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## Women as Workers.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS sums up in the *Independent* some of the things enterprising women have done.

In the capital of a stout-hearted, if not very broad shouldered little England State, one of the best blacksmiths in the city is said to be a young woman. She works side by side with her father, of whom she acquired her trade.

In one of the Territories, we find two young women, sisters, running a blacksmith's shop upon their own account. In the crude condition of the region the undertaking was as necessary as it seemed natural and, as they have made it, respectable. The girls dress in a Bloomer costume, and shoe a horse with ease and skill.

I think it is Detroit which boasts of the woman who took out a contract for macadamizing a road; engaged her workmen, kept them to time, and conducted them and her road safely and successfully through her agreement.

The same woman, if I am rightly informed, has more than once moved barns and other buildings on contract, with composure and despatch.

In Wisconsin two girls, whose works rise up and call them blessed, have for six years managed a farm of one hundred acres, and supported their father and mother from its proceeds.

The same State estimates that there are in all two thousand women at work this year in its generous fields.

Iowa and Indiana contains two hundred women working farms on their own account successfully.

In one of the largest cities in the country a "young, pretty and accomplished" lady has opened an extensive boot and shoe store. Her clerks are all young women, and her trade is reputed to be of the briskest.

Of a woman in Washington Territory, we learn that she has just returned from a trip to China, where she carried a cargo of lumber. "She is said to be sharper," observes the source of information, "than any other mill-owner on Puget Sound, and got at least $10 more per thousand feet for lumber than was ever paid at Hong Kong before.

Of an extensive dry goods establishment in New Jersey, we are told that it is managed entirely by two ladies, and their credit in the large business centres is of the soundest and highest. We are given to understand that they set up business eight years ago on a capital of from $1000 to $2000, and that they control a stock now worth from $20,000 to $30,000 in ladies' furnishing and fancy goods.

A young woman in Lewiston, Maine, has been fitting herself, under excellent promise, for the profession of a dentist. In the heavier work, which requires active muscles and steady eye, her employer has long since been accustomed to call upon her for very effective assistance.

A ladies' life insurance company, all the employees of which are to be women, is forming in London.

And here we run against another Wisconsin woman (surely that energetic State is the woman's "Earthly Paradise") who supports a sick husband and his old grandfather off from a forty-acre farm.

And again from New Jersey. What says one of her leading papers? "Our entire newspaper is the work of young ladies, and every type is set by them —advertisements and all—and the 'maker-up' is a young girl. And we have no foreman in the newspaper-rooms, a young lady acting in that capacity."

To the above we may add, for Philadelphia, that one of the largest hotels on Chesnut street is owned and managed by a woman; that a woman is the principal of a boys' grammar school, and a leading teacher in one of the most flourishing school sections of this city; and that on Chesnut, Eight and other streets there are several large stores owned and managed exclusively by women. In one store, owned by a woman, on Chesnut street, that we know of, a business amounting to considerably over $100,000 a year is done.

WHAT A SPIDER DID.—At Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, a gentleman boasted to a friend that he could introduce to him an engineer of more wonderful skill than Robert Stephenson, who had made himslf famous by perfecting the railway locomotive. In fulfillment of the boast, he brought out a glass tumbler containing a little scarlet-colored spider, whose beauty, with its bright yellow nest on a sprig of laurustinus, had induced a young lady to pluck it from the bush where it was growing. When brought into the house it was placed on the mantle piece, and secured by placing a glass over it. In a very short time this wonderful little engineer contrived to accomplish the hurculean task [illegible]ing the sprig of laurustinus, a [illegible] several hundred times greater weight [illegible] to the upper part of the [illegible] than itself, [illegible]ing it there so firmly [illegible] glass, and atta[illegible] years, it is still suspended where it [illegible] that, after forty [illegible] was hung by the spider.

THE London *Spectator*, a prominent English Liberal journal, in [illegible] article severely criticises the conduct of the House of Lords, and asserts that this body, which should represent the highest statecraft and maturest prudence, is every year tempting and irritating the people into new agitation. It is asserted to be really hopeless to look for a conservative popular feeling while the House of Lords continue to utter foolish threats as to what changes it will make. Of all the present institutions in England it is asserted, the House of Lords is the most dangerous and the most revolutionary, since if it does not substantially agree with the general aim of the people it can only be an incendiary element in the Legislature. Nothing is more certain, the *Spectator* says, than that it is absolutely necessary to reform the House of Lords, and that this action must be taken by the Conservatives rather than by the Liberals.

A resident of Manchester, Me., owns a flock of forty-three turkeys, who have formed a copartnership with the crows in exterminating the grasshoppers. The turkeys and crows meet and freely mingle, and seem to greatly enjoy each other's society.

### DOUBT.

**A Parable.**

BY H. H.

They bade me cast the thing away.
They pointed to my hands, all bleeding;
They listened not to all my pleading;
The thing I meant I could not say;
I knew that I should rule the day
If once I cast that thing away.

grasped it firm, and bore the pain;
The thorny husks I stripped and scattered:
If I could reach its heart, what mattered
If other men saw not my gain;
Or, even if I should be slain,
I knew the risk; I chose the pain.

Oh! had I cast that thing away,
I had not found what most I cherish,
A faith without which I should perish—
The faith which, like a kernel, lay
Hid in the husks which, on that day,
My instinct would not throw away!

