Almighty and Everlasting God, the Supreme Architect, the Builder and Maker of all things, who said's 'let there be light, and there was light,' be pleased in thy infinite mercy to look down upon us from the Temple of thy celestial glory, to bless us in the purposes of this occasion. Regard, O Lord, with favor the work in which we are now engaged. In all our undertakings bestow upon us Wisdom, Strength and Harmony. As this vast assembly have here met upon the same great level of time, may divine Charity pervade every heart and mind. And O, Thou great and glorious 'I Am,' who sittest between the Cherubim, may Thy 'All-Seeing Eye' behold us, in love, from off the Mercy Seat. And as Thou did'st call unto Thy servant Moses out of the midst of the burning bush, so regard and bless us also. May a flame of heavenly love be poured into our hearts. May the holy fires of devotion be enkindled in every bosom, and may the happy fruits of peace and good will increase and abound. We bless Thee, O Lord, for the health and happiness, the peace and prosperity, by which we are surrounded. We bless Thee for the long line of patriots whose self-sacrificing labors and heroic lives have been the safety and glory of this nation. May patriots like them still exist, and be multiplied. May all their great and beneficent deeds live in after generations, and exert a benign influence after their marble monuments shall have crumbled into dust. We adore Thee for all the rich advantages of this prosperous land—for the glorious inheritance which Thou hast given us in this our common country. May these blessings remain unimpaired to the latest hour of time. Save this country from the machinations of her enemies, and as Thy good Providence didst preside over the first councils of this nation, and hast so ordered and settled all her institutions upon the best and surest foundations, so may that same overruling Providence continue to direct and preside over her councils and will the hearts of the people, that the glorious fruits of peace, piety, happiness and virtue may multiply and abide with us throughout all generations. The Lord bless us and keep us. The Lord make His face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us. The Lord lift up His countenance upon us, and give us peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

*The Grand Master*—"R. W. Deputy Grand Master; the jewel of your office is the square; will you apply it to those parts of the foundation stone which should be square?"

*The Deputy Grand Master*—"The duty is performed, M. W., and the craftsmen have done their duty."

*The Grand Master*—"R. W. Senior Grand Warden; the level is the jewel of your office; will you apply it to the foundation stone?"

*The R. W. Senior Grand Warden.*—"I have performed the duty, M. W., and the craftsmen have done theirs."

*The Grand Master*—"R. W. Junior Grand Warden; the proper jewel of your office is the plumb; apply it to the several sides of the pedestal which supports this statue?"

*The R. W. Junior Grand Warden*—"I have, M. W., and find the same truly upright; the craftsmen have done their duty."

*The M. W. Grand Master*—"The craftsmen have indeed done their duty well, and I declare the base and pedestal which supports this statue well formed, true and trusty."

Samuel M. Todd, Esq., Junior Past Grand Master, then received the cup from the Grand Master, and pouring the corn upon the foundation stone, said: "May the Supreme Architect of the Universe strengthen and sustain the people to finish the work began by their fathers, as shall best redound to His honor and to the welfare of our common country."

William M. Perkins, Esq., Past Grand Master, then pouring the wine upon the foundation, said: "May the Giver of all things bestow His blessing upon all patriotic and benevolent undertakings, and plenteously bestow upon this people that virtue and wisdom which shall enable them to preserve and transmit to succeeding generations the privileges they now enjoy."

John H. Holland, Senior Past Grand Master, pouring the oil upon the foundation stone, said, "May the Great Ruler of the Universe preserve the Union of these United States, and may it be a bond of friendship and brotherly love that shall endure through all time.

The Grand Master then said, "May corn, wine and oil, symbols of health, plenty and peace, abound wherever men throughout the world, and may this statue long continue, a memorial of affectionate regard to one who ever strove to be right, and who rejoiced in whatever might tend to the united prosperity of his whole country. Amen!"

The Freemasons all responded, "so mote it be."

The public grand honors were then given and the Masonic ceremonies closed.

**The Masons from Mobile.**

Some twenty-five members of the Mobile Commandery of Knights Templar visited the city, and were escorted in the procession by the Jacques de Molay Commandery of Knights Templar of this city. They were handsomely cared for by their brethren of the mystic tie whilst in the city, and were formally escorted by them yesterday down to Milneburg, the point of departure for their return home.

**The Mobile Cadets.**

This fine military company from our sister city was received and taken care of in the most liberal style by the Continental Guards. After the ceremonies of the inauguration were over, the Continentals took the Cadets around, and in the evening *fêted* them at the St. Louis Hotel, where they were quartered. The dinner was in the best style of the hotel, and was served in the rotunda dining-hall. The confectioner's decorations for the occasion were truly superb. One of the pieces represented "Ashland," with its old-fashioned mansion, lawn, trees and out-houses. And there was a temple, containing a statue of Clay. There were six other splendid pieces of the confectioner's art; an American Temple, a Temple of Liberty, an American Eagle, an Oriental Windmill, an Italian Pavilion and a Continental Fort. The spread was on the same lavish scale; and the two companies had a glorious time of it together.

