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BY S. H. NOYES.

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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness, and despatch.

"LOOK UP."

"Misfortunes," it is said, "never come singly." This was certainly verified in the family of William Thornby. The world had gone prosperously with him for a time, but soon promising speculations failed entirely, and his affairs became sadly involved. Some hopes of recovery presented themselves, when a fire broke out in the place, his house of business fell an easy prey to the flames, and almost every article was consumed, and to render the misfortune greater, the insurance had expired the day before.

Thornby and his large family were reduced to absolute poverty. Nor was this all; his anxiety and exposure during the fire, brought on a fever, and for weeks his wife hung over him, almost despairing of his life. At length, however, the fever abated, and though he was left weak and helpless as an infant, reason had returned, and nothing was needed for his restoration to health, but good nursing and freedom from mental anxiety.

Careful and affectionate nursing were not wanted, but it was impossible to prevent mental uneasiness. His children must be supported, but how? They would share with him in the poverty, perhaps the disgrace, which the involved state of his affairs would bring upon him; and many would heap upon him unmerited reproach. There remained but one way by which his fair name could be entirely retained, and as this he at once resolved. The house in which they lived was valuable, and would command a ready and favorable sale. It was hard to part with a home he had made so comfortable, but there was no alternative. The house was offered for sale and a purchaser soon found.

Every just claim was satisfied and the family removed to a distant part of the country. Here, in a small neat dwelling, they found themselves in possession of many comforts, and in their affection for each other, the mother soon found contentment and happiness.

But the father's heart was still sad. He felt a want of confidence in himself, and a mistrust of his fellow creatures. His whole appearance was changed. His countenance was downcast and sad; his steps lingering and irresolute, and no one would have recognized the once happy merchant in the ill-dressed and unhappy looking man, who now busied himself in cultivating a small piece of land that surrounded his little dwelling. His wife sought every means in her power to arouse his dormant energies. The little property they had saved from the wreck would soon be exhausted; he was yet in the prime of life, his health was fully recovered; why not again go forward, and endeavor to regain, or at least a part of what they had lost? Surely it was a duty which he owed to himself and to his children. But his husband shrank from again mingling with what he deemed the cold unfeeling world.

"It will be vain, Mary," he replied, "I shall lose what little we have. You can hardly imagine the unfeeling manner in which the unfortunate are treated. Many will help those who seem likely to rise themselves, but very few will extend a hand to those who are comparatively sinking." "This is partly true," said his more hopeful wife, "but I trust not to the extent which you believe. Place more confidence in your fellow men, and above all, have more reliance on your Heavenly Father, and you will succeed. Begin at the bottom of the ladder, and as the situation is clerk. You are certain well qualified either for a salesman or accountant, and will no doubt, obtain a good salary."

Mr. Thornby sighed deeply. "My health," said he, "will not permit me to lead the sedentary life of an accountant; as a salesman, fear I should stand little chance of success." "Not with that sad countenance, indeed; but strive to recover your former cheerful temperament and all will go well." "For your sake, Mary, and that of my children, I will make the attempt, but I

feel sure that it will fail."

He resolved to go and seek for employment. He left home for the city with the same sad countenance, downcast eyes, and slow and measured step.

His wife, who had watched him anxiously until he was out of sight, turned sorrowfully from the window, and said to her eldest daughter:

"It is all in vain, Sarah; your poor father will never succeed until he can learn to look up, not only naturally but spiritually."

After some expressions of mutual confidence and affection, the mother and daughter determined upon two things; first to commend the husband and father to the kind protection of heaven; and next to commence together, if possible, the keeping of a small school. This latter plan, however, they determined to submit to the father on his return.

As Thornby approached the crowded city he felt more oppressed by the doubts and fears which he had urged in the conversation with his wife.

The first place at which he called was the office of a commission agent who had advertised for a person having qualifications which William Thornby felt an undoubted assurance that he possessed. On stating his business, the young clerk requested him to be seated; at the same time surveying him with a contemptuous air.

Half an hour passed, and the employer entered. Thornby's name and application were laid before him. He stood for a moment quietly observing him, and without waiting to hear the qualifications he was about to urge, said quietly:

"You will not answer our purpose, sir."

The applicant turned away without remonstrance, and left the office, saying to himself,

"Just as I expected. I have every qualification he required in his advertisement; but my appearance does not suit him, and that is enough."

