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ALL KINDS OF
JOB PRINTING
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH
At this Office.

Selected Tales.

From Harper's Magazine.

MY TRAVELING COMPANION.

My picture was a failure. Partial friends had guaranteed its success; but the Hanging Committee and the Press are not composed of one's partial friends.—The Hanging Committee thrust me into the darkest corner of the octagon-room, and the press ignored my existence—excepting in one instance, when my critic dismissed me in a quarter of a line as a "presumptuous dauber." I was stunned with the blow, for I had counted so securely on the £200 at which my grand historical painting was dog-cheap—not to speak of the deathless fame which it was to create for me—that I felt like a mere wreck when my hopes were flung to the ground, and the untasted cup dashed from my lips. I took to my bed and was seriously ill. The doctor bled me till I fainted, and then said, that he had saved me from a brain-fever. That might be, but he very nearly threw me into a consumption, only that I had a deep chest and a good digestion. Pneumonic expansion and active chyle saved me from an early tomb, yet I was too unhappy to be grateful.

But why did my picture fail? Surely it possessed all the elements of success! It was grandly historical in subject, original treatment, pure in coloring; what, then, in was wanting? This old warrior's head, of true Saxon type had all the Majesty of Michael Angelo; that young figure, all the radiant grace of Correggio; no Rembrandt showed more severe dignity than yon burnt umber monk in the corner; and Titan never excelled the loveliness of this cobalt virgin in the foreground. Why did it not succeed? The subject, too—the "Finding of the Body of Harold by Torch-light"—was sacred to all English hearts; and being conceived in an entirely new original manner, it was redeemed from the charge of triteness and wearisomeness. The composition was pyramidal, the appex being a torch borne aloft for the "high light," and the vase showing some very novel effects of herbage and armor. But it failed. All my skill, all my hope my careless endeavor, my burning visions, all—all had failed; and I was only a poor, half-starved painter, in Great Howland-street, whose landlady was daily abating in her respect and the butcher daily abating in his punctuality; whose garments were getting threadbare, and his dinners hypothetical and whose day-dreams of fame and fortune had faded into the dull gray of penury and disappointment. I was broken-hearted, ill, hungry; so I accepted an invitation from a friend, a rich manufacturer in Birmingham, to go down to his house for the Christmas holidays. He had a pleasant place in the midst of some iron-works, the blazing chimneys of which, he assured me, would afford some exquisite studies of "light" effects.

By mistake, I went by the express train, and so was thrown into the society of a lady whose position would have rendered any acquaintance with her impossible, excepting under such chance-conditions as the present; and whose history, as I learned it afterward, led me to reflect much on the difference between the reality and the seeming of life.

She moved my envy. Yes—base, mean, low, unartistic, degrading as is this passion, I felt it rise up like a snake in my breast when I saw that feeble woman.—She was splendidly dressed—wrapped in furs of the most costly kind, trailing behind; her velvets and lace worth a countess's dowry. She was attended by obsequious menials; surrounded by luxuries; her compartment of the carriage was a perfect palace in all the accessories which it was possible to collect in so small a space; and it seemed as though "Cleopatra's cup" would have been no impracticable draught for her. She gave me more fully the impression of luxury, than any person I had ever met with before; and I had reason when I envied her.

She was lifted into the carriage carefully; carefully swathed in her splendid furs and lustrous velvets; and placed gently, like a wounded bird, in her warm nest of down. But she moved languidly, and fretfully thrust aside her servants' busy hands, indifferent to her comforts, and annoyed by her blessings. I looked into her face: it was a strange face, which had once been beautiful; but ill-health, and care, and grief, had marked it now with deep lines, and colored it with unnatural tints. Tears had washed out the roses from her cheeks, and set large purple rings about her eyes; the mouth was hard and pinched, but the eyelids swolen; while the crossed wrinkles on her brow told the same tale of grief grown petulant, and of pain grown soured, as the thin lip, quivering and querulous, and the nervous hand, never still and never strong.

The train bell rang, the whistle sounded, the lady's servitors stood bareheaded and courtesying to the ground, and the rapid rush of the iron giant bore off the high-born dame and the starveling painter in strange companionship. Unquiet and unresting—now shifting her place—now letting down the glass for the cold air to blow full upon her withered face, then drawing it up, and chafing her hands and feet by the warm apparatus concealed in her *chauffe-pied*, while shivering as if in an ague-fit—sighing deeply—lost in thought—wildly looking out and around for distraction—she soon made me ask myself whether my envy of her was as true as deep sympathy and pity would have been.