Yesterday the Continentals breakfasted their guests, and in the afternoon escorted them to the lake, where they had a parting collation; the Masons joining with them in treating their own Masonic guests, and all, Masons and soldiers, having a "fine old time of it" at parting. The Continentals, the Cadets and the Knights Templar, made a splendid appearance in passing through the streets.

**The State Artillery**

of Mobile did not come over, as was expected; but a number of the members came over in citizens' dress, and were hospitably taken care of by Captain Walton and his gallant comrades of the Washington Artillery.

**The Mississippi Rifles,**

of Jackson, Miss., attracted much attention by their fine, manly appearance, neat uniform and soldierly bearing. To show that they *are* soldiers, we give the following sketch of them by one who knows:

The Mississippi Rifles are commanded by Capt. L. Julien, with Lieuts. Griffith, Smith and Hatch. Capt. L. Julien was for many years the Captain of the "Natchez Fencibles," the oldest military company of Mississippi, organized by Gen. Quitman, who commanded it for many years, and whom Capt. Julien succeeded. Lieut. Griffith was the Adjutant of the 1st Mississippi Rifles in Mexico, under Jeff Davis. The Orderly Sergeant of the Company was Capt. Lewis McManus, who commanded the Company from Jackson, in the 1st Mississippi Regiment. Capt. Estella, of the "Panola Boys," in the 2d Mississippi Regiment in Mexico, under Col. Charles Clark, was one of the Color Guard.

Their banner was the regimental standard of the 1st Mississippi Regiment, the celebrated "V Rifles." It was given to Capt. M.'s Company, "State Fencibles," on their departure to Mexico; was afterward selected by the 1st Regiment as their regimental standard, and was hoisted by them at Monterey and Buena Vista, and wherever a regimental banner was displayed. It was presented by Capt. M. to this Company a few days ago, as the legitimate guardians of the dead of the "State Fencibles," whose bodies were brought home from Mexico, and buried at Jackson. The flag was old and torn, but they were naturally very proud of it.

The Rifles were received and waited upon in princely style by Mississippi Fire Company No. 2, who entertained them at the hall of Perseverance Fire Company No. 13, on Perdido street; their own house being out of repair. They breakfasted and dined their guests at the Conti Verandah, and left nothing undone to render their visit comfortable. The No. 2 boys escorted the Rifles to the cars on Thursday evening, and saw them safely off.

**The Police.**

Much credit is due to the Chief of Police, Mr. Adams, and his Lieutenants, Dryden, Gastniel, Simon and Moore, as well as to Corporal Clarke and the squad on horseback, in opening the way and keeping it open for the procession of Thursday through the great multitudes which filled the streets. They had hard work to do, but they did it, and without overdoing it. Their chief trouble was in getting vehicles out of the way, and the procession would have fared badly without their aid.

**Clarke's Pictures**

of the inauguration will soon be illuminating the country. Clarke, the photographist, who, from the top of his house on Canal street, took a view of the scene when all were standing still and looking at the Statue, just after the unveiling; also close views of the statue, the arch in front, the street, the Knights Templar etc.; all of which are to be forwarded to New York and engraved for one of the illustrated papers. The last number of Harper's Weekly, we may here state, has some of Clarke's pictures in it.

**The Statue**

was gazed at yesterday by admiring thousands. It will be some time before the town gets use to it.

[From the London Times, March 29.]

**Visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada and the United States.**

One of the most inveterate traditions of our fathers was the immobility of royalty. That the king should remain habitually within a certain radius of his capital, and never go beyond it, except for the purpose of making a solemn and formal visit to some loyal province, was with the later sovereigns of the House of Hanover, almost an article of faith. The first two Georges were, of course, constantly running over to Germany; but when the prince who, born and educated in the country, "gloried in the name of Briton," came to the throne, the Tycoon of Japan was almost as immovable. This may have been partly the result of natural sluggishness of mind, but it was, perhaps, more an imitation of French and Spanish royalty, which had then reached the extreme of absurd punctiliousness. Whatever the cause, George III. was content to oscillate all his life between London and Windsor, and an excursion to Weymouth was the most formidable journey which he ever attempted. His son and successor never visited either Scotland or Ireland until he had ascended the throne, at the age of nearly sixty years. King William, though he had seen the world in his youth, was almost as stationary after he had ceased to be a midshipman. It cannot be doubted that much of the narrowness of these sovereigns, and the despotic tendencies of the first two, arose from their having seen little of the world, and even of the country they were to govern. In the age before railways, the greatest lords were content to pass much of their time in residences almost suburban, being deterred by the enormous expense from transferring their households frequently to Northumberland or Derbyshire and back. The sovereign encouraged this dislike of locomotion by his example, and, in spite of grand tours in his youth, the English nobleman could not be said to be a really traveled man.

