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In Memoriam, B. H.

GEORGETOWN, D. C.

Beside a bed of pips proud,
A garden lily reared her head,
She smiled on every passing cloud,
The sun new sweetness shed.

[illegible] raindrop as it fell,
[illegible] shining cup—
[illegible] diant bell,
[illegible] drink the ocean up.

[illegible] all was said,
[illegible] could hold—
[illegible] may shed,
[illegible] enfold,
[illegible]
[illegible] to the sun,
[illegible] hue,
Because of this more favored one.

They called her vain—because the Lord
Had touched her with a freer hand:
And laughed scant praises to accord
To one who dared above them stand.

And yet she gave as well as took.
The petals widely spread to view,
Each morn with heavier fragrance shook,
And caught new sweetness from the dew.

Her breath on every breeze was blown—
Not kept to glad a favored few.
In her the world had richer grown;
So lavish she of all she knew.

And so she breathed her life away,
While humbler plants were yet in prime,
And in immortal realms to-day,
She towers by right of faith sublime.

—Written for the Transcript.

BISHOP WHITTINGHAM.

INTERESTING SKETCH OF HIS LONG AND USEFUL CAREER.

William Rollinson Whittingham, D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland, was born of English parents, in the city of New York, on the 2d of December, 1805. His father, a man of business, employed his leisure hours in the pursuit of learning; and his mother, a lady possessed of strong mind, became, under the instruction of her husband, an excellent linguist, able to give lessons even in Hebrew.

The young Whittingham was quick to learn, and, by his devotion to study, rendered a college or other curriculum apart from the training of his mother, unnecessary. Following the bent of his mind, he [illegible] Theological Seminary, where his course was a most successful one. In 1825 he graduated—a year in advance of the canonical age of ordination. He was admitted to the ministry in 1827, made Deacon by Bishop Hobart, and was sent to Orange, N. J., and its surroundings as a missionary. Here the same zeal and devotion which characterized his work as a student displayed themselves in the discharge of his parochial duties. In 1831 he became rector of St. Luke's Church in his native city. There his eloquence brought him at once into prominence, but his health failed him, and in 1834 he was compelled to leave a field already rich in the fruit of his labors, and go to the south of Europe to recuperate. He returned home the following year, greatly benefited.

In 1835 his call to the chair of ecclesiastical history, then recently endowed by a Mr. Stuyvesant, in the General Theological Seminary, was recognized as an honor well conferred, and of which his success in performing, for the next five years, the duties of his position, proved to him to have been eminently worthy. It may be said safely that as a teacher very few have surpassed and few have equalled him. The influence which he exercised over those with whom he came in contact has been remarked as wonderful, and it was beyond the power of a seminary to confine within its walls a reputation already becoming national

In 1840 there was a vacancy in the diocese of Maryland. A bishop was to be elected, and, at once, the growing distinction of the then Mr. Whittingham as a writer, together with that which he had already achieved as a teacher, called him from his retreat to the convention as one of its strongest candidates. The contest—a bitter one—ended, as is well known, in Mr. Whittingham's election. He was consecrated in Baltimore, September, 184[illegible], since then, has resided in this city. At the period of his elevation to the episcopate, the condition of the diocese over which he was to assume charge was such as to dishearten any but a master mind conscious of the power of reforming it. The same languishing spirit by which, at the time of Wesley, the Church of England was characterized marked the Protestant Episcopal Church of Maryland at the period to which we have reference. Said Webster of Hamilton: "He touched the dead corpse of the church, and it stood upon its feet." Bishop Whittingham it may be said, touched the heart of his communion, its members rallied to his support with renewed life. Since his accession he has been witness to a steady advance in all that pertains to the material and spiritual welfare of the Church; and not of the Church merely, but of many institutions of a benevolent character within his diocese. Witness his fostering care of the Church Home and Infirmary with its order of deaconesses. The College of St James, too, near Hagerstown, but for the civil war, would still stand as a monument to his memory as do many other enterprises we could mention, had not enough been said to illustrate the benevolent spirit of his purposes, and the firmness with which they are executed. A man of strong convictions, it is fair to infer that ever since his assumption of "orders," he has been more or less involved in controversy.—inquiry, such is found to have been the case. Upon disputed ground, *friendly* enemies he has met, and many of them; and seldom, in the exchange of shots, has the cannonading been found weak in his quarter.

