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# THE CARTHAGINIAN.

TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

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### LOVE.

Oh! not when hopes are brightest,
In all love's sweet enchantment known;
Oh! not when hearts are lightest,
In all fond woman's fervour shown.
But when life's clouds o'ertake us;
And the cold world is clothed in gloom;
When summer friends forsake us
The rose of love is best in bloom.

Love is no wandering vapour,
That lures astray with treacherous spark;
Love is no transient taper,
That lives an hour and leaves us dark,
But, like the lamp that lightens
The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
The bosom's home it brightens
When all beside is chill below.

—*Pringle.*

## Miss Bertha's Valentine.

Everybody said that Miss Bertha was very much alone in the world, wondered what on earth she would do if her eyes and health should fail her, and pitied her in that easy-going way which subtracts nothing from the pocket, but leaves a residue of self-satisfaction in the conscience, while they paid as little for her services as they could help. But Miss Bertha never grumbled, she put as many stitches and as much eyesight into the fine sewing as if she had been paid a ducat for every stitch. It was her way never to slight anything. But sewing was not the only occupation in which she excelled. If any poor struggling mother with little children toddling about her fell ill, Miss Bertha quilted her needle into her cushion and stepped into the breach; when watchers failed, Miss Bertha came to the front; and when the small-pox visited the little seaport of Great Herrington, it was she who went about from house to house, giving draughts and doses, comforting the dying, and making the last ghastly toilette for the dead.

"What does it matter to me?" she said, when some one expostulated at the risk. "There's nobody in the wide world to mind whether I live or die. I'm the light of nobody's eyes, and as for disfigurement—law! I left off caring for my good looks, such as they were, twenty years ago. Time was when I should have been as scared as any of you about being marked and losing my complexion; but it doesn't signify in the least now. If I was as ugly as a nightmare, folks would give me their sewing to do just the same, I suppose."

"Oh, but I should hate to be so disfigured that Sam wouldn't like to look at me!" said Sue Blair, all pink and white, and eighteen, with the world before her.

"I dare say; but there's no Sam to care whether I'm a fright or not;" and Miss Bertha drew in her breath with a quick gasp, as if the fact hurt her.

"You don't know, Miss Bertha," laughed giddy Sue; "your Sam may be on the road to you."

"A precious long road."

"Why, Aunt Janet was as old as the hills before she married Uncle Artemas, and Parson Chapell's second wife was no chicken. Everybody has chances, they say."

"Yes, I suppose everybody has chances; but some of them are mighty small—hardly worth calculating," she returned.

Miss Bertha, to be sure, never accepted anything but thanks for these services in the sick-room; indeed, few dreamed of offering any remuneration. One might have supposed that the universe had provided her for their benefit, along with seed-time and harvest, the common air, and other common blessings for which nobody was expected to render any return than to make use of them. Her neighbors staid at home, stifling with burned brimstone and a camphorated atmosphere, and yet caught the infection, while she walked abroad in the thick of it, shirking nothing, and came out, like those holy men from the fiery furnace, unscathed, yet more or less reduced in finances. She was a cheerful body, and doubtless sent to carry warmth and healing into the sick-room. But poor Miss Bertha had not always been old and useful and thoughtful for others.

"You have been pretty once," that heedless chatterer, Sue Blair, had said to her one day.

"What makes you think so?" said Bertha, lifting her faded eyes to the mirror. "It is like tracing the existence of the extinct megatherium from the foot-prints in the rock."

But Sue spoke truly. Bertha had been fair in her day; the hair that was white as the new-fallen snow had once been brown and bonny; the eyes, which to-day were sunken and pale, had looked out like lucent beryls from under dark lashes; time and toil and trouble had robbed the satin skin of its fine texture, and seamed it with many a line; little of youth remained to her but a heart alive to generous impulses, and the color that still burned in her cheeks in spite of the frosts of her forty-odd winters. Yes, Miss Bertha had had her heyday. Miss Johnson, the squire's daughter, who lived in the finest house in Great Herrington, wore silks that could stand alone and sable cloaks reaching to her heels, who ate off French china every day, and had never known what it was to suffer from hunger, cold, or fatigue, who had never had a sorrow or a lover—even she might have envied poor Miss Bertha those halcyon days when Angus Aiken loved her, when they walked together in the moonlit gardens in their English home, and sat beside the fountains, and listened to the silvery monotone, like some sad and gentle voice complaining. No doubt Miss Johnson would have bartered all her dry-goods and imported finery for an experience as rich as this of her elderly seamstress, about whom no romance seemed to linger. To be sure, everybody in Great Herrington knew that after the visitation of the small-pox Parson Chapell had invited Miss Bertha to share his temporal blessings, which consisted of a small salary and four mischievous boys with torn jackets and dirty faces.