The next trial was a large wholesale dry goods establishment. The refusal was equally decisive as the other; and as he turned to leave the store, he heard the employer remark to the head clerk:

"I make it a rule never to employ a person who looks as if he was unfortunate. Everything about the man shows that he is going down hill."

"And therefore," mentally added poor Mr. Thornby, "you will give him a push."

He had resolved not to try again, but the thought of those depending on him urged another trial. With desperate determination he resolved to go to every warehouse in the street through which he was passing. But he was unsuccessful, and with every failure he became more and more deeply depressed, till his anxious countenance could not fail to excite the observation of those around him.

As he turned from the last shop, he was accosted by a benevolent looking old gentleman in the garb of a quaker, who exclaimed in a friendly tone of inquiry:

"Looking for a situation, friend?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "can you aid me in my search?"

"Not directly, but I can give thee a little advice, which if rightly acted upon, will finally help thee to attain what thee desires."

"I shall be grateful for your advice."

"It is this—Look Up."

At these words Thornby raised his eyes from the ground, supposing it to be a command to look at his adviser. But to his surprise the old gentleman had already turned, and was walking rapidly away in an opposite direction.

"Some insane person," Thornby muttered, "I am in no humor for his jolly."

Then sorrowfully he turned towards his own home, quite convinced of the uselessness of further search.

His wife, not much surprised at his failure, still endeavored to cheer him, and proposed the plan of keeping a school. With some difficulty they obtained his sanction to what he considered as an almost absurd undertaking.

Circulars were immediately printed and circulated, and Sarah and her mother called upon many families in their immediate neighborhood and made known their intentions. Their ladylike and pleasing appearance excited much interest, and they soon secured a sufficient number of pupils to encourage them in a beginning. The school rapidly increased, and before the end of the first term they had more applicants than they could admit. Many families were anxious that Mrs. Thornby should receive their daughters as boarders; this occasioned an extension of their plan. A larger and more convenient house was taken, and arrangements made for the accommodation of boarders, and also for the reception of a larger number of day-scholars.

Mr. Thornby viewed with wonder the success of his wife and daughter. Why was it that he alone should be rejected because he

was unfortunate? How was it that they had raised so many kind friends around them, eager and able to assist them? In what did the difference consist?

The words of the Quaker often came to his mind, and though he had at first regarded them as mere expressions of insanity, he now began to suspect that they in reality contained the advice which the old gentleman had said if rightly followed, would ensure him success.

"Look Up!" Surely, man formed in the image of his Maker, should not, like the beast that perisheth, cast his eyes upon the earth! Even when bowed down by misfortune, he should strive to look up to the light which may yet illuminate his path. These thoughts had crowded forcibly upon Thornby's mind, and he was beginning to act in accordance with them, when his daughter bounded joyously into the garden, where her father was busied with some vines, and told her father that he should smile upon her cheerfully as he used to do for she had good news to tell him.

"You deserve to be smiled upon, indeed, my child," said he, gazing fondly on her animated countenance, "but what news have you for me?"

"One of the young ladies who attended our school asked me to day if my father was in want of a situation as clerk; and when I answered in the affirmative, she said her uncle requested you to call at his office to-morrow morning. Here is the address," Sarah continued, handing her father a slip of paper.

"Well, there may be something yet in store for me, Sarah."

"Indeed there may, my dear father. Only think how well our school is succeeding. The income of that alone would afford us comfortable support. Our Heavenly Father is always near to help us in the hour of need."

The heart of the strong man was bowed down, and his voice trembled with emotion. Tears of real sympathy stood in the eyes of his daughter, as she whispered—

"Your heart will no longer be sad, dear father, you will smile on us once more."

"My child," said he, the dark shadow has long been on me; but with the help of God I no longer be cast down. Even if the new opening should delusive, I will not be discouraged—I will now look up."

With a cheerful countenance, and a step which fell sweetly on the ears of his wife, bringing to her remembrance the days gone by, he descended to breakfast the next morning, and at an early hour, was on his way to the city. As he entered the office answering to the address given him by his daughter, he was met by the same benevolent old Quaker who had proffered his advice on a former occasion.

"Well, friend," he exclaimed, extending his hand, "I am glad that thou has followed my advice and learned to look up. I have a situation now at my command where thee can obtain a good salary, and without working harder than is fitting at thy time of life."

