GOD CARESH.

One of the sweet old chapters
After a day like this;
The day brought tears, and trouble,
The evening brought us bliss,

Nor rest in the arms I long for—
Rest, and refuge, and honor;
Grieved, and weary, and lonely,
Unto the Book I stoop.

One of the sweet old chapters;
The love that blossoms through
His care of the birds, and lilies,
Out in the meadow dew.

His evening lies soft around them,
Their faith it shrouds in love,
Ah! hushed by the tender message,
My God! let me rest in Thee!

THE HISTORY OF FLOMBIÈRES.

A Resort of Illustrious Visitors.

"Echoes from the Continent," in the London *Herald*, contains the following sketchy account of Plombières:

"Parallel to the Schwarz-Wald, on the opposite side of the Rhine, is the chain of the Vosges, the French Alps. If those mountains are less grand and terrible than the icy ranges of Switzerland and Savoy, they are more picturesque and more green. The Vosges abound in rural beauties, while the air is wonderfully bracing. Here are dells impenetrable to the sun, and valleys declivities as verdant and soft to the feet as the best of our English lawns; here fresh valleys, there high peaks crowned with luxuriant trees and dotted with towers and other feudal ruins. Nothing is more pleasing than to wander through those mossy paths, under those arches of verdure, along those limpid rivulets streaming on the rocks, and to visit the castles of the Mediterranean through the Saone and the Rhone, and those among their waters with the Rhine and North Sea through the Meurthe and the Moselle.

"Well, in a nook of this enchanted region lies Plombières with its sixteen hundred inhabitants. There is no village that has received so many royal and illustrious visitors. In the sixteenth century Montaigne wrote, 'The people of Plombières are the noblest race and officious.' Later, Marshal Richelieu gave a regular to-do there; and when he was be-sieging, to go and spend a few days in that watering place. Some chroniclers will have it that the duke came expressly to get calcbires to wash there in the Crucifix well his linen stained with Lieutenant-General blood.

"The King of Sketpics, Voltaire, proceeded also to the Vosges; he wrote: 'I will bathe in the Plombières waters through I don't believe in their properties; I will take them in the interests of my health.' And I read the Patriarch of Church.'. He has left of the place a rhymed description, of which this is the gist: 'From the depths of the valley, deep between two horned mountains, under a black and rainy sky, where the stormy clouds are carried on thick clouds, close to a hot bath always dirty, filled up with fuming and frothing water, planted in fanual, or rough-up block-headed hypochondriacs, bathe and smoke themselves to torture for the sake of health—all the while disputing and arguing on their disorders,' &c.

"In 1770 the despoiled sovereign of Poland, reduced to the simple 'Good Duke Stanislaus,' took to Plombières the pretty grand-daughters, Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire of France. Under Louis XV. adulation was as fulsome as ever. In 1774, when the Princesses crossed the bridge spanning the Moselle, they had a fanfare of trumpets ju-digiously long, while their *coiffure à la Zaccharelle*—the mode has been ever since—had thrown in amazement and puzzle the bystanders. A line was handed to each of them, tied with a blue silvery strand and in less than a minute they caught a full basket of pink trout and big pike.

"The Emperor Joseph visited Plombières in 1808, but she lived there almost in seclusion. Merchance she passed her time in gleefully musing on the repudiation in store for her.

"*En revanche*, the Princess Pauline Borghese, who passed there the season of 1811, lived with *éclat*. She entered every little town dressed *a la Stasil*, almost buried in cushions, muslins, and cashmeres, and on a palanquin carried by twelve negroes, wearing the costume of the east. Behind her rode a legion of aides-de-camp and five officers of the staff.

"Madame Duchess of Angoulême resided at Plombières in 1829. One year later she was at Holyrood!

"It was on the 3d of July, 1842, the little town had put on its best clothes. All the houses were decked with flags and flowers, and the entire population lined the streets. Prayers and acclamations rent the air. The Duke and Duchess of Orleans were in sight. Three days after, the Prince was, though not King of France, hit the Duchess at Plombières to return to Paris on public duty, saying to the people who saluted him on the departure, 'I shall soon come back. I confide to you those who are dearest to me.' At eight o'clock on the evening of the 14th the Duchess returned to town from her usual drive. Her soft grave, ogonony, her kind regard seemed to tell the people crowded on her way, 'I am happy amongst you.' Alas, during that drive a courier had arrived from Nancy. The first impression was that he was but preceding the Duke of Orleans; but soon after the consternation of the household of the Princess led to the fear that a great misfortune had happened. Was it the King? Was it the Prince Royal? You can conjecture the painful it was to see a Princess returning home calm and happy, as when she went out three hours ago.