Now, however, Englishmen go everywhere, in Europe and in the East, and royalty is about to lead them to a field which, if not unfrodden, is less known than it should be. The Prince of Wales is likely to make American travel popular by his intended visit to Canada. For the first time since the discovery of America, the heir apparent to the British Crown is to cross the Atlantic, and in his character as the future ruler of this Empire receive the respects of one of its flourishing provinces. Other Princes have visited the Western world in military or naval capacities. The father of her present Majesty held high command there. But the unity of the Empire and the *status* of the British North American as a great allied province, not a mere dependent plantation, will for the first time be recognized when Albert, Prince of Wales, sets foot on its shores. The Governor-General, in opening the Canadian Parliament, announced the approaching visit, and the satisfaction of all classes has since been loudly expressed. The people of the North American colonies are prepared to receive the Prince of Wales with a demonstration of regard. Not only as a tribute to his station as the future head of the greatest commonwealth in the world, but as the representative of a rule which has conferred immense benefits on the provinces, the Canadian people will give him welcome.

For twenty years the progress of the North American colonies has been such as to surpass even the rapid growth of the neighboring States. Her present Majesty's accession to the throne found the Canadians deeply disconted, and, as is now admitted, not without cause. Insurrection followed, blood was shed, and our evil wishers all over the world raised their raven croak, as usual, on the inevitable dismemberment of the British Empire. But the folly of seventy years before was not to be repeated; justice was preferred as a remedy to the employment of Hessians, and the policy of conciliation produced not only quiet but loyalty. Since those menacing days the prosperity of the provinces has been almost uninterrupted. The reign of Victoria has seen what may be called a nation grow up on the banks of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario. The population of the provinces has more than doubled, and their wealth has increased in a far greater proportion. Wise negotiations have broken down the commercial barriers between them and the United States, and allowed the creation of a most thriving trade. British capital, instead of seeking investment among decaying Spaniards or faithless Orientals, has been able to develope the resources of a people which is one with our own.

The country is now traversed by railways; the most astonishing engineering work of the age has been constructed within its territory by the genius of Stephenson; steamers of great speed and capacity are built for the direct service of the colonies; and everything promises that the prosperity which is to come will be as permanent as great. Nor have the Canadians failed to appreciate their political advantages. Under the protection of the United Kingdom, they have become a nation without any of the burdens and perils of nationality. Like men standing on the shore while ships are battling with the waves, they are able to look on the struggles which convulse the neighboring Union. That Canada is anxious for admission into the sisterhood of American Republics, is an assertion that the most reckless orator would hardly now make. The people of the provinces are independent enough in their way, and would, no doubt, fiercely resent any assumption of undue power by England. But as long as the mother treats her offspring with kindness and moderation, the Canadians are not likely to mix themselves up with the feuds of slavery, or throw in their lot with a people who confess that their own future destiny is dark and troubled.

It would, however, be a matter of regret if the Prince of Wales, satisfied with the homage of the Canadians, should neglect to visit the Republic which now plays so great a part in the world. We do not, of course, anticipate in any case that the Prince would return to England without having set foot on United States territory; but there are different ways of visiting a country, and, as none repays attentive observation more than the American Republic, so none is likely to be so ill understood by a mere flying tourist. America is not a country of museums and palaces, to be "done" in so many days with a Murray's Handbook. Its interest consists in its people, in the phases of civilization through which they are passing, in the political and commercial activity which they display, in their energy and restlessness, their greatness and their weaknesses. Although we cannot expect a youth in his nineteenth year should be able to appreciate the American Commonwealth, yet we feel sure that a journey through the United States and some association with the people would not be labor lost. Of a kind and courteous reception the son of Queen Victoria may be very sure.

The interest of Americans in the descendants of the former ruler of their country is second only to that of Englishmen themselves, and, whatever may have been formerly the case, the feeling is now one of good will and sympathy. The Prince of Wales might find both instruction and recreation in a visit to the Atlantic cities, whether it be New York, in all its ambitious and span new splendor, or its more quiet rivals. There is much to be learnt from a few weeks of such travel—more than a royal personage may ever achieve such a opportunity of learning. One who is called to such high destinies, and who will have such opportunities of directing the tastes of his countrymen, may advantageously study the progress in the arts of life by a people thrown as it were but yesterday on the shores of a new continent, a progress not less wonderful than their commercial prosperity. If the Prince of Wales should further visit the President of the United States at Washington, the courtesy will, we feel sure, be appreciated, and tend to draw closer the bonds which unite the two countries.

A MATRON AND TWENTY-ONE ORPHANS POISONED. On Wednesday morning, 4th instant, the Orphan Asylum, near Lexington, Kentucky, narrowly escaped being the theater of a terrible tragedy. The Observer says:

A quantity of arsenic had been purchased to destroy rats at the Orphan Asylum, which was mixed with meal upon a plate. The matron being unwell that morning directed one of the children to give out the breakfast. In so doing she ignorantly used the plate upon which the arsenic had been placed, in taking from a barrel the meal out of which to make the bread. Twenty-one children, together with the matron, partook of the repast thus prepared, and all were at once seized with sickness and vomiting, some before leaving the table. Dr. J. C. Darby, the physician to the institution, succeeded, by timely remedies, in saving them all.

