

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"THE DOCTOR SAYS HE WON'T DIE!"—We heard this on a door-step. A blue-eyed child said it—a bright, glad-faced, beautiful child. She smiled as she spoke. Her little hands came together with a glad clasp. There was a look of heaven in the sweet expression that told of more than one joyful heart in that house.

"The doctor says he won't die." Was it the babe? the tender, lisping babe? If so, we saw a vision of the cradle, and the watcher who had sat wearily beside it all through the long night. But in each pale cheek there was the crimson touch of hope; and in either dim eye a tear upspringing from the deep fount of joy. That was the mother. In what other face on earth could blend that mingling of awe—of joy—of tenderness? And the babe—his lips were parted and moist—and the color of the rose-bud faintly struggling out of its green sheath had crept over their delicate outlines. The darling hands no longer lay in rigid rest—the glazing of disease had fallen from the blue orbs—and he had smiled his farewell to the angels who had come to carry him to their children's play-ground, where blooms never fade—if it had been the Master's will.

"The doctor says he won't die."

Oh! what a throb in the mother-heart when those words were spoken. She will press him again to her breast—watch him in his healthful sleep—hold his little hands in her bosom—make the white robe—but not for his coffin. Did ever footsteps sound so gentle as those of the kind physician as he moves softly from the room? Was ever a mother so much blessed before? Did God ever seem so great—so good?

"The doctor says he won't die!"

It might have been the father; the strong man. He came home feverish—said his head felt strangely; he could eat no supper. He pushed the babe from his knee—he was not wont to do so. The wife looked on wondering—and when she smoothed the pillow on the lounge, felt an unnatural heat. The morning came; he said he must go to work—but his hand trembled—his limbs refused to do their office—the coat was not taken from the wall that day; his cane stood in its corner—a carriage before the gate. Dawn after dawn whitened the heavens and the earth—there was no change. The wife slept not—her love watched and waited, and cried yearningly to God for his life. But there are glad tidings; rejoice even as you tremble, sweet wife—"The doctor says he won't die."

Perhaps we did not hear aright. It may be the child exclaimed, "The doctor says she won't die!"

If it was the mother! she upon whose hands, whose feet, whose heart, whose every faculty a little world depended for its sunshine, almost for its continuance, how doubly dear the gentle assurance of the good doctor! Did you ever feel a silence more ominous than reigns in the household when "mother is sick?" The babe mourns at its play—the children look about absently in a hopeless kind of way—the very furniture seems mutely asking where she is whose care it has known so long. Every footstep echoes hollowly, every heart sighs involuntarily, and seems asking itself if it has done that which the sight of a green grave would condemn. There are prayers going up all over the house—the husband comes in hurriedly—asks no questions—answers no queries, but goes stealthily to one darkened chamber, and there, perhaps, when heart and hope almost desert him, he hears the blessed words, "The doctor says she won't die!"

He looks just as grave when he goes down; he tells the

news gravely to the children—but the sun seems brighter as he leaves the house. There is not a man that he could call his enemy. He smiles as he enters the store, there is a blessedness within his bosom such as he never felt before, and strangers say as they leave him, "There is something about that man unusually pleasing."

So there is! they are right there. That vision of a grave has gone, and flowers spring up in its stead. He does not shiver as he passes the window where the coffins stand—"The doctor says she won't die!" and he has perfect faith.

Thus light springs up in darkness—and after the sorrow of a night—joy cometh.

**MOUNT VERNON PURCHASED.**—We are glad to hear that the efforts of the ladies of America to purchase Mount Vernon have been crowned by success. Since Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham—long be the name remembered!—of South Carolina, appealed to her countrywomen, the enterprise has progressed under the brightest auspices. It was in response to her appeal that the Hon. Edward Everett agreed to deliver his oration on Washington, for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund. Already, more than forty thousand dollars have been realized. On the sixth of April last, an agreement was signed, between John A. Washington, proprietor of Mount Vernon, and Miss Cunningham, Regent of the Association, for the sale of the estate, on the following terms:

\$18,000,00 cash paid Mr. John A. Washington.  
57,000,00 to be paid on 1st January, 1859.  
41,666,66 to be paid on 22nd February, 1860.  
41,666,66 to be paid on 22nd February, 1861.  
41,666,66 to be paid on 22nd February, 1862.

\$200,000,00

The deferred payments to carry interest from date, and possession and title to remain with Mr. Washington till paid in full, with the proviso of obtaining possession at any time, by thirty days' notice, when the Association is prepared, and does pay the entire amount of purchase money.

The Association is now in possession of the funds to pay the first instalment of \$57,000, on the first of January next. Mr. Washington has proffered to relinquish the interest entire, if the principal is paid on the 22nd of February. It then only remains for every one to use their utmost exertions, so that the *entire sum* will be made available on the 22nd of February, 1859; on which ever-memorable day the actual possession may then pass to the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association." The sum of one dollar constitutes a contributor a member of the Association. Every lady in America ought to be proud to enrol herself among the contributors! We annex a list of the officers of the Association, to whom money may be remitted by mail.

**REGENT.**—MISS ANN PAMELA CUNNINGHAM, South Carolina.  
**VICE-REGENTS.**—Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie, Richmond, Virginia; Mrs. Alice H. Dickinson, Wilmington, North Carolina; Mrs. Philoclea Edgeworth Eve, Augusta, Georgia; Mrs. Octavia Walton Le Vert, Mobile, Alabama; Mrs. Catharine A. McWillie, Jackson, Mississippi; Mrs. Margaretta S. Morse, New Orleans, Louisiana; Mrs. Mary Rutledge Fogg, Nashville, Tennessee; Mrs. Elizabeth M. Walton, St. Louis, Missouri; Miss Mary Morris Hamilton, New York City, N. Y.; Mrs. Louisa Ingersoll, Greenough, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Abba Isabella Little, Portland, Maine; Mrs. Susan L. Pellet, Secretary, Richmond, Virginia; George W. Riggs, Esq., Treasurer, Washington, D. C.