INSOLATION.

BY ELINOR GRAY.

We walk alone through all life's various ways,
Through light and darkness, sorrow, joy, and change;
And greeting each to each, through passing days,
Still we are strange.

We hold our dear ones with a firm, strong grasp;
We hear their voices, look into their eyes;
And yet, betwixt us in that clinging clasp
A distance lies.

We cannot know their hearts, however we may
Mingle thought, aspiration, hope, and prayer;
We cannot reach them, and in vain essay
To enter there.

Still, in each heart of hearts a hidden deep
Lies, never fathomed by the dearest, best;
With closest care our purest thoughts we keep,
And tenderest.

But blessed thought! we shall not always so
In darkness and in sadness walk alone;
There comes a glorious day when we shall know
As we are known.

Lavender and Pink.

One pleasant June morning, as I was watching the long willow branches sway backwards and forwards in the light breeze, thinking how, in their graceful motions, they were like the loving arms which had once entwined my neck, and were now cold in death, and saying to my heart, "There is no sorrow like to my sorrow"—my hostess entered with a bunch of lavender and pink.

Their perfume filled my room, and as I turned from the window, by which I was leaning, to receive them, Mrs. Arnold said quietly, "Will you have these flowers? They are my favorites, and I never like to put any other with them;" and I knew by a slight quivering of the mouth, and the hasty manner in which she turned away, instead of the usual few minutes' chat, that there were sad memories connected with my bouquet.

The summer months passed pleasantly by in the little, low, old-fashioned cottage, with its two huge willow trees in front, and giant walnuts at the back, whose branches swayed amicably together over the roof; and always on my toilet table stood a bunch of fragrant roses and stately lilies, or of larkspurs and lady-slippers; but always in separate places, as long as they were in season, were a few spears of lavender and pinks.

There was a quiet melancholy in my hostess' face which had from the first interested me. I knew by the silvery hairs which so thickly threaded her raven bands, and by the low unexcited tones of her voice, that the trials of life had swayed fearfully around her, and that now she was exhausted, and asked only for rest.

In course of time I learned her history. As a girl, self-willed and high-spirited, she had married against the wishes of her friends; and within a few months of happiness she awoke from her dream, to find that he, for whom she had left friends and the luxuries of a wealthy home, was unworthy of the sacrifice. Year after year passed, and she found her idol shattered, and but clay at her feet. But, with a woman's undying faith she hoped on through poverty, and desertion, and contumely, until she laid him in his grave, and stilled the meaning of her heart, that she might care for the little ones, yet left to comfort her.

But a few months passed, and a new anxiety awaited her. The little babe, just beginning to lisp "ma-ma," so lovingly, that was so winsome in its ways, sickened and died.

Time were away to Mrs. Arnold, in the quiet discharge of her duties to her two remaining children. Hope for the coming plans was again beginning to dawn faintly through the dark sorrows of the past, when a terrible accident befel her youngest child.

Still the mother's heart and hand were not palsied. Day by day she lifted the little sufferer to the window, to feel the cool breeze, or to gaze on the trees, the flowers, the sunset; night by night, with trembling fingers, she wiped the cold dews caused by the racking pains, from its forehead, and stilled the sorrow that was going up from her own heart, to sing it to rest with sweet lullabys.

At times, indeed, her strength would almost fail her. She would rush from the room to escape the wail from the parched lips, and the longing, imploring glance of her child, and after a brief respite to go back with smiles and cheerful tones to the bedside.

At length the hour for the mortal struggle came; and in her own arms the mother held the child—repulsing, with a sharp, jealous tone, all who offered to touch what had now become so precious to her; and as she struggled with the convulsed form, she turned away her head, that those looks of agony might not haunt her forever.

Amid wind and rain, she laid her second child away from her; and when, for nights after, the storm moaned among the willow branches and around the house-top, she longed to go out and throw herself upon the little grave in the neighboring church-yard, to protect the troubled sleeper from its fury.

At last, poverty, which had so long stared her in the face, disappeared. By the death of relatives, a sum which would make her comfortable for life was secured to her; and her whole attention now was turned to the education of her remaining child.

This daughter was growing up a gentle, delicate girl, who seemed to have imbibed her mother's sorrows in infancy; so that she appeared never to have known the careless pleasures of childhood, and the undimmed hopes of girlhood.