### A New Anecdote of Dickens.

**How the great Novelist Confronts One of His Slanderers.**

From Fields' Whispering Gallery, in the Sept. Atlantic.

Let me commend to the attention of my numerous and nameless correspondents, who have attempted to soil the moral character of Dickens, the following little incident related to me by himself, during a summer evening walk among the Kentish meadows, a few months before he died. I will try to tell the story, if possible, as simply and naturally as he told it to me:

"I chanced to be traveling, some years ago," he said, "in a railroad carriage between Liverpool and London. Besides myself, there were two ladies with a gentleman occupying the carriage. We happened to be all strangers to each other, but I noticed at once that a clergyman was of the party. I was occupied with a ponderous article in the *Times*, when the sound of my own name drew my attention to the fact that a conversation was going forward among the three other persons in the carriage with reference to myself and books. One of the ladies was perusing 'Bleak House,' then lately published, and the clergyman had commenced a conversation with the ladies by asking what books they were reading. On being told the author's name, and the title of the book, he expressed himself greatly grieved that any lady in England should be willing to take up the writing of so vile a character as Charles Dickens. Both the ladies showed great surprise at the low estimate the clergyman put upon an author whom they had been accustomed to read, to say the least, with a certain degree of pleasure. They were evidently much shocked at what the man said of the immoral tendency of these books, which they seemed never before to have suspected; but when he attacked the author's private character, and told monstrous stories of his immoralities in every direction, the volume was shut up, and confined to the dark pockets of a traveling bag. I listened in wonder and astonishment, behind my newspaper, to stories of myself, which, if they had been true, would have consigned any man to a prison for life. After my fictitious biographer had occupied himself for nearly an hour with the eloquent recital of my delinquencies and crimes, I very quietly joined in the conversation. Of course I began by modestly doubting some statements which I had just heard touching the author of 'Bleak House' and other unimportant works of a similar character. The man stared at me, and evidently considered my appearance on the conversational stage an intrusion and an impertinence.

"You seem to speak," I said, "from personal knowledge of Mr. Dickens. Are you acquainted with him?"

"He rather evaded the question, but, following him up closely, I compelled him to say that he had been talking not from his own knowledge of the author in question; but he said he knew for a certainty that every statement he made was a true one. I then became more earnest in my enquiries for proofs, which he arrogantly declined giving. The ladies sat by in silence, listening intently to what was going forward. An author they had been accustomed to read for amusement had been traduced in their hearing, and they were waiting to learn what I had to say in refutation of the clergyman's charges. I was taking up his stories, one by one, and stamping them as false in every particular, when the man grew furious, and asked if I knew Dickens personally. I replied, 'Perfectly well; no man knows him better than I do; and all your stories about him from beginning to end, to these ladies, are unmitigated lies.' The man became livid with rage, and asked for my card. 'You shall have it,' I said, and coolly taking out one, I presented it to him without bowing. We were just then nearing the station in London, so that I was spared a longer interview with my truthful companion; but, if I were to live a hundred years, I should not forget the abject condition into which the narrator of my crimes was instantly plunged. His face turned white as his cravat, and his lips refused to utter words. He seemed like a wilted vegetable, and as if his legs belonged to somebody else. The ladies became aware of the situation at once, and, bidding them 'good day,' I "stepped smilingly out of the carriage. Before I could get away from the station, the man had mustered up strength sufficient to follow me, and his apologies were so nauseous and craven, that I pitied him from my soul. I left him with this caution: 'Before you make charges against the character of any man again, about whom you know nothing, and of whose works you are utterly ignorant, study to be a seeker after truth, and avoid lying as you would eternal perdition.'"

DON'T SHOOT PAPER WADS.—The dry season is now fast approaching, and with it comes increased danger from fires, both in town and country. One of the most common causes of fires in the fields and woods is the reprehensive habit of sportsmen in using for wadding paper or other material easily ignited. The annual losses in this State from fires caused by the carlessness of sportsmen amounts to a very large aggregate. Gentlemen, buy patent wads or use leather, and you will in a great measure avert the danger complained of. The papers throughout the State will do a good service by calling attention to this matter.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

### TWICE MARRIED.

BY ANNIE L. MACGREGOR.

I left New York, on the 4th of May, in the steamship C——, of the Hamburg line. It was my first sea-voyage, and the first time that ever papa had crossed the ocean, and Lettie and I were, of course, in a great state of excitement and expectation. Smoky old London, which I had so often read of and dreamed of; and Paris the city of heavenly beauty—I almost expected to see the gates of jasper and onyx, so greatly had my expectations been raised.

We had a great many friends to see us off, and I felt sorry at leaving when the last moment came, and the steamer moved slowly out of the harbor, separating us from many whom we loved.

She was superbly fitted up for an ocean-steamer, as I afterward found out, and everything about her was as neat and nice as we could desire. I looked anxiously around at my fellow-passengers, who were to be prisoners with me for ten days, and thought of the pretty loose dress, half-wrapper, which I had prepared, and thinking that my friends had exaggerated the discomforts of life on shipboard and the miseries of sea-sickness, and that I at least would rise superior to all bodily infirmity. A lady-friend, who made several sea-voyages, told me it would be better partially to unpack my trunk before we were in rough water, and be ready for at least three or four days, in case I might feel a little dizzy before becoming accustomed to the motion. She knew my contempt for the sufferings I had so often heard cited, so thought that she had better broach the matter mildly.