Upon a review of his publications he will be found to have made valuable contributions to religious literature. While yet a student he was associated with Dr. Turner in the translation of John's "Introduction." Between 1835 and 1840, dates limiting the period of his professorship, besides *The Family Visitor*, *Children's Magazine* (both monthly), and the *Churchman* (weekly), he edited, with notes, "The Parish Library" (12 vols.), a collection of standard works for family and religious reading. Other works of his to be mentioned are "Palmer's Treatise on the Church of Christ" (2 vols., 8vo., 1851), "Commonitory of Vincent of Lerins," new translation, with notes, &c. and "Retramn on the Lord's Supper," with a revised translation (1848). He is, also, one of the four—his associates being Drs. Schroeder, Turner and Eastburn—who constituted "The Society of Clergymen," joint authors of "Essays and Dissertations in Biblical Literature." From the above, it will be seen that Bishop Whittingham is to be considered rather as the interpetor of what others have written than as a thinker himself, although had an original work been required of him it is fair to presume, upon what is known of his genius, that it would have accomplished it with the same success as characterized his other undertakings.

Throughout his whole career the Bishop has been deservedly popular. Before the war his personal influence with both clergy and laity was unbounded; and although, in the troubles which followed, a majority of both were against him, yet upon the conclusion of peace, his adherence to the national government, and the wide conservative influence which he had exercised, were the most potent of his restoring unity to the Church and of healing the wounds which the four years of civil strife had engendered. In the "Journal of the Convention of Bishops," held in 1871, the following resolution is found, with notice of its having been unanimously carried: "That, in the judgement of this House, it is highly desirable that the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Maryland should visit Europe for the purpose of ascertaining the state and condition of the various reformatory church measures recently inaugurated there in Germany and Italy, and that he present the result of his observations to the House of Bishops at his convenience."—The Rt. Rev. Bishop performed his mission, was present at the Bonn Conference of Old Catholics in 1872, and returned to this country immediatedly afterwards.

The esteem in which he is held across the water cannot be better shown than by words in convocation of the province of Canterbury, sometime during the past year, by the Bishop of Lynchfield (Selwyn): "At the forthcoming meeting of the bishops of the Anglican Communion, if it be said that the whole of the American bishops of the world could add very little to the learning that is to be found among the English, bishops, I quite admit but there is one man in the American Church who, I believe, could take his part with credit, and that is Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland." In 1876 a difficulty arose between the Low Church and High Church of this city. The ministers of the latter were charged with having introduced into their worship certain ceremonial forms peculiarly Roman Catholic, and Bishop Whittingham was called upon to stop the offence of or punish the offenders. Upon his refusal to interfere, the matter was brought before the next Convention of the House of Bishops. A motion that he be tried was offered and discussed awhile, and finally tabled.

The last act called forth an impressive speech from Bishop Whittingham, who said he was there in a double capacity.—As president of the convention he could not open his lips in debate, but he was the Bishop of Maryland, and he was Bishop always and everywhere—he was Bishop there. As a Bishop of this diocese he was opposed to letting the thing lie over to stink in the nostrils of the diocese, and he would speak. He spoke feelingly of having come among the people of the diocese forty years ago, of his election as Bishop, and with great solemnity of manner dwelt upon his preparation for the work of his office, and of its dignity and responsibility.