"The Princess had a few guests to dinner, and she was on the point entering the drawing-room, when the prefect of the Vosges took upon himself the doleful task of breaking to her the news. He was not permitted a pious lie; he said that the Prince was dangerously ill. The Princess fainted, ever to recover what did pass then. On the one hand the Princess, full of terror and anguish, insisted to turn the telegraphic despatch handed by the prefect and the prefect himself, to detect the least movement in his countenance; on the other side, the prefect in despair, restraining his tears, knowing that the duchess was still ignorant that she knew, very had courage and presence of mind enough to answer the pressing and numerous questions of the Princess, who insisted on being apprised of the worst. An hour afterwards the Princess was ready to leave. It was at that moment that her great and noble soul shone in the fullness of its power and kindness. She was a prey to *funeste* presentiments; she shed abundant tears, and she, nevertheless, strove to console others. She expressed to every one, she arranged for affording more assistance to the poor, and she expressed the wish that the good people of Plombières should pray the next morning for the recovery of the Prince. But on that morning the population cried and prayed in the church of Plombières for the repose of the soul of the beloved and valiant Prince who had told them but ten days before: 'I shall soon come back; I confide to you those who are dearest to me.'

"It was but Sunday last, a little after seven in the evening, an open carriage, drawn by two splendid Hungarian horses, entered from blires at a full trot. It conveyed the Emperor Napoleon, who is coming to that delici ous spot in quest of health and repose. Tue crowd on the hills cried 'Vive l'Empereur,' and the band played the champêtre 'La Reine Hortense.' The municipality and the directors of the Thermal Company deeply and relieve tedly bent their backs.

"Speculative politicians predict that the project in course of elaboration at the said pavilion will prove as eventful to Europe as those which were matured there in the autumn that preceded the battle of Solferino. *En attendant*, the inhabitants of Salies Julien, who have the happiness of living in the neighborhood of Metz, and who had shown a shade of hesitation at being shot by bullets or cannon-balls fired from the Polygon when tending their vineyards, that food under the weight of grapes, have been told by the local authorities that they will be granted ten days a week to do their work.

"And the other days,' did they ask?

"On the other days the experiments and the manœuvres will take place as heretofore. You are warned to let your vineyards alone on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday and you are to be thankful.'

Spoilt Women.

(From the London Saturday Review.)

Spoilt women are spoilt mainly from over-attention from men. A few centuries ago they were, as pampered daughters, 'with indulgent mammas and subservient aunts given up entirely to ruining their future peace with the utmost despatch possible; but this is comparatively rare now. In the middle and upper ones which a little wholesome matrimonial discipline would soon cure. For it is the husband who is principally victimized a spoilt wife, human affairs having that marvellous power of compensation by which every able tendency to readjust the balance, which prevents the continuance of a like excess from any direction. She would be a spoilt daughter generally makes such a supremely unpleasant wife that her husband has no inducement to continue the mistake, and therefore either lowers her tone by a judicious exhibition of snubbing, or, if the aggravation is as well as unpleasant, leaves her to relish with her shadows in the world she can, glad for his own part to escape the strife she will not forego. One characteristic of the spoilt woman is the entire absence of anything like rivalry. She never has a female friend—certainly not of her own age—and notoriously not all in the true sense of the word. Friendship pre-supposes equality, and a spoilt woman knows no equality. She has been so long accustomed to consider herself as the large-paramount thing around her, and to mend it if one steps in to share her honors and divide her throne.

To praise the beauty of any other woman, to find any excuse to pay her the attention due to a charming woman, is to insult one's idol, and to be slight-her-pan-forgiveness. If there is only one good thing, it must be given to her—the first seat, the softest cushion, the choicest delicacy. Out of the bedroom she is protected situation; and she looks for the best of all things as if unnaturally concentrated from her birth into the sunshine of life, and as if the 'cold shade' which may do for others were by no means the portion allotted to her. It is almost impossible to make the spoilt woman see anything from any point of view of sacrifice. By rare good fortune she may sometimes be found to possess an independent power of conceiving what is right and necessity can develop into active good; but *sympathy* and *self-sacrifice* and *love for excellence* understands only her own value, only her own merits and the absolutism of her own requirements; and the absolutism, the absegation, and the whole class of virtues belonging to unselfishness are as much unknown to her as is the Decalogue in the original, or the squaring of the circle. The spoilt woman is the world of an unsuccessful husband or the mother of successful children—a plaintive spectacle. If it comes to be a question of sacrifice her usual luxuries, to make an old gown serve when a new one is needed, to sit up all night watching by the sick bed, to witness the painful details of illness, perhaps of death, to greet himself with a smile and to bend her back to the burden of sorrow, she is at the first absolutely lost. Not nothing to be done, but her own discomfort in doing it, is the one master idea—not others' comfort, but her own pain in supplying them. the great grief of the moment. Many are the hard lessons set to the spoilt child, but the hardest of all is that given to the spoilt woman when she is made to think for others rather than for herself, and to bear by the exigencies of circumstances to sacrifice her own ease for the greater necessities of her kind.