A CHILD SHOT BY ITS MOTHER.—The Dayton Journal says that a woman in Germantown shot her daughter, a child about three years old, on Monday night, 9th instant, with a pistol. The child died immediately from the effects of the wound. The people of Germantown were much excited in consequence. The woman says the child was accidently shot.

[Written for the New Orleans Daily Crescent.]

## OUR HOUSEKEEPER.

BY MARY ASHLEY.

Shall I ever forget her? Shall I ever forget how on that eventful night, years ago, when there was a rosewood coffin in the front parlor, and our dead mother's head pillowed therein, how "Aunt Suyche glided in among us, in her stiff cap and stiffer collar and took the keys of the house." There are some people whose faces always remind you, disagreeably, of funeral sermons. They have a sallow, skinny look, as if their lives had been passed performing the office of watchers with the dead. They have a step which reminds you of the sick-room, and their hands always seem about to spread cloths, wet with camphor, over your face.

Aunt Suyche was just such a person. Tall and angular, with a neck and shoulders which seemed as if nature had attempted to make a pair of compasses and spoiling the work concluded to patch it upon a human head and body. With great eyes which used to wink slowly, after the manner of an owl, and never seemed to grow sleepy. With thin lips always pursed up, as though the owner thought there was too lavish a use of material; a figure with a slight inclination forward, impressing one with the idea that it was too long and ought to have a tuck taken in it—this was our housekeeper.

We were a frightened, trembling, awed group of children, five little motherless bairns, too young to know what motherless meant—crouching before the library fire and dreading to leave it because it was company for us in our wretchedness, when Aunt Suyche came among us. She examined all our tongues and felt of all our pulses, to learn if there was a possibility of a physician being needed in the night, then bade us every one go to bed. "No use of wasting fire and candle for us to sit up by, she said," "when we ought every one to have been asleep an hour ago!"

This was our first intimation of Aunt Suyche's leading trait. She was an economist. She commenced life by being prematurely born. She no doubt intended to save time by it. She had gone on saving all her life. She saved time in the morning by getting up two hours before day, routing out all the servants, who, in consequence, lost their temper, the only one thing Aunt Suyche didn't deem worth saving; and as father never cared to breakfast before eight o'clock, there was a deal of unnecessary wood burned and light consumed. This deficiency was, however, all atoned for in the evening, when immediately after supper every one of the domestics was sent to bed, Aunt Suyche herself being taper-bearer; not allowing them to have a light longer than the barest possible time necessary for them to get between the sheets. "No trusting such folks," she said; and as for their begging for a light to mend their clothes by, and saying evening was their only time, they, ten to one, wanted to read some trashy novel instead; and as for their clothes, people in their situation had no business to tear them. When Margery, the cook, smuggled in a tallow candle and stuck it up in an empty beer bottle, so that she might mend her stockings for Sunday, one night after Aunt Suyche had gone off with the safety night lamps father had been careful to provide; and when the candle accidentally fell out and struck its blaze against the musquito bar and burned up the bed and other things, amounting to ten times the worth of the oil she would have used, if allowed the use of the lamp, Aunt Suyche gave the poor woman one of her most annihilating stares, in which was the concentrated anathemas of twenty scoldings, for our housekeeper never wasted words—then told her to behold the result of her want of economy—she, a poor Irish cook, to expend two cents out of her wages for a tallow candle, which she knew she could not afford to burn! Moreover, she said, it it has put you out of a good place. Girls who cannot save for themselves wont save for their employers—go! Poor Margery went—a victim to her want of economy; and Aunt Suyche, sanctimoniously exclaimed, "it is hard always to do one's duty, but I feel I have discharged mine!" Father took a different view of the matter, and he himself sent for Margery to return. But she said now that she was away she reckoned she'd stay away—though she had felt hard at leaving a place she had kept for ten years.

A new cook came in her place, and then came the tug of war. She would smoke the coffee, brown the mackerel, and scorch the toast; but Aunt Suyche allowed none of it to be thrown away. Neither would she discharge the servant; for she was cheap help, and Aunt Suyche believed in the economy of low wages, even though it included worthless work. For father, Aunt Suyche herself made the good cup of coffee and broiled the palateable plate of fish. We children were made the alop-pails in which was thrown the burnt bread and bitter coffee, being admonished before we went to table to eat what was set before us and not say a word. Being terribly afraid of Aunt Suyche, we obeyed implicitly. There probably never was a more puny, wretched wormy set of children in any one house than in ours. Under Aunt Suyche's saving system we gradually went to waste. She was our mortal terror. We dared not sleep enough, dared not eat enough, did not wear enough, and exercised not at all. Pretty idea, Aunt Suyche would exclaim, for fine youngsters like us to be in bed when the whole house was full of daylight; wicked to waste so much time; and she bade us be out before the cock crew once again. Out we always crawled; and from that time till breakfast went moping around the cheerless house—hugging ourselves before the cold grate in the library, where fire was never built now save at those hours when father was expected home to sit there, pressing our sleepy faces against the chilly window panes, through which came the grey light that lay upon us like a desolate suit of half-mourning.

