

[The writer of the following beautiful poem has genius of which America should some day be proud.—ED.]

THE BLEEDING HEART.

BY JULIA M. HOLMES.

SEEK flower, blushing beneath my gaze,
Thy beauty to my breast I take!
Here smile and bleed, here bleed and bloom,
And yield to heaven thy fresh perfume,
Poor wounded heart that cannot break.

SWEET flower, hath earth some secret grief
That droops and bends, and bleeds in thee?
Some penitence, some hidden shame
That sets thy pure young heart aflame,
And so consumes the life in thee?

DEAR flower, I bathe thee in my tears!
Such true and perfect type thou art
Of life that grew beneath my heart,
And burst in sudden bloom, a part
Of love and pain, my Bleeding Heart.

FAIR frail life that drooped with grief
Whose slight and fragile form did bow,
And in sweet silent patience, bear
A mother's cross, and smiling wear
The thorn crown on his baby brow.

O lovely flowers, and bloom above
The weary child who sleeps below,
To ask those wistful longing eyes
If now they smile in Paradise,
A lonely mother longs to know.

AND whisper in a mother's ear
The secret of thy faith, that I
May smile and bleed, may bleed and bloom,
While patience like thy sweet perfume,
Exhales in incense to the sky.

CHRIST, the heavens above me shine
And glory in thy cross and crown!
I read in many a starry line,
That pain and anguish are divine.
This healing truth steals softly down,

AND sinks into my soul, the earth
Broken and bruised, doth smile and sing,
Doth say in every breathing flower,
And whisper through the summer hour,
That suffering is a holy thing.

CHRIST, O holy Bleeding Heart,
I live, and love, and bleed with thee,
And so, my suffering Lord, would I
Rejoice to bleed, rejoice to die,
Since thou hast bled and died for me.

Afternoon Thoughts.

UNDER this head we propose to give the thoughts and ideas of those women who, in the brief season of their repose from more active labor, reflect, and would like some medium through which to express their thought.

Correspondents need not be afraid of crudeness of idea or expression; all that we ask of them is brevity. We would simply be considered the friend to whom, if near at hand, the words would be addressed.

WHY NOT?

Why not take the advice so liberally given by gentlemen of to-day, and go to work, ladies? I do not mean to insinuate by the above question that you have been idle all these centuries, as, judging from the advice rung in our ears, one would imagine we had. I do not exactly comprehend what the lords of creation mean by that phrase, "go to work."

They all admire soft hands, tiny feet, and graceful, floating forms, and are almost ready to fall down and worship the fortunate possessor of these charms, if, lucky creature, she has a few thousands to fall back on. Would they then like to see our lovely belles turn menials? Certainly not. If Araminta turns washerwoman, for whom would Alphonse paste down his sandy tresses, or smooth into perfect shape his mustaches?

Well, these are strange times, and strange people live in them.

I do not mean to desert my sex and go over to the enemy, but I do chime in with the crusty old bachelor who wears buttonless shirts, and the perfumed dandy for whose wife society finds not one damsel silly enough, and say, "Ladies, go to work." And why not? I am not advising you to make mere drudges of yourselves over the wash-tub or cooking-stove—though, if necessary, even that would not harm you; but I urge you to a nobler work. I would have you, mothers, go to work in your families, make noble, honest men of your sons, noble, true women of your daughters. Teach them that there are holier pleasures, more enduring happiness, nobler pursuits, and greater aims, than shining in society, like butterflies in the sunshine, can ever give them.

When mothers will "go to work" rightly, and devote that time and attention to the developing of their children's minds and characters that they should, there will be no more churlish, heartless men to put the question, Why do not the ladies go to work? while they are wasting their time at club and ball-room.

Ah! ye men, among you there would be gnashing of teeth, and much wailing, if that good time would come that some foretell—that good time that brings our sex its rights, when all women go to work as Miss Faithful, Miss Cary, Miss King, Madame Demorest, and hosts of other sensible, true-hearted women are working, and as woman can work if she will. For you there would be no resting-place unless you too are of some use. For from pole to pole will resound the cry, Gentlemen, go to work! Honest women would then marry none but honest men, and rear none but sensible, truthful children. Then what a world we would have! The stars would almost sing together for joy.

Now, ladies, you see what you could do

if you would. So to that advice given us by the other sex—Ladies, go to work—I say again, why not?

I shall chat with you now and then, if the editors will allow me—and why not?

Yours, etc.,
OLD MAID.

OUR SPHERES.

BY A LADY SUBSCRIBER.