I smiled scornfully when I thought of her advice; but, not wishing to be obstinate, and tempted by the nice little closet at the end of my berth, I did as she told me, well knowing that Lettie would never think of doing anything of the kind.

My pretty dress I left in the trunk until the next day, fearing it might be tumbled; but I took out a few of my neck-ribbons, smoothed my hair, and tied my prettiest ribbon under my collar, determined to look nicely at dinner.

First impressions always have so much influence on one's opinions in the future—and I wanted every one to think I was nice, for I was papa's eldest daughter. Dinner was ready in about two hours, but I did not feel hungry, and my head was swimming strangely, though, of course, I would go to the table. The bow under my collar was tied so nicely; and my traveling-dress fitted beautifully, and I knew I was looking well, besides it was nonsense being so silly, and would worry papa.

It was not very interesting watching the swinging bottles and glasses in their wooden case fastened to the ceiling of the cabin, but, as everything was new to me, I did look at them till they made my head ache, so I could not look any more.

The vessel gave a lurch just at that moment, and the gentleman sitting next to me upset his wine on my dress; of course, he had to apologize, and it commenced our acquaintance. I assured him that it did not make any difference, and would not hurt my dress, and that I did not care, and so on.

I did not feel just at that moment as if it did not make any difference if the dress had been utterly ruined—in fact, I did not know if any thing made any difference any more.

"Does it roll?" I asked, in rather a pleading voice, hoping he would say it did.

"No, not at all. We are not fairly out in the ocean yet. Do you feel sick?"

He spoke so loudly and cheerfully that I felt like choking him; and then he certainly might have been more polite, and might have said it did roll, after ruining my dress. Hateful man! I felt much better, my anger giving me strength.

"No, I feel very well, thank you, I am not hungry, for I have been in the habit of dining later."

Every one around me was talking of drinking as well as eating. I felt half inclined to leave the table, I was so disgusted, but I was afraid they might think I did not feel well, and my pride made me stay. Directly after dinner I went to my state-room, as there was nothing going on. The cabin appeared stupid, and I had been very busy before I left home getting ready for my trip abroad; and so felt tired.

My head was so dull and heavy that in a few moments I was sound asleep, and must have slept for several hours, as, when I awoke, I found a miserable light in our state-room, and everything quiet about me. I listened, could hear no noise but the vessel creaking, and every thing around me that could rattle rattling. The closet-door at the end of the berth was going flap-bang against the latch; I did so wish that I had put a piece of paper under the latch to keep it tight. I thought I would do better another time, and just then I did not care to attend to anything, and I was so miserable that I did not even think of wondering if sister Lettie was in her berth above mine.

My clothes were swinging, and I myself was not wholly stationary, and then I heard a crash. I had left a bottle of bay-water in my left hand-bag on one of the hooks, and I knew by the noise that it was broken; for my tooth-powder was in a china jar in the same bag, and they, no doubt, had come in contact. It was a beautiful new bag (Russia leather) which I had paid so much for that papa scolded me. I was troubled, and wanted to know if it was hurt, but I really could not get up to see, my head felt so badly.

"I wonder if he would say it was rough!" I thought, savagely, of my fellow-passenger as I dug my head into the pillow. Just then drip, drip on the sofa I heard it. It was my bay-water, I knew by the odor, and my bag would be ruined. I should have got up, if it had not been for that horrible bay-water. The smell of it made my head feel so much worse that I was almost wild with the pain, and could think of nothing else, but longed to sit on my own head, if that were possible.

No one who has not made a voyage across the ocean can realize the discomforts of the trip under the most favorable circumstances; even when having pleasant companions, one's store of jokes and stories is exhausted in a few days, and the sense of imprisonment is infinitely galling. But when it is an effort to wash your face; when every portion of your dress is adjusted with difficulty; when all odors are distasteful—you cannot wonder that even the perfume of bay-water might become very unpleasant. My bag was ruined, but I had grown so reckless I did not care. Then, too, I was philosophical, and consoled myself by thinking it might have been worse. I did not leave my berth for two days, and never wore my pretty dress; but my traveling-dress, with its waded jacket, served every purpose.

The first day that I was up, and the third day of my life at sea, I was induced by the captain to go on deck. It was quite rough, and I was sitting in the centre of the boat, on the seat by the windows which gave light and air to the cabin below, when a huge wave came, and the next moment I had left my seat (not voluntarily), and was scrambling on the deck, trying to extricate my dress from the grasp of a stout German, whose only hope of recovering his balance appeared to be in tearing my dress away from the waist.

"Was haben Sie vor?"

The words were gasped with difficulty, as a returning wave sent him far in front of me.

It was well enough to ask what I was about when he had nearly torn my dress.

"Can I help you, miss?" Two laughing eyes looked into my own, and the next instant I was literally dragged to my feet. "Are you hurt?"

"No, not at all."

Though feeling dreadfully shaken, I could not help laughing, my fellow-sufferer, the poor German, looked so forlorn as he at last succeeded in scrambling to his feet.

"I beg den dousand pardon."

"One does not always find it comfortable to be at a lady's feet." The dark eyes of my new friend laughed roguishly. "I have a camp-stool here, miss—"

He hesitated.

