AUCTION SALES
C. S. BARTOW
IS DAY!
JAN. 4, 1871,
MENT OF MERCHANDISE
FOUND NOTICE
THE GOVERNMENT POUND
Pound Master.
d31
WANTED
Goat Skins!
PRICE PAID BY
SCHOOL,
ROAD,
C. C. WILKINSON. This
Day Scholars or Boarders to
131 2t
FOR THE LADIES!
MADE EASY.
AT THE STORE
COOKE,
TREADLE!
NG MACHINES!
OXEN!
SLOPS
Cost Prices!
New Year,
MAGIN'S,
St. opposite Merchant.
RECEIVED
A. J. POPE!"
the Undersigned!
COTTAGE PIANO!
Paris.
WE SAY MORE? YES!
SUPERIOR PIANOS
Boston.
FROM LONDON PER A. J. POPE,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
Guitars,
Cost Prices!
RECEIVED
J. Pope from Bremen
A Large Assortment of Havana Cigars!
H. HACKFELD & CO.
d10 1m
J. H. ROBINSON
Will sell from the Date at his Block
SHOP.
All Small Sizes of Iron at
Hea
For
ITH CO

REMOVAL.

HAVING OPENED A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY on Fort Street, nearly opposite my old stand next door to Grunwald & Schutte, I shall be happy to many old patrons, and any others who wish for first-class picture. All styles taken upon the most reasonable terms. Having made arrangements with a good artist in San Francisco, I shall pay particular attention to copying and enlarging pictures for retouching or painting.

By attention to the tastes of my customers, I hope to receive a share of patronage.

Also for sale a variety of Photographic Views, Portraits, &c., and a

PANORAMIC VIEW OF HONOLULU,

The only one ever taken of the City.

d3 H. L. CHASE.

NO. 10 STORE!

NEW SILKS! NEW SILKS! NEW SILKS!

JUST RECEIVED PER MOSES TAYLOR, and imported by the undersigned direct from Europe. No advance in price in consequence of the war. A great variety of New Goods about to be opened, and well worthy the attention of Ladies. Superior quality of Goods and reasonable prices. (d3 1m) JOHN THOMAS WATERHOUSE.

WHARF STORE.

PER STEAMER MOSES TAYLOR JUST received a great variety of New Goods, suitable for native and country trade. For sale by

JOHN THOMAS WATERHOUSE.

P. S. Orders from Country Storekeepers will be attended to promptly, and charged reasonably. d3 1m

SHIP WM. "LE LACHEUR,"

From London Direct,

EXPECTED WITHIN THIRTY DAYS, containing about 1,000 Tons of Goods, suitable for the marks, and for sale by the undersigned. Particulars at a future date. (d3 1m) JOHN THOMAS WATERHOUSE.

THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Boston.

Organized in 1843.

Cash Assets, January 1, 1870	$8,432,731
Gross Income for 1869	2,933,557
Dividends for 1869	786,000
Premiums Collected from 1843 to 1868	$11,093,594
Losses paid from 1843 to 1868	3,236,890

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US!

From the "Spectator" of New York City we extract as follows:—"The New England Mutual stands forth as a fitting type of what a company should be in regard to its method of business. Seeking rather to establish a reputation of stability and soundness, than to present novel and promising, but untried and unapproved features in underwriting; conducting all the company's affairs with the strictest economy and adopting only those measures proved by experience to be the wisest, the directors of the company have succeeded in establishing for it a reputation for reliability second to no other similar organization in the country. Yet, great as is the degree of caution manifested in the adoption of every new measure, the company is conducted in a manner fully in unison with the progressive spirit of the age. As regards its dealings with policy holders, few companies are more liberal and honest."

The business of the New England Mutual is conducted in the most economical and able manner; its terms are liberal and just; its success has been uniform and extended and its *perfect reliability and safety* the natural consequences attending upon the possession of such features, and which should be the great desideratum with an insurance company, *are in no instance excelled.*"

For further particulars please call upon

CASTLE & COOKE, Agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

d10 3m

BE WISE!

