The Manchester Journal.

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The Manchester Journal,

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BUSINESS CARDS.

C. F. ORVIS, SURGEON DENTIST, MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

S. S. CLEMONS, M. D. Practicing Physician and Surgeon, Office at the residence of L. L. Wilcox, M. Agent for Thompson's Improved Truss FACTORY POINT, ... VT.

BUTLER & WHEELER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, JAMAICA, VERMONT. J. E. BUTLER. ..... H. H. WHEELER.

J. F. STONE, M. D., U. S. Examining Surgeon for Invalid Pensions, Office at former residence of Dr. Geo. L. Ames, 3 Doors East of Baptist Church. FACTORY POINT, ... VT.

COY & SWIFT, Manufacturers and Dealers in BOOTS AND SHOES, 2 Doors North of Post Office, MANCHESTER, ... VT.

H. K. FOWLER, Attorney at Law, Pension and Bounty Claim Agent, Fire and Life Insurance Agent, and Commissioner for New York. MANCHESTER, ... VT.

MINER & PRINDLE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Claim, Pension and Fire and Life Insurance Agents. Office over Equinox Store, Manchester, Vt. A. L. MINER. ..... H. PRINDLE

BURTON & MUNSON, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office in the Court House. MANCHESTER, ... VT. E. N. BURTON. ..... L. MUNSON.

VANDERLIP HOTEL. This long established Hotel still continues open for the accommodation of the travelling public. Particular attention given to boarders from abroad during the summer months. The public patronage hitherto liberally extended is respectfully solicited. E. M. VANDERLIP, Proprietor. MANCHESTER, ... VT.

BUCK MITTENS & GLOVES, Manufactured and sold by F. W. HOYT, Agent. MANCHESTER, ... VT.

J. S. OSMAN, Practising Physician and Surgeon, Office at Residence on Main St., MANCHESTER, ... VT.

GEORGE B. HASKINS, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, 19 ..... Arlington, Vt.

J. K. BATCHELER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office over Deming & Hall's Store, ARLINGTON, ... VT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG, Licensed Auctioneer, DORSET, ... VT

CLAREMONT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, E. L. GODDARD, Agent, manufacturers of Paper and Books, Job Printers and Binders, and Wholesale Booksellers and Stationers, CLAREMONT, ... N. H.

J. O. CLARK, Practising Physician and Surgeon, OFFICE AT HOTEL, DORSET, ... VT

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, in pursuance of an act of the Legislature of this State, passed at its late session, that the Battenkill Bank will redeem its outstanding bills, at the counter of the Battenkill National Bank of Manchester; that the charter of the said Battenkill Bank terminated its existence on the 25th day of November, A. D., 1866; and the following is a copy of the said Act of the Legislature:

An Act Relating to the Redemption of Bank Notes.

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont:

Sec. 1. After the expiration of the charter of any Bank chartered by this State, or after the termination of the existence of any such Bank agreeably to the laws of this State, such Bank may cause notice to be published in all the weekly newspapers of the County where such Bank is located, for one full year, setting forth that said Bank will redeem its outstanding bills, the day of the expiration of the Charter, or the date of the termination of its existence, and a copy of this act. And upon due publication of such notice, neither such Bank nor its officers shall be liable to any action for the non-redemption of any of its outstanding bills, unless the same shall have been duly presented and payment thereof demanded within the year aforesaid at the Banking House of such Bank.

Sec. 2. After the expiration of the charter or after the termination of the existence of any such Bank as aforesaid, such bank shall cease to be subject to the operation or liable to the penalties of the thirty-third section of chapter eighty-nine of the General Statutes.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved Nov. 19, 1866.

W. P. BLACK, Cashier.

Manchester, Dec. 3, 1866.—1t28

IMPORTANT TO FEMALES

PROCLAMATION! TO THE LADIES! Both Married and Single! THE OLDEST REGULATOR FOR FEMALES.