The best remedy for a man who is going down hill is to look up. When earthly hopes fail, there is still hope in Heaven.

HARRY'S WIFE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"MARRIED!"

There was a chorus of of indignant voices, five strong, well-developed feminine voices, which made a shriek of that little world equal to the proudest effort of a locomotive whistle.

Mrs. Grey put down the letter which contained the astounding news, and regarded each of her four daughters in turn.

"Married!" she said with an emphasis that sounded as if she herself, as well as her daughters, needed to be convinced of the fact; "married to the daughter of a porter in a store. He is mad!"

"Selfish fellow!" said Miss Maria, who was some years the senior of the culprit, and whose dark brown curls and rather too well preserved roses had failed to induce any desperate man to ask her to change her maiden name.

"No consideration for our feelings," said Helen, the second fair maiden.

"She's some low thing, of course," said Lola, tossing her head. "How could Harry, with his refined tastes and habits, ever marry such a person?"

Minnie, the youngest daughter, and the only one younger than the much abused Harry, said nothing. Her first cry of astonishment had been involuntary, but she added no comment to the general outcry; for while the others were angry and loud in their complaints, she was silently suffering from the most acute grief. Harry, her darling her idolized brother was married. All the tender love she had lavished upon her delicate childhood, all the confidential disclosures he had trusted to her ear alone were now to be transferred to his wife, and

Minnie felt a great aching, desolate void as she thought of the loss of Harry's best love.

"Harry wishes the front room to be ready for him this afternoon," said Mrs. Grey; they are coming here, and as Harry owes the house, of course we can say nothing."

"I suppose he will reduce our allowances," said Maria, discontentedly enough, as she followed her mother up stairs to prepare for the brother's return.

As she meanwhile, seated on the deck of a sailing steambath, was telling her

soon to become her home and already her relatives. She was a little Jezebel morsel of a woman, who had been teaching their young ladies of Harry's acquaintance music, drawing and the English branches; and while they were exerting their most fascinating powers to win the handsome young lawyer, he was falling desperately in love with the pale little governess. Let an orphan very young. Elsie Smith had been placed by her father's employers at a good school, and supplied with a small income until she was eighteen, when she left school to support herself. She was so small, so child-like, and so timid that this would have been a difficult task, had not the principal of the school interested herself and procured her the situation of governess to the Misses Harding, who snubbed her to their own satisfaction and Harry's indignation for one year; then, by discovering a letter in her room from Mr. Grey, they found their charms unheeded, while Harry's love was fixed upon that insignificant little child, and they dismissed her instantly; and three hours later Harry found her disconsolately wandering about in search of a new place, and insisted upon escorting her to church and taking legal possession of her future welfare.

"Do you think they will be very angry at our being married so suddenly?" asked Elsie, gently.

"Why, pet, they have no sort of right to be angry," was Harry's answer. "I'll tell you all about it. A ter my father died some seven years ago, we were poor for a while, and my sisters sewed and taught music, while I studied law with my uncle. We all supposed him to be very poor, but he took my education into his own hands until I came of age, and very generously he conducted it. One day he fell dead in the street of apoplexy, nearly four years ago, and I suddenly became a rich man. I was then twenty-two years old, and he left me all his property, including the house to which I am taking you, and this property, to our great surprise, was a very handsome one. He was my god-father as well as my uncle, and a bachelor, my father's only brother, and he left everything he died possessed of to me. Of course, I sent for mother and the girls, and settled an income upon each of them. Maria, Helen, and Lola, are all older than I am; but my little Minnie is only seventeen, and for her I bespeak the warmest place, next mine in your heart."

"And they expect us?"

"Oh, yes; I wrote before we started for Niagara, or mother would have been uneasy at my long absence. They will have received the letter early this morning, as they send in to the city for the letters every afternoon when I am away."

"O Harry, I hope they will like me!" said Elsie earnestly.

"A merciful heaven and look of fond approbation were the result, and then the bustle of arrival made both of them silent."

Elsie's heart sank as her husband ushered her into the drawing room upon their arrival. Four more solemn looking women than Mrs. Grey and her three elder daughters could not well be imagined and as each one coldly bowed and spoke a few words of greeting, Harry felt the little hand he clasped grow cold in his, and saw the little figure tremble. His own heart was throbbing with hot indignation, but the habitual respect for his mother, and the chivalrous brotherly love for his sisters, kept him silent on the subject of this insulting conduct.