"The parson wanted a housekeeper," the neighbors agreed. "Of course a man of his age don't fall in love like a boy—with an old maid too! Seems as though she must have thought he'd ask again—with a house all carpeted from garret to cellar, and the gentry in his gates, so to speak! I wonder what Miss Bertha expects—at her times of life too—when offers of marriage aren't as plenty as wrinkles."

But Miss Bertha expected nothing. There was that in her history which she would not exchange for the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof; the dust of twenty years had in no wise tarnished the brightness of it. She had her anniversaries which no one reckoned but herself—delicious anniversaries of half-guessed happiness—days full of sunshine and the music of the spheres; dark and cruel days, when the clouds that threatened showed no silver linings. On such a morning so many years ago, Angus and she had gone out to gather spring flowers, and the wood had been full of spicy odors, and the pale bloodroot was waiting for them, its petals all on tiptoe; at such another date they listened to the nightingale's fluting, while the stars stole out as if to listen with them, and the new moon hung a golden bow low in the heavens, and she had asked, "Do you never wish by the new moon, Angus?" "Never," he had answered; "but I shall to-night; I shall wish that you may love me forever and eve." And then he had kissed her, and "the nightingales kept fluting." There was that day in June which should have been their wedding-day; and the time when he kissed her last, under the golden laburnum-tree; and then that dreadful morning when her father came home, black as a thunder cloud, and swore she should never marry the son of the man who had ruined him, who had robbed him of the invention into the perfection of which he had put all his money, his hopes, and his energies for years. Bertha had refused to renounce her lover on account of his father's wrong; there had followed a scene; then her father had seemed to soften, and had traveled to London with her to talk the matter over with a lawyer. She had been glad enough to go, for was not Angus somewhere in the great throng of London at his work? Would she not be sure to meet him? But the day after they reached the big noisy city her father had taken her out and on board a ship, sight-seeing; and suddenly, while she looked and listened and wondered and talked with the captain—who was in the secret—suddenly the shore, the masts, the steeples, began to recede, and they were standing out to sea, bound for America. Oh, what a long and hateful voyage it was! how she longed for the sight of Angus, to say just one parting word, to tell him it was no fault of hers, and that she should love him forever and ever! What terrible days they were which carried her farther and farther from England! The fine weather seemed wasted without Angus. When storms bore down upon them she only shivered at the thought of dying apart from him. But as they drew near the New World, her father, weakened by a long and useless struggle with fortune, and broken utterly by this "unkindest cut," gave up the contest and lay down to die.

"Promise me, Bertha," he begged—"promise that you will never write to that man's son, that you will hide yourself from him.—Promise me, or I shall not rest in my grave. Promise, child, and I shall die easily, willingly. Can you refuse this last request?' And amidst grief and distraction, poor Bertha promised. And she had kept her promise for twenty years and better. Never one word for Angus had crossed the water to tell him whether she lived or died, though longing thoughts and wishes went out to him on every wind that blew, though night after night her pillow was wet with bitter tears, though he had never been out of her mind, waking or sleeping. At first she had comforted herself with the belief that he would find her out himself; but, as time passed, this hope faded and died, and was given decent burial. How should he know that she had proved true, that she had loved him on and on? Why should he not suppose that she had left him of her own choice, because she scorned the son of his father? No doubt he had taught himself to unlove her; had almost forgotten the old fondness, the old hurt; had married some good woman, and was happy by his own fireside with his children. She hoped he was happy; as for that good woman, she did not care to think of her over-much. But daily she pictured him in the midst of his family—pictured him young and handsome, with the color in his smooth cheek, the bronze shade in his waving hair, the sparkle in his eyes, forgetting that twenty years had robbed him of youth and beauty.

When her father died there had not been enough money left in the purse to take her home to England, though Captain Seymour would gladly have carried her back without it if she would have take him for better or worse. Afterward she had parted with her trinkets one by one for her daily bread, till she could earn—with all but the shining ring that Augus had given her, and which was now worn quite thin, though the odd legend engraved therein was yet plainly legible:

"Though he seek till he be gray,
Love will find out the way."

