

Poetry.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready;
Give me the hand that is calm, true and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me the palm that I may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the hand that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has not harmed another;
Give me the hand that has not forsworn it;
Give me the grasp that I may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-veined maiden;
Horny the hand of the workman o'er laden;
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give the grasps that become her,
Close as the twine of the vines of summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has not wrong'd another;
Soft palm or hard, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Select Tale.

THE MAGNETIC BATTERY.

She loved him! Ten thousand devils, she loved him! When, one calm evening, on the quiet beach, underneath the stars, underneath the holy heavens, with the voluptuous atmosphere of the Indian summer falling over land and sea, when at that deep and magical hour I had related my passion and my agonies, I discovered that she loved him! With a trembling voice and a beating heart I told her all. Told her that for twelve long months I had lived upon her breath. That my soul had shot forth its tenderest fibres beneath the sunshine of her eyes, hoping to cling to her forever. That at my deepest hour of study her form had danced between me and the page. That love was making me mad; that I must possess her or die!

A curse upon your calm and reasonable beauty! With a face divine enough to madden angels, her reason has no tincture of the passion that flashes in her eyes. She whose lightest touch will make a man shiver through every vein; whose breath, perfumed and warm, has yet the secret charm to raise a storm in the blood; the rustling of whose robe echoes with sharp thrills through every vault of the heart: such a one will coolly argue on the proprieties of love, or the probabilities of happiness. Will cut down your hopes, tropical in their growth, with a trenchant and infernal logic, and drench the gold from off your painted future with a cataract of sense!

She reasoned with me. Reason! it was like pouring oil upon a raging fire, or dosing a maniac with cantharides. She thought that our natures were incompatible. That I was too fiery and uncontrollable to be mated with one whose happiness was peace. She bade me love again; seek some other woman whose broader nature and more energetic spirit might receive and balance mine.

I taxed her furiously with loving another. I swore to spill his blood; to die—dying with him; in short, I know not to what lengths of extravagance my frenzy carried me. She made me haughty answer. She crushed me with her icy tones, her well-bred deportment. She made no secret of her love. She was engaged to Clinton Knowles, and would, please God, be married to him next spring. Then, with a wintry bow, and a contemptuous glance, she swept by me, and left me standing like some cold rock rooted in the lonely sand.

Despite the cool contempt with which I found my love for Anita Brent hurled back in my face, I could not school myself to hate her, or even calm my turbulent heart down into a calm indifference. My rage, powerless against her whom I yet worshipped, turned fiercely, as it were, for some less sacred object on which to glut its vengeance, and natural enough, concentrated all its fury on my rival, Clinton Knowles. On him I swore a deep and deadly revenge. Henceforth I would devote all the energies of my mind to accomplishing his destruction. I would reach him, if it were in the arms of his bride.

By a curious idiosyncrasy of my nature I had always been prone to speculate on the means usually adopted in the commission of murders. Whenever the evidence relating to an assassination appeared in the public prints, it was my habit to amuse myself by imagining certain processes by which I could have successfully accomplished the crime without leaving any trace. I reviewed all the ordinary means of murder—poison, stabbing, suffocation. All were faulty and incomplete. Each

was certain to have a train of circumstances accompanying it which, if followed carefully, led eventually to the very root of the crime. The object of my ambition was to discover a means by which it was possible to take a man's life, and yet leave not the remotest possibility of a legal responsibility for the murderer. I conceived such a plan—a plan devilish and subtle, and defying investigation—and this terrible means I now formed the determination of employing against my rival.

I had much reputation in New York as a scientific man. I occupied the post of professor of physics in one of our principal colleges, but it was to my researches into the nature and power of electricity that I owed my chief fame. To me there was something inexpressibly fascinating in hunting out the secrets of this strange and omnipresent fluid. There was something wondrously sublime in holding the key of a power awful, swift, irresistible, mysterious, as the will of an infernal deity. To strengthen and develop, through different species of batteries, those tremendous currents whose noiseless strength was capable of rending mountains asunder, was to me an active delight. I found a thousand novel metallic combinations, each more powerful than the other. I constructed batteries, the united poles of which fused the finest gold as rapidly as if it were so much lead. I developed a heat so limitless that at its touch the hardest diamond crumbled calcined into ashes. I said to myself exultingly, as I united the poles of this tremendous machine, "Now I hold indeed the power of life and death."

In accordance with the plan I had marked out, I no longer sought Anita Brent. I seemed to bear meekly my contemptuous rejection, and when we met, I bowed humbly to her, and seemed, like a martyr, to accept my cross in silence. She was, doubtless, completely deceived. She thought me one of those meek creatures who bear with patience the destruction of their blighted hopes—a man like Robert Bruce's spider, who sees his web broken with a calm heart, and sets himself to work to build another. But she did not know me. She did not know that love such as mine spins but one thread in a lifetime, and, that destroyed, spins no more.

