

A MOTHER TO BOB INGERSOLL.

I am sitting by the fire, Bob,
With baby on my knee,
While my husband and the wife,
Has read your views to me.

My baby is a girl, Bob—
A dainty little thing;
No blossoms in the garden,
Is half so sweet in spring.

I do not know the laws, Bob,
By which her being came;
And of the laws of death, Bob,
My knowledge is the same.

Nor do I know the laws, Bob,
By which the flow'rs blow;
And how the winter comes, Bob,
I nothing, nothing know.

And how are you so wise, Bob,
That you should come to say,
A doubtful thing is baby's soul,
Oh, tell me now, I pray?

I cannot take it in, Bob,
With baby in my arms,
Her clinging, thrilling touch, Bob,
Your every doubt disarms.

She cannot speak a word, Bob,
Yet I can surely see
The soul within her eyes, Bob,
Is speaking unto me.

But O, I feel the power, Bob,
Of mother love within;
I never in my life, Bob,
Felt half so strong a thing.

O, could you be a mother, Bob,
A doubt would never rise
That babies' vast inheritance
Is not both earth and skies.

I think you love your children, Bob,
And Mrs. Ingersoll;
But can't you love them well enough
To know they have a soul?

I thank you very much, Bob,
For strong words for the weak;
And of your noble charity,
My woman's soul would speak.

But O, give up your trying, Bob,
It is a deadly sin,
To have us doubt the soul, Bob,
We feel so strong within.

And having got a soul, Bob,
We need the heavenly law,
With all its grace and power, Bob,
That soul heavenward to draw.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE BROKEN TEAPOT.

Few of our friends, Mrs. Waters, notice that teapot, and those who do wonder, no doubt, why a piece of such common ware should have a place in our cabinet. Indeed my wife wanted to set it away on some obscure shelf until she heard its history, or, rather, the associations connected with it. But the fact is, had I never drunk tea from that teapot with its blue pagodas and palm trees, this little wife of mine would have been making somebody else happy, and, in all probability, I should never have owned a home like this, or have been blessed with such a circle of friends.

Well, this is the story, continued Mr. Graham. My father kept a small store in Coventry, R. I., when I was a boy, and, as there was a large family to support, and the income was small, we were all put to work when about 13 years of age. We had very little education, except what we received in the district school, for we were too poor to buy many books, and, as my mother and sisters worked as hard at home as we boys and father did in the store, there was little talk about or thought of but work, and that all the time.

I was always fond of reading, and enjoyed history very much, and our doctor, who had the best library in town, used to lend me books, which I read when all the family were asleep. When my brother John was old enough to go into the store I determined to start off and earn my own living somewhere.

I talked it over with father and mother until I had their consent, and one day in the early autumn I set out toward Providence with the few clothes I possessed in an old carpet-bag, and \$5 in my wallet, as my capital, to make a place and a living for myself.

Mother knit for me several pairs of woolen socks, and when she gave them to me she said, "I have thought much of you as I knit these, my boy, and I have wondered what your future life will be. While it is true that all of us to a great extent are the creatures of circumstance, yet, nevertheless, we can often control circumstances, and make ourselves what we wish to be. If you are faithful, true, and honest in your life and in your work, whatever it may be, the Lord will prosper you, and open the way before you to success and usefulness. Many a man whose name is now famous has started out from a home as humble as yours, and with no money and few advantages, but by perseverance and honest endeavor, with the Bible for his guide and trusting in the Lord for strength to overcome obstacles and temptations, has won his way to a high position in society."

With such words of encouragement I left my mother and my home.

The stage-driver gave me a seat with him for about twelve miles, and then I started on foot, hoping to catch a ride now and then with some farmer, as he drove along with his produce to the city. Just at dusk, on the second day, I came to a pleasant farm-house, and, as the shades were up, I could see the family moving about in a comfortable-looking sitting-room, where a bright wood-fire on the andirons, and the sweet face of an elderly lady, who sat in an easy-chair before it, drew me to the house. They received me cordially, gave me a supper, and, after asking me some questions as to where I had come from, what I expected to do in Providence, and so on, they invited me to spend the night there.