We wondered sometimes that we were given no thing to do. Aunt Suyche never seemed to think of it. Really believe she looked upon children as a great waste of flesh and blood, and could not bear them in her sight; still she knew she had us to look after, and we moved about from one room to another, always in a flock, as you may have seen chickens fluttering around when an intruder approached the poultry yard.

The good woman had a holy awe of fine apartments. The great drawing-room, whence mother never banished us little children, but kept in use every evening, and sat with us around her, while her fair face beamed upon her pleasant guests, was always dark and dreary now. No feet pressed the soft carpets, whose gay boquets lay in no mortal's pathway. The easy chairs held out their inviting arms in vain, and the luxurious sofas blushed crimson at the mortifying fact that no one admired them. The oil dried in the massive chandeliers, and the tall mirrors, full of silent reflections, hung over the desolate picture of disuse. Scrupulously clean all was kept, but never used. What did the lonely widower want of rooms like these, whose very walls seemed full of tones his ear would never catch again? Nothing; and the massive doors shut out every other mortal. So with the chambers; so with mother's little boudoir; and so deep grew our housekeeper's tones when she mentioned them, no doubt she felt we were inspired with her same respectful dread of them. Up in the sanctified spare room, which didn't look spare at all, but seemed better kept and better cared for than all the house beside, we sometimes huddled, after some trifling misdemeanor, out of Suyche's sight—a trembling five—yet sure she would look for us till she forgot all about us, and never look for us there.

Suyche refused to have the hall lamp lighted. It took the lead, she said, of all extravagance to stick a great lamp out in an empty hall where no one staid, and have all that oil wasted for nothing.

We used to be afraid of the great quantity of darkness this hall contained, and tried, as a general thing, to have no errand through it after nightfall. One evening, however, poor little Charley wanted a book from his room. He fancied he could navigate through the dark passage and up the stairs safely, and attempted it. He found it easy to reach the foot of the stairs and to keep lifting one foot after another till he gained the top. He found his book quickly, but the head of the stairs met him before he thought he was fairly out of his own room. We heard him tumbling down from top to bottom, and knew the great black hall had swallowed him up. He had broken his arm and so badly bruised his head that a brain fever ensued, which nearly cost him his life. Father was led to suppose the hall lamp had been left unlighted that night through carelessness of some of the servants. A repetition, he said, should cost the domestic his place. It burned after that, but Aunt Suyche now shunned the lighted hall as we had shunned the dark one. It gave her pain, she said, to see things wasted so before her very eyes, and she was particularly cross to Charlie, and more than ever regarded him as so much good blood and bones wasted, since in his accident she saw only the thwarting of one of her favorite plans for economy.

We used to beg now and then to go out, but were told to stay at home and save our shoe-leather; that children nowadays, particularly girls, had no business to be gadding about; women were born to stay in the house; sun and wind were intended for men, not women. That if she had the management of us, she would have us all carning our bread. In her day, girls were put out to service at the age of seven years; now they were good for nothing even when seventeen! Go out indeed! No—it was well for our father that he had some one to save for him, with five such mouths as ours for him to fling his money into. Positively it was enough to discourage any man. Yet with all these scoldings, Suyche was a good woman—Suyche was an honest woman—Suyche was an uncommon woman. She had a heart which, through all her saving life, she had failed to teach the economy of friendlessness. She was lavish where she loved, and love she did, though she hoarded her affection like a miser. To feel a friendship was one of her indulgences; one of the very few she allowed herself. Sickness found her always at the bedside of the suffering, and if her appearance led one to look upon her as the forerunner of death, it was not her fault. Her great sleepless eyes had moistened many a time with that bitter dew which rises there, as we gaze down at other eyes whose glazed glance will look back at us from the dark valley no more.

As we children grew older, we were deemed more worthy of Aunt Suyche's notice; and every now and then, out of her blue knitting bag, from among sundry balls of yarn, which seemed never any smaller, although she was always knitting, came many a time and oft the unexpected gift—the long wished-for book; the coveted toy; the mellow apple! Not till years had time-worn the book, broken the toy and moulded the apple did we remember how, invariably after one of these surprises to us, Aunt Suyche went without sugar in her tea for weeks and weeks, or wore a black cap instead of a white one, or kept up a running fire of darns in the calico gown, which months before was unfit for service and ought to have retired upon the pension of patches it possessed. Thank heaven! we learned at last to appreciate her rare self-denial, and to be touched to tears by its remembrance sometimes, even while we laughed over that inveterate habit of economy of hers which induced us to eat the heavy crust of a pot pie which, made of so much good flour and butter and eggs, and only spoiled in the making, seemed to Aunt Suyche a sin to throw away. The fit of indigestion which followed its consumption, our long suffering and the doctor's long bill, Aunt Suyche did not flinch from facing. The heavy dough she insisted had not been wasted. There had been a great many mistakes in her copy-book of life, but blots there were none. She had written it almost through, and she knew some other hand would sign her name at the end, where the last blank page—a marble slab—waited to be filled up.