THERE is, according to my idea, a particular place, with a peculiar work in life, for each one; and if we from any cause whatever do not perform that work we fail to accomplish that for which we were created: and unto such can God say "Well done, good and faithful servant?" Our Father, being infinitely wise, never makes a mistake, and if we disregard His requirements we must suffer the consequences. There are many, very many, low and humble spheres that must be filled; and if it falls to my lot or yours shall we complain or utterly refuse because the work does not suit our taste? A young lady said to me a few days since: "Oh! if I could only do something great and noble—something to win a name that would live on after I am no more, I should then love to work. Had I money at my command I would erect charitable institutions, found colleges, feed and clothe the poor, and all the world should know and honor me for my kindness and generosity. If I had knowledge sufficient, I would be a teacher. I would lead my pupils into paths of virtue and peace, and from them win for myself an affection lasting as eternity, and forth into the world would send noble men and women, qualified to fill any station. Could I write I would make books so attractive and useful, that all should read and be benefited by them. Oh!" she cried, while her voice trembled with agitation and her eyes brightened in her enthusiasm, "if I could in some way be a blessing to the world, how glorious it would be to live, but my sphere is so limited. Was not I created for more than this? I cannot let my life end with no memorable thing accomplished." As she was an intimate acquaintance of mine I knew her to be the pride and joy of her father, the main dependence of her mother, the able and willing counsellor of her younger brothers and sisters, and a Christian whom many regarded as a true and loving friend. So I replied to her, "My dear child, you talk at random. You surely have not rightly considered this matter. Who in all this world could take your place and fill it so satisfactorily as you? On whom could your mother lean so confidently, or depend so entirely as she does on you? Some one was required to care for your mother in her declining health, to guide your little brothers and sisters in the paths of virtue and knowledge, and so God thought of you and permitted you to come into the world to occupy this place and only this. Oh! Annie, does not God watch over you hourly and keep you for His own wise purpose? Does he not know what you are capable of doing and what are your opportunities?" and with many other words did I entreat her to labor on faithfully, leaving the result in the hands of God; assuring her that at last she would be rewarded with a far more glorious reward than an earthly name.

There are many others who, like Annie, are ambitious to do some great work, that are overlooking their daily tasks, waiting and longing for the oppor-

tunity to come for them to begin their grand career. And to such let me say that time never will come. If such a destiny is yours you must make your way to it by patient, persevering efforts, beginning in a small way and working steadily upward. But to many such the goal will never be reached; for their path lies in another direction. Christians, or those claiming to be such, are too much in the habit of grumbling and complaining about their lot in life, and yet they pretend to trust in God for all things and acknowledge all things as coming from him. Do they really believe this? Then they must certainly think He has made a mistake or that they are wiser than He. If we faithfully fill our station in life, improve every opportunity, and earnestly strive to excel we are surely not far from the right way. We have grown so accustomed to reading, singing, and hearing the words, "There is work for all to do," that they have grown meaningless, and few realize the great truth contained in them; or if we do see, and feel their force, how few act accordingly. We are so apt to do as others do; to take other finite beings for our example; and then excuse ourselves because they do so; that we are all traveling in the same worn track, and self is always uppermost in our minds. Selfish and willful, we make ourselves unhappy and our pathway is strewn with thorns, many times the results of disobedience, when flowers should bloom therein. We do not get half the pleasure life affords, and far more bitterness than was ever intended for us. While it is true that many are needed for posts of honor—teachers, writers, and philanthropists—it is also true that many more are needed for humbler spheres, gentle wives and loving mothers. Shall it be for us to decide which ours shall be, or does God not have a hand in it? If we have the requisite qualifications for a particular place, God will open the way for our advancement; if we are but willing to labor and wait. There is one thing we all should and must do if we desire happiness; and that is, cultivate a contented disposition. Oh, let us rise from our lethargy and walk in the path of duty cheerfully striving to obey our heavenly Father; laboring honestly and willingly, and we will certainly be blessed. We should be thankful that we are permitted to live in this beautiful world, and express our thankfulness by living cheerful, useful lives, and wherever we are placed, and whatever surrounds us, let us think that these are just the things we need to fit us for what is in the future, and therefore to us unknown, and let us be content therewith. WELL.

A REQUISITE.

WIDE fields of labor more and more invite good, nervous hands to sow and reap therein. Less and less frequently is the question of manhood made a prime one. Thousands of women, therefore, rise—a great army of women throughout the land—to seek for places of honor and of profit. Some recognize the fact that only hard, persistent toil will win worthy triumph; but by far the greater number have this yet to learn; and the sooner they gain a full comprehension of it the sooner will their disappointments cease. That women may enter the lists with men proves simply nothing but this: that because certain women have distinguished themselves by brave and patient doing of what was hitherto regarded as exclusively man's work, it has, by degrees, grown into the popular belief that womanhood *per se* is not inevitably good for nothing,

in even the higher, harder forms of labor. Nothing further than this is demonstrated in the question of woman's place in life; though the clamor of some thoughtless women for the unconditional right of place might lead one to infer that the demonstration had reached the point of proving that womanhood *per se* is inevitably good for everything everywhere. It can no longer be believed that woman may not reasonably undertake any form of labor to which she is inclined. It would be puerile to believe that her work will be judged by any other than the general laws by which the worth of masculine labor is tested, or that anything except the result of the test will determine her place among the workers of the world. Truth rather than gallantry must hold sway in this realm of the practical; and for permanent success in anything there must be, in addition to talent, a persistent will to labor, such as has marked the character of every man who has ever achieved any worthy thing in the world.

E. T. L.

REALITIES.