When Mrs. King found I had no plan, and did not know what I should do, she told me they needed an extra hand for several weeks, and, if I would like to stay and pick and barrel apples, they would be glad to have me, and would pay me \$5 a month and my board. I was not long in accepting the offer, and before two days had passed I began to recover from my homesickness and feel quite happy. The thought of paying for my own board and having a little money beside (I say little, although it seemed a great sum then) was delightful to me, and working for a kind family was in itself a pleasure. They gave me a comfortable little room, and I sat with the family in the long evenings in their pleasant sitting-room, reading from their library of good books. One of the daughters was an invalid and a great reader herself, and, when she saw that I was anxious to learn, she taught me algebra and read and explained English history to me.

There were two men who worked by the day for a few weeks barreling apples, and, when I learned how many

were considered a good day's work, I asked Mrs. King if she would be willing to have me stop work at 5 o'clock, if I would take a shorter nooning, and fill as many barrels as the men, so that I could have an extra hour for reading. She willingly gave her consent, and I had my number of barrels filled, and was often washed and my clothes changed, sitting with my book in hand, as the clock struck 5.

About that time a teacher from a boarding-school in a neighboring town, who was an intimate friend of Miss King, came to spend the Sabbath with her, and not long after her return to school wrote to her saying that Mr. Blanchard, the principal of the school, would accede to her proposition, and give me board and tuition for cutting the wood and taking care of the fires and the school-room. Miss King told me that she felt from my fondness for reading that I ought to have an education, and she had talked about it with her friend, and at her suggestion had written to Mr. Blanchard. Then she said, "Now, if you would like to go, mother and I will keep you in clothes, as my brother who is in college gets through with his, and mother will lend you small sums of money as you may need them, and my friend, Miss Jones, will furnish you with books."

But I fear I am spinning out my story too long, said Mr. Graham. "Not at all," said Mr. and Mrs. Waters. "We are very much interested in it. Do not shorten it in the least."

Well, continued Mr. Graham, I soon arranged to go to the school, and I felt, as I sat down to supper the last evening at Mrs. King's and drank tea poured from that identical teapot, that I was leaving another home, they had been so kind to me.

I remained at the school two years, and then, through the kindness of a wealthy gentleman, a friend of Mrs. King's, I was sent to Brown University fully prepared to enter the Freshman class. Near the close of my junior year, Sumner was fired on, and men were called to arm for the defense of the country. I went with many other college friends, and came back with few injuries, and health unimpaired. One of my best friends in the army was Judge Dillon's son, and I spent several days with him at his father's at the close of the war.

There I was urged, and I decided to study law, and so it happened that my home was made here, and that I found my good wife here in the church of which I became a member.

And now I will tell you how I came into possession of the teapot. We went to the commencement at Brown, last summer, and one afternoon, while there, took a drive with some friends. I gave directions to the driver to go down the turnpike, and then toward the river to the old King farm, which, although no longer owned by the family, was still known by their name.

I stopped there, and went in and asked permission, as one who had once lived there, to go through the house. I went to the little room I had occupied, which was so small and uninviting then, but in which I had spent many happy hours, and to the sitting-room, the kitchen, and the wood-house, and on one of the beams in that great room, where I had saved and kept cords of wood, while naming over the Kings of England, and reviewing what I knew of each one, stood that broken teapot. I looked at it, took it up and held it in my hand, and, through the mist of tears the old pagoda vanished out of sight, and I

old sitting at the tea-table, with the dear old lady, whose pleasant face and kind voice had so often cheered me, and I could hear her say, as she lifted up the quaint teapot, "You've had a hard day's work, Jamie; a cup of this hot tea will rest you, and do you good." I could see the invalid daughter, with her large tender eyes, as she talked to me and helped me over the hard places in my lessons, and I remembered how gratefully she spoke when I thanked her for all her kindness, as I started off for school, saying, "Though sick, I am glad that there are some things even one disabled like myself can do to make others happy." As I stood there, unconscious of all about me, my heart went out in gratitude to those who, years before, had gone to their reward, and I wondered, as I had done many times, why it was that they had taken such an interest in a stranger boy!