"But her wealth—her wealth!" I thought. "True, she may suffer, but how gloriously she is solaced! She may weep, but the angels of social life wipe off her tears with perfumed linen, gold embroidered; she may grieve but her grief makes her joys so much the more blissful. Ah! she is to be envied after all!—envied, while I, a very beggar, might well scorn my place now!"

Something of this might have been in my face, as I offered my sick companion some small attention—I forget what—gathering up one of her luxurious trifles, or arranging her cushions. She seemed almost to read my thoughts as her eyes rested on my melancholy face; and saying abruptly: "I fear you are unhappy, young man;" she settled herself in her place like a person prepared to listen to a pleasant tale.

"I am unfortunate, madam," I answered.

"Unfortunate!" said she impatiently. "What! with youth and health can you call yourself unfortunate? When the whole world lies untried before you, and you still live in the golden atmosphere of hope, can you pamper yourself with sentimental sorrows? Fie upon you—fie upon you! What are your sorrows compared with mine?"

I am ignorant of yours, Madam," I said respectfully; "but I know my own; and, knowing them, I can speak of their weight and bitterness. By your very position, you cannot undergo the same kind of distress as that overwhelming me at this moment: you may have evils in your path of life, but they cannot equal mine."

'Can any thing equal the evils of ruined health and a desolated hearth?" she cried, still in the same impatient manner. "Can the worst griefs of wayward youth equal the bitterness of that cup which you drink at such a time of life as forbids all hope of after-assuagement? Can the first disappointment of a strong heart rank with the terrible desolation of a wrecked old age? You think because you see about me the evidences of wealth, that I must be happy. Young man, I tell you truly, I would gladly give up every farthing of my princely fortune, and be reduced to the extreme of want, to bring back from the grave the dear ones lying there, or pour into my veins one drop of the bounding blood of health and energy which used to make life a long play hour of delight. Once, no child in the fields, no bird in the sky, was more blessed than I; and what am I now?—a sickly, lonely old woman, whose nerves are shattered and whose heart is broken, without hope or happiness on earth! Even death has passed me by in forgetfulness and scorn!"

Her voice betrayed the truth of her emotion. Still, with an accent of bitterness ond complaint, rather than of simple sorrow, it was the voice of one fighting against her fate, more than of one suffering acutely and in despair; it was petulant rather than melancholy; angry rather than grieving; showing that her trials had hardened, not softened her heart.

"Listen to me," she then said, laying her hand on my arm, "and perhaps my history may reconcile you to the childish depression from what cause soever it may be, under which you are laboring. You are young and strong, and can bear any amount of pain as yet: wait until you reach my age, and then you will know the true meaning of the word despair!—I am rich, as you may see," she continued, pointing to her surroundings: "in truth, so rich that I take no account either of my income of my expenditure. I have never known life under any other form. I have never known what it was to be denied the gratification of one desire which wealth could purchase, or obliged to calculate the cost of a single undertaking. I can scarcely realize the idea of poverty. I see that all people do not live in the same style as myself; but I cannot understand that it is from inability; it always seems to me to be from their own disinclination. I tell you, I cannot fully realize the idea of poverty; and you think this must make me happy, perhaps?" she added, sharply, looking full in my face.

"I should be happy, madam, if I were rich," I replied. "Suffering now from the strain of poverty, it is no marvel if I place an undue value on plenty."

"Yet see what it does for me!" continued my companion. "Does it give me back my husband, my brave boys, my beautiful girl? Does it give rest to this weary heart, or relief to this aching head? Does it soothe my mind or heal my body? No! It but oppresses me, like a heavy robe thrown round weakened limbs: it is even an additional misfortune, for if I were poor, I should be obliged to think of other things besides myself and my woes;—and the very mental exertion necessary to sustain my position would lighten my miseries. I have seen my daughter wasting year by year and day by day, under the warm sky of the south—under the warm care of love! Neither climate nor affection could save her: every effort was made—the best advice procured—the latest panacea adopted; but to no effect.—Her life was prolonged, certainly; but this simply means, that she was three years in dying, instead of three months. She was a glorfously lovely creature, like a fair saint for beauty and purity—quite an ideal thing, with her golden hair and large blue eyes! She was my only girl—my youngest, my darling, my best treasure! My first real sorrow—now fifteen years ago—was when I saw her laid, on her twenty-first birth day, in the English burial ground at Madeira. It is on the gravestone that she died of consumption: would that it had been added—and her mother of grief! From the day of her death, my happiness left me!"