WHAT are they? Do we know them? Do they consist of the furniture which we use, or the houses in which we live, with their walls of brick or stone?

No. Surely not.

For the table, the chair, and the wall may be reduced to ashes, not a vestige remain of their strength and solidity; yet the *to-day* will remain! Where? How? Enshrined in what we call memory, as completely as if time had only just finished its circle of four and twenty hours.

We laugh at a philosophy which says the objects that we see are only what they are to our consciousness, in reality they may be something entirely different; but is there not truth underlying the broad assertion, and would it not be worth while to suspend judgment sometimes upon the evidence of sight, and find out what the reality is?

Are happiness or unhappiness fictions or realities, independent as we all know they are of what we call the "real" things that surround us? I was unhappy yesterday, I am happy to-day, yet no change has taken place in my surroundings. My house is no larger, my furniture is no handsomer, my ship that went out to sea has not yet come in, I have not even added a spring suit or a new bonnet to my wardrobe, and there are household deities still absent, or defaced; yet all these things did not make me unhappy, as I was yesterday, and as I am not to-day. Are these states real, and if so, how should we go to work to render the desirable one perpetual?

"Life is real," the poet sings; but what is life? We cannot see it; we can see the expression of it—activity, but that is not life, any more than a mere song is music. We have all of us lived moments which appeared utterly inactive, yet contained within themselves the bliss or the agony of years!

What is it that is real in life? and what is it that we cultivate? the semblance or the reality?

We are all striving for something, we occupy our days and our nights with endeavor, is the gain worth the candle? do we have what we wanted, even when we have been put in possession of what we have striven for?

Is it husband or children? Is it houses or lands? Is it literary or business success? Is it fame or recognition of any

kind? We fancied we had achieved it, but have we got it? It came as a breath, as a breath it floated away, leaving us neither more nor less than we were before, so far as one can see.

What then, I repeat, constitutes the reality in life? What, if not that which lies within ourselves—our own insight, our truth, our honor, our purity, our power to appreciate and make part of ourselves whatever is best, and highest, and truest, and noblest in the history of the past, or the good of the present?

I cannot afford a marqueterie table; and if I could, it is not mine; a circumstance brought it to my home, a circumstance may at any moment take it away. But I can take a great thought and appropriate it, make it part of myself, put it into my life, so that it shall bear fruit, and make me richer, forever and forever. Which is the real thing? and which is the best worth having? the marqueterie table, or the thought?

I can never be a famous person, I have not the gift of tongue or pen, but I can at least be an honest and true one, and hold what I have for my own; and is not this better than to be a walking falsehood, a fletcher of other people's brains, a pretender to what does not belong to me, and which can never be mine, even though I appropriate it, because there is nothing in me which can vitalize it, and make it grow?

What is real then, is vital. Living once, it lives forever; it is part of us, as we are parts of a great whole; and the natural expression of what is real in us, is what we do in our relations to others.

The good thing that we find, becomes bad in our hand, when we put it to our own selfish uses.

What then should we strive for? What is it that is real, and of the greatest value to us?

Is it not that knowledge of ourselves, and of the world around us which, will enable us to establish harmonious relations between ourselves and our circumstances, and so justly estimate relative values, and the proportion of one thing to another, that we can be honest, and truthful, and sincere, and just, and kind, and tolerant and, more than forgiving, feel that we have nothing to forgive, that our duty is toward others, theirs toward us, and judgment for neither; for though the distant woods may lie in the shadow as I pass them by, and look dark and forbidding to me, yet others may see in them a beautiful and never-to-be-forgotten picture, when the sun gilds their leaves, and reveals their wonders of coloring, their depths of shade, their grandeur of being, which, like humanity itself, finds life in decay, and in death, immortality.

Social Copies.

A Chapter for Girls.—There is a large proportion of girls between the ages of thirteen and nineteen who require a separate lesson, not to say lecture, each day upon the plain duty of keeping their rooms in order. Bright, intelligent girls, who can readily master all the requirements in dress, and no matter how varied and complicated the novelties that Fashion dictates, are quite equal to the occasion, and never weary of details—can be told nothing on the subject of curling and plaiting and arranging her hair—can choose accurately

the colors that harmonize with complexion and style, and the particular shades thereof that are best fitting by gaslight or by daylight. All this for the pretty effect it has in their own eyes before the mirror, and in the admiring eyes of whomsoever else it may not fail to concern. But it is otherwise than our purpose to complain of this. It is well enough, except in those who carry it to the extent of vanity and weakness, and those are the soulless ones, who would not take the pains to learn a lesson in better things. It is mainly the young lady gifted with a good heart, if not a wise one, whom I can hope to bestir from careless habits. Of course there's many an anxious mother trying to instil these very ideas of neatness and industry, and older sisters are chiming in with unwelcome hints upon the same subject; there is every now and then a mortifying *exposé* of just the state of things in this untidy apartment, but after all that and all that the young lady trifles with or throws away advice and hints, and prefers to be shocked at and grieved over. Her friends must be incompetent judges in matters of that sort, or she shows an appreciation of their judgment that would do discredit to "Simple Simon," and between the two the failure is complete.