"Mother, Elsie is fatigued with our long ride from the city, and I am as hungry as a hunter."

"Maria, tell Catharine your brother desires supper immediately."

Maria went out and Helen followed her. Lola looked up from her crochet work, and something in the little shrinking figure softened her wrath against the "porter's daughter," for she said:

"Mrs. Grey, will you sit here by the window? It is cooler, after your long, hot drive than the sofa."

Harry sent a grateful glance across the room; and removing Elsie's hat and cloak, let her sit bright curls fall round her neck as he loved best to see them, and then led her to her sister.

"Her name is Elsie, Lola, and I am sure she wishes her sisters to call her so."

"Indeed I do," said Elsie gently. "What are you making?" Oh! one the new-fashion

ioned purses! I saw an improvement upon those medallions in New York; you must let me show you how to do it."

Lola's heart was bent upon fancy work, and she was completely mollified at the prospect of a new stitch; and leaving them deep in the mysteries of hooks and loops, Harry went to find Minnie. A little sobbing figure in her own room she was when he knocked there.

"Why, Minnie, what's up? Mother crossed?"

"No, Harry; but—but—"

"But what? Now, Minnie, they are all as angry as furies down stairs, and poor little Elsie is half frightened to death. I was depending upon you to make it seem like home to her!"

"Me?"

"Yes; she loves you already, because," and he laughed; she fancies your brother perfect, and she soon found out who was his pet. That's right, cheer up, never mind the trouble, you can tell about that to-morrow."

"It is gone! I was a rascal, Harry," and she came close to him, "that little sister would be loved less when you were married. There it is all out! Could if you will, but love me, Harry."

Harry's lip quivered, from under her tall figure and frank, open face, he carried a tender, sensitive heart, and was deeply moved. Softly he stroked back the fair curls, and in the kiss he pressed upon Minnie's lips she read truly that his new love only deepened the old affections, and she gave him her hand to go down stairs with a wonderfully brightened face.

Elsie felt two loving arms encircling her waist, and saw two large blue eyes looking down into hers with a wistful tender love, and thus received her first true welcome.

"I am sure you want to take off that dusty dress and brush your hair," said Minnie, so I will take you to my room. You are too tired to unpack, but I can lend you something. We are nearly the same size."

"Twin gossamers!" said Harry. "Take good care of her Minnie!"

"How lovely you are!" cried Minnie, as she smoothed the folds of a fair white muslin from her own wardrobe and fastened it round Elsie's waist. "Ain't it funny that we are just of a size?" That dress fits you beautifully."

"Harry said it was his sister's blue eyes that made him look first into mine," said Elsie.

"Don't you believe a word of it," said Minnie; "Men don't look after their sister's perfection in such cases; but she took the speech into her own heart to dream over and be happy."

Tea time sent Harry up stairs to find the sisters with their arms encircling each other waist, school-girl fashion, talking with loving freedom, and he knew that Elsie had won one heart from amongst those steeled against her. Little did the bride guess the bitter feeling of her mother-in-law, as she took the seat to which Harry led her at the head of the table, one quick glance arresting his mother's progress toward the same spot. He swallowed all the wrath of his heart, but he resolved firmly that Elsie should have his will to maintain her in her rights; the love he hoped she would win without any aid from him.

Two months passed, and the family removed to their city home for the winter. All Elsie's gentleness, her beauty, her timid, silent attempts to win love, had fallen powerless before the angry, bitter jealousy of her mother-in-law, as she took the seat to which Harry led her at the head of the table, one quick glance arresting his mother's progress toward the same spot. He swallowed all the wrath of his heart, but he resolved firmly that Elsie should have his will to maintain her in her rights; the love he hoped she would win without any aid from him.

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pital. Helen was completely subdued by the terrible emergencies, and followed the directions of that clear little head in quiet obedience. All timidity was laid aside, but the soft, gentle touch, the low, sweet voice, and quiet step of Harry's wife were invaluable to the aching heads and fever-racked forms to which she ministered. Day after day of weary watching followed by anxious nights, drew Elsie and Helen very near to each other. Nurses could not be obtained from fear of contagion, and Harry himself did not watch Elsie's cheeks paling and step faltering with more tender interest than did Helen. And Mrs. Grey, Maria, and Lola? I cannot tell the agony of remorse, the anxious suspense, with which they welcomed the return to consciousness, and heard Helen's story of those days of delirium and pain. The gentle little hand that came caressingly to rest on their hot foreheads was covered with bitter tears, and weak voices pleaded for pardon and promised love.

