

and too often mistresses, seem to have

no apprehension of the feelings of those

under them, no ideas of any duties on

their part beyond cash payment; where-

as, the good old patriarchal felling to

perhaps hate and despise you.

temper and worse management of

had better step around to Jefferson Ma

'So here's another on 'em,' said th

Jefferson Market and settle it there.'

ion't play them points on me. Which

premonitory symptoms of hysterics.

draw destruction upon your head!

ory 'Police! Police!'

came in, stolidly.

'It's yours.'

'It's yours.'

'It isn't.'

'He does.'

'I don't.'

'You do.'

extravagantly.

, eyeing Maria.

atively.

the full power of his lungs.

Quilts, pointing to Potters.

otters. 'It's her baby.

f ver owns the baby?'

albition of a tender mother's artless love, | ed and said : and wished Mrs. Whiffters to understand that her baby was not so very different from those of other people, since all infants looked alike.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

Chief among these ammonical critics of the boarding-Louse was the Miss Maria Quilta already referred to; a tough, wiry virgin of some five or eight and the baby lay very quietly sprawling on thirty years, as near as could be guessed the floor. Then she tried on some of by one who durst not penetrate the Eleu- Mrs. Whifiters' false hair before the room above that of Mrs. Whiffters, and Mr. Potters, the theological student, came to the house, she was greatly troubled about free will and predestination, and sought his advice with assiduity. He on one occasion was heard to tell her, it with a cold iron but could not succeed confidentially, that he thought St. Paul omewhat mistruen in his ideas about girl. omen, at which she smiled gracious

Day by day Miss Quilts and the stuabstract, had now come down—or ascendnd graceful in her condition of wife.

'Ah,' sighed Maria, with a sidelong clance so arch that it nearly gave her trabismus, 'what men need which they rarely have sense enough to desire when hey marry, is a woman competent to ake charge of a household and administer it with that fidelity and economy which unhappily are only too rare, S many, attracted by giddy frivolity and the gleam of an evanescent simulation. take to themselves, as partners, silly, empty-headed girls, and I sometim remble for the future of my beloved country. It is seldom that we meet one f those perfectly assorted couples where the inexperience of the husband is tempered by the domestic knowledge of the wife, and the many mistakes of the male alleviated, by the wider experience of the

As can be perceived, Miss Maria used hoice language; her favorite author was

Mr. Potters thought this smacked a little of woman's rights, a subject of which he had a perennial horror ever since he had been called to account for the unlucky St. Paul by a ferocious nonlescript who wore trousers and boots. So ne inquired, timidly: 'You do not believe in woman's voting

do you?' 'I? Oh, no!' exclaimed the fair Maria rolling her eyes heavenward. 'Woman's place is in the family circle, presiding over the household altar and standing upon the domestic hearth. Such is wonan's proper position. But you were

Well? asked Potters, as she paused haah fully. That you thought of selecting a part-

'Was I? Well I suppose I must marry. Would you ---

she gave him no time. 'Oh, Elijah, how you make my heart beat! You should not have been so abrupt. We poor women are not so strong as you men---, she could have whipped him with one hand—'and any sudden emotion o verpowers us. Yes, Elijah, I will be your wife

Potters had hardly meant to propos but since he had done so, as she thought, he made the best of it, and concluded that she would make a very good wife

Miss Maria was overjoyed that she had t length landed her fish, and though he was not in the least ardent, she set that down, not altogether incorrectly, to his having seen but very little of women. 'Promise that you won't be angry with me, dearest Elijah,' she whispered in the ourse of conversation.

'Angry! Why should I be angry with 'I have a secret which you shall know ome day-not now, I couldn't help it; it was my misiortune. You are not angry?