Now it is not a matter of fact that a room slept in, and risen in once in twenty-four hours, need be hopelessly disarranged; or garments that have an occasional wearing need be left between whiles lying on chairs or other pieces of furniture, or quite forgotten behind them, or bureau, or boxes, or shelves that are now and then searched for articles wanted, need present the same appearance as if the process was perpetual. In the first place there is no room, however plain or small, but may have an appropriate place for everything therein contained, and at least the luxury of cleanness, at all times, early and late, with the proper exceptions; and a single half hour each day employed to the best of your means and ingenuity, will bring about the exact order insisted upon here. Lay aside the book you are reading; unless the heroine can teach you a lesson in domestic economy.

By all means if you still doubt, make use of the first possible half hour at your command and learn your mistake. Do not be burdened with the idea of incapacity; indeed in your fourteenth, or fifteenth, or sixteenth year, it should be nothing less than presumption to hint at either incapacity or unwillingness. You should have learned by this time that faculties trained aright are a happy possession in and of themselves. But a more serious view of the case is that habits formed now will have a bearing upon your larger destiny by-and-by. When this intervening period is passed, and womanly things are expected of your womanly year, a harsher discrimination, but a wise will, will charge you not so much with carelessness as with lack of principle. So take on a little wisdom and seriousness now, even if you are so wilfully blinded as to see no further advantage than the fulfilling the law.

There is very little danger of your becoming over-nice, like the straight and awful Miss Prim, whom you are probably bearing in mind all this time. And the fault with Miss Prim is not in her neatness, but because she insists upon that neatness with a bad grace instead of a good one. Consequently it takes the form of any other selfishness. You are not to take your half hour at the

very time and the way that will tend to the discomfort of the greatest number of persons, but if need be, from your accustomed rest or recreation. Practise an economy of time and resources, and perhaps learn a little in self-denial, that will by no means be lost upon you. And let the cure be radical and sincere. If you aim at half-way neatness, you will insensibly slip back again through the different gradations, until you finally stop at but one or two removes from slovenliness direct. Doing things "after a fashion," refurbishing up the outside is not so much what is required of you as what has been endured too long already.

There is no need of gatherings of dust in corners, or panels of doors, or cracks and crevices of furniture that are wholly accessible, if it may not have occurred to you; nor that the blazing sun pour in with its will, and carpet, and table cover, and toilette cushion and mat and rug, and other things that were once bright and pretty be allowed to fade before their time. Not that I would put the laws of ventilation and health back and out of remembrance, but please take into account that the earth in its revolving process will bring about some happy forenoon's or afternoon's interval rightly attuned to peace and safety.

Then there is the cunning spider, which many of you may already be in the habit of destroying, more on his own account however than his work. This should be reversed quite, and the creature spare if possible; but there has never been but one condition described in all history wherein it was necessary to cultivate his society. And that condition so forlorn and abject, that you may feel privileged to do the same under like circumstances; because it will be the only hold you will then have upon the things of the world, and *because* the spider will not be the intruder.

So then if you will bring your thoughts to bear upon this subject, and find you are not as orderly as the roll recorded here, or hesitate to face the facts, why, therefore you are included in the number drawn up for a little lecture, quite as much as those at the very extreme, who ought to be shut into their untidy rooms some wide awake portion of every day until they sigh for decency and comeliness. But these are few, and let us hope the younger ones. I blush to mention them, and would not if it were not for the painful recollection of one or two.

Use of Cold Ablutions in Fever by the French.—In a valuable article contributed to one of the French medical journals by Dr. L'Ambert, he presents the following conclusions concerning the use of cold ablutions in fever, as practised in France. They are especially useful in typhoid and the eruptive fevers, and strongly indicated in malignant cases. They act upon the chief and most constant phenomena of these diseases; are especially anti-febrile, and reduce the temperature materially. They favor the re-establishment of a full, profound, regular perspiration; render the secretions more active; make the skin supple, moist, and fresh; favor the outcome of the eruption; allay cerebral and other nervous excitement, suppressing headache, coma, delirium, restlessness, and inducing sleep; cause the pulse to fall eight to thirty beats. From two to eight hours is the duration of their action, the ablutions to be repeated two to four times in the

Caxton's "Game and Playe of the Chess," printed in 1474.

Don John, of Austria, had a room, the floor of which was made like a chess-board. On this he played with living persons. John Frederic, elector of Saxony, was taken prisoner in the battle of Muhlberg, by the Emperor Charles V., and was playing chess with his fellow-prisoner, Ernest of Brunswick, when informed that the emperor had sentenced him to death. He paused a moment to remark on the irregularity of the proceeding, and then resumed the game, which he won. This is one of many anecdotes which prove how the game absorbs the mind.

2.—The lines are from Byron's "Lara."
"So calm the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away!"

"MARIA."—Your Latin sentence, "Supremus est, quem nemo sequitur," is best translated, "He is last whom no one follows."