Day by day the mother watched this last treasure, as fair and fragile as a pale lily blossom, fearing that every rude wind, would crush it to earth—sickening at the agonizing thought that perhaps this, her last comfort on earth, would be snatched from her, too. The young girl had unconsciously become her friend, counselor, teacher.

To the watchfulness of love, which cannot be deceived, for its instincts are so sure, the change from week to week, became more perceptible. The step was more feeble; the voice lower than of old; whilst the large eyes seemed filled with a mournful radiance; and the blue veins in the thin white hands grew larger every day.

Then the time came when the walks in the garden, which she had cultivated with so much care, had to be discontinued; and she only knew of its wealth and beauty by the fresh bouquets which she was hastening became more distinct the nearer she approached it.

One July morning found her too feeble to rise from her bed as usual; and when the morrow's sun arose, she was shrouded for the grave, with a posy of her favorite flowers on her bosom.

Seventeen years from the day on which she had been carried, a little stranger, to the warm, palpitating bosom of her mother, she was laid in the bosom of mother earth, who stretched out *her* cold arms to receive her.

Then many talked of the wonderful resignation of the mother. They knew not that it was the apathy of despair, that her faith had nearly died out by reason of her many trials. But better feelings at last triumphed. From out among the glowing stars, she saw the loving presence of those she lost watching over her, and she heard their voices in the night-wind that murmured around the cottage; and all pleasant things which Providence had created drew her with loving arms to them and Him; and now wherever there are tossings on sick pillows, or weeping eyes, or breaking hearts, or immortal souls panting at the gates of the Eternal City, Mrs. Arnold is there to counsel and console.

I now say no more to my heart, "There is no sorrow like to my sorrow."

November, 1776.

November, a hundred years ago, was a month of continuous disaster to the American arms. It is easy to judge of the wisdom or of the folly of the acts of warriors or of statesmen by the light of subsequent events; but to face the present and forecast the future is the duty which the actor in arms or in policy have before them. Whilst the heroic patience and hope of General Washington are now the theme of praise, his contemporaries were by no means unanimous in their confidence; and the officers under his nominal command severely tried his patience, where any show of an alternative was presented, by taking their own view, and disregarding the known wishes of the Commander-in-Chief. Yet while the patriotism of these men was and is disputed, the unprejudiced student cannot fail to admit that the disasters of November were heightened, if not caused, by the disagreeing purposes of the General and his officers.

And, on the other hand, the mistaken policy of the English commanders—the folly of which is now universally conceded—was more serviceable to the American cause than a victory would have been. Rhode Island was invaded and occupied by a large force against which the Americans could not contend. But the troops detailed for this purpose, had Clinton's advice been followed, could have been effectually employed in the occupation of New Jersey, and perhaps have caused the complete destruction of Washington's army.

Fort Woshington, the last post held by the Americans on the New York side of the Hudson, surrendered to the British with two thousand six hundred prisoners, on the 16th. There was no lack of gallantry on either side. The Americans had the advantage of position, the British the superiority in numbers. The slain and wounded of the Americans amounted to a hundred and fifty. The loss of the British was above five hundred. The greatest victory of the day was the conquest of his own spirit by the American Commander-in-Chief. In the delicate posture of the affairs of the young republic, Washington preferred to suffer blame rather than embarrass the cause of his country by efforts at self-vindication. He even apologized for the mistakes of others.

On the 29th, Fort Lee, on the Jersey side of the Hudson, was evacuated, as no longer tenable, the British having crossed in such force that to defend the post was impossible. The withdrawal of the garrison of two thousand men was made in extreme haste, but Washington so covered the retreat that less than a hundred prisoners were taken by the British. But the Americans lost or left behind all their camp equipage, and in most cases even their blankets; and, with no commissariat worth the name to fall back upon, had to face the rigors of the waning season.

And now follows the retreat through the Jerseys;" over the Passaic to Newark; from Newark, after a few days, to Brunswick; from Brunswick to Princeton; thence to Trenton; and thence, on the 8th of December, across the Delaware. The advance of the British army often overtook the rear guard of the Americans; and the British reached Trenton just in season to see the last of the Americans safely over and beyond their reach. For Washington had sent his sick and his stores over in advance, and had destroyed all the boats for miles above and below. Major-General Charles Lee, who was with his command in Westchester county, New York, at the time of the fall of Fort Washington, though frequently ordered to join Washington, failed to do so, but lingered and delayed, in the effort to carry out his own purpose. His misfortune in New Jersey belongs to the notes on the month of December.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Salt for Cabbage.