The first signs we had of her approaching demise were symptoms of extravagance. At first, she ceased to take the bowl of white sugar from the table as soon as father had finished his meal, but allowed us all to help ourselves to it *ad libitum*. She really seemed to forget that brown sugar was one of the items in the grocer's bills, and was marked—cents less a pound than white. Next she wore white caps every day, oblivious of the oft-repeated fact that white caps had to be washed, and that washing included soap and starch, and that soap and starch cost money. One day, when the cook sent the chickens to the table with their crops in, and father sent them away in disgust, and Aunt Suyche's allowed them to go without even an effort to turn them into account with us children, we knew her end was near. We watched her all that afternoon with timid anxiety; and just before sunset she leaned suddenly back in her chair and closed her eyes. We thought she was gone, but she opened them one brief moment more to gasp forth "lay me out in my long white nightgown, girls, it will save buying a winding-sheet."

Among her effects father found a good many hundred dollars stowed away in odd receptacles, the fruits of Aunt Suyche's life-long economy and strenuous self-denial. A distant relative who was well off in the world, and had never deigned to notice the old lady when alive, laid claim to the little sum as next of kin, and got it. We laid her out of sight in the still church-yard, and the winds whistle and the grass grows green over the grave of Our Housekeeper.

**The Sick Trapper in the Wilderness.**

[From "Hemlock Sketches," in Porter's Spirit.]

Speaking of his old stone pipe, the writer says:

It is, with the exception of a frosted toe, the last reminiscence of a winter's hunt—or rather a winter's sickness and imprisonment, on the head waters of the Muskegon, away up in the northern wilderness of Michigan, near Muskrat Lake, where I was at much trouble and pain to settle myself one October, some seven or eight years ago, for the purpose of hunting and trapping, and from whence I emerged the following March, by the tightest possible squeeze, and with the loss of all my traps and a good double rifle. But for the giver of that pipe, I should never have seen the clearings again. He it was, who, when the fever was on me, and I fiercely sought to start on foot through the wilderness, with the snow three feet deep, restrained and watched over me like a brother. He it was who cut wood and brought it on his shoulders through the deep snow, that I might not freeze, that I might have warm "samp" and tea; often, when the wolves were howling about the cabin, and I had been alone all day, until the lonely gloomy hours were getting past endurance, have my eyes been gladdened to tears by the sight of that tall gliding form, as, drawing aside the door of split pine, he stepped noiselessly into the cabin, came to the pile of skins where I lay, weak and emaciated, and asked in his deep Indian bass, "How do, now?" "Better, much better," I always told him. Then he would rouse up a bright fire, get himself and me some supper, fix the skins nicely for the night, light his pipe, *the pipe*, and with the most imperturbable gravity, relate every incident that had happened to him since morning, not omitting so much as the seeing a grouse or hare.

No child ever listened to a fairy tale with more eagerness than I each night listened to old "Indian Peter's account of the day's hunt; it was the one sociable break in the twenty-four hours of miserable monotony, and it kept the monotony from becoming unbearable. I came to understand old Peter's broken English, and like it too, rather. Much of the time in January I was delirious, and at such times old Peter was always by me. I recollect more than one occasion, when I rushed out of the cabin to start for home, with nothing on my head, no coat on my back, and my feet nearly bare, under the impression (heaven knows how I got it) that my brother was ten miles down the river, waiting for me with a span of horses and a sleigh. At these times, Peter would grasp me firmly, shoulder me as though I had been an infant, bring me back to the cabin, lay me gently on the skins, and say good naturedly, "Mustn't go too far, freeze, bimeby spring, go then." It was a good winter for hunting, and old Peter's tribe, or band rather, did well at it; sometimes a few of them would look in on us for an hour or two, and they always brought me honey, berries, or some trifle which they thought I might relish. Also, they had an old squaw from fifty miles distance to doctor me—an operation that one have been amusing enough, with somebody else for the patient. How I longed for spring, for a thaw that should clear the river of ice, and make canoeing practicable; how vividly I dreamed of home every night, and scarcely refrained from weeping with disappointment on waking.

Ah, well! it passed—that winter of sickness, weakness and pain. It looks now like a delirious dream. I can at times hardly make it seem real without handling *the pipe*, which old Peter gave me when I parted from him finally, at Muskegon Bay. I had previously given him my steel traps (forty odd in number), which he considered a fortune by themselves, and when the band gathered about the little, thin, sick, "Shemoka man," for a last farewell, I made him rich beyond his hopes by changing the rifle he loved and had learned to shoot so skillfully with for the old calumet.

A good question for debating societies: Which is the most delightful operation, "To kiss a fair woman on a dark night or a dark woman on a fair night?"