Here the poor lady paused and buried her face in her hands. The first sorrow was evidently also the keenest; and I felt my eyelids moist as I watched this outpouring of the mother's anguish. After all, here was grief beyond the power of wealth to assuage; here was a sorrow deeper than any mere wordly disappointment.

"I had two sons," she went on to say, after a short time—"only two. They were fine young men, gifted and handsome. In fact, all my children were allowed to be very models of beauty. One entered the army, the other the navy.—The eldest went with his regiment to the Cape, where he married a woman of low family—an infamous creature of no blood; though she was decently conducted for a low born thing as she was. She was well spoken of by those who knew her; but what *could* she be with a butcher for a grandfather! However, my poor infatuated son loved her to the last. She was very pretty, I have heard—young and timid; but being of such fearfully low origin, of course she could not be recognized by my husband or myself! We forbade my son all intercourse with her; he would separate himself from her; but the poor boy was perfectly mad, and he preferred this low-born wife to his mother and father. They had a little baby, who was sent over to me when the wife died—for, thank God! she did die in a few years' time. My son was restored to our love, and he received our forgiveness; but we never saw him again. He took a fever of the country, and was a corpse in a few hours. My second boy was in the navy—a fine, high-spirited fellow, who seemed to set all the accidents of life at defiance. I could not believe in any harm coming to *him*. He was so strong, so healthy, so beautiful, so bright: he might have been immortal, for all the elements of decay that showed themselves in him. Yet this glorious young hero was drowned—wrecked off a coral-reef, and flung like a weed on the waters. He lost his own life in trying to save that of a common sailor—a piece of pure gold bartered for the foulest clay! Two years after this, my husband died of typhus fever, and I had a nervous attack, from which I have never recovered. And now, what do you say to this history of mine? For fifteen years, I have never been free from sorrow. No sooner did one grow so familiar to me, that I ceased to tremble at its hideousness, than another, still more terrible, came to overwhelm me in fresh misery for fifteen years, my heart has never known an hour's peace; and to the end of life, I shall be a desolate, miserable, broken-hearted woman. Can you understand, now, the valueless of my riches, and how desolate my splendid house must seem to me. They have been given me for no useful purpose here or hereafter; they encumber me, and do no good to others. Who is to have them when I die? Hospitals and schools? I hate the medical profession, and I am against the education of the poor. I think it the great evil of the day, and I would not leave a penny of mine to such a radical wrong.—What is to become of my wealth—?"

"Your grandson," I iterrupted, hastily: "the child of the officer."

"The old woman's face gradually softened. "Ah! he is a lovely boy," she said; but I don't love him—no I dont," she repeated, vehemently. "If I set my heart on him, he will die or turn out ill: take to the low ways of his wretched mother, or die some horrible death. I steel my heart against him, and shut him out from my calculations of the future. He is a sweet boy: interesting, affectionate, lovely; but I will not allow myself to love him, and I don't allow him to love me! But you ought to see him. His hair is like my own daughter's—long, glossy, golden hair; and his eyes are large and blue, and the lashes curl on his cheek like heavy fringes. He is too pale and too thin: he looks sadly delicate; but his wretched mother was a delicate little creature, and he has doubtless inherited a world of disease and poor blood from her. I wish he was here though, for you to see; but I keep him at school, for when he is much with me, I feel myself beginning to be interested in him; and do not wish to lose him—I do not wish to remember him at all! With that delicate frame and nervous temperament, he *must* die; and why should I prepare fresh sorrow for myself, by taking him into my heart, only to have him plucked out again by death?"