The teapot was filled with glue. I took it into the house and asked one of the ladies if I might have it, as it brought to mind many pleasant recollections, and they gave it to me. You will not wonder that it has a charm for me that nothing else in our cabinet possesses, and if I ever feel like turning a cold shoulder toward young men seeking employment, or relaxing my interest in those who are struggling to make their way in life, I need only look at the teapot and recall my own boyhood and imagine what I might have been had not those kind friends given me a home and helped me to an education. Many have wondered that I should give so much to colleges and seminaries, and help young artists and others, but I should be most ungrateful if I did not recognize the wonderful way in which God has blessed me and led me on to prosperity, by giving to and encouraging others in every way possible. And, among all I have tried to help, but two or three have ever proved unworthy of it.

This is, no doubt, a much longer story than you expected to hear, but unless you knew all the facts you could hardly appreciate how much I value that old broken teapot.

"No, we could not," said Mrs. Waters; "and I wish that more of our wealthy men who struggled hard in their young days, and were as poor as you were, who seem to forget that others need encouragement, but grow close and hard-hearted as their means increase, instead of more generous and kind, might follow your example."

Just then other callers were announced, and Mr. and Mrs. Waters rose, and bidding their friends good-night, went home, inspired by what they had heard to do more for those who were earnest in trying to help themselves, and wishing they and others had as suggestive and helpful a relic as the blue pagoda teapot.

THE SEA AND THE MOON.

BY FRANK J. O'BRIEN.

The Sea fell in love with the Moon;
The Moon only laughed at the Sea,
And went on, turning midnight to noon,
And stirring hill-top and lee.

"Look down, lovely Moon," said the Sea;
"Behold your own beautiful face;
'Tis so pure and so charming to me
In my heart I have given it place."

She looked, with a flush of disdain;
Her glorious image was there;
And she knew—for a woman is vain—
That the image was spotless and fair.

Away fled the Moon in her splendor;
But off and again she would turn,
With glances growing more and more tender,
To the Sea, where her image did burn.

There trembled the silver illusion;
In her still she would glory again;
Tis the tremor of love's soft confusion,
The throbs of the Sea's faithful heart.

And the Moon would remember and ponder
The vision she saw in the waves,
As away round the world she would wander,
And she knew that the Sea was her Slave.

And month after month, when returning,
In her still she would glory again;
Her face in the ocean still burning
Gave the Moon a slight feeling of pain.

Still the Sea followed sorrowing after,
His breast swelling over with love,
His sighs waking only the laughter
Of the Moon sailing quietly above.

Though ages on ages have perished,
Still Love stings the changeless old tuna,
And with passion still faithfully cherished
The Sea follows after the Moon;

Follows after till cruel shores stay him,
Then breaks his great heart with a sigh;
For the Fates ever mock and delay him
Whose aim is unwise and too high.

A GOOD JOKE.

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, Col. Blank (a queer name, is it not?) and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting, one on each side of a delightful hickory fire, enjoying their *otium cum dignitate* without any interruption, for neither of them had spoken a word for at least an hour, and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was certainly very remarkable. The Colonel was sitting cross-legged in a great arm chair, with his pipe in one hand, newspaper in the other, spectacles on—fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself gently backward and forward in a low rocking-chair—sitting as straight as an arrow—knitting. Close at her feet was Miss Puss, her paws folded gracefully under her, dozing very comely, and evincing her satisfaction by murmuring forth a monotonous though rather musical p-u-r-r, while Mr. Carlo was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire, and like his master—sound asleep.

At length the Colonel, rousing from his nap, took off his spectacles and rubbed his eyes, then, glancing them at a huge pile of papers that lay on the table near him, said, yawning at the same time most emphatically:

"I wish Henry was here to help me about my rents."

"Well, I really wish he was," answered his sister.

"I can't expect him this month, yet," yawned the Colonel.

"Hadn't you better send for him, then?" said his sister.

Upon this the dog got up and walked toward the door.

"Where are you going, Carlo?" said the old gentleman.