None died! One happy day found all the family once more assembled round the table; some pale from illness, some from long nursing, but no harsh word, no cold look made Harry's blessing a mockery; and when in a few earnest words he thanked God that they were all spared, moist eyes turned to Elsie, and from each heart went up a loving prayer for "HARRY'S WIFE."

A CUTANEOUS COLLECTOR.—A worthy farmer had a passion for collecting the skins of animals. Every creature, that he could shoot or ensnare, he dexterously skinned; and the larger skins he stretched upon the sides of his barn, and the smaller adorned the walls of his apartments. He had no taste for paintings and his walls were covered with the skins of weasels, and raccoons, and opossums, and rabbits, and the interspersed spaces were ingeniously filled with skins of rats, squirrels, moles and mice. Now the effect of all this was not unpleasant to the eye. It was vastly more agreeable to the proprietor than a collection of the "old masters" must be, doubt and then, the collectors, when a doubt arises, as it sometimes will, if the "masters" are really as "old" as they were bought for. Be all this as it may be, the worthy farmer went on catching and skinning almost every living creature that came in his way, and which was a lawful subject for his operations. He had a son, a mere child, who took great pleasure in standing by, and watching his father's operations, whenever a creature was being skinned. The child's grandmother, who was very old, and who had been sickened and died, which afflicted the poor little fellow very much; and the day after her death, he went up to his father and said, in the simplicity of his heart, "Daddy, when are you going to skin granny?"—[Boston Transcript.]

GRAFTING THE TOMATO ON THE POTATO.—A correspondent of the Horticulturist states that he succeeded, perfectly, in grafting a scion of tomato upon the potato vine. He cut about one third of the potato shoot off just above a leaf, taking care not to injure the bud at its base. The scion, being shielded from the sun, was every day sprinkled with a little water, and it took rapidly. In the fall the tomato was loaded with ripe and un-ripe fruit, and grew to a large size. The potato and tomato are closely allied botanically.

A SAD FACT. When Gen. Lee was a prisoner at Albany, he dined with an Irishman. Before entering upon the wine, the General remarked to his host, that after drinking he was apt to abuse Irishmen, for which he hoped the host would excuse him in advance. "By my soul General I will do that," said his host, "if you will excuse a trifling fault which I have myself. It is this: whenever I hear a man abuse old Ireland, I have a sad fault of cracking his sconce with my shillaly." The general was civil during the whole evening.

A fidgety lady was once consulting Dr. Abernethy, the famous English physician, who asked him what she should eat—whether this, that or the other would injure her. "You may eat anything," said the doctor, "except the poker and the bellows, for one is hard of digestion, and the other is supposed to be windy."

What good would centuries do the man who only knows how to waste his time?

The hour are very fugacious, but an exemplary husband is careful to keep good ones.

Mrs. Partington says there isn't enough of the spirit of Seventy-Six left to fill a build lamp.

A practical joker ought to be the best of auctioneers—judging by his success in selling his friends.

"How is the market, neighbor?" "Very quiet." "Anything doing in cheese?" "Not a bit."

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MISCELLANY.

THE MAN.

Is a man a bit the better
For his riches, golden pains,
For his acres and his palace?
If his inmost heart is callous,
Is a man a bit the better?

And if a man's no bit the better
For his coffers and his mines,
For his "purple and fine linen,"
For his vineyard and his vines,
Why do thousands bend the knee
And engage in mean servility,
If a man's no bit the better?

Is a man a bit the worse
For a lowly dress of rags?
Though he owns no lordly rental,
If his heart is kind and gentle,
Is a man a bit the worse?

And if a man's no bit the worse
For a poor and lowly stand,
For an empty pocket,
And a brawny working hand,
Why do thousands pass him by
With a cold and scornful eye,
If a man's no bit the worse?

THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE OF 1755.

Lisbon had had several previous shocks, but, being uninjured, forgot them and did not consider them to be warnings, or even threats. Science had not reduced the action of earthquakes to any certain terms, and considered them inconsistent sequences; they were then, as they still are, mysteries. There was at first an undulating tremble, of two minutes, which many laughing, feasting people, thought was caused by a wagon rumbling underneath the windows. Then another, in a few minutes, worse and unmistakable, so that houses split and rent, and a dust arose that hid the sun. Then another interval of dreadful silence, and the city fell to pieces like a card-house—palace, hat and cabin, church, casino, gambling house and thieves' kitchen, amid a dusty fog of an eclipse, through which dreadful apocalyptic darkness arose groans, screams and shrieks of the dying and immured.