A New Jersey farmer considers salt necessary to the development of cabbage, especially in places far from the coast. He finds them more crisp, of better flavor, and to keep better when salt is used than without. He uses it as follows: A few days after setting out the plants, and when they are damp, either after a rain or when the dew is on, I take a small dish of fine salt and, walking among the rows, sprinkle a little pinch of salt on the center of each plant. When the leaves begin to grow I repeat the salting, and when the center of the leaves begins to form the head I apply salt again, scattering it over the leaves. After this I look them over occasionally, and if I find plants that do not head well or appear diseased, I sprinkle the salt over freely. This will save all such plants. A quart of salt is sufficient for 500 plants in a season, although more can be used with safety.—*Fruit Recorder.*

Choosing Fowls for Table.

It is a little singular that taste or fashion as to the color of the flesh of fowls varies at different large markets. In the London market yellow-skinned birds are not sought for, the pink or dish-colored skin being the favorite there; while in New York the yellow is preferred in a marked degree. The questions naturally arise, what is the reason for this difference in taste, and which are the best for the table as to flavor, delicacy, etc? There is no doubt that those fowls which are celebrated for their peculiar richness of flavor and delicate flesh mainly belong to the pink, or, as some people call them, the white-skinned varieties. Such fowls are the Games, Houdans, Dorkings, etc. Perhaps the reason for the preference for yellow in New York, is that a proper discrimination is not made between the pink and dark, or blue-skinned fowls for the table, the latter of which are generally poor in quality, such as Spanish Hamburgs, etc. Another reason may be that all the pink skins are very tender to dress, tearing easily, and extra care is required in dressing to make them look attractive, and if they come from a long distance and are at all damaged, they do not present as clean and nice an appearance as those with yellow skins.—*H. H., in Rural New Yorker.*

Culture in Glasses.

Dark colored glasses are the best, the roots being impatient of light. November is a good time to begin the culture of hyacinths in water. Nothing can be more simple than the *modus operandi*. Almost all the single varieties named above are well adapted for growing in winter. Having selected good bulbs, fill the glasses with soft rain water, place the base of the bulb near to, but not touching, the water. Set the glasses in a cool, dark closet for about six weeks, or until the glasses are well filled with roots; during that period keep the glasses filled, but never allow the bulb to touch the water. It is not necessary to change the water over once a month—by placing a piece of charcoal in the glass it will keep the water fresh and free from decomposition. Never use guano or any kind of manure mixed with the water; they succeed better without it. I knew an amateur who, to have an extra display, treated his bulbs to a dose of ammonia, which had (to him) the unlooked-for effect of entirely ruining his show for the season. There were only two out of about fifty bloomed—a memorable lesson for him. Bring the plants gradually to the light; they will soon be enabled to stand the full sunshine. The more sunshine they enjoy, the stronger the spikes and the more brilliant the colors of the flowers.

Freckles.

Freckles are not easily washed out of those who have a florid complexion and are much in the sunshine, but the following washes are not only harmless, but very much the best of anything we know: Grate horse-radish fine, let it stand a few hours in buttermilk, then strain, and use the wash night and morning. Or squeeze the juice of a lemon into half a goblet of water, and use the same way. Most of the remedies for freckles are poisonous, and cannot be used with safety. Freckles indicate a defect in digestion, and consist in deposits of some carbonaceous or fatty matter beneath the scarf skin. The diet should be attended to, and should be of a nature that the bowels and kidneys will do their duty. Daily bathing, with much friction, should not be neglected, and the Turkish bath taken occasionally, if convenient.—*Herald of Health.*

The Age of a Tree in Its Time of Leafing.

Every one knows that very young trees in a nursery are apt to come rather earlier into leaf than full-grown trees of the same species. But this is explained by the nearness to the ground and consequent higher temperature. The comparison should be made between the oldest available trees and other well-developed trees of moderate age. M. Alph. De Candolle caused observations of this kind to be made in two old botanic gardens, namely, those of Paris and of Pisa; and the results were negative—in the Paris cases no difference; in the Pisa cases an old gingko and an old walnut tree leafed earlier than young trees of the species, while the old tree of horse-chestnut, *sophora*, linden and *paulownia* were some later than the young trees. A very full series of cases, of different species, would be needed for the elimination of individual peculiarities often great in this respect. M. De Candolle is able to refer to better data, viz.: to one case in which the date of the coming into leaf of a horse-chestnut tree has been carefully recorded for 68 years, and another for fifty-seven years, both at Geneva. Of course, any difference due to age would be small in comparison with those due to climate, yet they might be expected to be sensible in the long series of years, if age really made any difference. But the figures do not bring to view any tendency to either earlier or later leafing with the advance of years.—*American Journal of Science.*

Important to Horse Owners.