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills

Will immediately relieve, without pain, all disturbances of the periodic discharge, whether arising from relaxation or suppression. They act like a charm in removing the pains that accompany difficult or irregular menstruation, and are the only safe and reliable remedy for Fluhas, Sick Headache, Pains in the Loins, Back and sides, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Tremors, Hysterics, Spasms, Broken Sleep, and other unpleasant and dangerous effects of an unnatural condition of the sexual functions. In the word cases of Fluor Albus, or Whites, they effect a speedy cure.

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills

Have been used over a quarter of a century. They are offered as the only safe means of removing interrupted menstruation, but ladies must bear in mind that, there is one condition of the female system in which the pills cannot be taken without producing a peculiar result. The condition referred to is pregnancy—the result, miscarriage. Such is the irresistible tendency of the medicine to restore the sexual functions to a normal condition, that even the reproductive power of nature cannot resist it. They cannot do harm in any other way.

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills

Are the only Medicine that MARRIED AND SINGLE LADIES have relied upon for many years, or can rely upon now. *BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!* These Pills form the Finest Preparation ever put forward, with IMMEDIATE and PERMANENT success. **Don't be Deceived.** Take this advertisement to your Druggist, and tell him that you want the MANY and most RELIABLE female medicine in the world, which is comprised in

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills!

They have received, and are now receiving the sanction of the most eminent Physicians in America. Explicit directions with each box—the price, One Dollar per box, containing from 50 to 60 pills.

Pills sent by mail, promptly, by remitting the price to the proprietors, or any authorized agent, in current funds. Sold by Druggists generally.

HUTCHINGS & HILLYER, Proprietors, 29 Dey street, New York.

DR. M. GOLDSMITH,

LATE Surgeon and Brevet Lieut. Colonel U. S. Volunteers, formerly Professor of Surgery in Castleton Medical College, late Professor of Surgery in the Kentucky School of Medicine, has returned to RUTLAND, VT., where he will resume the practice of his profession.

OFFICE AT THE HARDWELL HOUSE.

November 22, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Robert Ames,

Desirous of meeting the views of the people, has this day made great reductions in prices on his entire stock of goods.

Am offering a Large lot of Dress Goods at a discount of 25 per cent. from former prices.

Splendid Alapacas from 45 to 60 cents per yard.

Empress Cloths for $1.25, fine quality.

DeLaines, 22 to 27 cents.

Poplins, Mohairs, Bombazines, Ladies' Cloths, Thibetts, &c.

All Wool DeLaines, 45 cents per yard.

Red, Gray and Blue all wool Flannel, 40c.

A good assortment of Plaid Shirting Flannels, from 50 to 65 cents per yard.

Ladies' and Misses' Shawls, a large assortment, from $1.75 to $10.00.

Ladies' and Misses' Balmoral Skirts, very cheap.

Fine assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Gloves and Hosiery, very cheap.

Heavy Sheeting, 20 and 22 cents per yard.

Fine Sheeting, 19, 22, and 25 cents per yard.

A nice article of Water Proof Cloths, $1.50 per yard. A good assortment of Cassimeres from $1 to $2.25 per yard. Black Broad-Cloth, Beaver, Doeskins. Large assortment Hoop Skirts.

SUGARS,---A Fine Stock at Great Bargains.

A very fine Brown Sugar for 11 cents per pound.
Yellow Coffee " 14 " " "
A Coffee " 15 1-2 " " "
Loaf, Brown and Granulated 17 " " "

Green Teas from 75 cents to $1 per lb.

The Best Tea in the County for $1.25 per lb.

A large assortment of Ladies and Misses Shoes which I offer at great bargains.

LADIES' AND MISSES' RUBBERS. MENS AND BOYS RUBBER BOOTS, VERY CHEAP.

Calf, Kip and Stoga Boots of Union Village Manufacture.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' COPPER TOED SHOES.

A good assortment of HATS and CAPS. Men's and Boy's Caps. Men's and Boy's Fur Caps. **BUFFALO ROBES** very cheap.

Just received a lot of the best quality of KEROSENE OIL, which I am selling

At 60 cents per Gallon.

Best T. I. SALT at 90 Cents per Bushel.

Heavy Pork 15 cents per lb.

The best Brands of Flour Always on hand at the lowest market prices.
Oil, Paints, Lead and Zinc of the best quality.
All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market prices.
Please call and examine my stock of goods and satisfy yourselves. No trouble to show goods.