THE BEST PRESENT

—FOR—

CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEARS

—IS AN—

INSURANCE POLICY

—IN—

THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COM'Y.

Don't Waste your Money on Perishable Play Things or Japanese Ware!

Present your Wife and Children This Year, as a Christmas or Newyear's Gift, an Insurance Policy in "the New England."

ONLY THINK!

At the Age of 25, $20 annually, will secure $1,000 for your family!

At the Age of 30, $23 annuy, will secure $1,000 for your family!

At the Age of 35, $26 50 annuy, will secure $1,000 for your family!

WHO ARE WISE?

THEY WHO INSURE THEIR LIVES IN THE OLDEST AND BEST COMPANY IN THE

New England Mutual Life Insurance Co.,

—Of which—

CASTLE & COOKE, are Agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

d10 4t

New Goods! New Goods!

86] M. T. DONNELLY [88

—HAS—

JUST RECEIVED PER MOSES TAYLOR!

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF FURNITURE, expressly selected for this market, consisting in part as follows:

Common Wood-seat Chairs,
Lafayette " "
Washington " "
Quincy " "
Bar Room " "
Light Grecian Cane-seat Chairs,
Oak Dining " "
Oak C-top bent Dining Cane-seat Chairs,
Oak Office Chairs—Rocking,
Wood " "
Walnut Swiss Cottage Chairs,
Gilt Arm Rockers, cane seat and back,
Light Maple " " "
Imitation Rosewood
Oak Oval-back Nursery Rockers,
Walnut " "
Brace Arm Rockers,
Victoria "
Common "
Children's Nursery Chairs,
" Cane-seat and Dining Chairs,
" oak Cane seat and back Dining Chairs,
" Common Wood-seat Rockers,
" Cane seat and back " "
" Rose and Walnut upholstered Rockers,
American 3-leaf Dining Tables,
" 8 ft " " "
" 8 ft Extension Dining Tables, Walnut,
" 10 ft " " "
" 12 ft " " "
" 2½ ft Saloon Tables,
" 3 and 3½ ft " "
" Cottage Bedsteads,
Mahogany Iron feet Towel racks,
Plain Stands, Walnut
Carved "
Black Walnut Washstands,
Walnut Parlor setts in Haircloth,
" " Reps,
" Easy Chairs in Haircloth,
" Rocks "
" Rockers "
" Ottomans "
" Hat-tree and Book-case,
Rosewood and gilt Mouldings, different styles and sizes,
Walnut Chamber setts,
Corner Brackets, &c., &c.

ALSO ON HAND

Kapa Listens, Fine Bedsteads,
Fine Mahogany Bureaus, Walnut Bureaus,
Lounges, Settees,
Mirror Plates, Washstands,
Walnut Backgammon Tables,
Children's Willow Carriages,
" 2 wheel Chaise-top Carriages,
" 4 wheel " "

Spring Hair, and Straw Mattresses made to order.
Also Lounges, Wardrobes, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Meat Safes, &c., &c.
All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest, and persons will do well to call and see for themselves.
Furniture repaired at short notice and on reasonable terms.
Orders from the other Islands will receive prompt and careful attention.

Nos. 86 and 88 King Street.

d3-3

MASONIC HOTEL, KING STREET, H. I.

Comfortable Furnished Apartments To Let TO GENTLEMEN OR FAMILIES. d10

CIGARS, CIGARS!!

A Large and Varied Assortment of Havana & German CIGARS!

Just Received Per A. J. Pope, from Bremen, NOW —AND— OPEN FOR INSPECTION AT THE STORE OF

d10 1m Chas. Brewer & Co.

South Collection.

OYSTERS ... PLY-

TO LET!

THE HOUSE ON KUKUI STREET, now occupied by the Undersigned.

d24 3t Apply to H. A. P. CARTER.

TO LET!

