A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

A Happy New Year for the friends we love;
A Happy New Year for the hearts that sigh;
A Happy New Year for the steps that fly;
So chime the bells on high.

A Happy New Year for the fairer day;
A Happy New Year for our brighter dreams;
A Happy New Year for our kinder ways;
Whisper you sunny beams.

A Happy New Year for the good that's done;
A Happy New Year for the world's dead;
A Happy New Year that will Faith inspire
In hearts that mean and bleed.

A Happy New Year to the transient mind;
A Happy New Year for the lover's vow;
A Happy New Year: down the waking wind
What joy is uttered now?

An Happy New Year to the withered cheek;
A Happy New Year for the child's sweet face;
A Happy New Year: strength unto the weak,
To All Honest-love's gentle grace.

A Happy New Year: ring sweet morning bells;
A Happy New Year: whisper starry skies;
A Happy New Year: echo hills and dells;
Ame! my heart repels.

WOMEN—MANY AND VARIOUS.

BY CAROLINE A. MERRILL.

HEN the great question of marriage arises, there usually looms up in the girlish mind the kind of being whom she—the particular lar girl in question—would like to marry.

What a vision this being is! How large and melting are his lustrous eyes! How Lorna-like his general demeanor! He has, usually, some vague sorrow, perhaps inexplicable "deeding," which accounts for the mysterious sadness that tells his otherwise intelligent smile, and undershadows the expressive crisis in question with a delicate blush on.

Upon his manly brow thought sits enthroned. It may be about his tailor's bill, or the apothecary's account for the camphor which darkens that sublime mustache, the perpetual worry which gives a touch that "lovely hair," and the tooth-paste which confers added lustre to those "magnificent" teeth.

Such solemn cares may be the subject of his Manfred-like reveries; but she, the dreamer, confers upon them, on the strength of those mystic eyes, a depth and color, a fervor and imaginative ness that does not exist, and this "being" whom she has seen at the opera, as a ball, or perhaps upon the steps of some famous eligible club or hotel becomes the subject of her thoughts. The girl's imagination is improved, her fancy caught; and any staid, sober, serious, reliable young man whose eyes are not "scintillating," stands very little chance of entailing—however earnest and honorable his intentions—the subject of these eraphilic dreams.

Such a girl must have some reason, you will say. That does not by any means follow. The same girl who has dreamed of an impossible ideal may make a noble, sweet, and high-principled wife. She has the imagination and the youthful ardor which she confers upon the moirsthasted Manfred seen upon the hotel-steps, and the poetic turn of her mind leads her to color with its hues a man lacking, perhaps, even than that sense of honor and honesty which should be the first qualification in the object of a sin core love, is sometimes that of which that object may possess the least.

American girls—though the rugged individualism of the day and hour are fast destroying this—are frequently, fervently romantic. The sacrifice of brilliant prospects to an humble destiny with the "one beloved" is not yet an unholy act on the part of many daughters. Though rare, it happens, and alas! more often than not, the sacrifice proves vain, and the experiment of "love in a cottage" a failure. The luxurious habits contracted at home cannot be as easily cast aside as a soiled glove, even where Manfred—but this is seldom the case—has shown himself able to cope with the anti-Manfred task of keeping the roof on the bolt!

The tendency towards the beautiful false in preference to the less attractive, but genuine, "marriage mate" is owing to an erroneous bias at the outset which arises from a mistaken education. Our girls read too much trash. The absurd hero of a second or third rate French novel—one who has no respectable family would receive—may appear in the flesh in the person of some so-called "foreign nobleman," but "paved but! fair young girl, the genuine nobleman stays at home, and is a poor match often than not, who has none of the singularly complicated and weird misfortunes which oppress the penniless adventurer, all of whose woe may as well be a general situation, be presented in the form of a novel she cannot pay his way—and he will not work to do it!"

"But he is from one of the oldest, best families in France, England, or Germany," is the case often best. No, "he has a flattering manner to dear little soul."

Men of the order from which he assumes to emerge at home, or, at all events, marry at home, and in their order. The very "few and far between" exceptions are when an out-at-the elbows duke, prince, count, or baron, finds some American heiress with exceptional wealth, and propels up the touting walls of his ancient domain with the concomitant gold of the retinue.

But with all the advantages conferred by the actual possession of wealth, there is still another "ideal" that obtains a hold upon the young American girl, which is more to be avoided with the French hero of romance, and the large-eyed Manfred of the hotel-steps. This is the elegant creature who does no work.

He looks very well in ball dresses, very well, I admit that more often than not, he has the most of the singularly complicated and weird misfortunes which oppress the penniless adventurer, all of whose woe may as well be a general situation, be presented in the form of a novel she cannot pay his way—and he will not work to do it!"

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“ineffable” eyes, and plainer style of dress, who has not been abroad and does not understand the “correct thing” as well as Highstyle—will, though made up of more solid mental, moral and intellectual essence, seem more acceptable when compared to his wealthier and more attractive rival. Estella “cannot hear him,” and thinks he is “horrid.” Lulu wishes he “would not ask her to dance,” and Penny “hates the sight of him.”

But all the girls whom he finally marries, knows and can tell who soothed the bed of sickness by his tender care, who brought her through “that horrid fever,” who is indeed a father to his children, who is indeed a fond and true husband to his wife. High style meantime and his wife, Miss Million, are separated, as of course you have heard. He lives in Europe and she lives here.