He said he was now called upon to run according to the judgement and the clamor of the newspapers. He spoke of the solemn vows he had taken to watch over the Church. He asked if he had now come to this convention for power?—to receive from them instructions as to his duties? He had not yet unlearned that he was called by men who had received from others who had received their powers from others still, and they from still others, down a chain of one hundred and fifty links. Was it for this purpose that he had knelt down in St. Paul's Church in this city to receive the impress of holy hands? His commission was from the invisible Head of the Church—to instruct, exhort, reprove, rebuke; to administer the truth and doctrine and discipline of the Church. He had been striving to keep that doctrine as he found it; he would always strive to do so. He held that the peace and concord of the Church must be maintained. He had again and again asked if he had ever done any man wrong. He had never heard an affirmative answer. He had been called upon to do an act his best judgement assured him was wrong. Thus called upon, he refused, because the thing had been brought to him before. He had been informed that he now stands before the presiding Bishop, accused of wrong doing, for trial, and the presiding Bishop cannot avoid doing a thing he loathes and abominates. He knows the canon does admit of his instruction. He did once think he was the father of his children. He finds himself mistaken now, and his opinion of no worth. He asked the convention to make his interpretation of the canon so clear that it might be sent to the presiding Bishop to prevent him bringing him up and doing what he was sure would be done. For thirty years he had understood the canon to mean what he says it means It is a pressing necessity, he said, but the resolution to lay the matter on the table makes light of it. The Bishop was nearly overcome with emotion when he took his seat, and for a few moments the profound silence which prevailed during his address continued.—*Sunday News.*

LYNCH LAW.

SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS ORIGIN AND EARLY PLACTICE.

In Campbell county, Va., on the Roanoke river (then called Staunton river,) during the Revolutionary war, when there were some Tories of obnoxious character still remaining in the country not reachable by any statutory law, Colonel Charles Lynch, supported by Captain Robert Adams, his bother-in-law, both farming on adjoining plantations, and ——Calloway determining to rid the country of such dangerous enemies, seized on different occasions, three of the worst men, tied them to a tree and flogged them so severely as to prompt an unceremonious departure from the State, as they were ordered. This sort of procedure on the part of Lynch and his friends proving so acceptable in Campbell county, was quickly followed in other counties, where loyalty to King George sometimes provoked summary punishment, and it was called "Lynch Law," and has been to this day.

The snatch of an old song of the time is still repeated in that county:

"Huzzah for Captain Bob, Colonel Lynch and Calloway!
Never let a Tory rest till he cries out Liberty!"

John Lynch, the brother of Charles Lynch, was the founder of Lynchburgh; only a few of their descendants are now living—none in Virginia—bearing the family name, so far as known the last of the males, Charles Henry Lynch, and his brother, John Pleasant, having died in Campbell county since the war of secession; their sister, Mrs. Dearing, and her daughter, Mrs. Launt La Roy, now occupy the homestead where still remains a stump of the walnut tree to which three Tories were tied and whipped—life was never taken.

Webster in his unabridged dictorary says of "Lynch law" that it was the "practice of punishing men for crimes or offences by private, unauthorized persons without a legal trial. The term is said to be derived from a Virginia farmer named Lynch who thus took the law into his own hands."

When Jonah interviewed the whale
And haunted his internals,
As erst it is recorded in
The truthfulest of journals,
What monarch did he symbolize?
(A far-fetched joke you'll style it,)
It seems to us he might have been
A sort of *punch's pilot.*

When you see a woman balancing herself on one foot, kicking the other wildly out behind her, and skilfully swoop up in her hand a fantail train, don't be alarmed; she isn't going to have a fit—she is about to cross a twelve inch gutter.

Among the many Southern claimants for Congressional relief, we sheuldn't be urprised to hear that some burned down blind asylum was applying tn have its ite restored

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

BY MRS. ANNIE L. HURLOCK.

Now girls look well before you leap,
As no doubt you have often heard
It said, but so few will keep
This memory in their head.

For when he comes a wooing
With words and looks so fine,
They often forget the old saying,
It entirely escapes their mind.

And when he pops the question,
You think he is almost devine,
And your heart leaps with emotion,
You will marry the best of mankind.

Then peep in a few years after
To the altar, he her takes,
How many changes are wrought there,
As the chain of enchantment breaks.

Now don't forget this saying, girls,
When your lover comes a courting,
For cupid many arrows hurls,
Unmindful of the wounding.

—Written for the Transcript

VISITING THE VATICAN.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE OF PALACES.

