

"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-