ROBERT AMES.

Factory Point, Nov. 1866.

CLOTHING!

TUTTLE, EAST DORSET,

Has the Largest and best assortment of Clothing at this end of Bennington County!

Consisting of a large and well selected stock of

Overcoats at from	$10 to $30 each.
Boys' Overcoats,	9 " 11 each.
Winter Coats,	7 " 23 each.
Pants,	5 " 13 each.
Vests,	2 " 6 50 "
Undershirts and Drawers	1 " 1 90 "
Woolen Overshirts,	2 50 3 50 "
Cowhide, Kip and Calf Boots,	4.25 to 6.50 per pair.
75 Wool Hats,	1.25 each.
75 Fine Hats, different styles,	2.25 to 4.50 each.
100 Boys' and Mens' Caps,	1.00 to 4.00 each.

DRY GOODS.

A large lot of Flannels at from	45 to 80 cents per yard.
A large lot of DeLains,	30 cents per yard.
A large lot of Prints,	14 to 24 cents per yard.
A large lot of Fine and Heavy Cottons,	14 to 50 cents per yard.
A large lot of Sheep's Gray & Cassimeres,	75 to $2.50 per yard.

Denims, Stripes, Ticks, Notions, Table Diaper, &c., &c.

Also a large lot of

Breakfast Shawls, Sontags, Nubias, Hoods,

(Women's, Misses' and Children's.)

BALMORAL SKIRTS. $2.75 to 4.00.

HOOP SKIRTS, 30 cents to $2.25.

Also on hand a large stock of

Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Tin Ware.

Best Kerosene, 65 Cents per Gallon.

PORK, 16 CENTS PER LB.

FLOUR.

I have been and am still deducting 3 per cent on all sales of One Dollar and upwards, (except Pork, Flour and Kerosene) when cashed at time of purchase.

I advise my friends in the trade to keep lowering their prices if they expect to sell as low as TUTTLE. His goods are always marked to sell at market rates, and he is the first one to **mark up** or **down** as the market dictates.

My Goods were bought before the advance in Cotton goods, and I know I can sell a little cheaper than other merchant around. Call and look over stock and prices, and you will buy, and then tell your friends to come and do likewise. My Store is Full and I must sell to make room for more goods, and to get money to pay for what I have.

Buy at **E. C. TUTTLE'S,** Agent. EAST DORSET.

SNOW FLAKES.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud folds of her bosom shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our clouded fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in the silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in the cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To woodland field.

Just on the Other Shore.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

O'er dark and stormy waters
A dreary voyage I make,
Where thunders loudly follow,
And lightnings flash and quake;
Yet mid the howling tempest,
Above the dash and roar,
I see the beacon glimmer
Just on the other shore.

Beneath the maddened surges
Deep plunging down I go,
Where yawn the watery terrors,
To fearful depths below;
But when, in dreadful posing,
I hang the breakers o'er,
A radiance still is beaming
Just on the other shore.

A weary, worn with toiling,
When will my voyage cease,
And give me in the harbor
A home of endless peace?
I see the blissful haven
Beyond the watery roar,
Where glow the fields of Eden
Just on the other shore.

Through mark and mist impending
The happy port is seen,
A specs beyond the surges
That wildly dash between;
And drifting, ever drifting,
Still nearer thus before,
I greet the blessed Aiden
Just on the other shore;

Ah, plainer now and nearer,—
'Tis Benlah's cloudless land!—
The place to cast my anchor,
A gold and pearly strand;
And just above, a mansion
With ever open door,
Invites the weary voyager,
Just on the other shore;

Where happy spirits thronging,
From sin and sorrow free,
Await to gladly welcome
A weary one like me.
I spread each idle canvas,
And haste the waters over;
Though fierce the storm, 'tis driving
Just on the other shore!

'Tis nearer, gladly nearer:
With shattered, tattered sail,
I move through calmer waters;
The tempest's cease to wail;
My anchor now is ready;—
Alone I rest it o'er,
Forever sure and steadfast,
Just on the other shore!

The Eloquence of Geo. W. Curtis.