The following pleasant description of a visit to the Vatican is taken from a forthcoming volume by the Rev. Mr Hutton, of Philadelphia, entitled 'Wanderings in Europe.'

The palace of the Popes, communicating with the Basilica di St. Pietro, is the most extensive palace in the world. It is 1,277 feet long; has 20 courts and 11 apartments. Having secured a card of admission to this magnificent residence of Pius IX, we hasten over the Ponte St. Angelo, passed the Mauseleo di Adriano, and through the Borgo Nuovo and Piazza Rusticucci. At the extremity of the colonnade we are confronted by the Swiss Guards These brilliantly costumed zouaves politely bow to the 'permit' we present, and point out the Scala Regia, by which we may ascend to the Sixtine Chapel. This edifice was erected by Pope Sixtus Iv, in 1473. It is 132 feet long, 45 feet wide, and is adorned with most magnificent paintings by Michael Angelo and other distinguished 'masters.' The walls are decorated with Scriptural scenes. One of these is 'The Baptism of Christ,' by Perugino. In this painting the artist represents the Saviour as standing upon dry ground. Certainly Raphael's master was not a good Baptist. The ceiling was painted by Michael Angelo. The artist, by numerous paintings, seeks to represent the preparation for the coming of the Messiah. We have in sections appropriately grouped, representations of the successive scenes in the creative work; the leading events recorded in the Old Testament, the prophets Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Isaiah, Daniel Jonah, and various historical characters alluded to in the Bible.

What a magnificent procession of events and illustrious personages is thus pictured along the ceiling of this fomous chapel!

The altar wall is adorned with the celebrated painting of the 'Last Judgment.' It is sixty four feet wide, and covers 900 square feet of canvas. In the execution of this painting Michael Angelo spent eight years, and when it was completed, in 1541, the artist was just sixty years of age. Both in the figures and the grouping it resembles that 'largest painting in the world,' 'Tintoreto's Paradise,' in the Doge's palace, Venice. These distinguished artists teach the Roman theology. And the peculiar doctrines of this ancient church are most brilliantly pictured upon the glowing canvas While gazing upon these beautiful creations of one who was truly great as 'architect, sculptor and painter,' we are suddenly startled by the quick tramping of feet, and the loudest and most joyous laughter. What does it mean? Nearer and nearer comes these strange foot balls, and louder and louder grow these commingling and somewhat discordant sounds. 'Is it a pilgrim band' hastening to kiss the toe of 'his holiness,' and lay rich treasures at the feet of Peter's successor? Certainly not. Pilgrims would march with slow and solem step into the presence of the only 'infallible' mortal. And these laughing voices are those of females! Can it be that some of the numerous numeries are enjoying a holiday, and that the 'sisters' are rushing from their prison houses to the beautiful and fragrant 'Il Boscareccio' to enjoy an 'audience' with the Pope? This cannot be. Pious and reverential nuns would neither step so hastily nor laugh so loudly within the sacred precincts of the Vatican.

But here they come, all the way from New England, some twenty Yankee maidens. Through the ornate portals of the famous 'Sixtine' they rush as wildly as if it were the rustic gateway leading to some rural play-ground. This is 'Young America' abroad—independent, inquisitive, not excessively reverential, and somewhat indifferent to the traditions of the past. And never did this venerable edifice shadow such a joyous, happy, mirthful band as is now marching up and down beneath its georgeously decorated ceiling. And how delighted these maidens appear to be at the scene before them. And this spectacle is novel. Such a company of angels and cherubs as decorate these walls can only be seen in the Sixtine chapel. And to what expressions of admiration and delight do we listen. 'O, what a beautiful angel!' 'See the dear little cherub!' 'What a nice little head!' 'How cunning!' 'Charming creature!' 'What a sweet little fellow!' All those epithets that so enrich a school-girl's vocabulary, and adorn the compositions of these poetic maidens, are most lavishingly and lovingly applied to those creations of Michael Angelo. And if those lovely forms were not so long—for three hundred years—attached to the consecrated walls, we should expect to see them leap to the floor and respond to these affectionate salutations. But these happy tourists, under the guidance of a lady of uncertain years, pass from our presence, and we continue our rambles 'solitary and alone.'

