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THE LITTLE MAIDEN.

There is a little maiden—
Who is she? Do you know?
Who always has a welcome,
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May time,
Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
Is in her lightsome words.

The loveliest of blossoms
Spring where her light foot treads;
And most delicious odors
She all around her sheds—

The breath of purple clover
Upon the breezy hills;
The smell of garden roses
And yellow daffodils.

Each spot she makes the brighter,
As if she were the sun,
And she is sought and cherished
And loved by every one.

By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low.
Who is this little maiden?
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;
You certainly can guess.
What! must I introduce her?
Her name is Cheerfulness.

WOMAN'S BLINDNESS.

Why Tom Ferrars Went to New Zealand.

Little Mrs. Conway sat by the fire in her cosy drawingroom at four o'clock one December afternoon. Darkness and fog were hiding all the world outside, but the glowing firelight danced merrily in the polished steel grate, the flowers bloomed in the jardiniere, and the place looked a thorough nest of warmth and comfort, all the more homelike for the fair face and graceful figure of the young widow, as, with her book in her lap, she sat gazing into the fire, her thoughts flown far away from the perplexities of Mr. Trollope's heroine. She was the only child of a colonel in the Indian army. Her mother died when she was a baby, and Colonel Ferrars, fondly attached to his little girl, kept her with him in India, hoping by the most devoted care and frequent journeys to the hills, to shield her from the effects of the climate. But when she was four years old a terrible illness made him reluctantly own that the English surgeon at Cawnpore was right in saying that if he wished little Laura to live to grow up he must send her to England as speedily as possible. She was put under the care of a brother officer's wife and consigned to their only relative, Colonel Ferrars' older brother, a London barrister, a widower with two children, Tom and Margaret; Margaret just Laura's age. Tom five years older. She never saw her father again. He died of fever the year after she left him.

Until she was eighteen her life was passed chiefly at boarding school, where she was sent with her cousin Margaret. They both looked forward with delight to the holidays, when they went home from school, and Tom was there from Rugby, and then from Oxford, and they were all so happy together. At eighteen the girls left school, and at twenty they were married on the same day—Laura to General Conway (an old friend of her father), Margaret to George Fenwick, a Lancashire county squire. Idolized, petted and protected from everything rough and troublesome by her kind, chivalrous, fatherly old husband, Laura Conway's married life of ten years lay in very smooth, green meadows of happiness, and when the general died, leaving her with one little girl, she felt as unable to take care of herself as a child. She was singularly lonely, for there were no Conway relations, her uncle was dead. Tom Ferrars had been in New Zealand for years, and Margaret seldom left her country home and large family. So this evening she sat thinking sadly of old times, until, being naturally a cheerful and sensible little woman, she shook herself out of her reverie, bethought herself of her many blessings, and best of all of her Jessie, and was just going to ring and send to the nursery for the child when she was startled, as woman always are, by the arrival of a telegram from George Fenwick, which ran thus: "Dr. Hilbers thinks Margaret is dying! Can you come to her?"

It was a terrible shock, but no time could be lost in lamentation, for the evening express left Euston square at 5:30, and it was then 4:30. She could safely confide little Jessie to the faithful care of good old Evans, who had been her own maid for years, and she was soon on her way to the station. "Only just in time, madam, this way, please," and she was hurried into a carriage, the door was locked and the train moved on. Faster, faster, through the fog and darkness, the only things to be seen from the window the great white wreaths from the locomotive. Quietly ensconced in her corner, Laura had time for her own thoughts. Her cousin was as dear to her as a sister, and her death would leave a great blank in her life, and then her poor children! From her anxious musing about Margaret her thoughts passed to Tom, and she wondered why they had not heard from him for so long, and when he was coming back, and then she remembered how amazed they had all been when he suddenly made up his mind to go to New Zealand.

"It was just after Margaret and I were engaged, too," she thought; "and how sad it was, and unlike himself, that he wouldn't wait for our weddings." Poor, dear Tom, he was horribly cross those last few days. I have always wondered since if he could have been in love with some girl who did not treat him kindly. Who could it be?"

She tried to think for whose sake among her girl friends Tom had run off to the antipodes, but could not call to mind any one, "unless, indeed, it might have been Fanny Majoribanks, and just then it was we heard she was engaged to Captain Gordon. Yes, that must have been it. And poor Tom could not bear to remain in England and see her Mrs. Gordon. How stupid that neither I nor Margaret ever thought of it before!"

It was time now that she should have an answer to the letter telling him of General Conway's death. How poor Laura longed, as she sat alone in the railway carriage, for Tom's sympathy, always so ready of old.

"He used to be such a kind, tender-hearted fellow; so manly, too; just the man whom a woman would trust and lean upon. How could Fanny Majoribanks have preferred that foppish little Captain Gordon?"

At last Laura roused herself with a sigh and began to collect her traps, for they were passing the last station before L——, and in fifteen minutes more her journey by railway would be at an end. Just as she had gathered herself up, all ready to get out when the train stopped, there was a fearful whistling from two locomotives, a horrible jar and crash, even above which she heard agonizing shrieks, and then a sense of darkness, horror and suffocation, and with a cry of "Oh! my poor little girl," Laura quite lost all consciousness.

When she awoke as from a horrid dream she was lying on a sofa in the waiting-room of the little station which the train had just dashed past when the collision happened, and the young woman from the refreshment counter was bending over her with a look of womanly kindness and concern beautifying her face, instead of the conscious smirk usually seen there. "Feel better now, don't you, madam?" said she, tenderly. "Why, we'll have you all right in no time; and here comes Mr. Jones, too. This lady's not much hurt, I hope, Mr. Jones," turning to an anxious looking little doctor, who, alas! had had plenty of work among cases which, thanks to a careless switch-tender, would never again be "all right" in this world. Raising her eyes, Laura saw Mr. Jones stopping an instant in the doorway to speak to some one who was out of her sight on the platform, whom she could not see, but whose voice, all stunned as she was, thrilled her through and through. Could it be? No! Surely she must be mad or dreaming; but again she heard those kindly, hearty, manly tones, and as Mr. Jones drew back a little the owner of the voice advanced a step or two, and there, unhurt, but all grimy from getting out the wounded from the wreck stood Tom Ferrars!