All that large part of the perfect woman's nature which finds expression itself in an unknown function to the spoilt woman. She must be waited on, the cannot in her turn serve even the one or two she loves. She is the woman who calls her husband from one end of the room to the other to put down her cup, rather than reach out her arm and put it down for herself. She is the woman nearly he may be, will bid him get up and ring the bell, though it is close to her own hand, and her longest walk during the day has been from the dining-room to the drawing-room. It is not that cannot do these small offices for herself, but that she likes the feeling of being waited on and attended to and it is not for love, and the amiable if weak pleasure of attracting the notice of the beloved—it is just for the vanity of being a little somebody for the moment, and of playing off the small regality to involve in the precedence. She would not return the attention. Unlike the Eastern women, who wait on their lords and bow down to place their highest honor in their lowliest service, the spoilt woman of Western life knows nothing of the natural grace of womanly serving for love, for grace, or for gratitude. This kind of thing is peculiarly strong among the *demi-monde* of the higher class, and among women who are not of the *demi-monde* by station, but by nature. The respect they cannot command by their virtues they attempt to win by imitation of manner; and perhaps no women are more tenacious of the outward forms of what is due to them who have lost their claim to the vital reality. It is very striking to see the punctilious manner of the spoilt child of the type, the *petites maitresses* who require the utmost attention and almost servility from a man, and the noble dignity of service which the pure woman can afford to give—which she finds, indeed, that it belongs to the purity and nobleness of her womanhood to give. It is the old story of the illegitimate position which is afraid of its own weakness and the security which can afford to descend to the role holding good for other people to the side mere social place.

Another characteristic of the spoilt woman is the changeableness and excitability of her temper. All suavity and gentleness and delightful and perfect manners when everything goes right, she startles you by her outburst of petulance when the first cross comes. If no man is a hero to his valet, neither is a spoilt woman a heroine to her maid—and the lady who has just been the charm of the drawing-room, upstairs in her boudoir makes her self-control and unselfish exercises to which walking on burning ploughshares is the only fit analogy. A length of lace unstarcher' a ribbon unsewed, a flower set awry, anything that crumples only one of the myrtle rose leaves on which she lies, and the spoilt woman rears as much as if each particular leaf had become suddenly beset with thorns. If a dove was to be transformed to a hawk the change would not be more complete, more mysteries of the world than any other which ranged through all the spheres of spiritual being from the loftiest to the lowliest and deepest over tribes. Whoever else may suffer the grievances of life, she cannot understand that she also must be at times one of the sufferers with the rest; and if by chance the bad moment comes, the person accompanying her has a hard time of it. There are few women also who have their peculiar exercises of thought and opinion, and who cannot call leaves; was he ever birched on the other end for playing truant some sailing summer's day? A thousand such questions flit through your mind as you look upon that old desk, and a thousand others as you read it. I may say, would follow them, if you gave way to the current of your suggestions.

It is creditable to English reverence for their greatest man that this humble dwelling is so carefully preserved; and it is a pretty thought, too, which suggested that the small boys of the district should be more exclusively to the culture of those flowers which are named in his pages.

Perdita, were she alive now, might here illustrate the quaintest speech she addressed to Dalixenes, when she described her favorite plants:

"... Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.
... bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower de luce being one.

And the sad Ophelia, too, might fill her arms with the delicate progeny she so tenderly symbolized:

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember. And there's pansies, that's for thoughts. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you, and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays; you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy; I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died."

THE CHURCH AND YOUR.

From the house of Shakespeare the walk is a short one to the church where he lies buried. On the way we stopped at the little inn made out of the famous mulberry tree which he is said to have planted, now in the possession of a gentleman of the town and earnest admirer of his, and an enthusiastic treasurer of whatever relates to his fame. Over the beautiful old Gothic building, on the banks of the river, to which you are conducted by a shady avenue of lime trees, and among a multitude of tombstones, which tell where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." A village maiden was practising her chorals upon the organ as we entered the church, and so we advanced softly to the enclosure of the sacred bones to the sound of solemn music. It shows the change that must have taken place in Shakespeare's fortunes, since he quitted the lowly cottage of Stratford-on-Avon, that he could afford to purchase a dwelling in Stratford, which, although it was but a small house, was yet sufficiently spacious to afford room for the poet's wife and children. On the interior of the church, which is large and well lighted, are scratched up with names, among which they pretend to show that of Sir Walter Scott, although I trust the great novelist was above this vulgar and petty habit of defacing celebrated buildings. Out of the bedroom we step into another, now kept as a museum of relics and other things pertaining to the poet. A large bookcase, for instance, is heaped with copies of many of the finest and rarest editions of his works that have been published, not in England alone, but in foreign lands. Among the latter I remarked our Hudson's edition, but not Mr. Verplanck's nor Grant White's. A small case in the centre was filled with parchment and deeds of the property, some of them signed by Shakespeare. But none of these memorials impressed me so much as an old school-boy's desk, hacked and hewed by many a boy's pen-knife, at which Shakespeare, the boy, must have sat when he attended the village school. Fancy what a penance the long dull sessions must have been to the high-strung, sensitive nature, as he conned his "little Latin and less Greek," while the rich meadows lay green and flowery around him, and the skies spread their unfathomable blue above his head. How he must have longed to get away from the books into the fields, where he could stretch himself at length among the flowers, and surrender his mind to its own thoughts. Did he ever, I wonder, engage in the usual sports of boys? Did he trundle the hoop or play marbles, fly kite, tear his pantaloons, get his face washed to his infinite disgust; or was he kept in for idleness, or blotting his copy-book?