2.—Get Thomas W. Harvey's English Grammar. Everything in it is clear, and the directions for punctuation unusually good.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

As the season for opera approaches, the note of preparation becomes louder, and we begin to get glimpses of the managerial programme, which are not only brilliant in the extreme, but a pleasant verification of the opinions of this magazine, in relation to the class of artists to be introduced to us at the Academy of Music and elsewhere during the next month by those who have taken upon themselves to cater for the public in this relation. And, in the first place, we are very much pleased to learn, that an engagement has been signed between Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the distinguished American prima-donna, and Mr. C. D. Hess, formerly impresario of the company of which Parepa-Rosa was the star, with a view to the formation of an English opera troupe, intended to charm us in the vernacular, side by side with the foreign element. This is as it should be. We are an English-speaking people, and will not be inconvenienced, in any degree, by understanding the words and the music simultaneously. Mr. Hess has, we learn, been in Europe for some time, completing such arrangements as shall make the projected Company a grand success. And here he will experience but little difficulty, seeing that he has secured a central star so superb as our fair countrywoman, and that he has himself large experience as a manager.

Maretszek with the famous artistes, Lucca, Di Murska, Jamet, Tamberlik, etc., gives a short season at the Grand Opera House next month, October. We know already what Lucca and Jamet can do, not to speak of others of this fine combination, or rather the last year's troupe, and are, of course, satisfied of the great ability of the celebrated tenor, and the rare excellence of the new soprano. There can be but little doubt of the success of the distinguished conductor and manager in this undertaking, although we are of the opinion, that the Grand Opera House is situated in a locality somewhat antagonistic to the fastidious tastes of fashionable people.

Madame Lucca, finding herself aggrieved, through some rumors to the effect that she was becoming ungrateful and had forgotten her friends on the other side of the Atlantic, wrote a letter to her old teacher

not long since, disclaiming the accusation. This letter has found its way into the press, and has been variously commented upon in private. For our part, we put implicit confidence in its truth; believing as we do, that so fine an artist and so warm a child of nature as Lucca obviously is, could never be guilty of cold and heartless ingratitude. We perceive, in addition, it is rumored that Mr. Henry Jarrett has entered a suit against Miss Kellogg for some seventeen hundred dollars, alleged to be due him for negotiating her engagement with Maretszek last season. This is most likely true; for, from first to last, no good will existed between these two parties; and the probability is, Mr. Jarrett's dislike, whether well-founded or otherwise, has taken this turn. We think, nevertheless, had Miss Kellogg regarded the claim an honest one, there would be no difficulty in obtaining its liquidation.

We learn from Paris, and elsewhere, that the Strakosch Brothers have performed miracles in the way of attracting to their operatic standard the finest talent to be found now in any portion of the globe. We have already given in our columns the names of most of the artists who are to form the grand constellation soon to burst upon us in the Academy of Music; but as we cannot become too familiar with them, and as Signor Muzio, a pupil of Verdi is to be *Chef d'Orchestre* instead of Arditi, who is unable to forego other engagements, we shall repeat them here with such additions as have since come to our knowledge—Nilsson, Toriani, Maresi, sopranos; Miss Cary, prima-donna contralto; Signors Capoul, Campanini and Bonfratelli, tenors; Signors Maurel and Del Puente, baritones; and Signor Nannetti, basso, etc. These, with such a chorus and orchestra as are said to have been engaged, and with costumes and scenery by the finest artists in both, cannot fail to create a very profound sensation among us.

The repertoire of this new company is of the very first order:—*Dinorah, Hamlet, Huguenots, Faust, Mignon, Nozze di Figaro, Martha, Lucrezia Borgia, Don Giovanni, Trovatore, Traviata, Rigoletto, Otello, Ernani, Sonnambula, Aida, Lohengrin*, and doubtless some others. This is a truly splendid display; and when we come to learn that Madame Nilsson's voice is possessed of greater power and purity than ever were the latter possible, and that after all the rivalry she has had to encounter in Russia and elsewhere, she is still the acknowledged reigning queen of song, we may form some faint idea at least of the glorious treat in store for us.

The Saxon Band that visited us lately and that had left Europe in the hope of reaping a rich harvest of fame and gold, similar to that gathered by the French and Grenadier Bands last season, fell quite flat upon us. It was a noisy conspiracy of brass, without sentiment or delicacy; and being totally devoid of wood, was deficient in the mellowness, which, save in the case of horns, appertains to the latter only. It is not to be compared for a single moment to Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, which possesses this indispensable element of beauty, and which is, besides, so perfect in many other relations. We hear of another importation of this character from beyond the seas; and are inclined to the belief that it will meet with no greater success.

We are to have several foreign readers on the lecture stand this fall, who are unable to elicit in their own country the pecuniary appreciation bestowed upon them here. But this in two or three seasons will correct itself, when the American

element, pure and simple, begins to put forth its strength in this direction. The gloss is already pretty well worn off European novelties of this sort, as there is not much to be gained from their introduction, beyond what is the common property of our people.