An eye-witness, in a ship lying in the Tagus, said he "saw the whole city suddenly heave like a wave. Lisbon had disappeared. Another man wrote a day afterwards:—"There is not a house to rest one's head in." At the same time, to swell the horror, the sea rose as if torn up by the roots, and threatened to bury even the ruins.

This ten minutes' epiphany of the earth was felt not merely on the volcanic line; it spread like a storm, even through Loch Lomond; it tossed ships in the Atlantic; it was seen at the Orkneys; it turned the Springs at Clifton Hot Wells dark as ink; the very intelligence of it came like a thunder clap on men's minds. The Last Day was prophesied louder than ever by the men who live by frightening people siller than themselves, with such prophecies.

It drove men mad, it increased atheism, it hurried men into convents, it turned prodigals pious in a single day. High Tories, who could never see any causes that led to that great moral convulsion that split throats, swallowed up dynasties, and devoured effect and rotten institutions that cumbered the ground. It was taken on the other hand, by free thinking writers and encyclopaedists as a proof of God's disregard of his creatures, and of the non-existence of a special Providence.

It is difficult to realize the punishment of Corah and his company in this bright city, how hang with flowers, and carpeted with a roof of such blue and fiery brightness. Yet all these furores that are now streets, all these sudden slopes that drive you down alleys, like well shafts, all these cliff-heights, such as the public gardens in the place are terraced on, are the results of this great reformer and unbuilder. The brute power of the earthquake shook the city into rubbish-heaps in ten minutes, and the most terrible feature of its cruelty happened in this very Black Horse Square I now carelessly walk over, whilst as I go, and looking at the red-uncoiled stonework waiting for me in the offing.

It was to this broad space in front of the palace that, when the first shock subsided, and the roofs had ceased to split and the floor to gape open for a few minutes, that thousands of the Lisbon people rushed with children, caskets or whatever they deemed most precious, to fall on their knees and pray to the God whom they expected every moment to see bursting from the clouds—his voice the thunder, in his hand the lightning—in the great fury of his anger appearing to reap the guilty world.

That moment, as in huddled, frightened, half-naked groups, the boldest lay trembling, intranced palsied, or screaming, the square opened in the midst, and into that yawning grave they all sunk, and that earth closed over them. At the same moment, a great convulsion swallowed up the quays, and the waves closed over every boat and vessel anchored there, and not a fragment of them ever appeared again. Now, when I hail John Fish, and call for a boat, I little think of the dead lying under that churchyard square; and so far are the lounging English sailors from having any very clear tradition about it that when I ask one of them, he tells me that the old city was on the opposite side of the bay, not knowing that he now stands on the burial place of thousands.—[Life in Spain by Walter Thornbury.]

As long as woman loves she does nothing else. A man has other matters to attend to in the intervals.

A teamster may do a brisk business, but a wheelbarrow-man carries all before him.

The "small end of nothing" is decided to be the remnant of a bad reputation.

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EDITED BY
T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The nineteenth volume of the Home Magazine will open with the number of January, 1862. In all respects, the work will continue to maintain the high ground assumed from the beginning. Our purpose has been to give a magazine that would unite the attractions of fiction and of history, and of high moral aims, and of useful lessons to men, women and children, in all degrees of life: a magazine that a husband might bring home to his wife, a brother to a sister, a father to his children, and feel absolutely certain that in doing so, he placed in their hands only what could do them good.

All the Departments, heretofore made prominent in the work, will be sustained by the best talent to command. The Literary Department: the Health and Mother's Department; the Toilette, Work Table and Housekeeping Departments; the Children's Department, etc., etc., will all present, month after month, their pages of attractive and useful reading. Elegant engravings will appear in every number, including the fashions, and a variety of needlework patterns.

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Our Premiums for 1862 are, beyond all question, the most beautiful and desirable yet offered by any magazine. They are large sized Photographs, (15 by 10 inches) executed in the highest style of the art, of magnificent English and French Engravings, four in number as follows:

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These Bitters will not only cure, but prevent Drunkenness.

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