"The dog looked in his master's face and wagged his tail a little, but never said a word, and pursued his way toward the door; and, as he could not very well open it himself, Miss Patty got up and opened it for him. The Colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and joyful barking of the dog, announcing the approach of some one, induced him to alter his determination. Presently the door was violently opened and a young man gayly entered the room.

"Why, William Henry, is that you?" said Aunt Patty.

"Harry, my boy, I'm heartily glad to see you," said the Colonel, getting entirely out of the chair, and giving his nephew a substantial shake of the hand.

"Pray, what has brought you home so suddenly?"

"Do tell," said Aunt Patty, peering over her spectacles.

"Oh, I don't know," said Henry. "It is rather dull in town, so I thought I would just step up and see how you all are getting on."

"Well, I'm glad to see you; sit down," said the Colonel.

"So do," said his sister.

But Harry, instead of doing as he was bid, hopped out of the room, but soon hopped in again, with a bottle in each hand, and giving one of them to the old lady, he said:

"Here, aunt, is a bottle of first-rate snuff for me—and here, uncle, is one of capital Maraschino."

"Thank you, my boy," said the Colonel. "Positively, it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits."

"And mine, too," said his sister.

"What did you have to pay for this snuff?"

Here Carlo began to jump upon him; so he was not obliged to hear the question, but busied himself in keeping off the dog.

"Down, Carlo!" shouted the Colonel, a little sternly, and down went the dog, with a look so humbled and dejected that the Colonel began to feel sorry that he had spoken so cross.

So, stretching out his hand, he patted the dog affectionately on the head, saying:

"Why, Carlo, poor Carlo, you needn't feel so bad; I only wanted you to be a little more polite."

Carlo pricked up his ears and showed other signs of returning animation, though he did not immediately recover his spirits, but he looked up with an expression that seemed to say, "You need make no apology, sir," and settled himself in dignified silence under his master's chair.

In the meantime, Henry (anxious, either to help his uncle or himself, I can not say which) had broken the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial, and drawn the cork, while Aunt Patty got some glasses.

"Well, my boy," said the Colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, "what's the news in Boston? Anything happened?"

"No—yes," said Henry, bursting into a violent fit of laughter. "Yes," continued he, as he had recovered himself. "I have got one of the best jokes to tell you that you ever heard of in your life."

"No!" exclaimed his uncle with animation.

"Do tell," said Aunt Patty, taking a pinch of snuff.

Now the Colonel was noted for his extraordinary relish of a good joke, even though he was a sufferer by it himself.

"Come, let's have it," said he, filling his glass.

"La, suz," said Aunt Patty.

"Well, you must know," said Henry, hardly able to keep from laughing.

"That, while I was in town, I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age," here he stroked his beard, "a confounded clever fellow, very good looking, but as poor as poverty."

"Here he thrust one hand into his pocket, and commenced jingling at his penknives, keys, pocket-comb and half-cent pieces. 'About two months ago he fell desperately in love with a young girl, wants to marry her, but dares not, without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman, as rich as Croesus—do take a little more cordial.'"

"Why—don't his uncle wish him to marry?"

"Oh, yes; but there's the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid that he'll be taken in. Because it is generally understood that he is to be the old gentleman's heir. And for this reason, his uncle, although very liberal in every thing else, suspects every young lady that pays his nephew the least attention of being a fortune hunter."

"The old rip," said the Colonel; "why can't he let the boy have his own way?"

"I think as much," said Miss Patty.

"Well, how did he manage?" said the Colonel.

"Why," said Henry, laughing, "he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right off; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do but go and have her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, beside being intelligent and accomplished."

"Beautiful! intelligent! and accomplished!" exclaimed the Colonel; "pray, what objection could the old fool have to her?"

"Why—she is not worth a cent," said Henry.

"Edge," said the Colonel, "I wish I had been in the old chap's place—how did he get along?"

