

## THE LADIES.

## WOMAN'S SPHERE.

BY R. R. M.

Not where drums are beating,  
Not where banners wave,  
Not where lives are fleeting,  
To the warrior-hero's grave;

Not where plumes are bending,  
Above each glad young brow,  
Which War's stern voice is sending  
To the ranks of death below;

Not where falchions beaming,  
Beneath a golden sun,  
All glittering and gleaming,  
Proclaim the battle won;

Not where streams are flushing,  
With a crimson not their own,  
But won from brave blood rushing,  
With the soldiers dying groan;

No; the din of battle ringeth,  
Unheeded on her ear;  
But wild wood songs she singeth  
To children listening near.

Her gentle form they banish  
From the stern warrior-band;  
Her sweet, glad smile, would vanish,  
With the falchion in her hand.

A speaker's voice there pealeth,  
Along the pillared aisle,  
But the parted crowd revealeth  
On the brow no woman's smile.

No; her gentle nature shunneth  
The gaze of many men;  
But where the rivulet runneth  
In the bottom of the glen,

Where holy quiet liveth,  
By the sick man's weary bed,  
Her tender care oft giveth  
Ease to the aching head.

The pale, damp brow she smootheth,  
Of him who soon must die;  
And the widow's wild grief sootheth,  
And calms the orphan's sigh.

The sick child's restless slumber  
She watcheth with good-will;  
And pale stars without number  
Will see her watching still.

The sin-stained convict needeth  
Her words of peace and love,  
And her gentle influence leadeth  
His thoughts to God above.

Her sweet, white hand, oft weaveth,  
For the loved, who walk with God,  
A garland, which she wreatheth  
Across their burial sod.

To man she gladly yieldeth  
The sword and falchion bright,—  
The banner which oft shieldeth  
In the tumult of the fight.

Thank God, 'tis hers to gladden  
The hearth, as best she can,  
Nor does her spirit sadden  
To share the sphere of man.

—Mrs. Kirtland's Magazine.

## MY UNCLE'S ACCOUNT OF THE COST OF A PAIR OF ANDIRONS.

"Peter," said my uncle, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and laying it on the corner-stone of the mantel-piece, and then fixing his eyes on the andirons; "Peter, those andirons cost me one thousand dollars."

"Dear me!" exclaimed my aunt.

"Oh, father!" cried the girls.

"Impossible!" said I.

"True, every word true. One thousand, did I say? Yes—two thousand—full two thousand dollars."

"Well, well," said my aunt, folding up her knitting for the night "I should like to know what you are talking about."

My uncle bent forward, and planted his hands firmly on his parted knees, and with a deliberate air, which showed no doubt of his being able to prove his assertion, he began:—

"Well, you see, a good many years ago, we had a pair of common old andirons. Your cousin, Letty, says one day, 'Father, don't you think those old andirons are getting too shabby?' Shabby or not, I thought they would hold the wood up as nicely as if they were made of gold. So I paid no attention to Letty. I was afraid she was growing proud. Soon after that, Peter," my uncle continued, "your aunt took it up—"

"There it goes," interrupted my aunt; "you can't get along without dragging me in."

"Your aunt took it up, Peter, and she said our neighbors could afford brass andirons, and were no better off than we were. And she said Letty and her sister Jane were just getting old enough to see company, and the stingy-looking old andirons might hurt their market. I knew that women will have their own way, and there was no use in objecting, and so I got the andirons; the price of them was ten dollars and a half—"

"Ah, that's more like it," cried my aunt. "I thought you said two thousand dollars."

"My dear, I wish you would not interrupt me. Ten and a half. Well, the first night after we had got them, as we all sat by the warm fire talking over the matter, Letty called my attention to the hearth, the stones of which were cracked and uneven. The hearth was entirely out of keeping with the new andirons, and I thought I might as well have it replaced first as last. The next day a mason was sent for to examine it. He came in my absence, and when I returned home, your aunt and cousins all beset me at once to have a marble slab. The mason had convinced them the hearth would not look decent without a marble slab, and they put their heads together.—"

"La, me," exclaimed my aunt, "there was no putting any heads together about it. The hearth was a real old worn-out thing, not fit for a pig-pen."

"They put their heads together, Peter, as I was saying, and continued till I got a marble hearth, which cost me twenty dollars. Yes, twenty dollars at least. Then I thought I was done with expenses, but I thought wrong. Pretty soon I began to hear sly hints thrown out about the brick-work around the fire-place not corresponding with the hearth. I stood it out for a month or two against your aunt and the girls, but they at length got the better of me, and I was forced to have marble instead of brick. And then the old wooden mantle-piece was so out of character that it was necessary to have a marble one. The cost of all this was nearly one hundred dollars. And now that the spirit of improvement had got a start, there was no stopping place. The new marble mantel put to shame the old white-washed walls, and they must be painted, of course; and to prepare them for paint, sundry repairs were necessary. While this was going on, your aunt and the girls appeared 'o be quite satisfied; and when it was done, they had no idea the old parlor could be made to look so spruce. But this was on'y a short respite. The old rag carpet began to raise a dust, and I found there would be no peace.—"

"Now my dear," said the old lady with a pleasing smile, accompanied with a partial rotation of the head.

"Now father!" exclaimed the girls.

"Till I got a new carpet. That again, shamed the old furniture, and it had to be turned out and replaced with new. Now, Peter count up, my lad: twenty dollars for the hearth, one hundred for the mantel-piece, and thirty for repairs. What does that make?"

"One hundred and fifty, uncle."

"Well, fifty for paper and paint."

"Two hundred."

"Then fifty for a carpet, and one hundred at least for furniture."

"Three hundred and fifty."

"Ahem! There's that clock too, and the blinds—fifty more."

"Four hundred exactly."

My aunt and cousins winked at each other.

"Now," continued my uncle, so much for this open room. No sooner was this room finished than the complaints came from all quarters about the dining-room and entry. Long before this, I had surrendered at discretion, and handed in my submission. The dining room cost four hundred more. What does that count, Peter?"

"Eight hundred, uncle."

"Then the chambers—at least four hundred to make them rhyme with the down stairs."

"Twelve hundred."

"The outside of the house had to be repaired and painted, of course. Add two hundred for that."

"Fourteen hundred."

"Then there must be a piazza in front—that cost two hundred."

"Sixteen hundred."

Here aunt began to yawn, Letty to poke the fire, Jane to turn over the leaves of a book.

"A new carriage came next, Peter—that cost two hundred dollars."

"Eighteen hundred."

"Then there was a lawn to be laid out and neatly fenced—a servant to be hired—parties given occasionally—bonnets and dresses at double