The following eloquent remarks were made by Geo. W. Curtis, at the New England Festival, which took place on the 25th ult, at Irving Hall, New York City:

Why do we celebrate this day? As New Englanders by birth we naturally cherish this anniversary; but its true glory is not sectional but universal. The little Mayflower tossing doutful on the Wintry sea 246 years ago was the seed vessel of a harvest that now waves over the world, dropping its golden grains into every civilization. [Applause.] Plymouth rock is the corner stone of American and of all modern civilization, because the history which begins there shows that the wisest national policy is rooted in morality; and as the fiercest ocean storm would dash in vain against the little rock on the New England coast or against the polity planted upon the eternal rock of justice, the very gates of of rebellious hell shall not prevail. [Applause.] I know that there are still those, decendents, I supose, of the god less roysters of Merry Mount, who insist that Puritan means all that is sour, malignant, conceited and meddlesome. They do firmly believe that he—who protests so savagely against the Pope—is only a grim Pope, in a peaked hat instead of a triple crown, who hates grace and taste and beauty, and prefers the psalmody of his own nose to the breathing of the angelic choir; or they leave details and concentrate their wrath in one word, exploding it at the Puritans, as "fanatics." They certainly were fanatics, or we should not be here. The gay youth who tripped off to dance at Merry Mount would hardly have waltzed the New World into the form we see. The work of the world is done by just this Puritan or fanatical spirit. For fanaticism is simply unswerving devotion to a purpose. [Applause.] In itself it has no more moral or immoral character. That depends upon the intention. Fanaticism is like fire, which you may set to a tenement house, and burn all its occupants, or to a steam fire-engine, to extinguish the flames and save all the inmates alive. It was the fanaticism of Columbus that discovered America, as it was the fanaticism of Luther which purified Christianity. So, two years ago, you might have seen a terrible fanatic riding at noon-day up the Shenandoah, far outstripping his companions, and straining forward, his whole soul intent upon one purpose blazing from his eyes, he will not see, nor hear, nor believe that it is his army he meets retreating. He reaches the front—he leaps to the ground. The commanding officer whispers to him, "Oh Sir, we are beaten!" "Beaten? You are beaten. This army is not beaten." And, springing into the saddle, this arch-fanatic, Phil. Sheridan, (long-continued applause,) seizes that army as Jupiter seizes a thunderbolt, hurls it at the enemy, and sends him whirling up the valley. (Applause.) So through the black smoke rifts of the fight in Mobile Bay, our history will see forever one figure lashed into the maintop and directing the storm of war—the sturdy fanatic Farragut. (Loud applause.) But peace hath her fanaticism. I see near you, Sir, a very Yankee of the Yankees, who undaunted by defeat, undismayed by delay, derided as visionary and foolish, yet persisted in not failing, and at last tied Europe and America together by a thread like a film of sea-weed, which the wildest ocean fury cannot snap. If we get messages from London in 20 minutes, it is all due to that restless and resistless fanatic, Cyrus W. Field. (Great applause). Therefore, to call the Puritans fanatics, is simply to call them unswerveringly devoted to an idea; and if any man chooses to think of them as most characteristically represented by Cotton Mather preaching interminable sermons, or burning poor old women as witches, I prefer to represent them by Roger Williams preaching and practicing religious liberty, from which all other freedom springs. And he did this not because he was a worse Puritan than Cotton Mather, but a better. For Puritanism was but logical Protestantism and the most perfect protest against Rome ever made down to his time, was that of Roger Williams. His fellow-Puritans of Massachusetts Bay pushed him into Rhode Island. But, when the rugged old tree of colonial Puritanism shook off Roger Willams, it lost its soundest and sweetest fruit. (Ap.) So if a man chooses to see the spirits and results of the Puritan principle in the croping of Quakers and the hanging of Mary Dyer, and the blue law which