But still her words orcurred to him a intervals, and made him reflect upon what might be this terrible secret. The next morning was clear, bright

and cloudless; the air keen and fresh, with just enough frostiness to be exhilarating. The streets were filled with the southward-bent streams of men, all converging toward that great maelstrom

Mr. Whiffters kissed his pretty little wife and departed, leaving her sitting by the window, holding upon her knee 'Jack, Junior,' and vainly endeavoring to arouse into giving: some signs of intel lect his vacant eyes and flaceld face. But all to no purpose; the baby was stupid to day, and would understand-nothing-;-he would not even, despite her pathetic beseeching, put up his arms over his head to 'show how big baby is.'

'Dear, dear,' said Mrs. Whifiters, 'he must be going to have some more teeth. While sitting thus, a lady and a little girl were shown in.

'Oh, you dear sweet thing you, to com and see me!' cried Mrs. Whiffters, as her friend flew at and kissed her. 'Yes, and I want you to come and help me choose a dress. Henry told me that

one. I think I shall get a black silk, and have it trimmed with a velvet box plait ing round the bottom, and---' Cackle, cackle for two mortal hours while she described some of the vision of trimming which in endless number

oated through her brain. Mrs. Whiffters signed, the heart-broken sigh of a oman who is deprived the pleasure o 'It is real lovely of you to ask me,' she

said sweetly, but with the rudness of resignation. 'I should dearly like to go, but I sent away my nurse yesterday and cannot leave baby.'
'Pshaw!' exclaimed her voluble friend,

my little girl Rosa can take care of the baby very well indeed. She knows how. Mrs. Whiffters called the child to her side, and, after inflicting upon her a maternal catechism, and finding that she really knew how to tend bables, decided to leave the precious infant in her charge. In a short time—an hour or so-Mrs. Whiffters was ready to depart upon the

'Now Rosa, be sure not to go out of th room.

'No, ma'am,' was the ungramatica and ambiguous response.

Left to herself, Rosa commenced l opening and tumbling over the conten of every drawer that was unlocked, while

sinian mysteries of her 'front.' She had glass, rather liked the effect, and wished she were old enough to wear such beauthere occupied a good portion of her tiful braids that made such beautiful time in the chaste solemnities of her loops. This amusement failing she took toilet. It would be slander to say that the stoppers out of all the bottles, delhe was angling for a husband, but it uged her handkerchief with 'new' mown looked remarkably suspicious that when hay, and saturated her forehead and hands with Cologne water; she tried to drink some as she had seen her mother do, but it tasted dreadfully ; covered her face with powder, and plastered her hair was a weak-eyed, flabby young man, and with bandoline. Then she tried to crimp I think Rosa was a very bad little

Having by this time about exhauste the resources of Mrs. Whiffters' room Rosa began to think of fresh fields and dent became more friendly, and from pastures new. The house was perfectly discussing St. Paul and women in the quiet; the only sounds she could hear were those produced by passing vehicles ed, as the reader may prefer, to consider in the street. Besides, there could be no ing the representative of all that is fair harm in just going out for a minute. So she picked up the baby, opened the door, and ventured in the hall.

No one was in sight. • She went cautiously upstairs, looking bout with the eager eyes of an inquisi tive girl. On the next story she stoppe and gazed at the different doors, wonde

ing if they were locked or not. She tried one; it opened, and she we

The room was small and scarcely fu nished. On the bureau was an open box which at once caught her eye. She laid he baby down, ran to it and pulled out ome corkscrew curls. These she tied on herhead, and then commenced plastering herself anew with lily-white and aromat

Oh, ain't it fun?' she cried, dancin up and down in her glee. Suddenly her recreations were inter rupted by a violent box on the ear which nade her reel, while the curls were enatched from her head, and a harsh oice cried: 'You naughty, wicked little wretch!

