

til we felt the force of sinews could no further go.

Then there were the chandeliers, handsome in style and material, but allowed to go to ruin, almost, for want of proper care. It was an experimental suggestion of Jennie's that we should try Castile soap and a tooth-brush, and the step-ladder was planted immediately. Such a rubbing and scrubbing as there was to clean these summer residences for flies!

But it was a partial success; the after use of sapollo, vastly improving our previous endeavors. We tried the effect of tarlatan covers, but after they had caught a-fire several times, we decided they were something of a nuisance; and now that we know what will restore their brilliancy without injury, we say

"Let fate do its worst,
There are moments of joy!"

etc.


A dark house gives me the blues; the children need fresh air and sunshine, and so do the grown people; and nothing gives me the asthma quicker than to enter a close parlor of a summer's day, where not a fly would dare to show his face, but where the atmosphere is so strongly impregnated with the smell of wool that it is almost impossible to breathe.


Flies are a nuisance if allowed too much freedom, and Aunt Rachel has a way of setting traps for these unwelcome intruders. She has a tumbler of soapy water, over which is a circle of paper with a round hole in the centre. The curious creatures walk around this treacherous platform, look into the crater, and are taking a bath before they know it. In, to the death! It is a much neater, and nicer mode of warfare than those sticky sheets of black paper we see spread out in saucer-art fashion to catch "folly as it flies," and I think quite as efficacious in results. It must be warm water Aunt Rachel uses, although I never inquired, for if I leave my cup of tea standing a few minutes to cool, if there ain't a dozen or two flies struggling in it just as if it was put there on purpose to invite them to commit suicide!


BETTER DAYS.—On a wet, miserable, foggy day in autumn, Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar woman. "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling; "So have I, it's a miserable day. Good-bye—good-bye."


A HAPPY NEW YEAR.


BY GEORGE COOPER.

 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 rove:
So chime the bells on high.

 HAPPY New Year for the fairer days;
A happy New Year for our brighter dreams;
A happy New Year for our kinder ways,
Whisper you starry beams.

 HAPPY New Year for the good desire;
A happy New Year for the worthy deed;
A happy New Year that will Faith inspire
In hearts that moan and bleed.

 HAPPY New Year for the tranquil mind;
A happy New Year for the lover's vow;
A happy New Year: down the waking wind
What joy is uttered now!

 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 Heaven's loving grace.

 HAPPY New Year: ring sweet morning bells!
A happy New Year: whisper starry skies!
A happy New Year: echo hills and dells!
Amen! my heart replies!

WOMEN—MANY AND VARIOUS.

GIRLS' IDEALS.

BY CAROLINE A. MERIGLI.



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

What a vision this being is! How large and melting are his lustrous eyes! How Lara-like his general demeanor! He has, usually, some vague sorrow, perhaps incipient "decline," which accounts for the mysterious sadness that veils his otherwise intelligent smile, and undershadows the

expressive orbs in question with a delicate bluish tinge. Upon his manly brow thought sits enthroned. It may be about his tailor's bill, or the apothecary's account for the *cosmétique* which darkens that sublime moustache, the *pommade* which gives a gloss to that "lovely hair," and the tooth-paste which confers added lustre to those "magnificent" teeth. Such sordid 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 imaginativeness that does not exist, and this "being" whom she has seen at the opera, at a ball, or perhaps upon the steps of some fashionable club or hotel becomes the subject of her thoughts. The girl's imagination is impressed, her fancy caught; and any staid, sober, serious, reliable young man whose eyes are not "mystic," stands very little chance of outdoing—however earnest and honorable his intentions—the subject of these seraphic dreams.

Such a girl must lack good sense, 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 moustached 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 that sense of honor and honesty which, though it should be the first qualification in the object of a sincere love, is sometimes that of which that object may possess the least.

American girls—though the regnant materialism of the day and hour are fast destroying this—are frequently, *fercantly* romantic. The sacrifice of brilliant prospects to an humble destiny with the "one beloved" is not yet an unheard-of act on the part of rich men's 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-Manfredian task of keeping the pot on the boil!