"Tom!" "Laura!" "How came you here?" both cried at once. He would scarcely answer any of her eager questions until the surgeon had assured him that she was only stunned and bruised, and that there were no injuries that quiet and arnica would not set to rights. Then it turned out that he had received the news of General Conway's death just before leaving New Zealand; had arrived at Liverpool that day, and was on his way to town by the up train, meaning, as he said, to take them by surprise, knowing, of course, nothing about his sister's dangerous illness. All further travel by rail was out of the question that night, the road being blocked by the wrecked carriages, and Tom thought that Laura ought to stay till morning at the railway hotel opposite, which was all ablaze with light and excitement, the wounded passengers having been all carried there by this time. But Laura declared that she felt already much better, and, setting up on the sofa, she begged Tom to try for a conveyance to Fenwick Grange, only five miles distant by the road, eagerly assuring him that the night's suspense and anxiety would do her far more harm than pushing on at once to Margaret. She could not bear to lose one more precious minute, they might already be too late. So, telling her to keep quiet till he came back, he first went to telegraph their safety to Mr. Fenwick, and then to look for a fly—no easy task, when everything on wheels seemed to have been put into requisition already, and the resources of the place were but small. At last a kindly farmer, who had been working with Tom to get the wounded from the wreck, and had taken a liking to his fellow laborer, offered to drive them to the grange in his dog cart, in which he had just been passing on his way home from the country town when the accident happened. Meanwhile Laura, in the waiting room, spite of the horror of the accident, spite of the dreadful suspense about her cousin, had such a delightful sense of rest and security in having Tom to take care of her, that she half hated herself for a heartless wretch for taking comfort in anything at such a time. But she could not help it—there was inexpressible comfort in the very sound of his voice, the touch of his strong, kind hand.

It seemed hard to drive away and leave all that suffering without doing anything to help, but they were assured that there was no lack of efficient aid from the neighborhood, and their first duty was clearly at the Grange; so, leaving a liberal supply of money for the comfort of the poorer passengers, they started in Farmer Smith's dog cart. The drive was very painful to Laura, who found herself growing every minute more stiff, and sore, and aching, and the jolting of the dog cart over the frozen road made her feel ready to shriek with pain at every bump. But after such an escape as hers from the agonies which many a poor soul lay groaning under at C——, she would have scorned to have uttered a word of complaint, and pluckily answered, "All right!" whenever Tom asked her how she felt.

About half way to the Grange they met Mr. Fenwick, who, poor man, was in the greatest anxiety, having missed Tom's "all right" telegram. He had gone to meet Laura himself. The news of the accident had reched L—— station a minute or two after the train was due, and the only reply he received to his telegram to the C—— station master, asking for news of Laura, was that a lady answering to his description had just been taken out of one of the carriages in the down train, in an insensible condition, and carried into the waiting-room. Both parties were able to confer mutual relief and satisfaction, since Laura and Tom had the inexpressible happiness of hearing that Margaret had been sleeping quietly since nine o'clock, and although the danger was by no means over, the doctors thought there was now every reason to hope for her recovery. So they got into the grange carriage, a very welcome exchange to Laura's aching frame, and Farmer Smith, good soul, turned his fast mare toward C——, to see if he and Peggy could do any one else a service.

Margaret was still sleeping when they arrived at the Grange, and it was thought wiser that Laura should not go to her that night. Mrs. Barnes, the housekeeper, who was a capital nurse, came to her with a most encouraging bulletin, and, after promising to call her at once at the least unfavorable change, persuaded her to go to her room, which looked most inviting to her weary eyes, with the bright fire, drawn curtains, deep, chintz-covered easy chairs and snowy bed. Dr. Hilbers had gone home, and the surgeon who was going to spend the night there had left his patient with an easy mind to get a little well-earned rest himself. Mrs. Barnes bathed poor Laura's bruises and made her drink some hot negus, and she really slept better than she could have believed possible when she was on her way from the station.

The next morning found Margaret so much better that she was able to enjoy seeing both Tom and Laura, and declared that to have them with her would cure her sooner than anything else. Mr. Fenwick said they must not think of going before Christmas, which would be the first they had spent together for so many years, and insisted that Laura should write to Evans to bring Jessie down, and settle herself quietly for a good long visit. Tom seemed to be thoroughly contented and happy, and Laura was rather shaken in the firmness of her conviction and of her theories that he went for Fanny Majoribanks when she saw how unconcerned he was at the name of Mrs. Gordon, whose name she had been almost afraid to mention to him. Hunting in New Zealand had not in the least destroyed his ardor for the British fox, and he and Mr. Fenwick were excellent friends, and found endless points of sympathy in their mutual love of farming, different as their experiences of it had been. Those were happy days. Recovery from illness, escape from danger, and Tom's return after long absence, made Margaret and Laura feel as if the coming Christmas was laden with unusual blessings. Such cosy mornings in Margaret's room, while the gentlemen were out hunting or paying their endless visits to prize cattle and favorite horses; and the cousins chatted unweariedly, interrupted every now and then by the children with some bit of news for mamma about the arrangements for the parish school Christmas tree, or the home presents, their confidences to Laura about wonderful secrets, and their infectious, joyous anticipations of "Merry Christmas." Can not every woman imagine how pleasant they were, and what tears of thankfulness came into both mothers' eyes as they looked at their happy little ones and thought how nearly they had lost them on that terrible night? In the evenings it must be owned that Mr. Fenwick usually went to sleep, but I doubt if Tom and Laura minded that much, for these two seemed never to tire of talking over old times, and occasionally quite forgot Mr. Fenwick's existence until a snore recalled the fact. Whenever Laura was alone she found herself thinking how fearfully she should miss Tom when he went back, wishing that he need not leave England, and wondering, yet somehow fearing to hear, when he was going back to New Zealand.