Rosa looked, and saw what seemed to per guilty soul a gigantic spectre, clad in white and yellow flanuel, with a dingy turban round its head. She howled and led incontinently. Miss Maria Quilts locked the door and

eturned to their hiding place the shame ul evidence of her age. In so doing she oticed the baby and started. Started with horror, for there immedi

ately rushed into her mind all the instances she had ever beard or read of the dexterity used by people who desire to be rid of their offspring. She knew by heart the story of that unfortunate gentleman who is requested to hold a child for an instant.
In dis thenceforth saddled with it for life, What if this were a similar scheme adopted by some unnatural parent, and that wieked girl the artful emissary?-\_atill more borrible thoughtpose it were part of a plan concected by some designing individual to ruin her character! The perspiration broke out on

her forehead. What should she do! She sat down to think it over, but for a long time could come to no conclusion. At length she decided to take it down tairs and place it at Mrs. Whiffter's

'As she is fond of babies,' said Miss Quilte, grimly, 'I'll give her another to

Now, it so happened that Mr. Potters, while wrestling with 'fate, free-will and fore-knowledge absolute, had heard Rosa's yell, and at this very momen was standing at his door wondering what could be the matter. As Miss Quilts' door opened he closed his own, but re

nained looking through the crack. His astonishment was unbounded at eeing his Maria in her fearful undress, and was, if possible, increased when he noticed her burthen. 'A baby!' he whispered hoarsely to

In his agitation he moved the door; gave a slight creak. 'Goodness gracious!' thought Mis

Quilts, 'if anybody should see me!' She laid the baby on the floor, and cuttled back to her room. Watching the hall, she saw Mr. Potters come forth, take up the baby, say,

coothingly, 'My poor child my poor child!' and so retire.
'Oho!' she said, wagging her head mal iciously. 'So it's your child, is it? I'll pay you for this when we are married.-And you a theological student, too!' With that she fell to preparing her-

elf for public exhibitions as fast as pos-Meanwhile Mr. Potters was walking up and down the room with the baby in his arms-he had heard that was the best way to quiet children-thinking of what he had just seen.

'And so this is the secret she would tell me when we were married and I could not help myself,' he said, recalling her words of the previous day. How could she imagine that I would ever live with her after knowing her disgraceful story? She ought to be ashamed of herself! How ugly she looks when not dressed! I never would have believed that a woman could alter herself so,' he

He was very innocent. At this moment the baby began to cry He tried to hush it, but every instant it oreams grew louder and louder. In the midst of the noice cames knoc

t the door. 'Come in.' Miss Maria Quilts entered, but stoppe ort, with well-feigned astonishment. Elijah, dearest l'she exclaimed. 'You with a baby! What does this mean. Hold, unhappy woman !! said Mr.

Potters, sternly. Your shameful secret shall remain forever buried in my bosom; but let there be no further question of ove between us.'
!What's that you say?' she shricked. I say that I could never think of takng for my wife an unmarried mother. Miss Quilts' not very equable temper

'I like that,' she said scornfully, 'when t's your baby.' The sudden assault staggared him. My baby!' he gasped. Yes, your baby! A pretty minister

took fire.

ward our household is one which the mere introduction of money wages has not by any means superseded, and which, in fact, cannot be superseded. We would bear with lenity from a child many things for which in a domestic we can ind nothing but the harshest names.-Yet how often are our dependants little

better than children. Another mode of viewing with charity the conduct of domestic servants, is to magine what manner of servants we purselves, or any one of those whom in our own rank we esteem and love, would make. Do we not perceive, in almost every character, some element which would occasionally make its possesson fail in performing the duties of domestic service? Do we find that faithfulnes iccuracy, diligence, and truth pervade the circle of our equals in such abundance, that we should be exhorbitantly angry the moment we perceive a deficiency of such qualities among those who have perhaps been indifferently

brought up, and who, perhaps, may have imbibed the vices of fear and false hood from their associations? The essential requisites on the employer's part are truth and kindness. These qualities, however, may, in a high degree, belong to persons who fail to gain the confidence of their domestics. In families, confidence may be prevented by fits of capricious passion on the parof the ruling powers; and men and wo men who in all important matters act kindly and justly toward their families may be deprived of their confidence by weakness of temper in little things— When we find a lack of truth in those about us, we should consider whether it