As this was said with the most pasionate vehemence of manner, as if she were defending herself against some unjust charge. I said something in the way of remonstrance. Gently and respectfully but firmly, I spoke of the necessity for each soul to spiritualize its aspirations and raise itself from the trammels of earth; and in speaking thus to her, I felt my own burden lighten off my heart, and I acknowledged that I had been both foolish and sinful in allowing first disappointment to shadow all the sunlight of my existence. I am not naturally of a desponding disposition, and nothing but a blow as severe as the non-success of my "Finding the Body of Harold by Torch-light" could have affected to the extent of mental prostration, as that under which I was now laboring. But this was very hard to bear! My companion listened to me with a kind of blank surprise, evidently unaccustomed to honesty of truth; but she bore my remarks patiently, and when I had ended, she even thanked me for my advice.

"And now, tell me the cause of your melancholy face?" she asked, as we were nearing Birmingham. "Your story cannot be very long, and I shall have just enough time to hear it."

I smiled at her authoritative tone, and said quietly: I am an artist, madam, and I had counted much on the success of my first historical painting. If has failed, and I am both penniless and infamous. I am the "presumptuous danber" of the critics—despised by the creditors—emphatically a failure throughout.

"Pshaw!" cried the lady, impatiently; "and what is that for a grief? a day's disappointment which a day's labor can repair! To me, your trouble seem of no more worth than a child's tears when he has broken his newest toy! Here is Birmingham, and I must bid you farewell. Perhaps you will open the door for me? Good-morning: you have made my journy pleasant, and relieved my Ennui. I shall be happy to see you in town, and to help you forward in your career."

And with these words, said in a strange, indifferent, matter-of-fact tone, as of one accustomed to all the polite offers of good society, which mean nothing tangible, she was lifted from the carriage by a train of servants, and borne off the platform.

I looked at the card which she placed in my hand, and read the address of "Mrs. Arden, Belgrave-square."

I found my friend waiting for me; and in a few minutes was seated before a blazing fire in a magnificent drawing-room, surrounded with every comfort that hospitality could offer, or luxury invent.

"Here, at least, is happiness," I thought, as I saw the familly assemble in the drawing room before dinner. "Here are beauty, youth, wealth, position—all that makes life valuable. What concealed skeleton can there be in this house to frighten away one grace of existence? None—none! They must be happy; and, oh! what a contrast to that poor lady I met with to-day; and what a painful contrast to myself!"

And all my former melancholy returned like a heavy cloud upon my brow; and I felt that I stood like some sad ghost in a fairy-land of beauty, so utterly out of place was my gloom in the midst of all this gayety and splendor.

One daughter attracted my attention more than the rest. She was the eldest, a beautiful girl of about twenty-three, or she might have been even a few years older. Her face was quite of the Spanish style—dark, expressive, and tender; and her manners were the softest and most bewitching I had ever seen. She was peculiarly attractive to an artist, from the exceeding beauty of feature, as well as from the depth of expression which distinguished her. I secretly sketched her portrait on my thumb-nail, and in mind I determined to make her the model for my next grand attempt at historical composition—"the Return of Columbus." She was to be the Spanish Queen; and I thought of myself as Ferdinand; for I was not unlike a Spaniard in appearance, and I was almost as brown.

I remained with my friend a fortnight, studying the midnight effects of the iron-foundries, and cultivating the aquaintance of Julia. In these two congenial occupation, the time passed like lightning, and I woke as from a pleasant dream, to the knowledge of the fact that my visit was expected to be brought to a close. I had been asked, I remembered, for a week, and I had doubled my furlough. I hinted at breakfast, that I was afraid I must leave my kind friends to-morrow, a general regret was expressed, but no one asked me to stay longer; so the die was unhappily cast.

Julia was melancholy. I could not but observe it; and I confess that the observation caused me more pleasure than pain. Could it be sorrow at my departure? We had been daily, almost hourly, companions for fourteen days, and the surmise was not unreasonable. She had always shown me particular kindness, and she could not but have seen my marked preference for her. My heart beat wildly as I gazed on her pale cheek and drooping eyelid; for though she had been always still and gentle, I had never seen—certainly I had never noticed—such evident traces of sorrow, as I saw in her face to-day.—Oh, if it were for me, how I would bless each pang which pained that beautiful heart!—how I would cherish the tears that fell as if they had been priceless diamonds from the mine!—how I would joy in her grief and live in her despair! It might be that out of evil would come good, and from the deep desolation of my unsold "Body" might arise the heavenly blessedness of such love as this! I was intoxicated with my hopes; and was on the point of making a public idiot of myself, but happily some slight remnent of common sense was left me. However, impatient to learn my fate, I drew Julia aside; and, placing myself at her feet, while she was enthroned on a luxurious ottoman, I pretended, that I must conclude the series of lectures on arts, and the best methods of coloring, on which I had been employed with her ever since my visit.