Many horses acquire the pernicious habit of standing with the feel of one hind foot on the heel of the other. When shod with calks, if the animal throws his weight upon the upper foot, as he is liable to do, and the heel calk is resting over the coronet, or just above the wall of the hoof, the calk, if sharp, will pierce the skin; and by the horny wall being more rigid than the sensitive interior of the foot, a deep and severe wound is often produced. One instance of tetanus is known by the writer to have occurred from a calk of this kind, and several cases of incurable or urgent limb.

All good judges of equines would reject a horse for this habit; but for the benefit of such as are so unfortunate as to be the owners of them, I will give the only reliable remedy known to me.

Make a ring of two thicknesses of sole leather, fourteen inches in diameter, by placing one upon another and stitching them together near the outer edge. A round hole is to be cut in the center of the leather plate, of a size that will fit closely around the pastern, just above the hoof; and in order that it may be applied, a radical slit is to be cut from the hole in the center to the periphery of the ring; then, by twisting it it may readily be opened and applied. It is kept in place by two suitable straps and buckles, sewed on the upper side face of the ring.

The edge of the plate around the opening in the center, should be cushioned by binding it with soft leather, to prevent the sharp edges from chafing the limb. This ring is for use in the stables, or when the animal is quiet; it should be applied to the limb the foot of which the animal is most liable to place on the other. It is an effectual remedy.—*Country Gentleman.*

Settling a Knotty Account.

A merchant once had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the matter into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince him of his error; but he was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry and knowing the voice, called out from the top of the stairs—

"Tell the rascal I am not at home."

The Quaker, quietly looking up at him, calmly said—

"Well, friend, the Lord put thee in a better mind."

The merchant, afterward struck with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and himself wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said—

"I have one question to ask you—how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?"

"Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge that temper was sinful, and I also found it was unprofitable. I observed that men in a passion always speak loud; and I thought that if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by a careful observace of this rule I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural tongue."

Such good, frank philosophy was not lost upon the merchant in many years.

VANILLA CUSTARD.—One stick of vanilla; one pint and a half of new milk, half pint of cream, quarter pound of white sugar and seven yolks and four whites of eggs. Cut the vanilla into slips; boil in the milk and cream a quarter of an hour, adding the sugar; strain and let it remain to cool; then stir in the egg well beaten; pour into cups with half teaspoon of fresh butter; set them in water; bake in a moderate oven.

GOOD PIE CRUST.—A quart of flour will make two large pies. Sift the flour and stir in a quarter pound of butter and a teaspoon of baking powder, then moisten with cold water, ice water if you have it, using just as little as will make the flour stick together. The secret of good, tender pastry is speedy work. Do not work it with warm hands.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle		
Hogs—Live		
Sheep—Live		
Flour—Good to choice		
Wheat—No 2 Chicago		
Corn—Western mixed		
Oats—Western		
Eggs		
Butter		
Pork—New Mess		
Lard		

CHICAGO.

Beeves—Choice	$	
Hogs		
Sheep—Good to choice		
Butter—Choice to yellow		
Eggs		
Flour—White winter		
Spring extra		
Wheat—Spring No 2		
Corn—No 2		
Oats—No 2		
Rye—No 2		
Pork—Mess, new		
Barley—No 2		
Lard		

ST. LOUIS.

Beef Cattle—Fair to choice	$	
Hogs—Live		
Flour—Fall XX		
Wheat—No 2 Red		
Corn—No 2		
Oats		
Rye—No 1		
Pork—Mess		
Lard		

CINCINNATI.

Flour	$	
Wheat—Red		
Corn		
Oats		
Barley		
Rye		
Pork		
Lard		

MILWAUKEE.

Flour	$	
Wheat—No 2		
Corn		
Oats—No 2		
Barley—No 2		
Rye—No 2		

DES MOINES.

Flour—Wholesale	$	
Wheat—new		
Corn		
Oats		
Barley		
Rye		
Eggs		
Butter		
Hogs		
Cattle		

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