Clinton Knowles had been a class-mate of mine at college. He was a fine, joyous fellow—the very antithesis of my gloomy and secretive nature. At the university we had been excellent friends, and in the world, when we afterward met, our meetings were cordial ones. He was entirely unsuspecting of my having been his rival. Anita was one of those rarely honorable women, who would die sooner than disclose her conquests to any one; and my love had been so undemonstrative in public, that no one save Anita knew of its existence.

I suddenly renewed my old intimacy with Clinton. He came often to my chambers, and smoked and chatted over old times. Sometimes he spoke to me of his approaching marriage; painted to me all the happiness to which he looked forward in the future; dreamed audible dreams to me of love and wedded joys, and all those golden anticipations which I never could realize. I have often wondered since at my self-control. I have often wondered, while he thus unconsciously rent my heart day after day, that nature did not trample on philosophy and urge me to his instant destruction. More than once I found my fingers convulsively clasping knives that lay near me, or my eyes seeking the weapons that hung over the mantle-piece. I wonder now at my self-control, but feel convinced that nothing would have restrained me if it were not the conviction that at last he would surely be mine.

I soon got Clinton into the habit of coming frequently to my chambers. This was not difficult, for he was essentially gregarious in his habits; and, next to talking of Anita, it was his greatest pleasure to watch the progress of my experiments. My rooms were a laboratory, full of strange-looking instruments—magnetic batteries, common electrical machines, voltaic piles, in short, all those varied instruments for which the experimental electrician finds a use. Clinton remembered just enough of his college course of physics to follow my experiments with interest. I was just then pursuing some researches upon the applicability of electro-magnetism as a motive power, and Clinton was almost daily with me. The time approached.

Everything was arranged. My plan was complete, and nothing now remained but to put it into execution. I have spoken before of the powerful electro-magnetic battery which I had constructed on a principle entirely my own. This battery, although of comparatively small size, was of intense power, and its ordinary force could be further increased by an application of a zinc cylinder on a principle invented by myself. This battery, when at the height of its power, was capable of the most astonishing effects. A shock from it, directed through the vertebra of an elephant, would have

killed the animal as instantaneously as thought.—It was by this battery that I determined that Clinton Knowles should die; but, true to my theory of murder, I determined that the fact of his death being premeditated should remain a secret to all save myself and that ever-open eye which there is no blinding. How short-sighted was I, with all my devilish penetration, compared with that divine glance which so infallibly pierces the future!—While I blindly planned, God was looking on the end—an end that to me was wholly terrible and unexpected.

My plan was simply this: I made an appointment with Clinton Knowles to meet me at my rooms at a certain hour, to witness a new experiment which I was to repeat on the action of the electrical fluid on the nervous system of animals.—Half an hour before the time came, I set my battery in motion. One of the wires attached to the battery I had conducted along the floor, insulating it by coating it with gutta percha, leaving, however, its naked end coiled on a certain spot close to the table. This naked end was insulated from the floor by means of a thin sheet of gutta percha spread all over that portion on which the table stood. The other wire was likewise coated with gutta percha almost to its tip, and this I had conducted through the table in such a manner that its point came out close to the edge of the leaf. To this point I attached, by means of a finer wire—so fine as to be almost invisible—a letter, which I addressed, in large characters, to Anita Brent. All that was wanting now to complete the circuit between the poles of the battery was that some one, standing on the wire coiled under the table, should touch this letter. That done, a shock powerful enough to kill a hundred men would traverse his body, and instantly paralyze life. Now it was so arranged that no one touching the letter could avoid standing on the line which was coiled underneath the table, and I knew enough of human nature to know that the instant Clinton Knowles came into my room, not finding me there, he would go to the table. Once at the table, he would see the letter. A natural surprise at seeing a letter addressed in my handwriting to his fiancée would induce him to take it up. The instant his fingers touched it, the deadly fluid would sweep through his frame and leave him a corpse. Such was my plan, diabolically ingenious it is true—but, oh! how was it carried out?

After preparing every thing, I left my room, closed the door, and left orders with the porter that if Mr. Clinton Knowles called he was to walk up stairs and wait for me. No one could accuse me of killing him. I was out when he called. He went up to my laboratory, foolishly meddled with some of my instruments, and, by his death, paid the penalty of his want of caution. A more perfect plan could not have been constructed.