"Kate."

I did not tell him my last name, as chance might cause our meeting in the future, and it was as well to be careful.

"Thank you, this is very pleasant."

I was seated by the small cabin which covers the stairway.

"That boat opposite breaks the full blast of the wind."

He looked at a life-boat directly in front of the place where I was sitting to draw my attention.

I do not know how the afternoon passed, but I was surprised when the summons came for dinner, and was sorry to go to the cabin, the change had so relieved my aching head.

"One feels better when one has some one nice to talk to," my teasing sister Lettie whispered as I met her on the stairway.

"Don't be silly, Lettie."

"I thought you were going to be so dreadfully particular. It is not well to make acquaintances on shipboard."

It was too provoking, my sister was but using my own words. My eyes filled with tears of vexation as she spoke, and my headache returned in full force, while all my pleasure for the day was gone. Lettie is only fifteen, a romp and a tease, who has been dreadfully spoiled. I should not have minded her, but I was so unnerved by the horrors of sea-sickness that any trifle put me out.

"Are you coming to dinner?"

Lettie bounced into the state-room, where I had taken refuge, full of life and mischief. "No, thank you."

Poor little sister! She patted my head quite patronizingly, and the next moment, was gone, while I listened to the clatter of knives and forks, and wondered if I would ever feel well again. I tried to think of Paris, and my purse of bright Napoleons which I intended to spend in that city, but I could not feel interested.

"Kate"—Lettie was back again with an orange in her hand, while a handful of almonds and raisins were showered over me—"won't you come on deck, sister? I will fix you if you will come."

"No, I feel too badly."

"I am so sorry." Lettie was gone, only to dart back again in a few moments with a face full of mischief. "Somebody watched your place all through dinner, and he has just asked me if you are not coming on deck. What shall I say? "Shoo, fly, don't boder me?"

"Do go, Lettie!"

My sister's spirits and clatter were too much for me, and I longed to be left alone in my misery.

For a half hour my head ached violently, and then, the pain being somewhat lessened, my thoughts returned to those on deck.

"I do wonder if Lettie will deliver any ridiculous message—it would be just like her. I wonder where papa is, I have not seen him all day." I was beginning to feel lonely and neglected, and would have liked to go on deck again, but was afraid to make the attempt alone. While I was thus thinking, my mischevious sister, half penitent for giving me trouble, again darted into the state-room.

"It is glorious on deck. You must come, Kate. Wait till my hands are a little warm, and I will help you dress." It was pleasant to look at Lettie, as, seated on our trunk, she rubbed her little red hands one over the other to make them warm.

"Papa has been talking with such a nice gentleman. I know he likes him. His name is John Gilcreast, and he lives in New York, and is a lawyer and rich. He is going to Scotland about some poky business he was talking to papa of. I did not understand him, and papa told me to come down for you. It is he, too, Kate."

"What he?"

"Oh, the man who upset the wine on your dress. Papa told him how mamma died five years ago, and he told him how much he loved you and me, Kate; that we were all the children he had, and that we also lived in New York. Then I told him how we were going abroad for your health."

"Now, Lettie."

"Well, Kate, it is best to be interesting, you know. Come, are you ready?" And before I realized what she was about, my vigourous little sister had me cloaked and hooded and we were struggling up the stairs to the deck.

The next evening we were full of life and spirits, and by this time I felt almost myself, though my headache had not entirely gone. There were three young girls besides Lettie and myself on the steamer; and there were several young men courting papa, who was always full of fun, and happy with the young people. We had played cards all day till we were tired, and I told every one's fortune, and now we must have something new or we should become utterly stupid.

"Suppose every one gets married to each other?" Lettie, who was always saying something she ought not, shook her head wilfully in answer to my reproving looks. "Mr. Gilcreast, whom will you take? Shall we draw lots, or shall the gentlemen have the privilege of choosing?"

"Choose, by all means." Papa was the speaker.

"I am going to take Miss Marion."

"Oh, papa, how mean! you have taken the prettiest girl on the ship." Lettie blurted out. And Lettie was right, for Marion Waring was very lovely. Then Mr. Gilcreast selected me, and some one else took Lettie, and every one was at last fixed.

"Who is the oldest girl? She must be married first." Marion Waring was only a year older than Lettie, and we found on inquiry that I, being seventeen, two years older than my sister, was really the oldest girl present.

"Who has a prayer-book?" We look as serious as possible while the Episcopal marriage service was being read. Lettie even slipped a ring off her finger and gave to Mr. Gilcreast at the right time, then we signed our names on a piece of paper, and we were said to be married—papa laughingly declaring that he felt too much interested in his own happiness to be anxious about his daughters.

"Do you know that you are really my wife?" Mr. Gilcreast looked quite serious as he held my hand in his, while he anxiously watched my face. "The gentleman who married us is a clergyman; he has been ordained, though he looks so young. I thought you knew it."

"It was a very silly joke of Lettie's," I laughed, uneasily, Mr. Gilcreast was looking at me so strangely.

"Papa, did you know Mr. —— mentioning the gentleman's name—is a clergyman, and Mr. Gilcreast says that we are really married?" I tried to laugh, but papa looked so serious that he sobered me.

"It is really so." The gentleman who had performed the ceremony was the speaker. "I thought you all understood that I was a clergyman, and that was why I was selected."