"Why, as I said, he had her picture taken, and, as it was about time for collecting rents, he thought it would make the old gentleman good-natured if he went home and offered to assist him. So, home he went—taking with him a parcel of oranges. By the by—that puts me in mind—I bought some at the same place, but have left them in the hall. So, skipping out of the room, he returned with a handkerchief filled with some of the finest oranges that ever came over; and, handing one of them to his aunt, he laid the rest on the table beside his uncle.

The old gentleman smiled in every corner of his face, and put his hand into his pocket.

"Why didn't he marry her at once, and leave the rest to chance?" asked the Colonel.

"Shoot me, if I wouldn't."

"Why—you must know that Bill loves his uncle as well as if he had been his own father—for the old gentleman has been as good as a father to him. So he could not bear the idea of getting married without trying to get his consent. And then, you see, he could be married at home, and that would just suit his uncle, for he is mighty fond of a good frolic now and then."

"He deserves to have her for that one thing," said the Colonel, with emotion. "Shoot me if I don't wish I had been his uncle. Don't you think so, Carlo?"

addressing the dog who was just coming from under his chair.

"Yes, sir," said Carlo—or, rather, seemed to say; for he looked up with an expression so intelligent that it conveyed the meaning as plainly as though he had spoken it in words.

"La, suz," said Aunt Patty.

"Positively, Colonel, I think you have got the finest dog in the country," said Henry, patting Carlo on the head.

Now, if there was one thing that the old gentleman liked better than to be called Colonel it was to have his dog praised. So he grew warmer, and presently pulled out his pocket-book.

"Well," said he, "did he give his consent? What comes next?"

"Why," said Henry, "the old gentleman was mightily tickled to see him, and mightily tickled to see the oranges. So he bade him a hearty welcome, and asked him all about everything and gave him all the miniature out of his inquiries, he takes the miniature out of his pocket and, handing it to his uncle, asked him how he liked it—telling him that a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstasy of delight, and declared he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Bill might have her."

"Ha!" shouted the Colonel. "The old chap was well come up with. The best joke I ever heard of. But was she really so beautiful?"

"The most angelic creature I ever saw," said Henry. "But you can judge for yourself. He lent me the picture and, knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at." Here Henry took it out of his pocket and handed it to his uncle, at the same time refilling his glass.

"Do tell," said Aunt Patty, getting out of her chair to look at the picture.

"Well, now, if that ain't a beauty!"

"You may well say that, sister," said the Colonel. "Shoot me, if I don't wish I had been in Bill's place. Why didn't you get the girl yourself, Harry? I'd give a thousand dollars for such a niece."

"Would you," said Henry, patting the dog.

"Yes, that I would," said the Colonel, "and nine thousand more upon the top of it, and that makes ten thousand—shoot me, if I wouldn't!"—and the Colonel wiped his eyes.

"Do tell," said Aunt Patty.

"Then I'll introduce her to you tomorrow," said Henry.

And so he did; and in due time they were married.

In breaking the ground for a Methodist church, in St. Louis, 100 women took part in the ceremony, each tossing some earth into a cart with a polished brass shovel.

Visiting.

When guests arrive in response to an invitation, the mistress and master of the dwelling, whether a mansion or a cottage, should spare no pains to make the visit an agreeable one. Many well-meaning people, from over anxiety to do so, alter the entire arrangement of their households, and in consequence, fail to achieve their object; for if a visitor perceives—and he is almost certain to do so—that you have changed your ordinary routine of living, an uncomfortable feeling that you are to use a homely phrase—"putting yourself very much out of the way" will prevent any true enjoyment from being felt. Therefore, the host's first care should be to make a visitor aware that his presence is not a disturbing element, and that the action of the domestic machinery will not be disarranged in consequence. This is the truest courtesy, and a course that never fails to put the visitor at his ease. Let whatever is performed be done without apparent effort, so that the effect produced may be that the visitor finds himself a sharer of your own home enjoyments—not that you have to tax your energies to afford him entertainment.

There should, however, be no sort of neglect on the part of either host or hostess, and the comfort of a visitor should be carefully studied. For instance, the guest's room should be made as comfortable and pleasant as possible. If the weather is cold, a fire in the grate will be felt as a most welcome attention. Do not think it sufficient to ask, "Would you like a fire in your bedroom this evening?" Such an inquiry could hardly fail to have a chilling effect, and a negative reply would most probably be given. It is quite easy to judge whether the weather is sufficiently cold to make a fire an agreeable addition.