forbid a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, a law against which every faithful son of the Puritans lives in chronic rebellion. (Laughter.) Yet I prefer to see its spirit in the energy which tames a continent, cheers it with churches and schools, sets the spindles humming and the shuttles flying, which dives into the earth and into the sea, runs over the praries, and talks by lightning from the Atlantic to the Pacific, until the whole land, where men are intelligent, industrious, and free, seems singing and smiling at its daily work. (Applause.) I know Sir, that you will remind me that this is rather too large a cargo to have been brought over in the Mayflower, while our honored guests, whose misfortune, not whose fault, it is that they were born elsewhere, will think it only another ebullition of intolerable Puritan conceit. But let those laugh that will. The historical fact remains that while various parts of the country war settled under various indulses, our political and social story has been that of but two tendencies, the Puriton and the Cavalier. It has been a continental contest between the steady God-fearing Puritan citizen and those seceding roysters at Merry Mount. Without unkindness, I may say that Virginia and New England, ancient allies, and by God's blessing to be future allies also, represented the two tendencies; they strove for the mastery of American civilization. Virginia sent brute force into the country; New England sent brain force.—Therefore the more men Virginia sent, the poorer she was, for ignorance and degradation would impoverish any land. But the more men and women New England sent, the richer she and the country were: for enteligent industry is better than a gold mine. The conflict of this Puritan and Cavalier tendency grew fiercer. One or the other was to rule the country and strike the key of its civilization. It was a conflict of caste and equal rights; it came to arms; neither would yield. For four terrible years it was fire fighting fire, and, by God's grace the fire of heaven has prevailed over that of hell. (Applause.) Now the Yankee is the Puritan of the nineteenth century. So it is, for the word Yankee describes that masculine moral purpose which no knife can cut, nor fire burn, nor water drown, nor Rebel resist, which will yet make Virginia what New England is, and say to South Carolina, "Friend come up hither," The word Yankee is as broad as the country and when the quality of tendency was to be tested, it chanced that its representative man was born in Kentucky and had never seen New England but twice. Yet of all men that ever lived in or out of New England, Abraham Lincoln was the ideal Yankee. (Great applause.) But, Sir, the triumph of Puritanism does not stop at our shore. The principle of the Mayflowers Constitution begins to throb in every form of government. The most powerful man in England to-day, who is well called its future government, is politically the child of the Puritans. At this moment America is his strength. At this moment America is the lever with which he heaves the imperial public opinion of Britain. The electric current between his heart and ours was established long before his friend laid the cable. In the darkest hour of war he was truest to his faith in America, through the stormy debate over the Trent capture rang, like a bugle cry, his want of confidence in Yankee honor, We know his name. We love his name No living American is more beloved than he. Some day may this true Puritan come among us, and this country will rise from the seacoast to the prairies, to welcome the man who is making a New England out of Old England; the British Yankee, John Bright. (Loud cheering, the entire audience rising and greeting the sentiment.) Sir and gentlemen: Such is the mother and such her influences whose birthday we celebrate. It is the mother who has taught us that whatever wit or wealth, or idea, or, power of any kind we may have, is not to be hoarded for ourselves but to be given to the great commonwealth. We leave to Greece her glory, to Rome her grandure, to every land its choicest and peculiar charm. But to-night it is a filial feast, our hards behold New England clad in her sparkling snow, crowned with her evergreen pine, and the glory of her brow is justice, the splendor of her eye is liberty, the strength of her hands is industry, and her abounding bosom shall nourish endless generations.

"Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise,
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes;
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for your skies."

"Since I Have Been Married."

"Ellen," said the youthful Mrs. E. to her friend, Mrs. B., "I wish you would sing my favorate song? Come! you said if I would spend a day with you, you would do any thing."

"Oh! excuse me, Mary; I never sing now. I gave it up after I was married."

"Then play for me Von Weber's last waltz? You cannot have forgotten it, when Edward was addressing you, he used to beg the favor nearly every evening.

"Indeed, Mary, I have forgotten it, and nearly every other piece. I have given up my piano—I am sure since I have been married, I have not opened it a dozen times."

"Why how so? You both loved music; and you used to be a splendid performer."

"O, I like it yet, and Edward has still all his passion for the harmony of sweet sounds; but since I've married, I've lost all inclinaion to practice, it is so troublesome."

"You did not think so once, Ellen."

"True, but I think now that I have performed my part at it. I began learning at five years of age, and from the first, I determined to excel; Pa spared no expense to get me the best teachers and the finest instruments, and I am sure from that time until my marriage, I used to pass three hours daily at the harp and piano—and without vanity, Mary, I could play. Why, gentlemen used to come from far and near to here me! And you know how completely I won Edward's heart by it."

"And after all this trouble and expense, you have given it up!"

"Oh, Mary, what does a woman care for these things, after she is married? I often tell Edward so, when he asks me to play."

"Do you draw now, Ellen?"

"Draw! what time have I to draw? No, indeed! I have given away my portfolio and color box since I have been married. And you know the pencil sketches made by me when we were lovers? Well, I gave them to the baby to play with the other day, and she tore them every one up. I did feel right sorry at first, but then I thought that they were of no use to me, now I am married. Ah, Mary, you were laughing at the whole in my wrapper. Well, indeed the old thing is not worth mending. I did think of changing my dress, but there was no one here but Edward and it was not worth while. And, when you dropped in, why I thought you were such an old friend, you would not wish to put me to this trouble. Oh! I am so glad you are here, for I was dying with ennuit. Do you know you are the only person I have seen this morning? Several other ladies called, but I sent word I was engaged. It was too much trouble to dress, and I did not care about inviting them into this disordered room. I hope, Mary, you will excuse the appearance of things, but my servants are good for nothing; my house, and particularly my chamber, never gets attended to as it ought to be. I used to be my own chambermaid before I was married, and I often wonder now how I could have taken so much trouble, and been so anxious about a little dirt or dust."

"Indeed! but, Ellen, won't you dress for dinner? Come, let me curl your hair, and make you look like old times!"

"Nonsense, Mary! it would be martyrdom. I have not curled my hair since I have been married. Pooh! I don't care how I look now. Why, when there is no one here but Edward, I wear this wrapper from one week's end to an other; no, indeed I don't change to-day. Yesterday he brought home a couple of gentlemen to dinner, and I had to dress then. They were old beaux of mine, and after dinner they persecuted me to play and sing; and would you believe it? Edward actully joined with them! but I let them know that a married woman had something else to do besides drumming on a piano. I told Edward I had caught my bird and bidden a long farewell to the silly snares I had set for him."

"Why, Ellen, what employment do you find? do you ever nurse your baby?

"Nurse the baby! why, I never lived in the house before with a child in my life, and now do you suppose I could endure the squalling of one? No indeed! I have my room down here in front, and the nursery is in the third story of the back building; I have a very good nurse; and when she leaves the child, the seamstress or chambermaid is sure to take care of it; I don't see it often, for it is sure to cry when I try to hold it; Edward is a first-rate nurse, for I have seen him walking in the garden, and it lay in his arms as quiet as a lamb; I would have brought it down for you to see it, but the chambermaid said it was very sick all night, and I suppose it looks so pale and ill this morning that it would give you no pleasure; it is a very weakly child, I am afraid; quite different from your little Rosa."

"Perhaps a different course of treatment is used towards my Rosa. But Ellen, what have you done with your flowers?"

"Oh! after I was married, I lost all interest in my conservatory, and most of them died. Edward has a few there yet, but they look as if they all had the consumption or the "rheumatics," as my old nurse used to say. And I gave away my cannary birds."

"What!—the birds Edward gave you?"

"Yes; they were so much trouble—besides I did not care for them after I was married. But what is that you are about, Mary? Working slipers, and you are a married woman! Why, how can you find time?"

"Oh! easily, Ellen. I have worked my husband two pairs since I have been married, and these are for my brother."

"Why, Mary! and I have not looked at a worsted pattern since I have been a wife, and that will be two years in November. I used to work splendidly."

"And could do so yet Ellen, if you would try. Come, work Edward a pair as a present on the anniversary of your wedding day!"

"Indeed, Mary I have no time. You smile. Well, perhaps it is that I have no inclination. Pshaw! Mary, we married women are not expected to do that kind of things."

"And why not, Ellen?"

"Why because—because I think it natural that after a woman is married, she should lose all interest in them. Whom, pray, has she then to draw pictures and cut watch papers for?"

"Whom? Think a moment, Ellen."