"This is carrying a joke too far." Papa was more angry than I had ever seen him.

"Are you sorry, Kate?" Mr. Gilcreast whispered.

"Yes, I hate you."

I don't know exactly what I said, but I know that I was so excited that I frightened Lettie and every one. And Lettie was crying quite as much a I was, and then papa. But I don't like to think about it, papa was so angry, and it was all so dreadful.

The next morning papa gave Lettie a good scolding, and I was so sorry for her that it lightened my own trouble. I did not go on deck all day, but I knew that papa had a serious talk with Mr. Gilcreast, and appeared more like himself at dinner-time. He kissed and petted Lettie and me, and told us not to be unhappy, that it was only a joke; and that we had a stupid old papa, who did not know how to take care of us. This of course, we would not listen to, and then Lettie and I had a good cry and felt better. So by the time dinner was ready, we were ready too—that is, for dinner.

I avoided Mr. Gilcreast for the two days that followed; and he was very good and did not trouble me. But I could not help looking at him; he was taller than any man on the ship, and had lovely eyes, though Lettie said they were horrid, and that she would never forgive him. Lettie is very unjust in her likes and dislikes, and I would rather have been married to Mr. Gilcreast than any one on the ship, though it had been a silly piece of business.

It was the last evening we should be on the ship, and I was sitting in the cabin reading by the fading light—for it was very nearly dark. "You will spoil your eyes, Miss Kate." Mr. Gilcreast was the speaker, and I could but put down my book. "I have something I would like to say to you; will you come on deck, where we can be less interrupted?" The weather had changed, and it was quite cool, so every one had crowded into the cabin.

I felt like saying "No," but I thought mabe he was sorry, and wanted to be forgiven; and Lettie had been so unjust, and papa was so angry, dear knows what he had not said; and then it was foolish making such a fuss about it. I said I would go, and put down my book. I had my cloak around me, and my hood was beside me on the seat.

"Put on your boots."

"It is very warm." I felt rebellious, though the slippers were new, and had lovely bows on them; and, though I hated him, I was glad he had seen them. "I am not at all afraid of being cold, but it might ruin my slippers if the deck happens to be wet."

"And they are very pretty." He finished my sentence for me.

I did not know whether he meant that my foot was pretty, or the slippers, or both; I did not mean to laugh, but I did, and then he laughed and grew serious again. I could not find my boot-hook, and I ruined four hair-pins buttoning my boots. And I had to wash my hands, and I knew I was a long time, but he was waiting patiently for me when I again returned to the cabin. I cannot pretend to tell you all that he said to me, but he told me that he loved me the first time he saw me, which was, of course, all nonsense, and I told him so. And then he said he was sorry that he had given me so much trouble, and he watched my face very anxiously, and I looked at the northern lights, and wished that papa would come.

"You know you are my wife." He did not pay any attention to my indignant denial. "I will come for my answer in six months, and, meanwhile, I may write."

Of course, if he would write, I could not help that; but I told him that it would make no difference, and was a great waste of time. I tried to be dreadfully cross, for I knew that I should never like him, and I did not want to give him trouble; but I am afraid I was not half cross enough; he looked so sorry I could not say all I intended to, and, when we came down into the cabin, he looked very well satisfied, which was provoking.

We were put off from the steamer before Plymouth, in a miserable little ferry-boat, and were pretty wet before we reached the shore as it always rains on the English coast. We hoped to be able to leave Plymouth in the ten o'clock train for London, as it was only seven then. Mr. Gilcreast went with us to the Duke of Cornwall's Hotel, and shared our breakfast of muffins, rolls, and English breakfast-tea. I was not sorry to say good-bye to my husband, as the joke was rather too serious to suit papa, who was thoughtful and unlike himself. We left Plymouth at ten o'clock, and going through the loveliest part of England, reached the Paddington Station, London, by six o'clock, not feeling at all tired. It had been a lovely day, and I was interested in looking at the different places we passed through. Then, being on dry land was delightful, after the continual rocking of the last ten days, and, though the sun shone mistily, as it does in England, I liked it, and would not have had it different.

I cannot tell you all I did in London, or I would never finish my story; enough to say that we stayed at Langham, the finest hotel in London, how so many ugly women that sister Lettie and I grew quite conceited. Then we went to the British Museum, at St. Paul's, Westminster, the Tower, South Kensington Museum, Hampton Court, and Sydenham Palace—heard Patti, Lucca, Nilsson, and Titiens, in opera, as also Herr Wachtel, the great German tenor. Papa was delighted with Sir Edmund Dandseer's pictures, but did not like Mr. Turner's. Every night, when Lettie and I went to bed, we were so tired that we did not know what to do; and besides we could not help wondering if Mr. Gilcreast would write. A whole week passed and I never heard, and I was beginning to to make up my mind that I should not hear from him, when I received a letter. He wrote beautifully and told me of so many interesting things he had seen, that it was very pleasant; and, as it was all for fun, I wished that I had not made such a fuss, and that papa had not been so cross; for though I did not like Mr. Gilcreast, he was very nice.