Christmas morning came at last—a perfect morning. The grass glistened with frost, and the sun rose in that slight haze which in England so surely foretells a fine day. The old grange, just sufficiently modernized for comfort, was the very house for an ideal English Christmas. The fine old oak-roofed hall was bright with holly, wreathed about the old armor and twined over the old family pictures and above the crossed swords of the two Fenwick brothers, who had been Cavalier and Roundhead. "Peace on earth, good will to men" was beautiful in large green letters. Margaret was to be kept quiet all day, but the doctor had given permission for her to be carried down to the drawingroom in the evening, when the children were to have their presents. All the rest were going to the church, which was just across the park, and, as they all met, ready to set out, Tom thought he had never seen Laura look prettier in her girlish days. Her widow's cap and black crape seemed especially becoming to her light hair, blue eyes and bright, fresh color. It was her first walk since the accident, and she found it so pleasant that she willingly consented, when after service, Tom asked her to walk round by the Ashley farm road with him. The air was keen and crisp, and they walked briskly on, scarcely speaking, until they reached the top of the steep hill, where they paused in the sun, under the shelter of a hedge, to take breath and look at the view. Beneath them on one side lay the grange, the lawn intervening between the house and the trees of the park, leaving it plainly visible. The smoke rose high into the clear air from the picturesque group of chimneys, and the gray stone was beautifully softened by great masses of ivy. The sun poured down on the front of the house and the terrace, where Jessie and the Fenwicks were running up and down with Mop, the Skye terrier, at their heels; and they could even see the green wreaths festooned inside the mullioned windows. On the other side lay the Ashley farm lands, then the beautiful valley, the blue Mersey and the Cheshire hills beyond, and far off to the right a cloud of smoke—the only blot on the clear sky—showed Liverpool.

"Fenwick tells me," said Tom, rather suddenly, "that Ashley farm is for sale, and do you know, Laura, I have an idea of giving up New Zealand and settling down here?"

"Oh! Tom, do: how charming!" began Laura; but something in Tom's manner stopped her as he came and stood before her, and, looking into her face, said gravely:

"Laura, it is for you to decide. I have loved you all my life. If you will marry me we will live here; if not, I shall go back to New Zealand in the spring. What shall it be?"

There was a deep silence, broken only by the cawing of the rooks and the whistle of a distant train; then she lifted her blue eyes to his face with a childlike look of perfect trust, and, taking her right hand from her muff, she put it into his broad palm and said, simply:

"Tom, stay."

Neither of them, I fancy, will ever forget their walk home from church that Christmas day; and before they got back to the grange two things, at least, were settled to Laura's entire satisfaction: Her theory about Fanny Majoribanks was exploded forever, and she knew to a certainty for whose sake it was that Tom Ferrars went to New Zealand.

GENERAL ROBERT ANDERSON.

Reminiscences of the Sumter Surrender.

[From the Savannah Republican.]

The writer of this, by invitation of Captain Hartsteine, who had command of the evacuation ceremonies at Sumter, was present on that interesting occasion, a jubilee on water never before witnessed in this country. We came out of the fort with its commander, and subsequently in the pilothouse of the steamer General Clinch, to which he and his command were first transferred, had a long and pleasant interview with the vanquished soldier. He sprung up between the government and his native South. His situation as a Southern man had been more trying, but he considered the highest obligation upon him was to do his duty as a soldier without reference to his feelings. He declared to us that no circumstance could have induced him to fire upon his fellow-countrymen except in defense.

The first shot came from them, and was directed at the flag which he was put there to protect; hence no alternative was left him. We inquired what would be his policy when he reached Washington. He replied that all his labors should be on the side of peace. In any event he had no heart, he said, for war upon his own countrymen, and he never did again enter the field. We inquired of Major Anderson why he abandoned Fort Moultrie after his positive engagement with a committee of South Carolinians not to leave it. His reply was that mutual obligations were entered into—he to remain, and the Carolinians not to disturb him while in possession of the fort. He believed those who gave the assurance acted in good faith, but they could not control others. He left Fort Moultrie under reliable information that, without the consent of the authorities of Carolina, a plot had been formed in Charleston by the more impulsive portion of the population to attack the fort in the rear. He had unquestionable evidence that such an expedition was on foot, and, believing that the work was not defensible, he evacuated it and transferred his garrison to Fort Sumter.

A Profitable Day's Work.

[From the Lynn Reporter.]

Not long since there was employed in one of the large shoe manufactories in this city a young lady whose duty it was to fasten the taps and soles of ladies' boots together, preparatory to lasting. This is done by first pasting and then securing them by two nails. One day a gentleman was in the manufactory where she was employed, and observing her celerity of movement, raised a question as to how many she could prepare in one day. One of those having the management of affairs expressed the opinion that she could do twenty cases in ten hours. The gentleman first mentioned could not credit this, and offered to stake $1000 against $500 that the feat could not be accomplished. The wager was accepted, the young lady acquainted with the facts, and asked if she could do it. She replied that she was willing to try, provided she should have a share of the money should she win. This was agreed to, and the task was commenced. At twelve o'clock on the next day she had eleven of the twenty cases finished and packed ready for the laster, and at ten minutes inside of the ten hours the task was completed. The incredulous gentleman paid the wager of $1000, and the winner handed the young lady five hundred of it. This, together with the sum earned by doing the work, made pretty fair wages for one day, and any one can see, by a little calculation, that she had to keep pretty busy. There were in each case sixty pairs, four pieces to a pair, making two hundred and forty pieces of leather to handle, and as many nails to be driven. In the twenty cases there would be forty-eight hundred pieces to take care of in ten hours, which was done: thus averaging four hundred and eighty per hour or eight in one minute. This is an actual fact, and the smart girl is at present doing a snug little business of of her own in the central portion of our city. If this can be beat, bring along the one who can do it.