may not arise from the furlousness of our own tempers, which scares truth from us. We should reflect how fearful a part angry employers may have in the sin of hose falsehoods which imm derate fea f them gives rise to. One certainly meets with persons wh are vain of their ill temper, and of seeing how it keeps people in order—a vanity

they might share with any wild anima at large. It is too often forgotton tha ervants have such possessions as feelings, affections and sympathies; and what wonder need there be if, under such treatment, their better nature hould be perverted and their character recome cunning, treacherous, wasteful, careless, and often visclous? This is only what their employers have contributed

young that condemned the beautiful ex- hand was on the door-knobshe turn- you'll make! If you do not marry me, slow of one of our domestic servants; or her several employers, his or her own eelings respecting his or her own conduct and its reward—his or her sorrows The answer of Miss Quilts was to spring to the window, fling it open and anxiety, often so recklessy caused. What a revelation it would be; and how In a few moments the lumbering step much it would help us to a true under of a burly, blue-coated guardian of the standing of the relations existing now between employers and employed in do eace was heard upon the stairs, and he nestic service.—N. Y. Sun.

A. BOLD STROKE.

It was my first visit North since I had aken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession in New Or

In the city of New York I had a very dear friend—my old chum and classmat -George Dickson : and as he was the only person I knew in the great metrop olis, of course I lost no time in looking him up. Three years had passed since our las

meeting, but ten could scarcely have produced a change more marked than and taken place in the appearance and manner of my friend. Our first greeting and friendly inquiries over, I longed yet forebore to ask

the cause of my friend's melancholy.

felt sure, in due time, of being the confi-

lent of his secret, provided no motive o elicacy prompted its concealment. That evening, in my room at the hotel George told me this story. He had form ed an attachment for a young lady whose graces of mind and person h portrayed with all the fervor of a lover eloquence. She had returned his affect tion, but the father opposed his suit having set his heart on the marriage

his daughter to a nephew of his. This nephew was a young physician o profligate character, my friend assured me—but that may have been prejudice who had long but unsuccessfully woos his cousin, to whom his proffers were as repugnant as to her father they were

Some months since Mr. Parsons—the oung lady's father—had gone South on iusiness, accompanied by his nephew.-At New Orleans he had been siezed by udden illness, which terminated fatally

n three days. On the day preceding his death he had executed a will (which had since been duly proved by the deposition of the attesting witnesses) containing a solemn request that his daughter, to whom he had eft the whole estate, should accept the hand of his nephew in marriage, coupled with a provision that in case the latter offered and she refused within a specified period to enter into the proposed union the entire estate devised to the daughter

should be forfeited to the nephew. idicule their domestics While there To sacrifice her fortune to heart's choice would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation, and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson than so fair an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was to all considerations of persona advantage. But her father's dying resurprised and stunned her, it is true, for in their many conferences on the subject he had never ever hinted anything like

, be always scolding and complain-Young ] imity to forego his ungenerous advantage. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune alone, but his right depended on his offer and her rejection of an alliance which she felt in conscience ound to accept. The brief season o grace which she had been compelled to mestic servants. Let a man endeavor to realize it himself; let him think of its beg even with tears, had already almost narrow sphere, of its unvarying nature, passed, and a few more days would witless the condemnation of two lives to unnecessarily the trouble even of a sinoneless misery. gle harsh word, which may make so

At the conclusion of my friend's narra tive, in which, for reasons that may reafter be developed, I felt a peculiar nterest, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to a place of amusement to hich I had previously procured tick-

When we reached the theatre the perormance had already begun; but we cceeded in finding seats which comanded a fair view of the stage and the In a few moments George touched my

'Observe the gentleman nearly oppo site, in front of the parquette, seate next the column, leaning his arm on his ane,' he whisped.

I looked in the direction indicated and saw the face whose striking resem blance to one I had seen before caused ne to start with surprise. 'Who is it?' I asked.

'Elbridge Parsons,' was the reply. 'The nephew of whom you spoke?' 'The same,' answered my friend.