"You seem unhappy to-day, Miss Reay," I said, abruptly, with my voice trembling like a girl's.

She raised her large eyes languidly.—"Unhappy? no, I am never unhappy," she said quietly.

Her voice never sounded so silvery sweet, so pure and harmonious. It felt like music on the air.

"I have, then, been too much blinded by excess of beauty to have been able to see correctly," I answered. "To me you have appeared always calm, but never sad; but to-day there is a palpable weight of sorrow on you, which a child might read. It is in your voice, and on your eyelids, and round your lips, it is on you like the moss on the young rose—beautifying while vailing the dazzling glory within."

"Ah! you speak far too poetically for me," said Julia, smiling, "If you will come down to my level for a little while, and will talk to me rationally, I will tell you my history. I will tell it you as a lesson for yourself, which I think will do you good."

The cold chill that went to my soul! Her history! It was no diary of facts that I wanted to hear, but only a register of feelings in which I should find myself the only point whereto the index was set. History! what events deserving that name could have troubled the smooth waters of her life?

I was silent, for I was disturbed; but Julia did not notice either my embarrassment or my silence, and began, in her low, soft voice, to open one of the saddest chapters of life which I had ever heard.

"You do not know that I am going into a convent?" she said; then, without waiting for an answer, she contiuued:—"This is the last month of my worldly life. In four weeks I shall have put on the white robe of the novitiate, and in due course I trust to be dead forever to this earthly life."

A heavy, thick, choking sensation in my throat, and a burning pain within my eyeballs, warned me to keep silence. My voice would have betrayed me.

"When I was seventeen," continued Julia, "I was engaged to my cousin.—We had been brought up together from childhood, and we loved each other perfectly. You must not think, because I speak so calmly now, that I have not suffered in the past. It is only by the grace of resignation and of religion, that I have been brought to my present condition of spiritual peace. I am now five-and-twenty—next week I shall be six-and-twenty: that is just nine years since I was first engaged to Laurence. He was not rich enough, and indeed he was far too young, to marry, for he was only a year older than myself; and if he had had the largest possible amount of income, we could certainly not have married for three years. My father never cordially approved of the engagement, though he did not oppose it. Laurence was taken partner into a large concern here, and a heavy weight of business was immediately laid on him. Youthful as he was, he was made the sole and almost irresponsible agent in a house which counted its capital by millions, and through which gold flowed like water. For some time, he went on well—to a marvel, well. He was punctual, vigilant, careful; but the responsibility was too much for the poor boy; the praises he received, the flattery and obsequiousness which, for the first time were lavished on the friendless youth, the wealth at his command, all turned his head. For a long time we heard vague rumors of irregular conduct; but as he was always the same good, affectionate, respectful, happy Laurence, when with us, even my father, who is so strict, and somewhat suspicious, turned a deaf ear to them. I was the earliest to notice a slight change, first in his face, and then in his manners. At last the rumors ceased to be vague, and became definite. Business neglected; fatal habits visible, even in the early day; the frightful use of horrible words, which once he would have trembled to use; the nights passed at the gaming table, and the days spent in the society of the worst men on the turf—all these accusations were brought to my father by credible witnesses; and, alas! they were too true to be refuted. My father—heaven and the holy saints bless his gray head!—kept them from me as long as he could. He forgave him again and again, and used every means that love and reason could employ to bring him back into the way of right; but he could do nothing against the force of such fatal habits as those to which my poor Laurence had now become wedded. With every good intention and with much strong love for me burning sadly amid the wreck of his virtues, he yet would not refrain: the evil one had overcome him; he was his prey here and hereafter. Oh, no—not hereafter!" she added, raising her hands and eyes to heaven, "if prayer, if fasting, patient vigils, incessant striving, may procure him pardon—not forever his prey! Our engagement was broken off; and this step, necessary as it was, completed his ruin.—He died....." Here a strong shudder shook her from head to foot, and I half rose in alarm. The next instant she was calm.