Upon the subject of letter endings, the October number of the *British Quarterly Review* says: The "I remain" requires to be led up to, and not to be added to the letter without connection. There is a large gamut of choice for endings, from the official "Your obedient servant," and high and mighty "Your humble servant," to the friendly "Yours truly," "Yours sincerely," and "Yours affectionately." Some persons vary the form, and slightly intensify the expression by placing the word "yours" last, as "Faithfully yours." James Howell used a great variety of endings, such as "Yours inviolably," "Yours entirely," "Your entire friend," "Yours verily and invariably," "Yours really," "Yours in no vulgar way of friendship," "Yours to dispose of," or "Yours while J. H.," "Yours! Yours! Yours!" Walpole writes: "Yours very much," "Yours most cordially," and to Hannah More, in 1870, "Yours more and more." Mr. Bright, some years ago, ended a controversial letter in the following biting terms: "I am, sir, with whatever respect is due to you." The old board of commissioners of the navy used a form of subscription very different from the ordinary official one. It was their habit to subscribe their letters (even letters of reproof) to such officers as were not of noble families or bore titles, "Your affectionate friends." It is said that this practice was discontinued in consequence of a distinguished captain adding to his letter to the board, "Your affectionate friend." He was thereupon desired to discontinue the expression, when he replied, "I am gentlemen, no longer your affectionate friend."

The Memphis *Appeal* says:

The Mississippi, Ouachita and Red river road, of which Colonel Sappington is the general land agent, has a perfected track of twenty-eight miles and forty miles of iron paid for and delivered. Chicot City, instead of Eunice, will be the river terminus of the road, and from the same point the narrow gauge road to Little Rock progresses rapidly. Seventy miles of this line of road are graded, iron for forty miles has been provided and a locomotive for the road left Pittsburg a few days ago. It is possible that Shreveport and Camden may reach the Mississippi at Chicot before the Memphis and Shreveport line is finished. New Orleans and Cincinnati will have packet lines to Chicot City, and it is time that Captain Mark Cheek was perfecting arrangements to add to the strength of his navy. There will soon be a vast number of cotton bales gathered at Chicot City.

They are making a ticket punch at Colt's armory at Hartford for a firm in Buffalo, designed as a detective to be used on horse and steam cars. Whenever a ticket is purchased a spring bell is rung, a number is registered on a hidden dial in a small, stout case like that of a watch, and the piece of card or number punched falls into a receptacle prepared for it, where it is kept until removed by the proper authorities. It is said to be a compact and curious piece of mechanism, and tells its story as does the dial of a watch.

TINA'S NEW DOLL.

All the little women want to see its clo'es,
All the little women utter little oh's.

Curly hair and flaxen—very little nose—
The prettiest of sacques on—ribbons, flounces, bows.

In the cradle rocking—bumping on the floor—
Lying in a shocking heap behind the door.

Bending o'er its lesson—tumbling down the stairs—
Having its night-dress on—kneeling at its prayers.

Little nose gets battered—then a foot is gone—
Then an arm is shattered—Dollie all forlorn.

Soaking in the pitcher—drying on the mat—
Doleful looking creature, riding on the cat.

Under marching orders—trotting to the door—
Leaving trail of sawdust all along the floor.

All the women utter little oh's;
Tina wants a new one—gets it—I suppose.

LOTTA.

The Little Actress at Home—How She Looks—What She Says About Audiences and Critics.

[From the Boston Post.]

The quiet part of the Tremont House, the part that resembles more than anything else a block of private dwellings, looking like cosy little homes, with their lace draped windows and children's faces looking out, is on Tremont place. The farthest of these doors leads to the room which has been Miss Lotta's home during the two weeks she has been amusing Boston audiences by her drolleries, horrifying Boston critics by her persistency in playing the banjo, and turning susceptible hearts by her cunning, piquant ways, and merry, arched face. The room is on the ground floor, one window looking out on the place, two others into the old Park street burying ground, that is but little stiller than the quiet, no-thoroughfare that plumps up so suddenly against it, its life kept from overflowing and transgressing the domain of the dead by the thick brick walls and iron palings atop.

"Miss Lotta is in," says the waiter, in answer to the question; "that's her room."

A knock on the door brings a neat, light-haired German girl, and close behind her is a little fat body, with dancing dark eyes, auburn hair that shades decidedly on red, that defies bands or hair pins, and pompadours and curls and crisps itself all in its own way, and won't be made to stay in any other. There is no mistaking, it is Miss Lotta; and she comes with cordial, pleasant greeting—in the same careless, childish way that she makes her appearance on the stage. She has on a wrapper of blue cashmere, trimmed very prettily with black velvet; it has a Watteau plait at the back, and the long trains fall from this plait at the shoulder. She is so little, and the gown is so long that she very funnily reminds one of some mischievous child who has broken into mamma's wardrobe during her absence and arrayed herself in the forbidden finery. As she crosses the room, one hand holds up the trailing robe just enough to display the tip of an elaborately embroidered slipper. Not such embroidered slippers as young ladies ruin their eyesight for some favored lover, but those little French kid affairs, silk-lined and white-stitched, with wonderful arabesques all over the toes. Chairs are placed, and everybody is seated at last, hostess curling herself and her blue wrapper and French slippers close to the open grate, in an armchair, where she is almost lost. On the table in the centre of the room are three or four baskets filled with exquisite cut flowers—rosebuds, carnations, violets and green sprays of smilax, filling the room with perfume. Bouquets appear everywhere, for the night before was a benefit night, and these are trophies. Lying carelessly thrown on a bureau is a jaunty boy's hat, white felt with a pink band around it. Over a chair is a blue silk waist, with deep point lace edging it; on another is a pile of stage things, which the quiet German girl is reducing it to order, while the wearer thereof chatters to her visitors.