Passing from this chapel, where Popes are elected and some of the most gorgeous ceremonies of the Roman Church celebrated, we proceed to the Loggie and Stanze of Raphael. Here in the 'Loggie' is Raphael's Bible—a series of fifty two paintings, representing Old and New Testament subjects. In the 'Stanzn' we find the ceilings and walls ornamented with painting and frescoes representing Biblical and mythological scenes. The School of Athens, in which the artist seeks to represent the various schools of ancient philosophy and their distinguished representatives, is a most admirable painting. Pythagoras, Aoaxagoras, Demorcitus, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle are placed upon the canvas in company with Zoroaster, Ptolemæs and Archimedes. In this 'school' we also find paintings of both Raphael and his master, Perugino. This is the only portrait of Raphael that we have seen thus far in our wanderings.

In the Stanze St. Eliodora are beautiful paintings of Moses at the burning bush, Jacob's vision, the sacrifide of Isaac, and the liberation of Peter. In the picture gallery is exhibited the far-famed 'Transfiguration,' the Madonna of Foligno, and coronation of the virgin, by Raphael. How beautiful are the portraits painted ty this 'master.' Truly, we take no note of time while gazing upon these marvelous creations of this inimitable artist. Some of Raphael's most brilliant were executed at the age of 25. He died april 6, 1483, at the early age of 37, and found a last resting place in the church consecrated to the martyrs—the Roman Pantheon.

THE VATICAN MUSEUM.

This, in its collection of sculptures in marble and celebrated antiques, is the finest in the world. We wander, laisurely and inquisitively, through a corridor 39 feet wide and 2,263 feet long. A good beginnfng, is it not? And after surveying the thousands of objects that adorn this lengthy corridor, we walk through another apartment 530 feet long. How beautiful are the frescoes that shine along these walls, and what an array of busts stare at us from stately pedestals! But another door springs open, and another gallery, 320 feet in length, invites us to continue our 'wanderings. Stimulated by the somewhat pleasing reflection that possibly the last 'collection' is now before us, we carefully inspect the various objects that are so tastefully arranged along this marble highway. What fineness of material, beauty of form, exquisite workmanship, and elaborate ornamentation are here exhibited! But another saloon—only, however, 288 feet—beckons us forward, and we continue our march. Our pencil now needs sharpening, and the white pages of our note book are rapidly diminishing.

In the museums visited are statues, busts of emperors, poets, warriors, and then gods and goddesses; [illegible] red granite, green porphyry, and purest Parian marble; beautiful marble basins; dancing satyrs in perphyry; charming marble flower baskets; brilliant sculptured triumphal processions; marble fiery steeds attached to glittering marble chariots; curious and costly mosaics, statues by Praxiteles; a gilded statue of Hercules, twelve feet high; the sarcophagus of Scipio, in which the bones of that distinguished Roman were found in 1780; sarcophagus of Constantia, daughter of Constantine beautifully decorated with vintage scenes, silver goblets and when ornaments, chains rings and wreathing exhibiting the most ingenious and exquisite workmansgip—found in ancient Etruscan tombs, terra cotta sarcophagi, with life size figures of the deceased chiseled on the covers, and alabaster cinerary urns, where the ashes of cremated heroes were, doubtless once deposited.

"His scattered limbs with my dead body burn.
And once more join us in the pious urn."

A GOOD LONG SLEEP.

Grandpa began by telling Robin and Arenie of two little boys who went to bed one night in winter and never got up till the next spring.

Robin—'What a queer story!'

Archie—'Who ever heard of such a thing! What did make them sleep so long?'

Grandpa—'I suppose their little limbs were tired with moving, and their tongues with talking; and that small mill—the stomach—that grinds so much meat, needed to stop and rest a long while.'

Archie—'But Grandpa, how queer it was that the children slept so long; do tell us how it was.'

Grandpa—'I shan't have time time to night, wait till to-morrow morning.'

Robin—'How can we wait so long?'