"Think? Why, whats the use of thinking? has she not acted her part? has she not gained her point, and with reluctant adieu, turned over the gilded picture where Love was crowning Hyman with roses, to discover the same interesting individual as he really is? We lose all our romance, Mary, when we descend to rule over the kingdom of pots and kettles, and are constantly interrupted by messages from waiters or washerwomen, or scolds performed on C above the ledger line, in the nursery.

"Then you do not approve of matrimony, Ellen?"

"Oh, certainly, I do! I think it a woman's true sphere. But it is rediculous to attempt to employ your mind and time as you did before. What motive would you have pray?"

"Excuse me, Ellen! If you loved Edward as you ought to do, you would be at no loss for a motive."

"Love Edward! Why, I love him devotedly, but he is very much changed."

"Changed? do you not expect him to change? Could any one, all at once, relish coarse food, who had been feeding on ambrosia?"

"Very romantic, Mary! But they do not bring any of the latter commodity to market, and I have to do the best I can. Besides, I think it would look rather odd served up at a housekeepr's table. It might do very well, for a lover, but a *bona fide* husband of two years' standing would be apt, in my humble judgment, to prefer ham and eggs, hot coffee; that is, if he were in his sober senses. I hope, Mary, you don't serve up for your poor man a dish of romance, or as you are a poetess, a sonnet or two, for breakfast; ditto, with a pair of worked slipers, for dinner; and as supper ought to be light, a dish of sighs and sentiment, seasoned with recollections of the past? Hh! ha! You do not suffer from dyspepsia, do you?"

"Call and see me, Ellen, and judge for yourself my bill of fare. I do not think immagination has much to do with that, though it is by no means banished from our house. Now I think of it, we do sometimes have a sonnet or two after dinner, when we are alone, and I assure you, my George relishes it quite as much as the other entertainments. We have other things, too, in our house, which, as they cannot be obtained at market, I am afraid you do not have. These are warm smiles and happy hearts—bounding pulses and buoyant spirits—contentment and peace. I have never relinquished any one accomplishment since I have been married, for I never had so many occasions to call them into practice. And, Ellen, in addition to my household duties, I have acquired more information from books, have written more, played more, sewed more, and sung more, than I ever did in the course of my life. I study harder now than when we were at school."

"Study! What do you study?

"You know, Ellen, neither you nor myself married fools. Our husbands are both men of fine talents and education, and as I knew we were linked together for life, I thought that the best plan would be to render myself in every respect a fit companion for the man I loved so fondly. George willingly made me his associate in everything I could understand, and won my willing footsteps to tread with him the rugged road of abstruse science. But there were many things I did not know. George was devoted to the classics—they were all sealed volumes to me; and often when I entered his study and asked him to read, I felt sorry that, for my sake, he had to put down the entrancing volume in his hand, for one that I could understand. So, one day, I boldly asked him to teach me Latin and Greek.—Though not a little surprised at my request, he gladly consented, and I set apart a portion of my time to be devoted to these things. His constant attention and gentle voice smoothed the difficulties of my way, and with such a motive for perserverance as I had, I never thought of flagging. And, Ellen, I was rewarded! New scenes unfolded before me, new beauties burst upon my sight, which had all been hidden from view by the darkness of my mind; and when George came home and I would converse of these things, oh! how fond would be the smile and how warm the kiss of reward! Since then, I have studied German, and rubbed up my rusty French, while, secretly, I have run over and refreshed my memory on many things we studdied at school, when I little thought I should have so much use for what I acquired then. You know how fond he is of poetry, and how much his affection makes him prize my little efforts. Could I have a greater stimulus to exertion? My pieces have been admired by the world; but, dear Ellen, they were never written for it. They burst spontaneous from a happy heart, whose inspiration was 'the warm breath of the fireside,' and whose object was the warm smile of a doating husband. But, Ellen, I am not, as you know, devoted exclusively to these things. We have that to contend with which you have known. We are both poor, and it is necessary for me to keep a watchful eye over my household on this account. But I cannot say I am sorry, for it has made me a better manager and housekeeper. It has kept my fingers from idleness, and my mind from sloth. You have no time to idle