A COTTAGE AT WAIKIKI.

d24 3t Apply to Dr. WM. HILLEBRAND.

FOR RENT OR LEASE!

SEVERAL COTTAGES, PLEASANTLY located, and suitable for large and small families. They are entirely NEW, handsomely finished, and supplied with all the necessary outhouses and modern improvements.

d24 tf Apply to HUGO STANGENWALD, M. D.

FURNISHED COTTAGE TO LET AT WAIKIKI.—The Cottage recently occupied by W. L. Green, at the Beach, Waikiki. Rent, $40 per month, or by the year at $35 per month.

o29 tf Apply to W. L. GREEN.

FOR SALE.—THE COTTAGE ON THE Beach at Waikiki, formerly occupied by Miss Montgomery.

o29 tf Apply to W. L. GREEN.

WAGON FOR SALE!

ONE NEW TWO HORSE WAGON, warranted to carry two tons; heavy patent springs, suitable for a sugar plantation, to be sold cheap.

o15 Apply to JAMES L. LEWIS.

TO LET.

THE HOUSE LATELY OCCUPIED BY H. A. Widemann, on Judd Street. Apply to

d3 J. L. RICHARDSON.

TO LET!

THE RESIDENCE FORMERLY OCcupied by Capt. Berrill in Nuuanu Valley, containing Parlor, three Bed-Rooms, large enclosed Verandah, Dining and Bath Rooms, Pantry, Kitchen, Out-house, and one New Bed Room. Apply to

d3 tf WILLIAM BERRILL.

NOTICE.

I WILL PAY NO DEBTS CONTRACTED for in my name without my written order.

HENRY S. SWINTON, JR.

Honolulu, Dec. 28th, 1870. d31 3t

ALMANACS FOR 1871.

CHRISTIAN FAMILY ALMANAC	25c
Appleton's Almanac	50c
London Illustrated Almanac	75c
Cassell's Illustrated Almanac	75c
Nautical Almanacs for 1871 and 1872	$2
Alta Almanac for 1871	38c

d17 1m For sale by H. M. WHITNEY.

MR. ALFRED SINGER,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO FORTE AND SINGING.

Balls, Parties, &c., Attended WITH ALL THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC.

Lessons Given at Private Residences, or at Mr. S.'s Studio, next Door to Mr. Adderley's, Nuuanu Avenue.

Applications by letter can be left at Mr. Thrum's Book Store

d24

SUGAR PLANTATION FOR LEASE!

In Honoipu, District of Kohala, HAWAII, AT A REASONABLE PRICE and Terms.

Fifty Acres under Cane!

With more Land around it for Cultivation, with

Mill, Cart, Cattle, Sorghum-Pan,

and every requisite to carry on growing and grinding cane. The Mill is drawn by horse-power.

For particulars apply to

F. CHRISTANSEN, Honoipu, or to JOHN THOMAS WATERHOUSE, Honolulu.

d17 2m

DIARIES FOR 1871.

BY THE MOSES TAYLOR, I SHALL RECEIVE my usual assortment of

CHOICE DIARIES FOR 1871!!!

Comprising all the various sizes and patterns, 1, 2 and 3 days to a page, in plain and costly bindings,

FROM 50 CENTS TO $5.00 EACH.

Besides the usual assortment of Pocket Diaries, I shall have also,

Lett's (London) Office Diaries. 3 days to a page,
Elmer's Physicians Diaries and Visiting List,
Long and Quarto Office Diaries,
Cap Office Diaries

No one should be without one of these useful remembrances, which often save to the purchaser more than the cost.

d17 1m For Sale by H. M. WHITNEY.

NEW GOODS!!

JUST RECEIVED

—PER—

A. J. POPE, FROM BREMEN.

—ALSO—

A WELL ASSORTED STOCK

—OF—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

Ex Late Arrivals,

For Sale at Reasonable Rates

—AND ON—

Liberal Terms to Suit the Times

—AT—

F. A. SCHAEFER & CO'S.

d10 1m

MORE NEW GOODS EXPECTED

TO ARRIVE EX BARK NABOB FROM BOSTON.