"Do you know, I'm sorry I'm going away. I like Boston and Boston people better than any I know anywhere. It's home-like here, and people are so cordial and nice, now that I have got at them. I never thought so the first visit I made here. The first time I came I thought I couldn't play my engagement through, I was so homesick; but now that people have learned to know me, and I them, I don't want to leave them."

"Do you like Boston audiences?" ventured one of her visitors, who wasn't much used to "talking shop" to members of the dramatic profession.

"Decidedly, yes. They are not so enthusiastic as the New York audiences, neither are they so fickle. New Yorkers go into ecstacies over you one night, and forget all about you the next. Boston audiences choose to make their own decisions and exercise their own judgments: they don't take up persons easily, neither do they drop them when they once have decided in their favor. They are, perhaps, less enthusiastic, but they are more discriminating; and a hearty, genuine applause from them is something worth having, because it means they really are pleased."

She has the same frank way of speaking of everything, and she seems to cherish a profound affection for the human race in general.

"Yes, everybody is very kind to me—women especially. I think I have more friends among them than in any other class. I like it, too; only sometimes I wonder a little why half my love letters are from ladies. They send me bouquets, and I think if I could be spoiled they certainly would spoil me; but you see I can't be. There's only one spoiled child in the family, and that's mamma. You see we've reversed things, and I'm not the baby—she is."

That was too funny, and everybody laughed. The idea of that little morsel of humanity standing as protector to a parent! She laughed too, and went on:

"Critics are the fun of my life. They are pretty good to me as a rule, but they do say such queer things. One of them the other day gravely compared me to Maggie Mitchell. The idea! He evidently thought he was saying something very wise. But there can be no comparison between us. Why, Maggie's an artist, and I—well, I am myself, that's all. Maggie does beautiful things beautifully, and I—well, if I'm in pretty good spirits I do funny things. My province seems to be to amuse."

She certainly does not forget her province even when she is quietly in her room entertaining two or three friends. She is simply Lotta, very much the same off the stage and on, except that the little dash of slanginess which she must necessarily give to some of her characters is put entirely one side, and she is as dainty and refined as one could wish a woman to be; but there is an ease and freedom of manner that is pure childishness. She starts to cross a room in the most dignified manner possible, and pirouettes or takes a few steps of a breakdown before she is half way across. Keeping still is something utterly unknown to her; she can not do it. Brimming over all the while with fun, she must have some outlet; but with all this she has the kindest, most thoughtful heart in the world. She is particularly kind to every member of the profession, and they all have a good word for her, from the star to the "supe." She goes away from Boston regretfully, not to visit it again for a year, but she says: "I'll do something better before I come again, and make everybody glad to see me."

The Prince of Wales.

We copy this from the Washington *Patriot:*

The ominous reports, by the cable, of the precarious health of the Prince of Wales, has, naturally enough, set many people on both sides of the Atlantic thinking as to what would be the result if his present critical condition should terminate in death. Although the Prince of Wales is in the very prime of life, his constitution has been subjected to the enervating influences which are incident to a "free and easy" sort of life, such as, according to common report, the prince has been leading for several years past. Aside from these chances against his recovery, is that the malady from which he is now reported to be suffering seems to be much the same type as that which carried off his father while still comparatively a young man. Prince Albert, it will be remembered, died, after an illness of a few hours' duration, of gastric fever. For all that, it is, of course, very probable that the prince may survive; but it is not improbable that he may not. In the latter event, to judge from the tone of even the conservative English journals, his demise would not be greeted with extravagant regrets by the English people.

His life has not been such as to inspire them with any very high opinion of his character, and he has given no redeeming promise of great talents which would make him a beloved and able occupant of the British throne. It is, indeed, difficult to forecast the exact result if such an event should occur at the present time. If the prince dies, the heirship to the throne would, of course, descend to his eldest son, Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, who was born at Frogmore Lodge, Windsor, on the eighth of January, 1864, and is consequently now nearly eight years old. The law of succession to the British throne provides that the crown shall descend to the direct lineal male heir. The chances of the brothers of the Prince of Wales to inherit the throne are, therefore, very slender. Between Prince Alfred, the queen's second son, and the crown, there stand five lives, only one of the Prince of Wales' six children having died, and the chance of male children to Prince Albert Edward, the younger. Two sons and three girls are still alive to the Prince of Wales, and it is hardly probable that they will all die prematurely.

It is reasonable to suppose that the immediate effect of the death of the Prince of Wales, at this time, would be to postpone the rumored intention of the queen to abdicate the throne, which she would, in that event, most likely keep until the infant heir apparent should reach manhood. Should she, however, persist in her purpose to resign the cares of state, or should she herself die, a regency would necessarily be the result, unless unforseen circumstances should step in at that critical juncture and materially modify affairs in Great Britain. If a regency should be established, it would scarcely be very popular. The Duke of Cambridge, who enjoys an unenviable reputation, or Prince Alfred, whose visit to Australia developed many very unpopular traits of character, would probably be appointed regent. Either selection would be very unacceptable to the English people. What would be the ultimate result, it is, of course, vain to conjecture; but there is a strong and powerful movement in England toward a republican form of government, which would, perhaps, see its opportunity in the unpopularity of the regency. The revolution, we believe, would be a peaceful one; very different from the spectacle which has been so frequently presented in France. If the prince should recover, such a change as indicated may be postponed for some years; but that it will take place before a son of Albert Edward reaches the throne, there can scarcely be a doubt.