"Now, you know my history," continued she. "It is a tragedy of real life, which you will do well, young painter, to compare with your own!" With a kindly pressure of the hand, and a gentle smile—oh! so sweet, so pure and heavenly!—Julia Reay left me; while I sat perfectly awed—that is the only word I can use—with the revolution which she had made both of her history and of her own grand soul.

"Come with me to my study," said Mr. Reay, entering the room; "I have a world to talk to you about. You go to-morrow, you say. I am sorry for it; but I must settle my business with you in time to day."

I followed him mechanically, for I was undergoing a mental castigation which rather disturked me. Indeed like a young fool—as eager in self reproach as in self-glorification—I was so occupied inwardly in calling myself hard names, that even when my host gave me a commission for my new picture, "The Return of Columbus," at two hundred and fifty pounds, together with an order to paint himself, Mrs. Reay, and half a dozen of their children, I confess it with shame, that I received the news like a leaden block, and felt neither surprise nor joy—not though these few words chased me from the gates of the Fleet, whither I was fast hastening, and secured me both position and the daily bread. The words of that beautiful girl were stil ringing in my ears, mixed up with the bitterest self-accusations and these together shut out all other sound, however pleasant. But that was always my way.

I went back to London, humbled and strenghthened, having learned more of human nature and the value of events, in one short fortnight, than I had ever dreamed of before. The first lessons of youth generally come in hard shape. I had sense to feel that I had learned mine gently, and that I had cause to be thankful for the mildness of the teaching. From a boy, I became a man, judging more accurately of humanity than a year's ordinary experence would have enabled me to do. And the moral which I drew was this: that under our most terrible afflictions, we may always gain some spiritual good, if we suffer them to be softening and purifying, rather than hardening influences over us. And also, that while we are suffering the most acutely, we may be sure that others are suffering still more acutely; and if we would but sympathize with them more than with ourselves—live out of our own selves, and in the wide world around us—we would soon be healed while striving to heald others. Of this I am convinced; the secret of life, and of all its good, is in love; and while we preserve this, we can never fail of comfort. The sweet waters will always gush out over the sandiest desert of our lives while we can love; but without it—nay, not the merest weed of of comfort or of virtue would grow under the feet of angls. In this was the distinction between Mrs. Arden and Julia Reay. The one had hardened her heart under her trials, and shut it up in itself; the other had opened hers to the purest love of man and love of God; and the result was to be seen in the despair of the one, and in the holy peace of the other.

Full of these thoughts, I sought out my poor lady, determined to do her real benefit if I could. She received me very kindly, for I had taken care to provide myself with a sufficient introduction, so as to set all doubts of my social position at rest: and I knew how far this would go with her. We soon became fast friends. She seemed to rest on me much for sympathy and comfort, and soon grew to regard me with a sort of motherly fondness that of itself brightened her life. I paid her all the attention which a devoted son might pay—humored her whims, soothed her pains; but insensibly I led her mind out from itself—first in kindness to me, and then in love to her grandson.

I asked for him just before the midsummer holidays, and with great difficulty obtained an invitation for him to spend them with her. She resisted my entreaties stoutly, but at last was obliged to yield, not me nor to my powers of persuasion; but to the holy truth of which I was then the advocate. The child came, and I was there also to receive him, and to enforce by my presence—which I saw, without vanity, had great influence—a fitting reception. He was a pensive, clever, interesting little fellow; sensitive and affectionate, timid, gifted with wonderful powers, and of great beauty. Thre was a shy look in his eyes, which made me sure that he inherited much of his loveliness from his mother; and when we were great friends, he showed me a small portrait of "Poor mamma;" and I saw at once the most striking likeness between the two. No human heart could withstand that boy, certanly not my poor friend's. She yielded, fighting desperately aganst me and him, and all the powers of love, which were subduing her, but yielding while she fought and in a short time the child had taken his proper place in her affections which he kept to the end of her life. And she, that desolate mother, even she, with her scard soul and petrified heart, was brought to the knowledge of peace by the glorious power of love.