But in all these twenty years she had never saved enough from her necessities to pay her homeward passage. If perchance she got a few dollars ahead, some poor soul's greater need appealed to her; and it was now fifteen years since she had gravitated to Great Herrington and cast anchor, but no one in all the place dreamed that romance had ever touched so plain and old and common-place a body as Miss Bertha, who was doubtless made to sew, to tend the sick and stir gruels and broths and mustard-plasters, leaving the poetry of life for her younger neighbors. She had been out, toward the last of January, watching all night, and as she stepped into the frosty air and began to remember that she was hungry and drowsy, she suddenly encountered Dr. March coming round a corner.

"Speak of angels and you hear their wings," said he, "I was thinking of you, Miss Bertha, this very minute."

"Don't turn my head, doctor."

"Well, you see, the brig Abby Jane came in last week. She's a whaler—been off these two years. Most of the crew belong in Great Herrington, and the deuce take it if they aren't all down with the ship-fever; came ashore as well as you are, too. Now the bother is, some have families to look after them, and some haven't; and all the people are as scared as they were in the small-pox panic, and nurses can't be found for love or money—at least not enough. I've been up myself these two nights with one poor fellow, who's wild as a hawk, and I'm ready to drop, not to speak of my other patients, and I can't find anybody willing to look after him; and I didn't know—I thought to myself: '"There's Miss Bertha, she's always ready to do a good turn, and she isn't afraid of man or the small-pox—"'

"And so you'd like me to go to him?"

"Exactly. He'll die if you don't. It's missionary work, Miss Bertha. I don't know as the man has a son to pay a nurse."

"I don't want any money if he has," said she.

"That's lucky. Come home with me and drink a cup of Mrs. March's coffee, and then I'll take you to the Herrington Arms. There's where our patient put up when he came ashore. Looks as if he'd no kith or kin in the place, and I don't remember his face in these parts."

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" Miss Bertha had forgotten that she had been up overnight and was breakfastless.

"I thought, to be sure," she mused, during the next night's vigils—"I thought, to be sure, he was a young man; but he is gayer than I am. I wonder if his wife is looking for him home soon. He isn't weather-beaten like a sailor; his hands are white and soft and well kept, like a gentleman's. I don't believe he ever tarred the ropes before this voyage. Perhaps he is reduced in circumstances, and went whaling to seek his fortune. [illegible] if he will die." But the disease left her little time for reflections and surmises, the services of the doctor and the occasional assistance of the other nurses whose patients were convalescing, being all the relief afforded her. One night, as she moved about the room, coaxing the fire into a glow, stirring the gruel in the porringer, discharging the ninety and-nine little duties of the sick-room, it seemed to her that the patient followed her with his eyes curiously—those great hollow, darkling eyes, full of sad questioning.

"Do you want to ask me anything?" she said, pausing beside his pillow, and meeting the gaze.

"Perhaps," he faltered—"perhaps—you could tell me—where I am—and how—I came here? Am I awake—or dreaming?"

"You are in the town of Great Herrington, at the Herrington Arms," she answered him. "You have been ill with ship-fever. You came in the whaler Abby Jane. Dr. March tells me, which had picked you off the wreck of the Atlas, bound for New York—you and others. You have been very ill, and you must not talk."

"And you have saved my life, heard the doctor say so this morning."

"Hush, hush; that's only the doctor's palaver."

* * * * * *

"Miss Bertha, I'm afraid you've won that poor fellow's heart that you've been taking care of at the Herrington Arms," said Dr. March, dropping in a week or so after he had ordered her home to take care of herself, lest he should have another patient on his hands. "He's been pumping me dry about you; wants to know why you never married. I told him because nobody asked you but Parson Chapell, and he was too big a pill—"

"That's because you didn't prescribe him," said Miss Bertha.

Just then Sue Blair put her rosy head in at the door.

"Have you smoked out, Miss Bertha?" said she. "Is it quite safe for me to come in? I've such a lovely valentine—from Sam, of course—that I *must* show you, even if I catch the fever. It's St. Valentine's Day, you know. Did you ever have a valentine, Miss Bertha?"

"Once—ages nearer the beginning."

"Oh, by-the-way," put in Dr. March, "here's something for you that I took from the mail as I came along. It's a wonder I remember it. Perhaps it's a valentine, too; it has a blue stamp. Who knows?"

"Perhaps so," laughed Miss Bertha, opening and reading:

"Though he seek till he be gray,
Love will find out the way.
"ANGUS AIKEN.

"HERRINGTON ARMS."

"Why, what does it mean?" she cried rising and flushing strangely. "Who could have been so cruel? Who could know? Who—"

"My dear child," said Dr. March, "who could know what? Angus Aiken is the name of our patient at the Herrington Arms. Didn't I tell you that you had won his heart? It's a valentine indeed!"