During the heated term most of our theatres were closed. Wallack's, however sustained by some light summer attractions, among which was the beautiful *Mimi* of Boucicault, did not close its doors; nor did Woods', or the Bowery suspend operations. All, however, are now getting under way, with new attractions. Mr. Harry Palmer of Niblo's was the first to return from Europe with a well-filled repertoire, and most brilliant novelties in the way of scenery and artists. Therefore, all things considered, the musical and dramatic season which is now almost upon us, is likely to be one of great interest, and of great success. Managers in both relations are most active and spirited; each well knowing that New York has become a grand center of fashion and criticism from which the whole of this vast continent must take its impress.

Although we have experienced some very warm weather, the summer, as a whole, has been rather pleasant and agreeable. While a great epidemic has been raging in other cities, we have been, so far, free from it, thanks to a kind Providence and the healthiness of our borders. At present the evenings are delightful, as the hum of children and the assemblage of gay costumes in our parks and shaded walks clearly indicate. The days, however, are getting sensibly shorter; and soon a veil will imperceptibly fall over the bright panorama, and ultimately induce us to return to our lighted drawing-rooms and indoor amusements once more.

Afternoon Thoughts.

UNDER this head we propose to give thoughtful and intelligent women an opportunity to express their ideas briefly upon the subjects which are most interesting to them—not desiring to give currency to opinions totally opposed to our own convictions, but still allowing freedom, and disavowing responsibility for the utterances of the writers.

"DEAR DEMOREST.—I am so pleased that you have given us a chance to "speak our minds" in your excellent magazine. I have advanced far enough beyond my school-days to feel the deepest sympathy for those young girls who have yet to learn the unsatisfyingness of a woman's life when she allows herself to drift with the tide, and be as useless as she is generally educated to be. If my talk be allowed a place I will be very much obliged, hoping that a few words on the subject, may, perchance, lead some girl to give a thought to this momentous question. Respectfully,

"A. F. C."

WHICH.

SOONER or later the alternative presents itself—will you be a worker or an idler? Do you say, "I will marry, and with husband, home, and children have plenty of occupation?"

That is a possibility, I grant you and yet if you are a true woman you may never marry; for you cannot sell yourself for gold, or a home, or ever so, avoid the loneliness of a single life. I speak not of the contumely of old maidhood,

for that is a thing of the past in these days when the noblest of our sex are found in those ranks glorying in their freedom of action. A freedom used in the furtherance of noble enterprises for the elevation of the whole race. Women, who will live in the memory of those who knew them as burning and shining lights. And so I return to my first question—"Which will you be, a worker or an idler?"

One of the noblest of the world's workers has said:

"Get leave to work in this world—
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

And many a woman has realized the truth of her words.

You see if we don't marry we must fill our hearts and lives with something, and because we are denied the greatest happiness shall we have none at all? Because we cannot have the protecting love, the congenial companionship of a husband, and the deep happiness of motherhood, shall we sit idly down and live aimless, unsatisfying lives? Are we so weak as that would prove us? I hope better things of my sisters. But when I speak of workers, I do not mean a simple employment of time, but unselfish, active labor for the good of those less favored by fortune than ourselves. My sisters, we are, comparatively speaking, of those "clad in purple and fine linen who fare sumptuously every day;" time is at our command, and often liberal means. All of these blessings are so many talents for which we will be held accountable. How shall we use them?

Dear girls, you, whose school-life is just closing, and who are looking into the future with eager questioning eyes to see what gifts are coming to you. Do you see in the long vista anything but happiness?

I would not cloud one sunny life for an hour, but I do so want you to be in earnest in this beginning of your freedom. I know from experience, just how the future *now* looks to you, and alas, from equal means of judging, to how many the coming years will bring sorrow and disappointment. And I ask you to ponder upon my question, and to begin at once, while you have health and spirits ere any bitterness has time to enter into your loving hearts, and study and seek a life-work.

It may not, I may almost say it cannot be found at once, but do with your might what your hand finds to do; work for others, and in time with hands and heart full, you will rejoice in every moment of the life that God has given you. And if the duties of wife and motherhood shall come to interrupt your work, you will be far better prepared for those duties by systematic habits and by unselfish devotion to others' good than you can possibly be by the aimless, useless life into which so many women drift unconsciously. And oh! to save you from the wearisome ness the intensity of loneliness that has induced many a woman to marry for the sake of getting rid of herself. I beg of you to work for work's sake, that whatever may be denied you, you will not have to overcome your sense of loss sitting down with folded hands.

ALICE WAYNE.

TRUE WOMANHOOD.

It is alleged by opponents that nothing would exhibit more mad folly than to allow women to become self-independent, self-governed. So long as men form their universal standard of women as soft, tender beings, who, like the white snow, melts before the sun's noon-day rays,