BALES AMOSKEAG DENIMS,
Cases White Cotton Thread,
Bales Indian Cotton Hose,
Cases American Blacking,
Hunt's Handled Axes,
Cases McMurray's Oysters, Cases Charcoal Irons,
Kegs Saltpeter (calnitre),
Barrels Turkey Island Salt, etc., etc.

—ALSO—

CASES OF LADIES' GAITERS!

Balmorals, Kid Slippers.

Cases Men's Boots and Shoes,

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Cases Children's Shoes.

AND SOON EXPECTED VIA PANAMA,

AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF

New and Desirable Goods!

SELECTED WITH THE

Greatest Care Expressly for this Market

—SUCH AS—

DRY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS.

SILK, WOOLEN AND COTTON

DRESS GOODS!

&c., &c., &c.

For Sale to Arrive

BRITISH C. BRUCE.

THE PACIFIC

Commercial Advertiser.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

TO JURYMEN.—We are requested by the Marshal to say that the foreign jurymen will not be required in attendance until further notice.

WET MOONS.—The present moon, now in its third quarter, is the third in succession during which rain has fallen about every third day.

SALE OF LEASE.—The lot of land known as Sawyer's yard, a crown land, was leased at auction on Saturday last, for ten years, at the rate of $445 per annum. Mr. Rose, wheelwright, was the purchaser.

DRUNKS.—Considering that Monday was a holiday, there were but few drunks before the Police Court on yesterday morning, only some eight or ten. How many more got drunk but escaped the lock-up, deponent sayeth not.

THE VOLCANO.—By the *Hattie* from Hilo, we learn that the crater of Kilauea was unusually active, two new and very large lakes of lava having formed. The light from the volcano was very distinctly seen at Hilo nightly when the *Hattie* left.

BURGLARY AND LARCENY.—On Friday night last, while Mr. Osborne the builder was at the Theatre, some one entered his bedroom by raising the window, and stole therefrom a broad-cloth coat, vest and pants, all nearly new, and half a dozen new shirts. So far no trace has been found of the thief.

THE SALE OF SATURDAY EVENING.—The last sale of the season at Adams & Wilder's was a lively affair; things sold at very fair prices and the bidding was spirited. His Majesty the King honored the sale by his presence and bought largely. We were sorry to observe, however, that many of those near where the King sat, displayed their ill-manners by rude and boisterous conduct.

SUPREME COURT.—The January term of the Supreme Court commenced on Monday last, Mr. Justice Widemann on the bench. Monday being a holiday, the Court adjourned over until yesterday. The first case called was that of Mrs. E. F. Colburn, guardian of minor heirs of J. F. Colburn deceased, vs. Uma and Kamai, for the possession of a certain piece of land. Verdict for plaintiffs. There are a number of cases in banco, in various stages, but none being quite ready to go to trial, the Court adjourned until to-day at 10 o'clock.

UPSET.—One day last week, a party, consisting of two women and a sailor, having chartered an open wagon and a native driver started out for a ride. The sailor and his two Dulcineas occupied the back seat, near the tail of the wagon. Stopping on the road to buy some wreaths, they started on again, when the driver, giving his horse a smack of the whip, the start was so sudden that all three passengers at once turned a back summersault and landed on the ground, a confused and tangled mass of legs, arms, crinoline. Some rather forcible language was used, but nobody hurt.

TWENTY DOLLARS FOR A TOP.—Last Saturday, a small-sized native boy went into one of Waterhouse's stores, and asked for a top, on receiving which he threw down a twenty dollar piece and walked off. The shopkeeper suspecting that there was something wrong, took him to the station house. It turned out that he was a *kamaii* in the family of Gov. Kanoa of Kauai. On enquiring of the Governor whether he had missed anything, he replied that he didn't know, but would look, whereupon he found that he *was* $20 short. The young candidate for prison was sent to the Reformatory school instead.