Pens, ink, paper, envelopes, matches, and a few books and flowers should find a place. Generally visitors bring their own writing materials; but, should these by chance be forgotten, it is pleasant for them to find their wants have been anticipated. For the same reason a properly-furnished work-box, with buttons, scissors, etc., should be provided, and especially if the visitor is a lady. It would be impossible to enumerate all these little conveniences, so much depending upon circumstances; but it is just these little things which have the most to do in making a visit an enjoyable one.

While visitors are with you do not, if anything occurs to annoy you, trouble them with the details of what has gone amiss. Such a course only tends to make them feel that they are putting you to some inconvenience.

On the other hand, the guest, perceiving something to be wrong, should abstain from making any remark upon it—should appear, indeed, not to have seen it. Equally reprehensible is it to suggest changes and alterations to the host—to criticize his taste or call his judgment into question. Or, if his children should be fractious or rude, it is out of place for the guest to remark upon it, or to find fault with what they say or do, if the parents do not see fit to interfere.

From first to last a rigid observance of the law "bear and forbear," by host and guest, will be found essential to the preservation of harmony and enjoyment.

Something Nice for Breakfast.

A cadaverous, hollow-eyed, "lean and hungry" Cassius-like man is the victim generally to a "pick-up" breakfast; "stale, flat, and unprofitable"; he goes forth hungry, ill-disposed for business, rebellious and dyspeptic; hideous and beggarly ideas get into his head; his brain is filled with suspicious chimeras. If he must eat hash it need not be the abominable mélange which might be called a general postoffice where letters of all descriptions are thrown in—scraps of tasteless beef, the other table-scraps innocent of condiment; but there is a hash that will satisfy; Cut some beef in nice little slices from the bone, removing all the hard parts and skin; put the gravy in a saucepan with a pint of water, three table-spoonfuls of catchup, a desert-spoonful of minced savory herb, an onion chopped fine, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a third of cayenne; take out a cupful of the liquid and rub into it a table-spoonful of flour; stir it well into the stewpan again and stew for ten minutes longer. Strain it through a sieve, return it to the pan, place the slices of beef in it, and keep the saucepan on the side of the range until the meat is heated through—not to boil, or it will become hard. A few minutes before serving add half a wine-glass of tarragon vinegar. Arrange some toasted potatoes round a very hot dish, and serve the hash immediately after it is cooked. An excellent condiment for breakfast is potted tomatoes. The ripe tomatoes must be scalded and skinned, passed through a sieve to remove the seeds from the pulp, and heated gently in a stewpan; add salt, a little horseradish, some white vinegar, some onions to taste, minced very fine; when cold, put it in small pots and cover with melted butter; tie up in stout paper. A simple but delicate way of preparing potatoes is a favorite breakfast-dish in the West Indies: Two pounds of peeled potatoes are washed and grated; four ounces each are added of sugar and butter melted; one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, mixed well together; placed in a baking-dish, and put into a brisk oven until done and shows a delicate brown color. Another mode of preparing potatoes by the French, after the potatoes are loiled in their jackets, is to peel and mash them with a fork; put them in a stewpan with some butter and salt, moisten through with cream, and let them grow dry while stirring them over the fire; add more cream, and continue adding for nearly an hour; turn them into a dish, and brown them on the top with a salamander.—New York Evening Post.

Humors of the Telegraph.

That was a witty man who, being detained by a snow blockade, penned a dispatch which ran thus: "My dear sir, I have every motive for visiting you, except a locomotive." So was the other who, under similar circumstance, telegraphed to his firm in New York: "I shall not be in the office to-day, as I have not got home yesterday yet."

The following dispatch created no little amusement in the offices through which it passed: "Charlie and Julia met at 8—yesterday, quarreled and parted forever; met again this morning, and parted to meet no more; met again this evening and were married."