'Does he resemble his uncle?' I was on the point of inquiring, but just then the stranger drew the glove from his right hand, and I saw that the first joint of the middle finger was wanting, a circumstance which, for sufficient reasons bsorbed my attention. 'Do you know the exact date of Mr.

Parsons' death ?' I asked, when we had gained the street, at the close of the per-'Yes,' said George, 'it was the twenty. third of December. His daughter re-

announcing the fact the same day. But why do you ask ?' I have a reason which may or may not prove a good one,' I returned, stating that I had business engagements for the whole of the next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet him on the following evening. Next afternoon found me in the

'Dr. Parsons, I presume?' were the words with which I accosted the genleman I had seen at the theatre. 'Yes, sir.' You may not remember me, Doctor but I believe we have met before.

of Dr. Parsons.

You were in New Orleans last winter, were you not ?' 'I was,' he answered with embarrass

I am the gentleman on whom you called to draft a will.' He turned pale and made no reply. Surrogate office this morning,' I resum-

read one containing the genuine confes. rous of executing auch a document pre. One by one our friends tailed off, and af- morning. She did not go up stairs, but

paratory to embarking on a perilous voyage. The paper was drawn in accordance with your instructions, leaving the date to be filled at the time of signing.-Your locks were gray then, and you cer tainly looked old ehough to have marriageable daughter; but your disguise was not perfect; and I pointed the mut ilated fluger.

Bolunteer.

'Simply that your uncle's signature t undertook to manufacture this spurious testament after your uncle's death, and, wishing to clothe your villainy in legal orm, you procured through me the required draft. You, or some one at your instigation; imitated the signature of the

Enough, sirl' he ejaculated, placing his back against the door; you have the custody of which may prove danger-

'I am not unprepared for your threat, replied. 'In the first place I did not come here unarmed; in the next, I have prepared a full written statement of the acts to which I have alluded, with in formation besides, of my present visit to yourself. This paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed, unless within an hour I reclaim it from the men senger, who had been instructed for tha ength of time to retain it.' His face grew livid. His frame qui

ered with mingled fear and rage, and hi eyes gleamed like those of a wild beas 'What is your purpose?' he exclaime

'To keep your secret while you live,' answered, on one condition.

ons, renouncing all pretensions to he and, and absolutely withdrawing you proposal of marriage. After a moment's pause he seated him

'Be so good as to seal and address it,' He did so.

followed not long after.

'My dear,' said I to my wife, 'we must do Vesuvius.' So yesterday we started modern town of that name consists of half a dozen houses, three of which are inns. The guides to the mountain are found near the gate leading into the anclent Pompeli. They are twelve in number and are under the supervision o a Government official. At 3 P. M. each nounted upon a horse, with a guide on third, and a youth following us to make himself generally useful. Louisa and I started from the Hotel Diomede. For the first hour the path led through vineyards, for the second hour it went over the lava almost straight up the mountains. It seems to be the mission of Neopolitans to teach the world what can be got out of a horse. Along all the roads in the vicinity of Naples, the mos wretched looking screws toll merrily along, up hill, and down hill, dragging behind them beavily laden market carte with often as many as twenty men and women perched indiscriminately upon them. An English horse would have declined at once to have faced the path of the mountain. Our horses reached the base of the cone without turning hair, and seemed to like it. Here we lismounted, and were immediately assailed by a half-naked crew of porters and speculators. One held a bottle to my lips, and urged me to drink a little wine in order to gain strength enough to reach the summit. A chair was pro duced, in which Louisa was invited to seat herself, in order to be carried by four bearers. A strap was put round my waist by two worthles, who began to haul me forward. In vain I appealed to the guide to free us from these nuisances.ceived a telegram from her cousin He played into their hands, and insisted that no one ever had, could, or would get up the mountain unassisted. Finding that I was inexorable, an appeal was then made to my affections. Would I, I was asked, for a paltry twenty-five france, the price of the chair, risk the health of my wife? Money can always be got, observed a moralist, health once lost can never be restored. Louisa, however, who rather prides herself on he pedestrianism, and who thinks more of twenty-five francs than I do, scorned the idea of the chair; so on foot we star ed, the guide sulkily making reflections upon the stinginess of Englishmen, and our tormentors following us. The cone of Vesuvius is certainly not easy walking. It is almost perpendicular, and, as