[illegible] native boy living in the valley, was dispatched by his mother to buy a bottle of kerosene oil at a grocery. After procuring the article, as he was on his way homeward, some of his playmates told him that it was *wai momona* (soda-water) in his bottle, whereupon he took a hearty pull at it. Not liking the taste, however, he ran home and told his mother what he had done. The frightened woman hastened to a doctor, who however quieted her fears by saying that kerosene was only a medicine, though it would'nt do to take too much at a time. A wag standing by, advised the old lady to be careful and keep her son away from the fire, for fear of an explosion.

COCOONS FROM MOLOKAI.—We have seen some specimens of cocoons from the plantation of Mr. T. E. Cook, of Molokai, who is experimenting on the culture of silk. They are small, but of a very fine fibre, and are of the Japanese variety. We would be pleased to hear from Mr. Cook some account of his experience in the management of the worms and the culture of the mulberry. The following are the different varieties of silk worms which Mr. Cook has on his plantation: French pure; hybrid French and Japanese; Japanese pure; hybrid Japanese and Italian; Japanese bright yellow, hatches four times a year; Japanese sulphur, hatches twice a year; Japanese white, and pale yellow; both hatch twice a year.

A WHITE SQUALL.—The *Kate Lee*, Capt. West, on her last trip to Hilo, on the night of Dec. 18th, at near 12 o'clock, when about midway of the channel between Maui and Hawaii, experienced one of the most sudden and severe squalls ever known about these islands. The schooner was going along under full sail with a moderate breeze, when the squall struck her from the direction of the trade wind, which was blowing at the time, and veered entirely around the compass in the space of five or six minutes, throwing the schooner twice nearly on her beam ends. Considerable water ran down the companion way, the cabin floor being all afloat. The lashings of the boat parted and it was lost, together with a portion of the deck load, consisting of lumber, salmon and coal. Had a less staunch and stiff craft than the *Kate Lee* been exposed to the squall, she might have gone down, and, like the *Kamamalu* some years ago, been never heard of afterwards.

THE HAWAIIAN CLUB IN BOSTON.—On Wednesday Nov. 30th, the Club held a meeting at the United States Hotel, for the purpose of giving a reception to the Rev. T. Coan and lady. Gen. J. F. B. Marshall and lady did the honors of the occasion. Speeches were made, and pleasant reminiscenses of Island life were recalled. Mr. Coan gave a graphic description of the last earthquake and lava flow on Hawaii. Among the guests were Dr. Anderson, Dr. Clark, Admiral Chas. Davis, Capt. Knox, Lieut. Pickering, ex-Consul Chas. Bunker, Rev. Messrs. Snow and Sturges, (Micronesian Mission) Dr. R. W. Wood, D. M. Weston, and others. The room was decorated with a large Hawaiian flag. Fifty-one sat down to the supper table and enjoyed the good things. Some of the guests inquired for *poi*, but there being none, they were obliged to content themselves with ice cream.

THE ALARM BELL.—Last Sunday morning, just after the clocks had announced the demise of the old year, the bell on the tower gave the regular alarm for fire. The different fire companies ran for their machines, and many citizens hurried down town to find out where the fire was. It turned out, however, to be a hoax—some one ringing the old year out and the new year in. It might have been very good fun for the appreciation of the alarmists, but not by any means funny for those whose slumbers were disturbed, who so promptly obeyed what they very properly thought was the call to duty. We have heard a number of complaints on this subject, and it is to be hoped that there will be no cause for such complaints in the future. The story says, there was a boy once who sometimes amused himself and alarmed the [illegible] crying "wolf, wolf," when there was no fire, but when the wolf actually caught him, [illegible] attention to his cries for help.

NEW YEAR'S DAY was celebrated this year on Monday the 2nd. It being a rainy day, but few people were to be seen in the streets, and aside from the dashing, splashing riding of horses by be-draggled wahines, at headlong speed through mud and mire, one might have thought it was Sunday, all stores and places of business being closed after 12 o'clock. Among the residents there were private dinner parties, and in the environs numerous luaus in the open air, in spite of the rain.