After London we went to Paris, where I saw more pictures than I can tell you of, and I was dazzled with the beauty of the palaces. I saw the emperor review his troops on the Bois de Boulogne, and went to the races on Sunday, which Lettie and I thought dreadfully wicked, but we wanted to see the imperial party. We rode in the Champs Elysees till we were perfectly agitated; and here I received two letters from Mr. Gilcreast, which were just as nice as the first. Lettie and I both thought that he was very good in writing so regularly when he never heard from us.

From Paris we went to Geneva, and stayed at the Hotel Metropole, which hotel I liked better than any in Switzerland, as we were so kindly treated by the gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. Aldinger. Here, again, I received a letter from my husband; papa had gotten over his annoyance, and would laugh when he gave me the letters which came so regularly every week. From Geneva we went to Chamouni; rode up the Montauvert on muleback, crossed the Mer de Glace and Mauvais Pas, which is dreadful! We had a very nice guide, a descendant of Jean Balmat, who made the first ascent of Mont Blanc. Lettie and I had a race on our mules when we were down the mountain, and lost nearly all of our hair-pins; and papa was so stiff that he could not sit down comfortably for over a week. We stayed at Chamouni three days, and I never tired of gazing at Mont Blanc, which I had read so much about, and listening to the noisy little river Arve, which makes noise enough for ten rivers of its size.

From Chamouni we went back to Geneva, and had a lively time on the 4th of July, and there I had another letter from John. It was strange, but we were all beginning to call him by his first name. We passed a night at Vevay; at the most beautiful-furnished hotel I have ever been in, and from there went to Freyburg, a queer old town, part German and part French. Here we heard the great organ, such music as I have dreamed of, and slept on a feather-bed; though the thermometer stood at ninety. From Freyburg went to Bern, saw the beer-garden, some queer old churches, and the wonderful clock, with its crowning cock and procession of bears. All this time I did not forget John, and could not help wondering what the end would be; no doubt he was becoming tired.

We next went to Interlachen, and here my story ends. The first evening we were at Interlachen, papa, Lettie, and I were at the Kursaal. We had been listening to some very fine music, eating ice-cream, and gazing at the Jungfrau, "looking so coldly, grandly beautiful, in the moonlight." (It was John said that, and not I; I never do say any thing nice). But I am not going to tell my story at the wrong end, as the Irishman said. We were sitting, looking at the Jungfrau, though I am afraid Lettie and I were thinking more of our ice-cream, for it was very good, when who should come up but John!

"Oh, Mr. Gilcreast, I am so glad!" I did not mean to be so glad, and I was sorry afterward that I had said it, for I did not know it, I was so glad after all. Papa was getting tired and cross, Lettie and I ran about so much, and we had no one but papa to go with us. Papa had actually been talking of home and business, and he always talks about business when he wants to be disagreeable.

"Why, it has only been three months!" Lettie is always saying something she ought not to say.

"I could not help it." He looked so pleadingly at papa; I was sorry, and said that I was glad again, and then papa laughed. Papa is so provoking when he chooses to be.

We had a lovely ride to Lauterbrunnen the next day, and saw the Staubbach and Trummelbach Falls, and John was kind in going about with us; and so papa sat and smoked under the trees, and every one was pleased. Lettie told me privately that John was lovely, and he really did look a great deal nicer than on the steamer, he wore such lovely cravats. John bought me a set of amber, which I can never wear, because I have fair hair and blue eyes, and it would make me look like a fright. I said I liked it, and John bought it for me, though Lettie said I was a goose not to take blue crystal. I will always keep it, for John said I might do as I pleased, and papa does not always say that.

We went to Lucrene afterward, and sailed up the lake, and heard so much about William Tell. We dined at Fluelen, and had some beautiful cherries; but there is no use in trying to write any more, for I cannot remember any thing now. I was married in Paris a second time, for John had been so good I had to do just as he wanted me. Lettie says it is very well as far as being able to get pretty things, but she does not know what John has been good about, for he has along done as he pleased with papa and every one. Now that I think of it, I do not know but what Lettie is right, though I do not see how this could have been different.

Papa and John have the state-rooms just opposite Lettie's and mine; we are on the steamer coming home; it is the middle of August—and smooth, so I am not at all sea-sick. It is strange, but when I crossed the ocean before, and he was only half my husband, I hated him. And now that he is my whole husband, I love him very much. I think it is not safe to make acquaintances on shipboard; I told Lettie so yesterday, and she laughed at me. I am not sorry I met John, and I don't think papa is sorry, and, as for Lettie, John has a brother Henry, and I do hope he will be as nice as John, for then Lettie may possibly be as happy as I am.

The New York Tribune says:—"It will cost you a bushel of wheat to send another bushel to New York market," was the observation lately made to a Minnesota colonist. "We do not propose to send our wheat to New York," was the confident reply; "we are putting up mills to grind our wheat for home consumption." In that sentence we hear the key-note of American progress.

A Fort Wayne (Ind.) club has purchased a shell boat so light and evenly balanced that "the rowers are compelled to part their hair in the middle" to avoid upsetting.

From the Washington Patriot.

### The President's Nepotism.

The gross and glaring manner in which the President has prostituted the public patronage, to satisfy the exorbitant demands of his own family and their kindred to the remotest degree, has become an abuse and a scandal so offensive, as to make every citizen who respects the Chief Magistracy hang down his head in shame.