it is mainly made up of ashes, one slips back two steps for every three that one takes. Each time Louisa stopped for a moment to rest, the chair was invitingly A saw the record of that will, in the thrust before her, while at every false step which I made, a strap was dangled before me, and I was invited to lay hold 'You speak of my uncle's will,' he has- of it. Women have more pluck than men, and I confess that several times I should have grasped the strap had I not

ter climbing, scrambling and slipping, for an hour, we trlumphantly stood upon ways been of a vast lake of molten lava, awakened from this delusion by the guide pointing to a small hole, about six the small crater.' A few steps further on we came upon the edge of a basin of

'What do you mean?' he shouted, i defiant tones, springing to his feet. diameter at the bottom. "That," he said, that paper is a forgery,' I answered, ris ing and confronting him. 'He died on It was now getting dark. 'Come this the twenty-third of December. Your way, said the guide, 'and you will see own telegram to that effect is in existence. It was on the twenty-fourth, the day before Christmas, that you called on and smoke a lurid light, which I was told was the hole from which the lava is me to prepare the paper now on record as his will. The inference is plain; you dark, and we were almost choked with

deceased. The witnesses who have since perjured themselves in their depositions vere 'procured in some manner bes known to yourself—' shown yourself in possession of a secre

in a voice hoarse with suppressed pa

'That you write instantly to Julia Par

self at his desk, and hastily penned a brief note, which he submitted for my nspection. It was quite satisfactory.

'I will see that it is delivered,' I re my lower man was becoming the pasture narked, taking it up and bowing myself

When I met Geo. Dickson that even ng his old college look had come back. He had great news to tell me. The next hing was to take me to see Julia, and it is needless to tell that a happy marriage

Elbridge Paranes. I have learned; and was killed in an encounter with the

choice, I would far rather live in more perhaps a shade worse, where the beauties of nature are not so striking, but where one is not bitten by fleas and guats OP VESUVIUS. all night, and tickled by flies all day .one of those persons who believe that everything having life is created for a 'It is erupting, sir,' said an American purpose would tell me of what use they to me as we stood before the door of a are. I can forgive a gnat or a flea. or hotel, and so it was. During the whole even a bug, for they torment one in orday a thin column of smoke issued from der to feed, but flies are the natural enethe summit, and at night a red-hot river mies of mankind—their whole object in. seemed to be pouring down its side. life seems to be to annoy the human race. One is taught at school that Nero when a boy used to kill them, and that as a necessary consequence, later in life be killed his mother. For my part, I forgive him many of his crimes, for having passed his childhood in destroying these noxious vermin. On the whole, if I might venture a suggestion to those who are thinking of ascending Vesuvius, it would be don't. It does not pay the trouble. From a distance the mountain is a fine object, particularly when there is an eruption; but to go up it is much like going behind the scenes of a theatre. The illusion is destroyed, and after several hours' toil, all one sees are two or three holes emitting smoke in a heap of letter to London News.