lend to their power and will, subjected to tyranny and authority—with no voice of redress or remonstrance, we shall see the majority held in bondage and slavery. Women, whose face is their fortune, their forms their charm, whose mission is fashion with admiration—a well replenished wardrobe—a watering-place trip, or a European tour of more importance and weight than the destiny and fate of their own sex. We wonder not such women are the prey of men. They journey through the history of their years merely the idols of society, and the dolls of ball-rooms; hinderances to the earnest little workers who are standing forth amid jeers, to wage war against wrong. It is not strange there are men harmless enough to adore and worship this torn image of woman, who follow the cheats of bliss and the shadows of joy. To place such women on the platform of their nobler, better sisterhood who desire to open wide the gates of competition, who strenuously advocate exaltation and future good would be a farce and a comedy. The restive age demands brains, activity, intelligence, laborers who hold fast together intellect and heart as twins—who never will forget their own individuality or rebel against discretion. Modesty, discreetness, tact and piety, the handmaidens, who ever are ready to tune for others the sweetest songs of the lyre of hope, faith and charity. In the army of men there are as many idiots—silly, effeminate humans—as are to be found in the throngs of women. If it were not for the providence of God and His gracious mercy that has given leaders and guides to command and control, where would the sexes roam and how quickly whirlpools would catch them in their circles. You may separate sex, but there is no possibility of any separation of humanity or of human interests. If there is any superiority it is in favor of women—she was the grand finishing stroke of the creation. The Divine Artist formed her with the finest touches of His hand. He saw no fault in this crowning act of His omnipotence and final completion of His six days' labor. He rested, for creation's work was done. Woman is an improvement on man. The beautiful unfading chromo God thus adorned the walls of Time! Let woman never mar her own beauty or soil her own virtue! Women, who are the victims of the King Solomons of the day, fascinating, beautiful, lovely, never were designed to light the fuel on the altars of reformation, or send forth the fumes of success before courts of equity. A poet's fanciful imagery is beautiful in rhythm and verse—simple pure, is of greater worth and valuation—

“Not a drop of her blood was human,
But she was made like a soft sweet woman.”

Such poetical allusions are not the true womanhood that fain would climb the ladder of elevation and fulfill their Eden inheritance. Raised from the worn paths of listlessness, an ennuied idleness, a stupid indifference; these nothing-to-do-women will eventually desire to imitate genuine worth and usefulness. Men gazing on the spectacle of a progressive womanhood—viewing from every turret of their jealous inspection a loftier, a grander embodiment, seeing no longer laggards and worthless dependents will sing a psalm of thanksgiving over the emergency of women, from her cocoon silk warp to the energies of a Christian worker and holy responsibilities. Byron's queens of beauty, let men bow before in mute admiration, but when they cry for help, sigh over desolations, something is then want-

ing “with meaning and new speech.” The Queens of Souls that stand on God's high pinnacles watching for work, whether it be reformatory, asylum, hospital, prison, home, roadside, or in public, such gladly will become ministering angels and sisters of mercy. At present man sees no further than his prejudices and enmity will permit into the hearts, motives and strifes of progressive women, when in the course of human events, when the common woes and needs call forth for united action, a national reputation is in danger; then the “strong minded women,” armed and equipped by God, will come to the rescue to save both nation and the people. Where then will be the “soft gentle women?” on whose very lips men would press their tenderest kisses! Echo answers where! Those who worked out the ideal of a true womanhood in the furnace-heat of opposition will arise in the presence of man's pressing wants with life's sublimest work, holy, as it will be real. Ornamental women are the flowers of the world, but the useful accomplish the destiny of man and woman's flourish in the gardens of eternity. S. P. L.

Social Topics.

How New York Spends the Summer.—The dweller in the country revels in the idea that New York suffers during the summer season a premonition of that purgatory to which it is likely to be doomed for its wickedness. Undoubtedly the pent-up denizens of the narrow courts, and lanes and alleys, and single rooms of the over-crowded tenement houses, do long for space, for a breath of untainted air, for shade, and rest beneath it. But New York is not a wilderness, even in summer, and that its stay-at-homes have at least brief seasons of enjoyment, and do what they can to lighten the burdens of their poorer neighbors, a brief summary of some of their efforts and pleasures will show.

One of the small, but important sources of enjoyment in New York through the summer, is the constant succession of fruits. In many parts of the country, and even at the most expensive hotels, fruit is often scarce, of poor quality, and confined to one or two varieties.

In New York the sources of supply are so numerous that scarcity is hardly ever known, and though the prices are always high—the number of hands through which it passes, and the perishable nature of the article, rendering this necessary—yet so greatly is it appreciated, that few, even of the poorest, but set aside some portion of their income specially for its purchase, while not a few relinquish meat in its favor.

This love of fruit and appreciation of its valuable qualities increases in the ratio of its production, and will doubtless continue to do so; so that no matter how largely the market may be supplied, the prices will improve as they have done within the past five years rather than grow less.

A day at the Central Park can hardly be classed as a summer recreation—it belongs to all the year round; nevertheless, it is an always new pleasure, particularly to the little ones, who, on certain days, can romp on such smooth, and soft, and cleanly shaven grass, as you do not often see in the country—ride in quaint little goat carriages (babies in baby car-

riages), sail on the lake, eat ice cream in the rotunda, swing, or ride in the run-arounds, to their hearts' content; and finish up, if they are not too tired, with a peep at the rare birds and animals, and a laugh at the monkey tricks of Jacko.

Elder New Yorkers prefer to take the Park early in the morning, either for riding, driving, or walking, they having little time to spend away from business, and that little not in the middle of the day.