Grandpa—'Go to bed and go to sleep as soon as you can; time goes fast in the *land of Nod.* There's sister Kate coming for you now Pray to the dear Lord our soul's to keep, and let us see the morning light again.'

After the children were in bed and alone, they were heard talking. Grandpa listened at the foot of the stairs.

'I wonder if those boys didn't starve to death in that long sleep?' said little five year old Robin.

'Why no,' replied the senior of *half past six:* 'didn't grandpa say they both got up in spring?'

'Don't you suppose they were a great deal bigger when they got up than when they went to bed?' said Robin.

'I guess they were; people must grow in their sleep. I know that the squashes and beans grow at night,' said the sage Archie.

'But, Bob, do let's stop talking, so we can get to the land of Nod and get back again, and hear all about that strange story.'

Soon a fair morning did dawn upon childhood and old age.

Grandpa was just putting the snowy foam over his face when he heard the feet of his little ponies hurrying to his door. They were too impatient to wait till the shaving was done; so the old gentleman, to please his darlings, cleared away a little of the snow about his lips, and took the children on his knees.

'Now for the story,' said he. 'Once upon a time two little boys went to bed on the last night of winter and got up the first morning in spring. Yesterday was the last day of winter; this is the first day of spring. The two little boys are Archie and Robin Dale.

Then the children laughed and shouted and kissed grandpa over and over. They got some of the white froth on their rosy cheeks, but they didn't care. They got some, too, on grandpa's beautiful bald head, but he didn't care.—*New York Observer.*

☞ 'What makes that noise?' asked a little boy on the train the other day.

'The cars,' answered his mother.

'What for?'

'Because they are moving.'

'What are they moving for?'

'The engine makes them.'

'What engine?'

'The engine in front.'

'What's it in front for?'

'To pull the train.'

'What train?'

'This one.'

'This car?' repeated the youngster, pointing to the one in which they sat.

'Yes.'

'What does it pull it for?'

'The engineer makes it.'

'What engineer?'

'The man on the engine.'

'What does he?'

'The one in front.'

'What is that in front for?'

'I told you that before.'

'[illegible] who what?'

'[illegible]'

'What for?'

'[illegible], be still; you are a nuisance.'

'What's a nuisance?'

'A boy who asks too many questions.'

'Whose boy?'

'My boy.'

'What questions?'

The conductor came through just then and took up the tickets, and the train pulled up to the station before we could get all of the conversation. The last we heard, as the lady jerked the youngster off the platform, was:

'What conductor?'

Joaquin Miller is writing a play with a canpibal for the hero. It is to be hoped that he will fully enter into his subject.

In reply to the question, 'How did you kill so many rats, Mike?' the enthusiastic hostler said; 'I strychnine of them at wants, sir!'

Revr Soseph Cook says that 'Darwin's hypothesis of pangenesis involles several untenable subsidiary hypothesis.' Very few people supposed it was as bad as that.

Vain man, if you want your smoking tobacco, and can't find it, look for it in your wife's fur box. It is coming time to put such things away.

Fellow Spaniards, 'Spain-ful to see this continued devastation of your beautiful island. We think Cuba-ter cease hostilities at once ot you won't Havana crops this year.

Merchants say that the Spring prospects don't warrant them to keep 'stockin' up, and yet to maintain appearances they garter to do it.

'That's a pretty deep hole,' said a tourist contemplating the basin at Bush Fork 'Yes,' said his companion, 'Fork waters always make a hole.'

☞ A negro, undergoing an examination as a witness, when asked if his master was a Christian, replied:

'No, sir, he is a member of Congress.'

☞ 'There now,' cried a little girl while she was rummaging a drawer in a bureau 'Grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles.'

There is one comfort in drinking muddy water. Every swallow tessens the bar that threatens the harbor.

HOUSEWIFERY.

Bronze brown and bronze green are leading colors.

Frosting for Cake.—Ten teaspoonfuls powdered sugar to the white of an egg; beat five minutes for each spoonful of suwar.

The cuirass polonaze is one of the simple and comfortable models offered for Fall and Winter wear in the house and street.