The Spanish Difficulty.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

WASHINGTON, November 29.—The action which the government took yesterday over the increasing complications with Spain created quite a ripple in official and diplomatic circles when the facts became publicly known. The attempt elsewhere to make it appear a formidable fleet of war vessels had been ordered to Havana to protect American residents from the mutinous proceedings of the Cuban volunteers, tells but half the story.

The conduct of Spain toward the American vessels, and the non-fulfilment of promises to see that Americans in Cuba should not be maltreated, are anterior to the fresh disturbances at Havana. The course of the Spanish men-of-war in blockading the Hornet at Port-au-Prince is already known, and though made the subject of diplomatic correspondence, has not resulted in her release. Within three or four days the Florida, which was unconditionally acquitted less than a year ago in New York of attempting to violate our policy toward Cuba, has been blockaded by Spanish men-of-war at St. Thomas, and the governor notified of the fact. To-day dispatches from our consul confirm it.

The Secretary of State, however, on the representations of her owner, had addressed a note to Senor Roberts, the Spanish minister, and he has twice called the attention of his government to it. Nothing has yet resulted.

Instructions to Rear Admiral Lee, who left Washington to-day for Boston, to go on board the Worcester and proceed to the command of the North Atlantic squadron, are to protect the Florida in case she should be interfered with, and to protect the American flag from any outrage attempted in the presence of the American war vessels. Yesterday the Nipsic, Kansas and Terror were ordered to Havana, and to-day the Terror arrived there. Other vessels have been ordered to reinforce the fleet, including the Shawmut, which has been transferred from the South Atlantic fleet. There will be eight war vessels in the Cuban waters, which will be reinforced as fast as circumstances will permit.

Delegates to the Republican National Convention.

[From the St. Louis Democrat.]

WASHINGTON, November 29.—C. C. Fulton, one of the members of the General Republican Committee, writes to the Baltimore *American* this morning that they propose to introduce in the committee a resolution urging and recommending Republicans of all the States to refrain from sending federal officeholders as delegates to the National Republican Convention. The committee maintain that the masses of the people are men who never seek, nor would hold office, yet are the most earnest and persistent of those who desire the nomination of President Grant, and as those who oppose his renomination have asserted that the voice of the people on this subject has been stifled by those who are dependent on Presidential favor, the committee thus propose to show the falsity of such statements by confining the delegates entirely to those who do not hold office.

The renomination of President Grant by such a convention will, says Mr. Fulton, silence all cavilers on this subject, and conduce to the unity and harmony of the party everywhere.

Henry J. Raymond is still engaged in the delightful business of conducting a news paper in the spirit land. He inhabits the planet Jupiter, and those journals that wish to exchange must direct to the "Editor of the Jupiter *Tonans*, Jupe City, United States of Jupiter." He sends the following to a gentleman through the *Banner of Light* of December 2: "Learning there was a correspondent from the Wooden Nutmeg State who desired to possess himself of a copy of the paper of which I have the honor to be editor, I have come here this afternoon to state our terms, for we have such. In his case the terms are these: If he will furnish us with an article which shall be replete with common sense, and not at all inimical to the known science of life, we will agree to furnish him with a materialized copy of our paper. We think our task will be no harder than his.

"HENRY J. RAYMOND."

The eclipse of the sun of December 12 will not be visible in the Western hemisphere. The line of totality commences in the Indian ocean, on the coast of Hindostan, near Bombay, and thence passes east in a great circle over Sumatra, Java, New Guinea, through the islands of the Pacific and terminates on the equator in mid ocean. To speak more accurately, the central eclipse begins in longitude sixty-one degrees east of Greenwich and in latitude sixteen degrees north, and ends generally in longitude one hundred and seventy-eight degrees west of Greenwich and latitude zero. The sun and moon will be in apparent conjunction for three hours and twenty-three minutes, although the period of actual total obscurity at any one point of the earth's surface will be but a few minutes.

E. T. Bugbee, of Bethel, Vermont, has mape a discovery in tanning leather which he claims will revolutionize the business. The material he uses is a dye from forest leaves. He has been experimenting with leaves for the past two months, and the result is entirely satisfactory. One ton of leaves will tan as much leather as five cords of hemlock bark, and will do the work in one-half the time. By mixing the leaves and bark in equal proportions, one-fourth of the time is saved. The leather tanned by this process is smoother, more flexible, and yet retains the strength of the raw hide in a greater degree than that tanned by bark.

"Jenkins" announces the heroine of a recent wedding in Paris as "the sixth Philadelphia belle who has been married in Paris this fall to Americans and foreigners." The precise number of native and imported husbands taken in this instance is not mentioned. Perhaps Philadelphian missionaries are inculcating polyandry abroad to compensate for the drain on the female population by Mormon emissaries.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Be careful, ye whose wedded hearts
Are lovingly united;
Be heedful lest an enemy
Steal on you uninvited,
A little, wily serpent form,
With graceful, luring poses:
Or, coming in a different guise,
A thorn among the roses.

Be careful, ye whose marriage bells
Now merrily are ringing;
Be heedful of the bitter word,
The answer keen and stinging—
The sharp retort, the angry eye,
Its vivid lightning flashing;
The rock on which so many hopes
Are daily, hourly dashing.

"Bear and forbear;" the only way
To tread life's path together
Then come, and welcome, shining sun,
Or come dark, cloudy weather.
Two wedded hearts dissolved in one,
That can not live asunder,
Have put Love's golden armor on—
O world, look on and wonder.

The Southern States.

[From the Washington Chronicle.]