Prosperous, famous, happy, blessed in home and hearth, this has become my fundamental creed of life, the basis on which all good, whether of art or of morality, is rested for art especiall; for only by a tender, reverent spirit can the true meaning of his vocation be made known to the artist. All the rest is mere imitation of form, not insight into essence. And while I feel that I can live out of myself, and love others—the whole world of man—more than myself, I know that I possess the secret of happiness; ay though my powers were subdenly blasted as by lightning, my wife and children laid in the cold grave, and my happy home dislated forever. For I would go out into the thronged streets, and gather up the sorrows of others, to relieve them; and I would go out under the quiet sky, and look up to the Father's throne; and I would pluck peace as green herbs from active benevolence and contemplative adoation. Yes; love can save from the sterility of selfishness, and from the death of despair; but love alone. No other talisman has the power; pride, self-sustaiument, coldness, pleasure, nothing—but that divine word of Life which is life's soul!

Selected Articles.

The Homestead Bill.

This important measure which has so long occupied the attention of Congress, passed the House of Representatives on Wednesday last. by a vote af 107 to 56. It grants to any person who is the head of a family the right to locate, free of cost, 160 acres of public land provided he owns no other land, and will actually settle upon the land he enters and remain thereon five years.

The effect of this measure will be to greatly depreciate the value of Bounty Land Warrants already issued.

The following are the leading provisions:

"Sec. 1. That any person who is the head of a family and a citizen of the United States, or any person who is the head of a family, and had become a citizen prior to the first of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, as required by the naturalization law of the United States shall, from and after the passing of this act, be entitled to enter, free of cost one quarter section of vacant and unappropriated public lands, or a quantity equal thereto, to be located in a body in conformity with the legal subdivisions of the public lands, and aftrer the same shall have been surveyed.

"Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That the person applying for the benefit of this act shall, upon application to the register of the land office in which he or she is about to make such entry, make affidavit before the said register that he or she is the head of a family, and is not the owner of any estate in land at the time of such application, and has not disposed of any estate in land to obtain the benefits of this act, and upon making the affidavit with the register, he or she shall thereupon be permitted to enter the quantity of land already specefied. Provided, however, no certificate shall be given or patent issued therefor until the expiration of five years from the date of such entry; and if, at the expiration of such time, the person making such entry, or if he is dead, his widow, or in case of her death, his heirs or devisee; or, in case of a widow making such entry, her heirs or devisee, in case of her death, shall prove by two credible witnesses that he, she, or they have continued to reside upon and cultivated said land, and still reside upon the same, and have not alieniated the same or any part thereof, then in such case, he, she, or they shall be entitled to a patent, as in other case provided for by law.

Woman at Home.

The subjoined article from the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, commends itself, as well by the strong common sense view which it exhibits, as the genuine philolosophy pervading it. The women of Carolina, we are proud to say, are singularly exempt from the false vanity therein portrayed; yet the evil does exist though it be in a qualified degree. The lesson cannot be too strongly impressed, upon the minds of wives and mothers; that in being a *lady*, one need not cease to be (in the true sense of the word) a *woman*.

"It may be only a fancy of ours," says Mrs. Kirkland, in one of her admirable essays, "that Providence has so decidedly fitted woman for household cares, that she is never truly and healthy happy without them; but if it be a fancy, it is one which much observation has confirmed."

We commend these words to serious consideration. The general bad health of females, in what are called the respectable classes, is a subject that we have often refered to: for it is one that affects not the happiness of familes merely, but the weal of the whole community; not the present generation only, but future ones also. Physicians tell us that not one lady in ten, in a great city, enjoys robust health. Mrs. Kirkland, we suspect, has explained the cause. It is certain that women generally, who are not compelled to labor for a livelihood directly, neglect exercise almost entirely, and hence bring on themselves dyspepsia, nervous disorders and other diseases. To prform house-work is too frequently considered degrading. Even where the mother, in obediance to the traditions of her youth condescends occasionally to labor, the daughters are brought up in perfect idlness, taking no bodily exercise except that of walking in fine weather, riding in cusl ioned carrages, or dancing at a party. Those, in short, who can afford to hire servants, cannot bemean themselves, as they think by domestic labors. To make up a bed is regarded often as exhasusting beyond description: to sweep a carpet is viewed as worse than field work in a cane-field: while to scrub—alas! modern feminine language, copious as it is, has no words to characterize this inhuman and cruel task. The result is, that all such fine ladies lose what little health they started life with, becoming feeble in exact proportion as they become fashionable.