Long Branch, the summer capital, and the finest sea-side resort in the world, is within easy distance for a day's trip, for the benefit of those who have not “a cottage by the sea,” and neither time nor means to expend upon apartments for the season, at the Ocean House or West End.

Every one ought to go to Long Branch at least once every season, and we presume nearly every New Yorker does. The broad sweep of ocean, and the ocean drive, are not paralleled on this continent, or in Europe. No scene in the world can match the view from the wide central, second-story piazza of Leland's Ocean Hotel; it is worth traveling hundreds of miles to see.

Nor is the Hotel itself unworthy inspection and admiration. Occupying twelve acres of ground, its lawns studded with marble vases, its miles of wide piazza strung with hanging baskets filled with trailing vines and flowers, and in the evening aflame with globes of light; it is one of the characteristic institutions of the American people.

Only from eight to ten weeks does the season last; previous to this it is a waste of land; immediately after it lapses back into primeval desert, the village back of the shore alone preserving evidences of human life and habitation. Yet, for this brief space, genius and enterprise create a paradise of luxury, filled with every evidence of modern skill and civilization.

The trip from New York to Long Branch occupies but two hours—one hour by boat to Sandy Hook, one hour by rail thence to Long Branch—and is not only cheap (one dollar for the whole), but easy, and every way delightful. The boats are luxurious, the railroad comfortable, and with the single exception of the want of a passenger-way on the New York Pier, there is nothing that need deter the most delicate lady from making the trip alone.

Short day trips may also be made to West Point, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, and various other attractive localities. Trips to Saratoga, Catskill and Newport, take a somewhat longer time, though a very charming short trip may be, and often is made to Saratoga “over Sunday,” starting Saturday afternoon, returning Monday morning. For this trip you take the People's Line of boats at 5 p. m., and sleep as sound as if you were at home in your own bed, arriving refreshed, and ready for a whole day of real enjoyment at hotel or friendly mansion, in Saratoga.

On arriving, before eating, we recommend a visit to the Hathorn Spring, only a step below Congress Hall; it is not so well known, but possesses twice the virtue of Congress Spring and retains it when bottled.

From the foregoing it will be seen that New Yorkers have many ways of making life endurable, even during the warm weather, and that if they suffer a taste of purgatory they do not always know it.

Nor are they entirely forgetful of their poorer neighbors, who cannot go even upon “short trips” to Newport, Long Branch, West Point, and Saratoga. Mis-

sions, Sunday-schools, and charitable institutions, have their annual excursions and picnics, and that none may be forgotten, a series of excursions for poor children have been instituted for the past two summers, mainly through the influence and efforts of the New York *Daily Times*, which have been productive of happiness to thousands, and are in the highest degree creditable to the philanthropic spirit of the originators of the movement.

Some half dozen of these excursions have been given in all, and their magnitude may be conceived when it is understood that from one thousand to one thousand five hundred boys and girls participate in them at one time!

Speaking of the fourth of the series, which took place 12th of July, the *Times* of the 13th says: “Generally the children selected for these picnics are of a rough character, but yesterday the little ones, taken from the purlieus of the Fifth and Eighth Wards, were as wild as it is possible for children brought up in the midst of civilization to be. No two of them had even caps or hats alike, except so far as dilapidation was concerned, and in that they were uniform. Their clothing was, in the majority of instances, mere patches of rags, the original color of which it was not only difficult but impossible to detect. Some had shoes, others slippers, but the most of them had easy fitting sandals of mud as a covering, which, if not ornamental were very economical. But then, as some folks say, they are used to it, and therefore do not miss what would be considered an actual necessity by the more favored portion of humanity. Of this ill-clad portion of juvenile society, there were yesterday 1,317 on *The Times* excursion, and with very few exceptions all were boys and girls of the street.

The excursion consisted of a sail up the Hudson, upon a fine boat, provided with a band and plenty of eatables, which were distributed at proper intervals. A visit to a charming grove, a salt water bath—provision being made for the girls as well as the boys, at different points, and games, and dancing, *ad libitum*. The following is a summary of the cost of one excursion:

Barge, tug and boat.....	\$130 00
1,800 rolls.....	18 00
1,200 sponge cakes.....	36 00
320 loaves of bread.....	32 00
110 pounds of beef.....	19 50
225 pounds of ham.....	42 75
35 pounds tongue.....	7 70
53 pounds butter.....	16 96
Half barrel sugar.....	12 00
Band.....	55 00
Punch and Judy.....	12 00
Steward's stores.....	10 00
210 quarts ice-cream.....	73 50
Extra boat.....	5 00
Three cedar tubs.....	3 75
Citric acid.....	3 00
Box lemons.....	12 50
Printing.....	12 00
Ice.....	3 00
270 quarts milk.....	16 20
Cartage.....	5 50
Steward and waiters.....	46 00
Extra help.....	3 50
Coffee and tea.....	3 34
Petty cash.....	9 42
Total.....	\$589 02

This makes the average expense for each child taken about 44½ cents.

PREPARE your clubs for 1874. See our astounding offer on page 364, also illustrated on the fifth page.