The end of all controversy should be truth, and action in accordance therewith. It is admitted that the Southern portion of the Union is in a deplorable condition. It might be shown that the confederate leaders are responsible for this. It is quite certain that if they had accepted the reconstruction acts and the constitutional amendments in good faith in 1867 and 1868, and had gone to work with the Republicans to organize and conduct the affairs of those States, the condition of things there would have been much better than it is now. Instead of this, however, they have persistently opposed the policy of the nation in its work of reconstruction, and they have labored as assiduously to pull down and destroy as the Republicans have to build up. If they, owning as they do the bulk of the lands, and possessing as they do more intelligence as they are greater in numbers than the loyal whites, had united cordially with the latter, the colored vote would have not been a unit as it is now; there would have been no line drawn between the races of a political or civil character; appropriations would have been more judiciously made; the public credit—as all would have been pledged to it—would have been maintained, and the spectacle might not now have been presented of indebtedness by States to the amount of one-fourth of the whole value of their real and personal property, with little to show for it in the way of improvements.

A union of this kind, which was earnestly invited by the friends of reconstruction, but indignantly spurned by the class referred to, would also have been a pledge of peace to all the neighborhoods of the South. There would have been no violence toward voters, for the plain reason that there would have been no temptation to it. Peace and order would have prevailed, immigrants would have poured in, capital would have sought investment, and the Southern States would now have had concord for discord, order for disorder, good-will among their people instead of alienation and ill-will as at present, and the future would have had in it something bright for every citizen of those States. It is never too late to do right. Do not the confederate leaders at last see that they alone can never rule those States? Why may they not unite with the Republicans, who have more than they the sympathy and confidence of the nation, and thus let *all* the Southern people go to work to improve their condition? Divided as they are, weak as they are, burdened with debt as they are, and cut up into factions, with the impression prevailing that a very large portion of them are hostile to the government, they can hope for little from the government in the way of appropriations, or from capitalists in the way of investments. Is there no remedy for this condition of things in the Southern States?

Wonders of Tattooing.

There is now exhibiting in medical circles in Vienna, says the *British Medical Journal*, a remarkable instance of tattooing of the whole body. According to his own account, the man, a Greek by birth, had been a pirate, and had also carried on brigandage on the continent. Seven years ago he and five companions were taken prisoners by one of the wild tribes of Asia. Three of them were put to death, but this man, with two others, was preserved alive, and literally tattooed over the entire body. The operation lasted two months, and was performed by six men, who each day operated on different parts of his body. The proceeding caused horrible pain, and his two companions died under the treatment. His body is covered from head to foot with delineations of men, animals and fabulous things. The coloring material used for the figures appears to be indigo, the ground, especially on the chest and abdomen, being vermillion; here and there, about a line's breadth of the normal color of the skin can be seen. The hands and the soles of the feet are colored red, but have no figures. On the face and neck are inscriptions in characters resembling Arabic. The skin has the general appearance to the sight and touch, of bluish gray velvet. He attends the General Hospital in Vienna, and Professor Hebra, who showed him to his class a few days ago, has had him photographed in various attitudes.

Alexis Closely Guarded.

We copy the subjoined dispatch from a Western paper:

NEW YORK, November 29.—Prior to the arrival of Alexis, Minister Catacazy, apprehending violence from disaffected Poles, engaged detectives to watch the movements of prominent Poles in this city. There are about three thousand Poles in the city, and nearly all belong to one of four societies.

Detectives claim that several months ago they knew of a bitter feeling existing, and a possibility of an attempt to assassinate the grand duke on his arrival, but admit the more respectable members of the Polish organizations bitterly opposed this scheme. Every precaution has been taken since the duke's arrival to secure him against such an attempt. When he landed three detectives guarded him. At the serenade they were near at hand, and they are now living at the Clarendon. When he went to Washington he was accompanied by his three guardians, who will also go with him to Philadelphia and Boston. They will continue to accompany him until he shall re-embark for Russia.

Served Him Right.

This is a special to the St. Louis *Democrat:*

WASHINGTON, November 26.—Elliott, the colored member of Congress from South Crrolina, while in an oyster saloon the other evening, was grossly insulted by a young white man who was eating lunch when he came in, and was also under the influence of liquor. Ascertaining that this young man, who could not eat in the presence of a negro, was a government clerk, he made representations of the latter's conduct at the department where he was employed, and the clerk was dismissed.

This is from the *Louisiana State Register:*

There is enough money spent for whisky in New Orleans yearly to build a railroad to Texas. Poor devils, who make everybody about them uncomfortable with their complaints against the hard times, march straight up to a gin shop and plank down ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty cents for whisky without a murmur, and go off to begin a new tirade as to their inability to live decently. There are three thousand saloons in New Orleans, each of which supports two men, and some of which support ten. Averaging them all around at four persons, we may say that there are twelve thousand men engaged in selling whisky and living off of its poisonous wages. In opposition to this, it is a significant fact that there is not a decent public library in the city. So we put our money into whisky instead of railroads and books.

"They wanted me to run on the reform ticket," said a former Kentuckian now keeping a saloon in New York to a Louisville man who was in the metropolis the other day, "but I'd uv had to come down with twelve hundred dollars, and after that I'd uv had to shell out two thousand more. I wasn't going to do that, you know, on an uncertainty. The fellow what did run shelled out and got elected by two thousand majority, and (sarkastically) H-E's a R-o-o-s-t-e-r!"

Stay Where You Are.

As a general rule, the best place for a young man to begin life is right where he is. He need not go a hundred or three hundred, or a thousand miles away from home to try the world; that particular spot where he lives is a part of the world, and just as good a place to try as some other particular spot three hundred miles off. In the Eastern States where society is settled, and things change but little, where the business is held in a fixed channel, and certain families are supposed to have a prescriptive right to do everything that is done—there is not much inducement for a young man to remain at home, unless he possesses the genius and enterprise to break through the tradition that hampers him. But no such condition of things exists out West; here everything is new, fresh and plastic, and a young man may do his part in mouldering things to his purposes. It is a very common mistake for youngsters who have not yet butted their tender heads against the hard angles of the world, to imagine that they possess superior talent, if they only had an opportunity to exhibit it.