**BEAUTIFUL SPRING.**

BY ELLIS AMMONETTE.

A blue-eyed maiden, flower laden, comes wandering o'er the hills. Come, let us meet her; come, let us greet her, with gay and laughing trifles—beautiful Spring!—with gay and laughing trifles.

Far in the South is her native home; but now, responsive to the season's call, she comes to cast her spirit's spell around the world—beautiful and beautifying Spring. Even where human skill has toiled at works that circumscribe her power, she has the magic art to make her presence seen and felt. The poor bricked and footworn earth, thrilled to rapture by her warm and fragrant breath, tries to win an approving smile, by yielding up its vital store to the prisoned trees and humble, disregarded grass.

Even where human wile has woven a tissue that it calls a pleasure spell, and thinks its fascination sure, the inner being, answering to the silver voice of Spring, yearns within itself to wander to the quiet realm, where all that meets the eye gives token of her sovereign sway.

Even where slaves of want are hence in labor for the daily crust, there comes some picture of the far-off time of childhood, when in forest cool that bordered on the lowly parent home, the care-free, happy boy had couched him on the tender herbage of the early spring, or cooled the naked, dimpled feet in limpid pond or laughing brook; now, to the little ones who claim his father-love, he casts a look o'erfraught with tenderness, and then with that forgetfulness of self that comes to parent hearts, he turns himself with energy renewed to toils that may perchance, in some delightful future, yield the store that will suffice to bear them to the pleasures that give such joy, even in distant recollection.

Beautiful Spring! it is but her bounty that o'erflows upon the city pent; her regal wealth is lavished in her country courts.

Look! look! where that vale, a very "dimple in the smile of nature," spreads its carpet for their gentle feet; naught like unto it e'er issued from the Persian looms of storied fame—so soft, so fresh, so spangled o'er with flowers of inimitable workmanship; and see! where the forest clasps its emerald ring how the drapery of vines festooned in wildest grace, shuts in the royal audience chamber.

Hark to her minstrels! poets-laureate that hymn Spring's praises from the leafy boughs, swaying in measured rythm to the low cadence of the festive wind.

Spring reigns. Beautiful spring! Mark, how with willing hand her graces have been scattered o'er the homes that nestle in her wide domain. There, where the thrifty farmer turns the loamy soil, and lays the seed in earth, she smiles upon the effort, and bids arise the tiny scrolls, that nurtured by the sun and rain shall rear their tasseled heads and spread their flaunting leaves like silken banners on the air; and in the fullness of their time shall yield the stores that make the heart of man to gladden through all the circle of the year.

Behold where the roses swell and blow, and shed their odorous treasures on the ground! and see where the ambitious creepers, rivals to the last, have grasped each "coigne of vantage," until they cling triumphant to the roof that shelters happy country hearts!

The twittering martin joins its cheery note to the tremulous coo that swells the pigeon's lustrous throat, and not unmusically the farm-yard sounds of bleating calves, and shrill cocks' crow swell the glad chorus that rises to reanimating Spring.

Spring reigns! beautiful Spring! Ah! she is fair to see. Come, let us meet her; come, let us greet her with the heart's sweet minstrelsy.

**SALT WATER BUBBLES.**

**Pirates in Hot Water.**

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

It is nearly forty years since the brig Blue Pigeon, of Hallowell, in Maine, was bound from Point Peter, in Guadaloupe, to New Orleans. The brig was commanded by Captain Mangrove, a worthy, albeit rough man, who was gifted with a respectable share of Yankee shrewdness, and, moreover, was not in the habit of being frightened at shadows. His wife was on board; and a charming young woman was Mrs. Mangrove, whose presence seemed to throw a halo of brilliancy all over and around the vessel. This woman was greatly respected and adored by the sailors, any one of whom would willingly have risked his limbs or his life to render her a service.

Passing along through the Caribbean Sea, within sight of the fertile island of Porto Rico, the ragged outline of St. Domingo was soon visible. Leaving Cape Tiburon, they soon came in sight of Jamaica, on the left; and there again on the right they obtained a glimpse of the high mountains on the southern side of Cuba, the Sierra de Cobre. It was delightful sailing among these seas. The breezes were gentle and balmy, and the surface of the ocean was unruffled. The worthy Captain Mangrove and his fair companion, cheered by the presence of each other, fully appreciated the blessings with which they were favored, and during the week or ten days, in the course of which the brig, propelled by the light trade winds, with studding sails set on both sides, sailed about a thousand miles, this happy couple enjoyed the true poetry of the ocean. No visions of hurricanes, pirates or shipwrecks, intruded on their minds for a moment to lessen their enjoyment by the contemplation of troubles in the distance.

From Blue Pigeon, on her direct route to the strait which separates Cuba from Yucatan, and leads into the Gulf of Mexico, came in sight of the Grand Cayman, an inhabited island of inconsiderable extent, which lies to the westward of Jamaica; and here, the wind dying away, Captain Mangrove boarded an English schooner, bound from Sisal to Kingston, in Jamaica, and the news which he heard caused some little commotion, and tended to disturb somewhat the tranquility arising from fancied security from every ill, which until then had reigned throughout the vessel.