"Just to think," said the second Mrs. Chapell—"just to think of Miss Bertha marrying at her time of life! Who's going to do our sewing? Wonders never will cease. And to think that was an old affair—of twenty years standing and they say he's been from Dan to Beersheba to find her, and has more money than he knows what to do with."

### Woman's Dress.

Within human recollection—the far away Greek time we unduly exalt not excepted—there never has been a period when the dress of woman was so beautiful and so great an aid to beauty as it is to-day. It contains so little from sun-shade to boot-heel, that is absorbed, so much from hat to hose that is beautiful, that admiring man ought in some signal way to testify his gratitude to its fashioner.

The "Princesse" dress, as they call it, is a work of art. It is simple, sensible, artistic. Lightness, convenience, simplicity, grace, are its characteristics. It permits the wide choice in color and material which suits it to all kinds of women. Any woman of taste, and who understands her own peculiarities, can in the present fashion dress [illegible] and becomingly. The gown is in thorough accord with the canons of art. It strengthens the form instead of—as has not infrequently been the case—weakening it. Like all pure decoration it emphasizes the object decorated. Following the natural lines of a woman's figure, displaying the clear lines of the hip, falling in at the knees where the figure narrows, and widening a trifle below as it should, it is in entire consonance with the laws of drapery. It indicates the form which has too long been concealed under heavy and oftentimes tasteless or disfiguring toggery.

Now, the first time for years, the contour of the form has a chance to assert itself. The much ridiculed pull-back is an artistic inspiration. It recognizes the law that the back is the proper place for the length and fullness of the skirt to manifest themselves. Of course the fashion may be carried to an extreme, and women may pinion their knees and choke themselves with high collars and drag ragged and dirty trains about the streets. But there are abuses of a good thing for which it is not to blame. The great objection to the train—which so increases the height and grace of movement—has been the street dragging. That is obviated by the loop, which a woman carries on her finger, which not only lifts the skirt from the dust, but also when judiciously managed gives glimpses of bright color in hose and petticoat.

As with the gown, so with the rest of the feminine attire, so far as it is apparent. Hats are of so multiform shapes that they set off to advantage any face. Wrappings are so contrived that at will they indicate the beauties of the form or conceal its defects. (Indeed, this quality of judicious suppression inheres in the whole outfit.) For the first time women are well shod. At the opposite extreme, in the dressing of the hair, so much latitude is allowed, no head need appear otherwise than well-shaped. If we could only succeed in clipping the wings of fleeting fashion or in inducing her to fold them for a century or two! but that is impossible. Ere long the "Princesse" dress will be but a memory, to be classed with other things too beautiful to last.

### Age for Legal Marriages.

There is considerable variation, in the different European States, of the age at which a legal marriage can be contracted. In Austria, the age of discretion for both sexes is fourteen. In Hungary, each religious sect makes its own regulations, marriages being regarded as an entirely ecclesiastical affair. Russians can contract marriages at the age of eighteen in the case of males, and sixteen in that of females. The Italian law fixes the age at eighteen and fifteen years respectively. In Turkey there is no general law. The French and Belgian codes allow marriages of young men at eighteen and girls at fifteen, but powers of dispensation in special cases are reserved. In Greece, Spain and Portugal, parties of fourteen and twelve can contract a binding marriage, but in the latter country the consent of the parents is necessary if the parties are under twenty-one. According to the amended paragraph of the new German civil marriage bill, the state of wedlock cannot be entered upon under twenty and sixteen respectively, though the existing laws of Prussia and Saxony permitted marriages at earlier periods. There is much dissimilarity in the Swiss laws, every canton having a local regulation of its own. In some of them the consent of the parents is necessary up to the age of twenty-five. The influence of climate upon the temperament and constitution is observable in the earlier age at which marriage is allowed in the Southern nations, where maturity is reached at a much earlier period than among the Northern people.—*Exchange.*

### Three Things.

Ruskin says:—"An uneducated man ought to know three things: First, where he is—that is to say, what kind of a world he has got into; how large it is, what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what it is made of, and what may be made of it. Secondly, where he is going—that is to say, what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this; and what seems to be the nature of the other world. Thirdly, what he had best do under the circumstances; what are readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and has his will so subdued that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, is an educated man; and the man who knows them not, is uneducated, although he could talk all the tongues of Babel."—*Selected.*

The Washington *Star* says the gold men are bothered to account for the fact that the price of gold has not advanced on the passage of the silver bill by the Senate, and the certainty that it will become a law. They explain now, however, that it may not increase in price until the government has to become a purchaser to get enough to pay off interest on gold bonds, and that then it will go up kiting. For a season, however, in view of the fact that gold will not be needed for custom duties, there will be no special demand for it, but after a while, and when it is driven out of the country by the cheaper metal, and government needs it, why then —, &c. Well, the gold men have been mistaken in their past calculations, perhaps they may be now.