The offices created by law for the uses of the public service, have been treated as the spoils of a victor to enrich his household, without regard to merit. Every precedent in this respect has not only been contemned, but every rule of propriety, and even of decency, has been flagrantly violated, in a greedy desire to gain all that was possible, and to pension notorious incompetents on the Treasury. For the credit of the country, it is to be said, that this is the first time the Presidency has been discredited by an incumbent with whom avarice and a grasping disposition are the most marked characteristics.

At a recent meeting in Louisville, Senator Morton undertook to palliate this outrage, but only succeeded making it more conspicuous. He said: "What would have been thought of Gen. Grant, if, when he had obtained power, he had turned his back on his poor relatives, and had not taken care of them?"

The same opinion would have been formed of him, as of other Presidents who refused to stain their hands with nepotism. What Mr. Jefferson said on this subject has always been regarded as the only decorous rule of conduct, as it has guided all his successors, with the single exception of the actual incumbent.

The public will never be made to believe that an appointment of a relative is made on the ground of merit alone, uninfluenced by family views; nor can they ever see with approbation offices, the disposal of which they entrust to their Presidents for public purposes, divided out as *family property*.

This is the cause of complaint against General Grant. He has "divided out the offices as family property." If, departing from usage, he had chosen to confer a place of profit upon some needy and meritorious kinsman, the exception would have been forgotten and forgiven. But he seems to have ransacked the country in search of kindred, who might be billeted upon the Treasury, while he himself had been the recipient of the most generous bounty in every form. So that, from being a soldier, dependent upon his pay, at the end of the war, he is a millionaire, and is every day augmenting his fortune.

The following list of relatives, appointed by General Grant, is taken from a Republican paper, the editor of which was immediately associated with him during the war, actually saved him from being deprived of his command by Mr. Stanton, when on the Mississippi. Like good wine, it needs no bush:

I. Jesse Root Grant, President's father, postmaster at Covington, Kentucky.

II. Orvil L. Grant, President's brother, partner with the collector of the port of Chicago.

III. Frederick T. Dent, President's father-in-law, claimant of lands at Catondelet, Missouri.

IV. Rev. M. J. Cramer, President's brother-in-law, Minister to Denmark.

V. Abel Rathbone Corbin, President's brother-in-law, negotiator of gold and real estate speculations with James Fisk, Jr., and Jay Gould.

VI. Brevet Brigadier General F. T. Dent, President's brother-in-law, chief usher at the Executive Mansion.

VII. George W. Dent, President's brother-in-law, appraiser of custom's San Francisco.

VIII. John Dent, President's brother-in-law, only Indian trader in New Mexico under Indian Bureau; place worth $100,000 a year.

IX. Alexander Sharpe, President's brother-in-law, Marshal of the District of Columbia.

X. James F. Casey, President's brother-in-law, collector of the port of New Orleans; place worth $30,000 a year.

XI. Silas Hudson, President's own cousin, Minister to Guatemala.

XII. Nat. A. Patton, President's brother-in-law's third cousin, collector of the port of Galveston, Texas.

XIII. Orlando H. Ross, President's own cousin, clerk in the Third Auditor's Office, Washington.

XIV. Dr. Addison Dent, President's brother-in-law's third cousin, clerk in the Register's Office, Treasury Department, Washington.

XV. George B. Johnson, President's mother's second cousin, Assessor of Internal Revenue, Third District, Ohio.

XVI. B. L. Winans, President's cousin's husband, postmaster of Newport, Kentucky.

XVII. Miss E. A. Magruder, President's brother-in-law's second cousin, clerk in General Spinner's office, Treasury Department.

XVIII. Oliver W. Root, President's mother's grand nephew, Assistant District Attorney, Covington, Kentucky.

XIX. A. W. Casey, President's brother-in-law's own brother, Appraiser of Customs, New Orleans.

XX. Peter Casey, President's brother-in-law's own brother, postmater at Vicksburg, Mississippi.

XXI. George Griffith, President's cousin's son, lieutenant in 16th infantry.

XXII. William McKennan, father-in-law of the President's own cousin, United States Circuit Judge for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

XXIII. Columbus Delano, President's third cousin, Secretary of the Interior.

XXIV. Frederick Dent Grant, President's son, second lieutenant, 4th cavalry.

XXV. C. A. Ford, President's own cousin, Assessor of Internal Revenue at St. Louis.

XXVI. Ulysses Grant White, cousin to Mrs. Grant, second lieutenant, 4th cavalry.

XXVII. John J. Grant, a nephew of old Jesse, Assessor of Internal Revenue for the Twelfth District of New York.

XXVIII. John S. Delano, son of the third cousin of the President, chief clerk to the Secretary of the Interior.

XXIX. E. C. David, husband of the third cousin of the wife of the President, special agent of the Post Office Department in Illinois and Iowa.

XXX. Charles F. Baldwin, cousin of the wife of the third cousin of the President, Mail Agent in Kentucky.

XXXI. Miss Wilson, clerk in the Chicago post-office, cousin of the wife of the President's own brother.

XXXII. S. T. Lambert, M. D., second cousin of the President, Receiver of the Public Monies in Oregon. Was removed from the gaugership in Chicago for the usual reasons.

XXXIII. Reader W. Clarke, the President's own cousin, Supervisor of Internal Revenue for Southern Ohio.

XXXIV. Joseph W. Dyer, cousin of the third cousin of the President, Supervisor of Internal Revenue Ohio. —*Washington Patriot.*

### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A young lady writing from California, says that some of the Chinese not only read very well in the Bible, but begin to show love for it.