RAIN AND MUD.—Every time a shower of rain falls, the streets—especially Queen and Fort streets, which are the principle thoroughfares—are rendered almost impassable to foot-passengers, by the ankle-deep quagmires of slimy sticky mud, on the side-walks, as well as in the middle of the streets. The operation of crossing from one side to the other is an operation attended with no little difficulty, and requiring considerable study and skill. Cannot this nuisance be abated? Somebody suggests that the road-tax be increased.

A WISE REBUKE.—Mr. Beecher, in his discourse at Plymouth Church yesterday (Thanksgiving Day), sternly rebuked the invitation to war with England. He said: "Cursed of God and of all men may be that man who counsels the red hand of war, except when needed to fight for national existence. The only war we want is the war of righteousness. Let kings war—let aristocrats war—but the nobles of this great republic should know the fellowship of man, and instead of the red hand of war, let them put around their neighbors the arm of fellowship, and dwell with them in harmony, in unity, in sympathy and in love."—*Exchange.*

THE "SOLE SURVIVOR" OF THE LEVANT.—A paragraph went the rounds of the newspapers a short time since to the effect that a sailor, representing himself as John Jarves, had appeared at Norfolk, Va., and stated that he was the sole survivor of the ill-fated U. S. sloop-of-war *Levant*, and that he had been washed on shore, on an island in the Pacific where that vessel was wrecked some 12 years ago. The Secretary of the Navy had his attention called to the statement and he directed the Admiral at Norfolk to ascertain the truth of the man's story, and to notify the department. Accordingly, inquiries were made, and it was ascertained that the fellow's real name was Jamison; that he had formerly been shipmate with John Jarves, carpenter of the *Levant*, while they were in the *Constellation*; and that while on a drunken spree at Norfolk, he represented himself as Jarves, and related the wonderful Robinson Crusoe story of a life on a desert island, his rescue, &c. The James Jarves in question had a brother near at hand, and it did not take long to explode the hoax by which Jamison had imposed on a good many people.

[For the P. C. Advertiser.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The following "Thrilling Sketch," from the San Francisco *Bulletin* of December 2d, is no fiction. I first cast my eye upon it supposing to be so, but had not read far before memory carried me back to childhood's days when I often saw the unfortunate heroine of the story, "Crazy Lucy." Often in early childhood have I met her in her wanderings. The people were always kind and sympathizing; their doors were open to this poor harmless maniac. I remember her, as she would enter my father's house and take her place, with her bundles, unmolested, for the day or night, as the case might be, but the early dawn always saw her on the move. I had heard that it was disappointed love that dethroned her reason, but the particulars of the opening or close of the sad drama I never knew till I met this sketch in the *Bulletin*.

Disappointed Affection—A Thrilling Sketch.

Some forty years since, in the interior of my native State, New York, lived the father of my heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The first named was winningly rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a [illegible] for its seriousness and nun-like serenity, were concealed an impassioned nature, and [illegible] earliest childhood for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister, a "born beauty," whose prerogative of beauty was to have her own way in all things and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing sister, unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at first remarkable for strength or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures, is heartlessness so detestable as in a beautiful woman?

Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were well-read New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of her station, in that half-settled part of the country. In those days many engaged in school-teaching from the honor and pleasure it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus a few months previous to the commencement of our story, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fire-side circle, to take charge of a school, some twenty miles distant from her native town.