cinders—a sight about as interesting as the chimney of a manufactory.—Naples HAWTHORNE AND THE "SCARLET LETTER." During the whole winter when the Scarlet Letter' was being written he eemed yery much depressed and anxous. There was a knot in his forehead all the time,' Mrs. Hawthorne said, but she thought it was from some pecuniary anxiety, such as sometimes effected that little household. One evening he came o her and said he had written something which he wished to read aloud; it was worth very little, but as it was finished he might as well read it. He read aloud all that evening; but as the romance was left unfinished when they went to bed, not a word was then said about it on either ide. He always disliked, she said, to have anything criticized until the whole had been read. He read a second evening, and the concentrated excitement had grown so great that she could scarce ly bear it. At last it grew unendurable'; in the midst of the scene, near the end of the book, where Arthur Dimmsdale meets Hester and her child in the forest, Mrs. Hawthorne fell from her low stool upon the floor, pressed her hands upon her ears, and said she could hear no more. Hawthorne put down the manuscript and looked at her in amazement. 'Do you really feel it so much?' he said 'then there must be something in it.'-He prevailed on her to rise and to hear the few remaining chapters of the ronance. To those who know Mrs. Hawthorne's impressible nature, this reminiscence of her's will have no tinge of exaggeration, but will appear very characeristic; she had borne to the utmost the strain of her emotions before yielding.+ The next day, she said, the manuscript was delivered to Mr. Fields, and the next morning he appeared early at the loor, and, on being admitted, caught up her boy in his arms, saying : 'You splendid little fellow, do you know what a father you have?' Then he ran up staffs to Hawthorne's study, telling her as ho went that he (and I think Mr. Whipple) was your's when you applied to have it before me the example of Louisa, every had set up all night to read it, and had before me the example of Louisa, every had set up all night to read it, and had witten. You presented yourself as desi-

## Rates for Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS WILL be inserted at Ten Cents er line for the first insertion and five cen s per line for each subsequent insertion. Quar-terly, half-yearly, and yearly advertisements in terry, ngir-yearly, and yearly advertisements in erted at gliberal reduction on the above rates. Advertisements should be accompanied by the CASH. When sent without any length or time specified for publication, they will be continued untilordered out and enarged accordingly

JOB PRINTING.

on her husband came down, with fire in his eyes, and walked about the room a different man. I have hesitated whether to print this brief narrative. Yet everything which illustrates the creation of a great literary work belongs to the world. How it would delight us all if the Shakespeare societies were to bring to light a lescription like this of the very first reading of 'Macbeth' or 'Hamlet!' To me it is somewhat the same thing to have got so near to the birth hour of the Scarlet Letter.'-Atlantic Monthly.

#### Ods and Ends.

MEET for repentance—tough beef. THE torch hymen-The domestic

THE best place for the blind-The sec-

THE vegetable for hangmen-The OREGON has an office-holder named

MILL dew wages of the factory

COMING to grief-meeting trouble alf way. An ounce of wisdom is worth a pound

Cool proceedings-an ice man elopng with a nice girl. 'Lords of creation'-a batch of new

How to overcome your sorrows-Strike one of your own sighs.

Both waterman and wild Indians eather their skulls. THE ready-money system-Done or

ick, and leave it to settle for itself. WHY is flirtation like plate powder? Because it brightens up spoon How to prevent your wife scolding

you? Don't marry.

Some men get their barrel of beer on

Young people grow most in love. It reases their sighs wonderfully. WHO pays the highest price for a home? The woman who marries for

A DETROIT wedding was 'postponed' by an affidavit handed in by a discard-'FIGURES won't lie.' Won't they ?-

Does a fashionable womans's figure tell

the truth? A MAN's wife is his best lawyer, hi est counsellor, his best judge, his best adviser, and also the cheapest and most

'Oh, horrible!' exclaimed an elderly what a blessing we have nails on lady, for murdering his shrewish wife, sorrowfully remarked on the gallows: 'I led her to the halter and now she has

led me to the 'alter.'

antly occupied.

'Our children will have immense

tax on their hands,' said a gentleman.