If they live on a farm, there is no chance to show their genius; if they live in a country town, it is entirely too small to spread their wings in. They yearn for a great city, where talents are appreciated, and imagine there is the field for them to rise to eminence and wealth; and yet they had better stay right where they are, and make their beginning in the locality where they were raised. If they really possess genius or special aptitudes, they may first develop them, and test the metal they are made of, in the limited sphere of their native place, and if the experiment proves satisfactory, afterward transfer them to a wider sphere of action. Thousands of young men who go to great cities to try the world, find such cities too much for them, and learn too late that it would have been better for them to have made their trial in an humbler and safer sphere.

Mrs. Charles Moulton.

This lady will give her first concert here next Thursday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall. The New York *Season* says of this new candidate for musical honors:

She is still young—indeed, is one of that rare class of American girls which does not grow old; and although she is young in years, she is yet much more youthful in heart and feeling. Her personal appearance is decidedly prepossessing, and in that respect she at least has nothing to lose in comparison with the most gifted singers who are now, or who have been most prominently before the public for many years. She has an irresistible vivacity, wit, amiability and eloquence of expression, with decided dramatic ability and taste, and a natural and graceful adaptation of character and costume to place and circumstance which lends a peculiar charm to her presence in the concert room, and invests her with a magnetism which draws her auditors into immediate and entire sympathy with her. In the scale of merit Mrs. Moulton has few equals and fewer superiors, among the most gifted of the favorites who have become famous in song; indeed, it is difficult to institute any comparison of her powers with those of any others who have been before the public, as her gifts are peculiar to herself in a great degree, and she is, as an artist, inimitable. Her voice is extremely sweet, and marvelous in its tenderness and sensibility; and, withal, she has a soul of fire and a power of emphasis which rounds into completeness the scope of her capabilities. The events of the past year in France have wrought such changes that Mrs. Moulton has deemed it best to return to her native land, and, by the exercise of her wonderful gifts of melody, secure for her children such a future as her loving heart fondly desires for them, in that land where her own childhood was happily spent, and which is still dearer to her than the most attractive centres of art and affluence on foreign shores.

Warehouse Fees in New Orleans.

This information was contained in a Washington special to the New York *Herald:*

The Secretary of the Treasury, in reply to a letter from Special Agent Kinsella, at New Orleans, who states that no fee is collected at that port for either a warehouse or withdrawal entry, while at other ports there exists a diversity in the practice, writes—

"The proper fees to be collected for a warehouse entry at ports other than those situated on the Northern frontiers are as follows:

"For the order to send goods to warehouse, twenty cents; for collector's certificate on invoice and for oath on entry, twenty cents each, and for the bond, fifty cents. When more than one invoice is included in a ware house entry, a fee of twenty cents is exacted for each invoice after the first. No charge is made for a withdrawal entry. A fee, however, of twenty cents is to be charged for each permit to withdraw, and in case of withdrawal for exportation an additional fee of thirty cents should be charged for the permit to load goods for exportation, under the circular of April 27, 1871."

Cotton Estimate for the World.

The following is a Washington special to the St. Louis *Democrat:*

The following estimate of the supply of cotton from all ports of the world, for the year ending September 30, 1872, is from a most reliable source: Crop of the United States, 3,225,000 bales; supply from East Indias, 1,500,000 bales; Brazil, 550,000 bales; Egypt, 330,000 bales; from other countries, 250,000 bales: add to the above the excess of stock in European ports, 254,000 bales; excess in United States ports, 45,000 bales; in spinners' hands, 300,000 bales; making the total supply for the year 6,479,000 bales. Allowing that the consumption for the entire year will be at the rate of 125,000 bales per week, which rate can only be reduced by extremely high prices, there would be on hand at the end of the year, 239,000 bales.

General Meade made the following speech at the Lookout Mountain anniversary celebration in Philadelphia, last week: "His weak point was his beloved Army of the Potomac. [Cheers.] He would relate an anecdote. Once when traveling on a Western steamer, the company were annoyed by an old fellow who was always playing the flute. The captain finally resisted this superfluity of music, when the flutist said to the captain: 'What; don't you like the German flute? The German flute is my tam foolish.' Well, comrades, my 'tam foolish' is the Army of the Potomac. [Laughter and applause.] I shall always be glad to speak for and to that army, but am particularly glad to meet with the soldiers of that army always." [Applause.]

A Washington special reads thus:

Secretary Boutwell said to-day that in the negotiation of the new loan he strictly followed the line laid down in his circular of August 10. He denies having violated the law which authorizes the payment of half of one per cent as expenses of disposing of a loan, and says after paying for engrossing and printing bonds, the compensation of agents will not amount to a quarter of one per cent, while the ninety days time allowed to banks to subscribe gave the bank depositors pecuniary advantages. The government did not pay one cent more than if the money had been deposited in the treasury proper, where it would have lain idle.

Attention, ladies! A dry goods firm in Philadelphia recently sued a man for the amount of a bill run up by his wife. Judge Thayer, in his charge to the jury, said: "It is a false and foolish notion for tradespeople to entertain that a husband is bound to pay all bills contracted by his wife. No such monstrous doctrine is allowed in the law. Tradesmen must ascertain that facts and the true relations of man and wife before allowing the latter to run up bills which he is to be looked to to pay." Verdict for the stingy old husband.

Among the feats of a lightning saw on exhibition at the American Institute Fair in New York the following is mentioned: A chestnut log, nine inches in diameter, was sawed off by two men in three-quarter seconds, by three and a half strokes of the saw. It was then sawed across sixteen times in two minutes and sixteen seconds, or faster than a cord in nine minutes, including lost time.