It would scarcely matter so much where there is wealth to fall back upon that a man should be utterly unwilling to work, and incapable of doing it, if, with all this, there were not a moral dete-rioration in the style of education now being adopted for their sons by many American families. High style, for instance, never got over the evil influences of those two or three years in Paris under the Second Empire.” His mind was the sort of soil in which the best seed sown was sure to attain a rapid and luxuriant growth. Wideawake also went abroad for a few months, after a time, but concluded on the whole that he “didn’t like it,” and came home, only calling the useful fruit of information on subjects upon which information is really desirable and was none the worse for his trip.

But alas! while Maunder, in possession bewildering eyes, and Highstyle gets themselves up in such a seductive manner, there will always be the strong wings will be staged in the same, and marriages will be made—to be repented of in the “after-time.”

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SHIRMBR, one day debating on the place of the family in that day, that they were no longer styled O’Shearmon, as formerly, “Indeed, father,” replied the son, “I think people ought to O as, for we were every one.

WHICH.—As a young lady’s dancing class the following question was lately dis- cussed: “Which gives a girl most pleasure, being praised, or to hear another girl run down?” No decision was arrived at.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

By EDITH D. ORMER.

The name of Vittoria Colonna has been rendered immortal through her friendship with the world-patronized sculptor, Michael Angelo. But there are so many touching incidents in her history, and so much that is noble and beautiful in her personal character, that a thoughtful mind feels that she would have been famous, even if Michael Angelo had not admired and loved her. Among the hills that environ the beautiful Lake of Albano, lies the lovely town of Tusculum, called by the ancients Petruia, and with its beautiful churches and ancient ruins. For here Vittoria was born, the family from which she sprung was a princely one, and owned many rich possessions near the Roman Campagna. As was the custom with families of rank, the little Vittoria, at the tender age of four, was betrothed to a child of the same years, Ferdinand D’Avau- re, the Marquis of Pescara; and that playmates became so truly attached to each other, that when they grew up, although offers were made to Vittoria among the nobility of Italy, she remained true to her betrothed. The two children were early placed together under the care of Enchanted’s sister, the Duchess of Francavilla. Consequently, Vittoria’s home was removed to Tuscany, an island at the northern entrance of the Bay of Naples, and which really forms part of the Province of Naples. And here, in 1590, when she was nineteen years of age, her marriage took place. A martial spirit burned in the soul of her husband, and after two years of uneventful life, he began a career of arms, and joined the Italian army against the French, where he was wounded, and taken to Milan as a prisoner. It was while he was in this exile from Vittoria that she began her literary works, which gained her a name, in a poem addressed to her husband. After a few months, Vittoria was cheered by his return. He again left, however, for military duties, and became involved both for bravery and cruelty.

Now, the Duchess of Francavilla, with whom Vittoria continued to reside, held courties of cele- brated personages in the intellectual world, and among those who frequented them, was the father of Torquato Tasso, the author of “Jerusalem Delivered.” Vittoria had no children of her own, but she took in lieu of them the son of her husband, as an adopted son. Alphonso, for this was his name, was so passionate and un undisclosed a child, that every one concluded she could do nothing with him. And it was certainly a great tribute to her tact, that out of such unlikely materials she should have formed him into an honorable man, and one who ever repayed her by his devotion to her. Perhaps the reader would like to form some idea of the personal appearance of Vittoria and her husband. History describes her as being very beautiful, with thick golden hair, a fine brow, and thoughtful gray eyes. The head and shoulders of Pescara had an aura of gold, and all the children of her husband, and of the infant, were fair-haired, and eyes full of fire, and a stately bearing.

She had her full cup of sorrow, for her husband was unable to be with her, except at rare intervals, and when she was only thirty, she lost both her parents. Pescara, her husband, notwithstanding a remonstrance from Vittoria, consented to a scheme for betraying his imperial master, and though it resulted in advancing him in rank, it blighted his reputation, and about a year after he died. Thus was Vittoria left quite alone. She had travelled with all speed on receiving a dispatch from her dying lord at Milan, but she arrived too late. Although she had been very little with Pescara, his death was a great blow to her, and she at once took refuge in the convent of San Silvestro, though promising never to take the veil, and when she left from it was to return to the home where she had played with Pescara in childhood, and from which she had been married. She occupied much of her time in writing memoirs on her husband, although no one ever knew if she was permitted to leave her retreat and make a tour through Italy.

She died at the age of fifty-seven, and Michael Angelo, her faithful friend, attended her in her last illness.

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TALKS WITH WOMEN.

By Jennie June.

It is a curious fact, and one that serves to show how much broader, and more human than is any one of its outgrowths, that in this nation of politics, and politicians, the question of the day is not political, but social; not primarily of public life, public life, but of private, and domestic interest, and now of an acknowledged impor- tance by virtue of the inherent influence which household relations exert upon public life and character.

When our fathers declared that all men were born free, and equal, they declared an impossible proposition. Men are not born free, and equal, neither mentally, morally, physically, or politically. Nor are women; some are born to command, others to obey, and they fulfill the destiny which fate, in the shape of temperament, disposition, and strength of intellect, has marked out for them, whether their lot has been cast in the hutt or the palace.

The idea is a very agreeable one, however, to the majority of mankind, who like to believe that there is only the difference of luck and opportunity between one man and another, and was, and is, es- pecially welcomed by those who wish to throw the blame of their inferiority upon the Institutions under which they live, quite for- getting that the unequal genius, the exceptional honor and integrity they deceive, conquer all obstacles and have won in all ages a place as far above those conferred by hereditary right, or bought with money, as the heavens are above the earth, in our conception of it.

This equality of rights which he does not understand, enables, however, the half barbarian who lands upon our shores, to shake his fist, figuratively, in the face of the entire world, and say to every man, "I am as good as you."

He is a little surprised, after a time, that there is all there is of him. His assertion of equality does not enable him to paint pictures, write books, or build houses, without the natural ability, and the acqui-