Oddly-blended colors, like the rich and irregular hues seen on the wrong side of India shawls or the right side of Turkish runs are much in vogue.

Tho latest thing in wedding-dress is a dress of brocaded satin, with high square neck and very long train; the flowers form a chatelane on the side and a chaplet for the hair.

Golden Lemonade.—Make a lemonade rather more tart than for ordinary drinks; take as many eggs as you have used lemons, and beat until thoroughly light, adding, during the process, half a cup of powdered sugar to half a dozen eggs; when thoroughly light, pour into the lemonade; keeping it well stirred. This makes a delicious, cool and healthy drink, and is particularly acceptable to ladies.

Croup.—Croup can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take [illegible] or greater and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quick as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

Ironing.—To iron smoothly, purchase a few cents' worth of beeswax, and rub it over the leaves of a thin pamphlet, which have been heated through with the flat-iron. Keep it with the ironing-sheet and blanket, and when the flat-irons are to be used rub them over the wax surface; then wipe gently on a soft cloth. Shirt bosoms can be easily ironed in this manner.

The chromo premium system as an inducement to matrimony has never been successfully tried, but Rev. Robert Collyer thinks that it will come nearer to it than anything else now in vogue. He has written and has [illegible] press a small volume of advice [illegible] married people, and every couple [illegible] employs him to solemnize the [illegible] will be presented with a copy.

Black Fruit Cake.—One pound butter and one pound white sugar, beaten to a cream; beat well the yolks of twelve eggs, and stir all together; add half a pound of flour; stir in well; then one tablespoonful of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls nutmeg, one teaspoonful cloves; stir well; then the beaten whites of the eggs, with another half pound of flour, one wineglassful brandy, one pound currants well washed and drained, one pound of raisins seeded and chopped, one-half pound of citron cut in thin pieces; mix all together. This will make two cakes. Bake two hours or longer; bake in deep tins lined with well buttered paper.

To Make Grape Vinegar.—Provide two wooden vats, made of oak. At a little distance from the bottom of each fix a wooden grate, on which place a small layer of grape twigs, leaves and stems. Press the juice from the grapes. Fill one of the vats and half fill the other. As soon as fermentation begins in the half-filled vat, fill it from the full one, and every day fill the one that has remained half full with a part of the contents of one vat to the other; the vinous liquid is brought in contact with the air until a cotification is completed.

Dressed Mutton.—To have it as it should be, the dish must be lined with mashed potatoes, the mutton nicely minced and properly seasoned, placed in the dish, a little stock added, and then covered over with mashed potatoes roughed with a fork, and placed before the fire till the little dish assumes the appearance of a nicely browned baked [illegible] The hotter served the better [illegible] ished, provided it has [illegible] simmer, not to boil.

How to Wash Oil Cloth. [illegible] perienced persons say that [illegible] should never be scrubbed with [illegible] but after first being swept with a long-handled hair brush, it should be carefully washed with a soft cloth, dipped into milk and water—half and half; or if the milk is not attainable, tepid water without soap; the latter ruins oil cloth by taking off the brightness of the paint. Hot water is also very injurious to it. When washed over, wipe it off with a soft, dry cloth. In purchasing an oil cloth, try to obtain one that has been made for several years, as the longer it has lain unwashed the better it will wear, the paint becoming harder and more durable.

Butter Sauce for Mackerel.—Half cup of flour mixed with cold water till a smooth paste; stir enough of this paste into a half pint of boiling water over the fire to form a thick cream; add a little salt and stir steadily with an egg-whip for two minutes; then remove from the fire and stir in a quarter pound of butter, two tablespoonsful of chopped parsley and the juice of half a lemon. Set it on the back part of the stove to keep warm, but on no account let it boil. (No sauce should be boiled after the butter has been added, or it will have a rancid taste; and to boil after lemon juice has been beaten in will turn the lemon bitter.) Having boiled the fish, lay it carefully into a hot platter with parsley, water cress, or a slice of lemon upon it, and serve. Do not pour the sauce over the fish, but send it to the table in a sauce-boat.

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