NEBRASKA married eloped with a young girl, was pursued, knocked down, beaten and retaken by his indignant wife. He has gone out of the elopement business. 'GERTY, my dear,'. said a teacher to one of her pupils, 'you have been a very

good little girl, to-day.' 'Yes'm, I

ouldn't help being good; I had a stiff neck,' said Gerty, with perfect serious-A THOUGHTFUL Danbury lady puts ard on the stoop when she wants her husband to stay at home of an evening. Barring an hour or so devoted o rubbing his back, the time is pleas-

A DISTINGUISHED writer says: There is a passage in the Bible where he girls are commanded to kiss the men, and that it is in the golden rule: Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them. WILL you have the kindness to hand

me the butter before you?' said a gen-

tleman politely at a tea table to an an-

lient maiden. 'I am no waiter, sir.'-'Is that so ?' I thought from your appearance, you had been waiting a long An enthusiastic African, who had 'spent de winter in Jamaka,' found it an earthly paradise. He said he could lie abed and putting his arms out de

windy, pick oranges, pine apples, and Jamaica rum right off de trees.' A LOVING heart and pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It would be a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him, 'He never prought a frown of unhappiness across his threshold.'

I AM dying, Katrin, dying! What was fading now grows bright; Change o'er all is sweetly lying-Angels I shall see to-night!

I am dying, Katrin dying! and I feel—a Heavenly splash-I am dying, Katrin dying ! lam dyeing my moustache i

An Iowa gentleman, who was involved in domestic troubles, met with genuine 'Job's comforter', the other norning. Meeting an old friend, who vas a widower, he related his troubles. to him, and told him he expected to be proken up, as for the sum of three thousand dollars alimony. Well,' said the widower. 'I'll wait and see how she comes out, and if she succeeds I'll go for her.' 1. 1. 1.

THE New Bedford Mercury reports that there are persons in that city who make a practice of visiting stores, and whenever they find a must lying on the counter, lest there by some customer, take it and walk off, leaving an old one in exchange. A gentleman spoke the other day of eight or nine cases of this nature that had come to his knowledge. Ladies must watch their muffs when they go shopping.

CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every oth or description of Job and Clard Printing.

VOL. 58.--NO. 36.

the summit. My notion of a volcano-s

most unscientific one, no doubt-has al-

perpetually seething and boiling. I was

feet in diameter, and saying. 'That is

ashes, with a hole about thirty feet in

is the large crater.' I sat down disgusted

now flowing. By this time it was quite

the fumes of sulphur. The guide began

explaining that he had seven children

all of whom, he observed, were twins,

Louisa became interested in these do-

mestic details, add would have sat listen-

ing to them for an hour, but it seemed to

me about time to think of getting down

The guide took Louisa by the arm and

said, 'Take long steps and stick your

heels well into the cinders.' He then

disappeared from my view into the dark-

ness with the wife of my bosom. I fol-

lowed as fast as I could. Never, no never

did I experience a more disagreeable

sensation than going down that moun-

tain of cinders. Every step I took, al

though I dug my heels into the cinders

I thought that I was going head over

leels down some fearful abyss. Every

few minutes the mountain was lit up by

a flash of lightning, which enabled m

vaguely to distinguish the guide and

Louisa far below me, sticking their heels

too into the cinders. At last we reached

the bottom. The boy who had left with

the horses had lit a small lantern, other-

wise we should never have found them.

We had better,' said the guide, 'take a

short cut, as it will rain soon.' The short

cut seemed to me a perpendicular cut-

Why the horses did not roll over I can

not imagine. It was too dark to see what

they were doing, but as far as I could

distinguish, my feet were almost on a

level with my horse's ears. Just before

we got to the bottom of the mountain it

came on to rain in torrents, and, wet to

the skin, we took refuge in a small pot-

house, where we ordered wine, which

the father of the twins drank. Torches

were then lit, and in another hour we

reached the Hotel Diomede, tired, stiff

and drenched, and turned into bed, but

not to sleep. I soon heard the horrid

buzz which heralds the approach of a

mosquito, and while my upper man was

attacked by those vile insects I felt that

of fleas. These creatures, as soon as it

was light, were succeeded by a legion of

flies, who prevented me even then from

sleeping by setting on my nose. The

blue sky, the azure sea, the warm sun,

the balmy breezes of Naples, its orange

groves and its mountains are all very

vell in their way: but, as a matter of