Christiancy was the only Western Senator who voted against the Silver bill. He is known to be eccentric and crotchety. Lamar and Hoyle were the only Southern Senators who voted against the bill. Butler of South Carolina and Hill of Georgia were simply paired, but would have voted with Lamar. So from the entire South and great Northwest there are but five Senators found to stand up for the bondholders against the people. Twenty-four Democrats, twenty-three Republicans, and Senator Davis voted for the bill. Against it were fourteen Republicans and seven Democrats. If a full vote had been given it would have stood fifty-two for the bill, twenty-four against. These are divided into Democrats twenty-six, Republicans twenty-five, and Senator Davis for ten Democrats and fourteen Republicans against.—*Wil. Star.*

All that I desire is that my poverty may not be a burden to myself, nor make me so to others, and that is the best state of fortune that is neither directly necessious, nor far from it. A mediocrity of fortune with gentleness of mind will preserve us from fear or envy, which is a desirable condition, for no man wants power to do mischief.

### Useful Receipts.

WASHING SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

To wash a white silk handkerchief so that it will not be stiff, make a suds of tepid water and plain white soap, adding a tablespoonful of Magic Mixture, and lay the handkerchief to soak twenty minutes, covering it up so that it will steam: then wash with the hands and rinse, putting a little blueing in the water, which should be a little warm.

DELICIOUS BROWN BREAD.

Two coffeecups corn meal, one coffeecup of molasses, one quart sweet skim-milk, one tablespoonful salt, one of saleratus and two eggs; stir with flour or shorts about as stiff as for cake, bake in a pudding dish. This is excellent, and testing it you will pronounce it good.

OYSTER TOAST.

Scald a quart of oysters in their own liquor; take them out and pound them in a mortar; when they form a paste add a little cream, and season with pepper and salt. Have ready some nice pieces of toast, spread the oyster paste upon them, and place them for a few moments in the oven to heat.

TO SOFTEN WATER.

Hard waters are rendered very soft and pure, rivalling distilled water, by merely boiling a two-ounce vial, say in a kettleful of water. The carbonate of lime and any impurities will be found adhering to the vial. The water boils very much quicker at the same time.

SPANISH CREAM.

Sift three tablespoonfuls of ground rice; add it to two of powdered sugar, and mix it smooth with two of orange flower water; then stir in gradually a pint of cream, and stir the whole over a clear fire till of a proper thickness; then pour into a glass dish.

CARE OF CUTLERY.

Knives, after using, should be wiped [illegible] removing the grease, etc., then placed in a deep can or vessel, keeping the handles above water, lukewarm, until washed, cleaned, then thoroughly dry.

TO DESTROY COCKROACHES.

Where borax and insect powder fail to work on cockroaches, use red wafers, scattering abundantly where they run—a sure cure. A quarter of a pound will clear the largest house; they eat and die.

HARD LARD FOR PASTRY.

Lard for pastry may be used as hard as it can be cut with a knife, and it will make far better paste than if left standing to warm. It needs only to be cut through the flour—not rubbed.

FOR CHILBLAINS.

Steep white oak leaves, (found on the trees during the winter season,) and soak the feet several nights in succession.

### Female Influence.

I have noticed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and self-respect kept alive, by finding that, although abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home of which he is monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect—to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of inhabitants. I have often had occasion to mark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverse of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character that at times it approaches sublimity.—*Washington Irving.*

### Beautiful River."

Sabbath-day is the beautiful river in the week of Time. The other days are troubled streams, whose angry waters are disturbed by the courtless craft that float upon them; but the river Sabbath flows on to Eternal Rest chanting the sublime music of the silent, throbing spheres and timid by the pulsations of the Everlasting Life. Beautiful river Sabbath, glide on! Bear forth on thy bosom the poor, tired spirit to the rest which it seeks, and the weary, watching soul to endless bliss.—*Selected.*

Sambo was a slave to a master who was constitutionally addicted to lying. Sambo being strongly devoted to his master, had by dint of long practice, become an adept in giving plausibility to his master's stories.