Captain Mangrove was informed that a band of pirates had established themselves on the coast of Cuba, near Cape San Antonio. They were desperate men, who made war on unarmed vessels of all nations, to gain plunder, and gratify a morbid appetite for blood. They carried on their fiendish work in a large open launch or barge, propelled by sails and oars, and within the last two months had chased several vessels bound to ports in the Gulf of Mexico, which had with difficulty escaped by carrying sail. Others, however, were not so fortunate. There was reason to believe that the pirates had boarded and captured more than one unresisting merchantman and murdered the whole crew. Their mode of proceeding was to pull for their intended victim in light winds; to fire no guns and give no alarm; to range up under the counter, hail the vessel, and give peremptory orders to "heave to and surrender under penalty of instant massacre," then dash quickly alongside, spring on board, do the work of death, rifle the vessel of money and other articles of value, scuttle her and escape to the shore.

The intelligence, although supposed to be greatly exaggerated, was of a character truly alarming, especially as the Blue Pigeon was not well provided with weapons of defense. Indeed the only engines of destruction, properly so called, were one signal gun, in the shape of a short twelve pound carronade, and a half a dozen old muskets, which there was some powder in "the run," but no cannon balls, bullets, boarding pikes or cutlasses. Capt. Mangrove, however, although he did not repose implicit belief in the Englishman's story, was determined not to be caught napping, and as there was no way open for him to get to New Orleans without passing Cape San Antonio, he made immediate preparation to defend his vessel with the limited means in his power from the attack of any blood-thirsty pirates! He also, by his manly bearing, infused a noble spirit among his men, and they, one and all, declared that in case of an attack from pirates, they would rather die bravely defending their lives, than give up the ship without striking a blow, with the certain prospect of being ruthlessly and deliberately put to death.

Capt. Mangrove examined the condition of his armament. The big gun was secured out, and put in good fighting order. A heavy charge of gunpowder was deposited in its breech, and then it was filled to the muzzle with paving stones, in lieu of cannon balls. The muskets were fitted with flints, rendered serviceable, and primed and loaded in a manner to make them particularly effective, a handful of leaden slugs being substituted for bullets.

But Captain Mangrove's efforts did not stop here. He was aware that in case of an attack, his most vigorous efforts must be made to keep off his assailants, and disable them before they could get a foothold on his decks. With his few men, the whole complement of the ship's company being only seven, all told, and destitute of pistols, boarding pikes and cutlasses, he knew that whenever the pirates climbed over the sides of the brig, further exertions would be of no other avail, than to sell their lives at the dearest possible rate.

There was a small engine on board the brig, of a kind not unfrequently used in these days for watering gardens; and they were oftentimes introduced into ships for the purpose of wetting the sails during light winds. The value of such an instrument in a ship when crossing the tropics, or navigating any part of the Atlantic ocean in the summer season, when dry weather and gentle breezes prevail, is not duly appreciated by the owners of a ship. This engine would contain ten or fifteen gallons of water, and worked briskly by two men, could be made to throw a stream with force sufficient to wet every sail in the ship.

Captain Mangrove determined to convert this engine, which was never intended for a weapon of war, into an engine of destruction. He determined, in case this band of cut-throats should rashly attempt to board the Blue Pigeon, to test by means of this friendly engine, the virtues of hot water; and not knowing at what time or under what circumstances the brig might be attacked, he at once gave the cook orders to keep a roasing fire in the caboose at all times, by night and by day, until they entered the Gulf of Mexico, and to see that his "coppers" were filled to the brim with salt water.

The officers and men had their particular duties assigned them whenever it might be necessary to engage the enemy, and were drilled until they thoroughly understood the special services which would be exacted of them. Mrs. Mangrove declared that she would not be exempted from special duty on the approach of danger; that she had as much ammunition at her disposal as any one on board, and spurned the idea of being stowed away like a useless piece of lumber in a stateroom below, out of harm's way, while her husband and his brave companions were fighting on deck, exposing their lives for her protection.

A fine breeze sprung up soon after Capt. Mangrove had communicated with the English brig, and the Blue Pigeon rapidly approached the spot near which it was supposed the fearful tragedies had been enacted. At sunset the following day, Cape Corrientes was in sight from the mast-head. But while the Captain was whispering comfort to his wife, and encouraging his crew with the prospect of being able to pass through the small darkness of the night, and thus give the slip to any gang of pirates who might be prowling in that vicinity, the wind, to his great mortification, died away, and it continued light and baffling through the night. Notwithstanding Captain Mangrove's exertions to gain over towards the Yucatan shore, as being the safest, daylight revealed the unpleasant fact that Cape St. Antonio was in sight from the deck, being not more than ten or twelve miles off. The wind was still light from the eastward, and there was no prospect of a fresh breeze.

To the great satisfaction of every person on board the Blue Pigeon, there was