For some time her letters home were expressive only of happy contentment, which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving while imparting good. But anon there came a change. Then were those records from home characterized by fitful gayety or dreamy sadness; undefinable hopes and fears seemed struggling for supremacy in the writer's troubled little heart. Lucy loved, but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew not that she was loved. So for a time that second birth of woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the cold mist of the morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not be forgotten in the home of the absent, and a letter traced by a hand trembling with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she but waited her parents' approval of her choice to become the betrothed of Edwin W., a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been teaching. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers. To such natures as Lucy's, what an absorbing and yet what a revealing of self is a first passion—what a prodigality of giving—what incalculable wealth of receiving—what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how heaven descends in a sudden star-shower upon life. If there is a season when an angel may look with interest upon her mortal sister, it is when she beholds her heart pass from its bud-like innocence and girlhood, and taking to its very core the fervid light of love, glow and crimson into perfect womanhood.

At last the plighted lovers came, and welcomes and festivities awaited them. Mr. W. gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even the exacting "beauty." He was a handsome man, with some pretension to fashion, but in manner, and apparently in character, the opposite of his bethrothed.

[illegible] decided that Lucy should not again leave home until after her marriage, which, at the request of her ardent lover, was to be celebrated within two months, and on the birth-day of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. W. to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The bridal day had come. It was ushered in by a May morning of surprising loveliness; the busy hours had worn away, and now it was nigh sunset, and neither the bridegroom nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared. Yet in her neat little chamber sat Lucy, nothing doubting, nothing fearing. She was arrayed in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal ornaments lay on the table by her side. Miss Allen, her second bridesmaid, a bright-eyed affectionate-hearted girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to a more graceful fall the wealth of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion respecting the absent ones, Lucy smiled quietly, and replied: "O, something has happened to detain them awhile; we heard from them the other day, and all was well. They will be here bye-and-bye, never fear."

Evening came, the guests were assembled, and yet the bridegroom tarried. There were whispers, surmises and wonderings, and a shadow of anxiety passed over the face of the bride elect. At last a carriage drove slowly to the door.

"They have come!" cried many voices, and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries of all around him, Mr. W. muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and stepping up to the sideboard, tossed off a glass of wine, another and another, and another. The company stood still with amazement. Finally, a rough farmer exclaimed:

"Better late than never, young man; so lead out the bride."

W. str[illegible] room and placed himself by [illegible] Ellen, [illegible] about him, [illegible] was under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married. The lady whom I now hold by the hand is my wife!"

Then, turning to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, in an apologetical manner, he added:

"I found that I had never loved until I knew your second daughter."

And Lucy? She had heard all with a strange calmness, then walked steadily forward, and confronted her betrayers. Terrible, as pale as Nemesis herself, she stood before them, and her looks pierced with a keen, cold blade into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder and let it glide down her arm—but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife gazed full in her sister's face, and as she marked the ghastly color of her cheek, the dilated nostril, the quivering lip, and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered her own face with her hands, and burst into tears; while the young husband, awed by the terrific silence of her he had wronged, gasped for breath and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy clasped her hands on her forehead, and first gave vent to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which could not but ring forever through the souls of that guilty pair, and fell in a death-like swoon at their feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed to a chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W.; but the tears and prayers of his young wife, the petted beauty and spoiled child, at last softened somewhat the anger of the parents, and an opportunity was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had weakened the empire of her plainer sister over his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty, but he had been held in check by his honor, and never told his love, until, when on his way to espouse another in an unguarded moment he had revealed it, and the avowal had called forth an acknowledgment from Ellen.

They had thought it best, in order to save pain to Lucy, and prevent the opposition from her, and to secure their own happiness, to be married before their arrival at C———.

Lucy remained insensible for some time. When she revived, and apparently regained consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks; when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief that her reason had fled—that she was hopelessly insane! But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but frequently sighed, and seemed to be burdened with a great sorrow which she herself could not comprehend. She had one peculiarity which all who knew her must recollect. This was a wild fear and careful avoidance of men. She could not, would not be confined, but was continually escaping from her friends; they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they, by their watchful care and unwearied efforts, in some measure controlled this sad propensity; but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn. And through laughing springs and rosy summers, tramp, tramp, tramp,—no rest for her of the crushed heart and crazed brain.