Rev. Job. W. Lambeth, of the Baltimore Conference fell asleep in Christ a few days ago at his residence in Washington city. He entered the Conference in 1842.

In 1870-'71 the English Churches of all denominations subscribed $3,296,395 to Foreign Missions, and about $4,000,000 to other societies represented in May meetiggs.

The *Liberal Christian* never knew a minister who did not, in proportion to his means, give more money every year for religious purposes than the wealthiest of his parishioners.

At the last communion season in the 2d Baptist Church in Richmond, Va., the pastor, Rev. J. A. Chambliss, announced himself in favor of offering the privileges of the Supper to all the Lord's children.

The *Episcopal Register* says: "We are pleased to learn that the Rev. Dr. Howson Dean of Chester, England, so well known in this country, will sail for New York on the 20th of September, so as to be present at the General Convention in Baltimore.

Mr. Thomas Kelso, of Baltimore, has given $5,000 for the completion of the spire of the Metropolitan Church at Washington. He had previously given $5,000 at the foundation of the Church, and $1,100 more at the dedication.

A correspondent from Cape Breton, states that at the communion at Mira, in Dr. McLeod's congregation, on the 16th of July, there were from 6,000 to 7,000 present. The communicants, numbered between 500 and 600.

Mr. Spurgeon's thousandth printed sermon has appeared. Sixty-two are printed annually; so that this represents the work of more than sixteen years. The *Freeman* says that not more than one-third or one-fourth of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are printed, and that many of his best utterances are not reported.

The Low Church party are diligently preparing for separation from the Episcopal Church. This is the only course now left them. The clergy would move more boldly if they felt assured of the support of the laity, and some of the laity are saying that they are more than ready for action if the clergy would only lead the way.

At the session of the Methodist Episcopal Conference of Germany and Switzerland, held recently in Frankfort-on-the-Main, Rev. Dr. L. S. Jacoby was elected delegate to the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. Dr. J. F. Hurst, recently elected Professor in Drew Theological Seminary, was elected Reserve Delegate. No lay delegate was elected.

The American Baptist Historical Society has struck a good idea. It proposes to preserve a souvenir of every Baptist minister, in the shape of a written sermon, with the date and the writer's signature. These are to be written on "sermon paper," and neatly bound in a series of indexed volumes. Each author is also requested to send his likeness, to be placed in front of his discourse.

The pastoral letter of the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie (Episcopalian) concludes: I must now only ask most earnestly for your prayers—for ourselves of the clergy—for the sisters —workers—and all interests of the parish and of the Church at large. You may be sure that you are yourselves remembered at all masses [!!] God bless you.

The Repeal of the Sunday laws is agitating Cincinnati, where the Sunday Liquor Law has just been repealed by a vote of twenty-six to sixteen. The most remarkable development made by this agitation in Cincinnati is the opposition to the repeal, by a large and respectable portion of the German people, who hitherto have been accused of being the principal supporters of the movement.

It is announced in papers from India that the Rajah of Mysore has made an application for an accomplished lady teacher to educate the ladies of his palace. The enducation of native girls, commenced among the poor by the missionaries and wives, is spreading widely, and is now reaching the higher classes. Beginning at the lowest, it is now extending to the highest, in a certain sense fulfilling the Divine words "From the least of them to the greatest of them, saith the Lord."

A dispatch from Munich, of July 30th, says: "Dr. Von Dollinger has been elected Rector of the University of Munich. Fifty-four Professors voted in his favor and six against him." This is the most emphatic endorsement which the well known opponent of Papal Infallibility, Dr. Von Dollinger, has received. Even before the excommunication of this divine, a very large majority of the Professors at that University united in an address to him expressing their unqualified approbation of his course.

In the Scotch and Irish express trains only fifteen minutes are allowed for refreshments—that is, for what at home would have been a meal—and if there have been delays on the road, even these fifteen minutes are encroached upon. The French system is different, and better. Some time during the journey an agent goes through the cars, takes your orders, telegraphs them ahead, and on reaching the station, what you have asked for is handed in, to be consumed at your leisure on the journey; or, descending into the refreshment-rooms, you find small baskets upon the "buffet," containing, with such refreshments as are most called for, a knife and fork, napkin, plate and glass. On each basket is a label stating the contents and price. The passenger buys the basket, takes it into his carriage, dines or lunches at his leisure, and at the next station at which the train stops hands back the basket, &c., to a waiter, and receives for it a fixed price, which is also set down on the label. This system has just been begun in England on the Midland express. The correspondent of a London paper thus publishes his experience: "I left London for Buxton by the Midland express at 11:45 A. M., arriving at Leicester about 2, where, for 3s, I obtained a neat basket, containing half a fowl, salad, bread, butter, cheese, pint of stout (or claret—optional), napkin, plate, knife, and fork, and corkscrew—all compactly arranged, the eatab'es excellent. No deposit was asked—merely a civil request to hand the basket out at Trent; so, instead of rushing frantically about and insanely swallowing the traditional sandwich, I quietly spread an impromtu table, and lunched as comfortably as could be desired."

Boston claims a sale of 40,000 bean poles a year.