An old lady in a town of Massachusetts refused the gift of a load of wood from a tree struck by lightning, through fear that some of the "fluid" might remain in the wood, and cause disaster to her kitchen stove.

A good story is told of a country woman who received a dispatch later than she expected: "It must have been delayed on the road," said she. "I know the wires are busy to-day, for I heard them working as I came along."

COIN COLLECTORS.

Some of the Curious Facts Developed in Numismatics.

[From the Baltimore American.]
[There are a number of gentlemen in Baltimore who have fine cabinets of old coins, both American and foreign, ancient and modern, as well as medals, seals, and engraved gems, which are now generally included in numismatics. By collectors of coins and medals, autograph letters are also regarded with affectionate favor, and a number of fine collections may be found in Baltimore. The most of the other large cities have societies similar to this one, that of Boston being the oldest and most important, and it was felt that there was ample room for one in Baltimore. The science is very fascinating, and has a great deal more in it than would at first strike a casual observer. The artistic and historical study of American coins is most interesting in itself.]

Take, for instance, the early coinage of Maryland, about which, perhaps, less is known than that of any other State. The principal production of Maryland, as well as Virginia, for a long period after its first settlement was tobacco, which served as the principal article of currency. Chatle and corn, and even powder and shot, also served as the medium of meeting almost any pecuniary obligations. The first coins struck off were shillings and sixpences and groates, made from dies received from England in 1659. The dies were made after the designs of Lord Baltimore, who was then in England on business, and one result of the issue of the coin was that Gov. Findall, and others, started an incipient revolution in the hope of securing Maryland's independence from Kingly rule.

An act was passed making it a death penalty to clip, scale, or counterfeit any of the coin, which, it was defined, "should be equal in fineness of silver to England's sterling, being of the same standard, but of somewhat less weight, and hath on one side his Lordship's coat of arms, stamped with his motto, 'Cæsitate and Multiplicamini,' and on the other side his Lordship's effigie, circumscribed thus: 'Cæcilius Dominus Teretium Marie,' etc. Specimens of these coins are in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society, into whose custody they were given by the late George Peabody, who was one of its honorary members. The device upon the reverse of the early shillings is a lozenge shield, surmounted by a crown and dividing the numerals XII. The mint mark is a cross-patee. Some fine specimens are preserved in the British Museum. A coinage of copper seems also to have been intended by Lord Baltimore, although so little was put out that specimens are now worth hundreds of dollars. J. J. Mickley, Esq., of Philadelphia, bought a specimen recently for which he paid \$225 in England.

Aside from the numerous Washington pieces, coins bearing his head and struck in the eighteenth century for speculative purposes, or as curiosities, there are in the possession of members of the new society some of the most valuable sets extant of the early patterns of the United States mint. It may not be generally known that the first silver pieces were half-dimes made out of Washington's own family plate in 1792. It was not until a year later that the regular coinage of both silver and copper was commenced. The half-dimes on the obverse had a head with flowing hair facing the left, the legend "Liberty, Parent of Science and Industry," and as a device on the reverse a small eagle flying toward the left. In the first large-patterned device on the reverse is a wreath formed of two laurel branches, tied by a ribbon below, inclosing a plain circle, within which are the words "one cent." Under the bow on the ribbon is the fraction 1/100. There are three specimens of edges, one being plain, one reading "to the esteemed, be useful," while the third is marked by two small leaves. The name of "Birch," in very small letters, is in every instance on the shoulder of the bust. It is said that the head upon this pattern, as well as those upon the dimes and half-dimes, was intended as a likeness of Martha Washington, although it looks as much like an Indian chief as anything.

New York Palaces.

New York is marking the period of its great prosperity by the production of public and private buildings of vastly advanced size, style and elegance. Fifth avenue, above Fifth street, and the border of the park, are being lined with houses, churches, hotels, libraries, and other public buildings worthy of the metropolis of the Western World. The private dwellings—in Paris they would call them "hotels"—now being constructed on upper Fifth avenue rival in costliness, elegance, and luxurious comfort the most noted of the modern private residences in the great capitals of Europe. The Parisian badand walks through the grand avenues in the neighborhood of