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—a creature whom no respectable family would receive—may appear in the flesh in the person of some *soi-disant* "foreign nobleman," but "*gareà lui!*" fair young girl, the genuine nobleman stays at home, and is a prosaic individual, more often than not, who has none of the singularly complicated and weird misfortunes which oppress the penniless adventurer, all of whose woes may as a general thing, be represented by one sentence; "he 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," as the case may be. No: "lay not that flattering unction to thy dear little soul." Men of the order from which he assumes to emerge *stay 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 props up the tottering walls of his ancient domain with the convenient gold of the *roturière*.

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 equally 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 dress, very well, I admit that. His coat is wonderfully made, his jewelry exquisite, his linen from the finest looms, and his boots a thing of beauty. But ah! his brain! His fare may be Heliogabalian, but mentally he is below par. His clothes are the best things about him, and the life of a sybarite has failed to produce anything solid or serious. Why should it? No man was ever any more the *man* for being wrapped in cotton and fed like Sardanapalus. Young Highstyle has never "roughed it," and the insect with the down still upon its wings is—only a butterfly!

Yet, with nine girls out of ten, young Wideawake with his considerably less refined style, honester speech, more candid but less

"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 stuffs, stand no chance of being acceptable when compared to his healthier and more attractive rival. Estella "cannot bear him," and thinks he is "horrid." Lulu wishes he "would not ask her to dance," and Fanny "hates the sight of him."

But ah! the girl 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. Highstyle 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 so doing, if, with all this there were not a moral deterioration in the style of education now being adopted for their sons by many American families. Highstyle, 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 bad seed strewn 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 culling the useful fruit of information on subjects upon which information is really desirable, and was none the worse for his trip.

But alas! while Manfreds will possess bewildering eyes, and Highstyles get themselves up in such a seductive manner, there will always be moths whose wings will be singed in the flame, and marriages will be made—to be repented of in the "after-time."

SHERIDAN, one day descending on the pedigree of his family, regretted that they were no longer styled O'Sheridan, as formerly. "Indeed, father," replied the son. "I think people ought to O us, for we owe everybody."

WHICH.—At a young ladies' debating club the following question was lately discussed: "Which gives a girl most pleasure—to hear herself praised, or to hear another girl run down?" No decision was arrived at.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

BY EDITH D. SOMNER.



THE name of Vittoria Colonna has been rendered immortal through her friendship with the world-renowned 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 Marino, in Italy, and it was in this town in the castle of Gondolfo, that our heroine was born. The family from which she sprang was a princely one, and owned many rich possessions near the Roman Campagna. As was the custom with maidens of rank, the little Vittoria, at the tender age of four, was betrothed to a child of the same years, Ferdinand D'Avalos, the Marquis of Pescara; and the play-mates 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 Ferdinand's sister, the Duchess of Francavilla. Consequently, Vittoria's home was removed to Ischia, an island at the northern entrance of the Bay of Naples, and which really forms part of the Province of Naples. And here, in 1509, 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 a prisoner. It was while he was in this exile from Vittoria that she began her literary works, which gave 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 distinguished both for bravery and cruelty.

Now, the Duchess of Francavilla, with whom Vittoria continued to reside, held coteries 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 took in lieu of them a cousin of her husband, as an adopted son. Alphonso, for this was his name, was so passionate and undisciplined 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 repaid 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 very beautiful, with thick golden hair, a fine brow, and thoughtful eyes; and speaks of Pescara as having auburn hair, 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 blackened 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 issued from it, 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 memorial sonnets to her husband, although after a time she was persuaded 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 hours.

ONE AT A TIME.—In the course of a lecture delivered at Glasgow, Father Gavazzi likened a quarrel between husband and wife to a room having two windows—one at either end. If both windows are open there is a draught, there is discomfort; but if you shut one of them there is none. So, in like manner, when husband and wife fall out, if there is one mouth kept shut, there will be peace.

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

HOUSEHOLD SERVICE.

BY JENNY JUNE.



IT is a curious fact, and one that serves to show how much broader humanity is than 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, but of private, and domestic interest, and now of an acknowledged importance by virtue of the inherent influence which household relations exercise 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, either 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 hut 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 especially welcomed by those who wish to throw the blame of their inferiority upon the institutions under which they live, quite forgetting that the unequal genius, the exceptional honor and integrity they deride, 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 this is all there is of it. His assertion of equality does not enable him to paint pictures, write books, or build houses, without the natural ability, and the acqui-