After spending three-quarters of an hour walking here and there in a state of agonizing suspense, and talking to as many friends as I could, in order that afterward they would be able to prove my absence from home, I proceeded, in company with one of my pupils, to my lodgings. I brought him because I thought a witness was necessary. Meantime, my imagination revelled in the scene of vengeance which I expected to greet my return. I pictured my rival lying stark and stiff on the floor, with his features horribly convulsed by that moment of instant annihilation. What was my horror, on turning the corner of the street, to meet Clinton Knowles hurrying in the same direction as myself.

"Never mind," I muttered. "Another time—another time."

"I am late, I fear," said he, as we met.

"You see," I answered, "I am only just returning."

"I don't mean that," he said: "I should not mind breaking an appointment with you. But I promised to go to the Dusseldorf Gallery with Anita, and I told her to call for me at your rooms. I fear she may be waiting for me there now."

"What?" I stammered, almost paralyzed—"Anita at my rooms! O God! let us hasten there—we may yet be in time!"

"What ails you?" cried Clinton, seizing my arm. "You look like a madman!"

I made no reply; but shaking off his hand, I bounded down the street like a deer.

"Has any one called?" I shouted to the astonished porter as he opened the door.

"Yes, Sir; a lady. She is waiting up-stairs."

I groaned. It was, then, all over. She would see the letter—she would touch the fatal wire—and I was the assassin of all I loved in this world! I rushed up-stairs, burst the door open, and—There she lay! stretched in her white dress on the floor, with a calm, pale face, and outstretched, listless arms, as if she had laid down to sleep. Even in that moment of mortal agony the instinct self-pre-

servative asserted itself, and I seized the letter and concealed it before Clinton arrived. Then I suppose I fainted. For I remember no more.

Miscellaneous.

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.

Parents may injure their children through excessive indulgence. Solomon thought this the sure method to ruin a child. He wrote a great variety of proverbs embodying this sentiment and recommending a discreet use of the rod. He had seen his brother Adonijah fall a victim to parental indulgence, and he sounded the alarm to other parents. The common feeling in our day seems to be, that Solomon was needlessly anxious on this point; or, at least, that however judicious his maxims might have been in a 'rude age,' they are not adapted to a refined state of society like that which it is our facility to enjoy. A large proportion of the generation of youths are growing up under the benign sway of this improved code, the essential provision of which is, that parents may counsel but must not command their children. A father is still allowed to say to his son, 'I would advise you to do this'; and a mother may still venture to express her wishes to a daughter 'I should prefer you to do so and so'; but it would be very rigorous to put these suggestions in the form of commands. According to the Bible theory, the family has a head: the new theory makes the family assessors with the father on his throne; or in other words, it demolishes the primeval constitution of the family and turns the miniature monarchy into a democracy. The consequences are just what might be anticipated from this bold attempt to improve a divine institution. On all side the complaint is made of insubordination and increasing wilfulness among the young. Disrespect to parents has come to be one of the prominent characteristics of the times; one which stands out so conspicuously, that he must be blind, who does not see it. There was a law in Israel that if a man had a 'stubborn and rebellious son, who would not obey the voice of his father or his mother,' even after he had been chastised, his parents should bring him to the elders of their city and the case being stated to them, they should convene the men of the place in the gate thereof, and have the disobedient youth stoned to death. If such a law were enforced in our large cities, executions of this kind would become an every day affair; and unhappily the subject would almost as frequently be daughter as sons.—It is the injunction of God, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Honor them by loving them, honor them by confiding in them, honor them by obeying them. Honor them by doing everything in your power to promote their comfort and happiness.—Reason sanctions this as Revelation commands it. But there are young persons who will not suffer the Bible to dictate how they shall treat their parents. Early inoculated with false notions of 'independence,' they look upon it as an indication of spirit and dignity to cast off the trammels of filial subjection, and defer to their parents only so far as the views of their parents may coincide with their own.—*Hints on Domestic Happiness.*

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.—No young lady can be too well instructed in anything that will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she may occupy, she needs a practical knowledge of the duties of housekeeper. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will be unnecessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she was obliged to preside personally over the cooking stove and pantry. Indeed, I have often thought it was more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands.

Mothers are frequently so nice and particular in their domestic arrangements, that they do not like to give up any part of their care to the care of their children. This is a great mistake, for they are often burdened with labor, and need relief. Children should be early taught to make themselves useful—to assist their parents in every way in their power; and consider it a privilege to do so.

Young people cannot realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery, but those who have suffered the inconveniences of and mortifications of ignorance. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to bake and experiment to cook in various ways. It is a great advantage to them.

I know a little girl, who at nine years old; made a loaf of bread every week during a winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast and flour to use, and she has become an expert baker. Whenever she is disposed to try her skill in making cakes and pies, she is permitted to do so. She is thus, while amusing herself, learning a very important