I remember her as she was in my early childhood toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and elder brother were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or door to "Crazy Lucy," she often spent an hour or two by our fireside. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched with many colors, and her shawl or mantle was worn or torn, until it was open work or fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle upon her arm, and sometimes had a number of parcels of old roots, herbs, etc.

In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the woods or by the wayside. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left of the bloom and music of her existence. Yet, no; her meek and childish piety still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down in dim chaos of her spirit the smile of His love yet gleamed faintly—in the waste garden of her heart she still heard His voice at eventide, and she was not afraid. Her Bible went with her everywhere—a torn and soiled volume, but holy still; and, it may be, as dearly cherished, my dear reader, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table, bound in "purple and in gold," and with gilding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough country wagon drove into the town of C———. It stopped at the alms-house; an attenuated form was lifted up and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. This was Lucy Dutton, brought to her native town to die.

She had been in decline for some months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings forsook her utterly. Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after returned to the far West; so Lucy had no friends, no home but the alm-house.

One day, about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and, for the first time, she slept tranquilly till morning. The matron who was by her bedside when she awoke was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own; but she smiled and bade the invalid "good-morning," to reassure her, when she exclaimed, "Where am I, and who are you? I do not know you."

A wild surmise flashed across the mind of the matron; the long lost reason of the wanderer had returned. But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly:

"Why, you are among your friends, and you will know me presently."

"Then may be you know Edwin and Ellen," rejoined the invalid; "they have come? O, I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married! Only think, Ellen married to Edwin! Strange 'tis that I should dream that."

"My poor Lucy," said the matron, with a gush of tears, "that was no dream; 'twas all true."

"All true!" cried the invalid; "then Edwin must be untrue, and that cannot be, for he loves me; we love each other well, and Ellen is my sister. Let me go to them; I will go to them."

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

"What does this mean?" said she; "what makes me so weak?"

Just then her eye fell on her hand—that old and withered hand! She gazed on it in blank astonishment.

"Something is the matter with my sight," said smiling faintly, "for my hand is like an old woman's."

"And so it is," said the matron, gently, "and so are mine; yet we had fair, plump hands when we were young. Dear Lucy, do you know me? I am Marie Allen—I was to have been your bridesmaid."

I cannot say more. I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail all that mournful remembrance, since the recreant and traitorous lover stood before her and made that terrible announcement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness and wanderings, but the invalid would say, with fearful calmness, "Go on, go on," though the drops of agony stood thick on her forehead. When she asked for her sister, the matron replied:

"She has gone before you, and your father also."

"And mother?" said Lucy, her face lit up with a sickly ray of hope.

"Your mother has been dead twenty years."

"Dead! All gone! Alone, old, dying! O, God, my cup of bitterness is full!" and she wept aloud.

"Her friend bent over her, and mingling her tears with hers, said affectionately: "But you know who drank that cup before you?"

Lucy looked with a bewildering expression, and the matron added: "The Lord Jesus you remember."

A look like sunlight breaking through a cloud; a look which saints may wear, irradiated the face of the dying woman, as she replied:

"O, yes, I knew Him and loved Him before I fell asleep."

The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her earlier days came also. There was much reverential feeling and some weeping round her death bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her spirit moved as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal. Then they grew still; and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her gray-haired youth. Those who gazed upon that placid face, and remembered her harmless life and patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day has broken on her "night of years."

POWER OR FOOD.—The ruling people of the world, who have from time to time shaped the destiny of humanity, have always been liberal feeders. Thus the dominant nations among the ancients, the Babylonians, the Persians, and especially the Romans, were free and luxurious in their habits of eating; and among modern nations the greatest eaters are the English, the Germans, the French, and the Americans—the ruling people of our civilization. On the other hand the diet of the Spaniards and Italians is notably less sustained than that of the English and Germans, and they do less brain work. So the rice eating Hindoos and Chinese, and the fish eating Japanese, [illegible] nations, [illegible] the most lux[illegible] of Europe. So [illegible] variety in [illegible]