

The Drunkard to His Bottle.

AN IMAGINARY POEM OF ROBERT BURNS BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Hoot!—dour ye shaw ye face again
Ye auld black thief o' purse an' brain!
For foul disgrace, for dool an' pain
An' shame I ban ye;
Wae's me, that e'er my lips have ta'en
Your kiss uncanny!

Nae mair, auld knave, without a shillin'
To keep a starvin' wight frae stealin';
Ye'll sen' me hameward, blin' an' reelin',
Frae night's swager;
By wall an' post my pathwa' feelin',
Wi' mony a stagger.

Nae mair o' fights that bruise an' mangle,
Nae mair o' nets my feet to tangle,
Nae mair o' senseless brawl an' wrangle
Wi' fren' an' wife too,
Nae mair o' deavin, din an' jangle
My feckless life through.

Ye thiev' cheatin' auld Cheap Jack,
Peddlin' your poison brose, I crack
Your banes against my ingle back,
Wi' mickle meane;
Dell mend ye 't' his workshop black,
E'en at his leisure.

I'll brak ye'er neck, ye foul auld sinner
O' pull ye'er bluid, ye vile beginner
O' the ill's an' aches that winna
Quat saul an' body!
Gie me hale brecks an' weel-spread dinner—
Dell tak ye'er toddy!

Nae mair wi' witches' broo gano gyte
Gies me ane mair the auld delight
O' eldlin' wi' my bairns in sight,
The guid wife ne'er;
The weel spend day, the peacefu' night,
The morning cheer.

Cock a' ye'er heads, the bairns fu'gie
My winsom Robin, Jean, an' Meg,
For food an' class ye shall nae
A doited daddie,
Dance, an' auld wife on your awl-day leg,
Ye've foun' your laddie.

THE SPANIARD'S LAST PRIZE.

A Sketch of Naval Adventure.

BY LIEUT. H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

"I say, Ralph, it is close upon midnight, and there is little use in going aboard the corvette at this late hour. We may as well make a night of it and drop into Sauspert's. Everything is in full blast at this time, and you may never have another such opportunity of seeing life in Jamaica. We will sail to-morrow, you know."

"Sauspert's, Jack? Seems to me I have heard the name before, and yet I cannot place it. What is it—a cafe?"

"You can see for yourself in five minutes. In all probability you will meet old Sundries, the purser, there, and, in fact, all the notabilities of the island. Hark! do you hear that delicious strain of music, and the air—do you recognize it? Yes, a gem from Trovatore, and the performers, or I should say artists, are only retained by Sauspert at a heavy expense. But here we are, and now for a glimpse of life in the tropics."

The friends passed through the wide gateway, which assumed a ghastly white hue in the brilliant blaze of light that streamed from a score of heavily-draped open windows. The rose colored globes cast a delicious hue upon a gorgeous scene, reflecting back the glittering buttons on the uniforms of the two gentlemen who had at that moment entered the mansion.

Ralph Claxton was a native of Charleston, a generous hot-headed representative of the Palmetto State, and filled the position of first lieutenant of the crack American corvette Fire-Fly. His companion was Captain Jack Weatherby, commanding the marines of the corvette.

The soft, voluptuous strains of the band stole gently forth upon the perfumed air, and, strolling from room to room, furnished with a gorgeousness not unworthy of a Rajah's palace, the two officers quietly observed the throng crowding around the tables. Ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, soldiers in scarlet, with orders and crosses on their breasts, navy officers, representing half-a-dozen different nationalities, priests, bankers and merchants—all were there.

The mellow clink of doubloons, as the ever-shifting gold changed hands, the low monotonous tone of the croupier's voice, the suppressed breathing of the gamblers, mingled with an occasional passionate exclamation as some unfortunate player staked his last gold piece and lost, was all that reached the ears in those vast rooms. Silent, well trained servants glided noiselessly to and fro, bearing iced wines, frozen fruits, sherbert and creams to the guests of Sauspert.

Yonder in Sundries, and, judging from the crowd surrounding the table, he is playing heavily. It is his greatest failure, and he has sacrificed an estate that has been in the family for years, to say nothing of a numerous body of slaves. But come—let's see who is winning."

The purser, a fat, red-faced, jolly little fellow, had evidently been a heavy loser, fighting in vain against the ruin of bad luck that had set in against him. His opponent was a tall, sallow, muscular Spaniard, dressed in a species of uniform, with no distinctive mark or badge of rank about him.

through his veins with a quickened pulse as he saw the sinister smile of exultation on the thin and sallow lips of the gambler.

It was the last stake of the purser, and huge drops of perspiration stood on that officer's brow as he prepared to throw the dice. Seizing a goblet of brandy from a servant passing by, he drained it to the dregs, but still his hand shook with excitement. The Spaniard, cool and imperturbable as a statue, was on the point of deciding the contest, when a grip of steel seized the purser's wrist; a slight wrench and the concealed dice fell on the table in full view of all present.

"Take back your gold, purser. You have been tricked, cheated. These dice are loaded," and Ralph, calm and collected, confronted the Spaniard, the detected cheat, with a glance that compelled his glittering eyes to quail and his swartly complexion to pale.

The spectators had hastily withdrawn, leaving the principal actors the central figures.

A furious oath burst from the Spaniard's lips as he hissed forth a torrent of fiery threats.

"You shall pay for this with your life's blood, you cursed Yankee! Here's my card—" But the words died away in his throat with a convulsive rattle, for the sinewy fingers of Ralph had compressed his throat with the strength of a vise.

"Your card, you miserable snuff! Do you suppose a gentleman would snuff his weapons with such as you? No; I treat you as I would the lowest cur skulking in the gutters of the city," and, suiting the action to the word, he applied his boot vigorously to the Spaniard's person, who fled from the salon amid the jeers and laughter of all who had witnessed the affair.

The breeze of excitement which for the instant had occasioned a ripple of dismay amongst the giddy throng soon died away and was forgotten. The games of chance were renewed, the clink of gold again resounded on all sides, and Ralph, accompanied by Captain Jack Weatherby and the purser, retired from the establishment.

Walking rapidly to the mole, a boat was signalled, the gold of Mr. Sundries, no insignificant weight, carefully deposited in the stern-sheets, and with a sigh of relief the officers bade adieu to the hot, steaming shore of Jamaica.

The sun was gilding the lofty summits of the Blue Mountains with a soft, purplish light as the shrill whistles of the boatswain and his mates on board the Fire-Fly summoned all hands to their stations.

Ralph, trumpet in hand, was walking impatiently to and fro the quarter-deck, waiting for hammocks to be reported stowed before loosing sails and getting under way. His attention was arrested by the movements of a topsail schooner, which at that moment emerged from the light, silvery haze obscuring the shore. Sheering close to the corvette, Ralph had an opportunity to note the beautiful lines of the hull, the sharp bows, clear run, and immense beam of the stranger. The spars appeared heavy enough for a vessel twice her tonnage, while the snow-white canvas, taut as a board, set without a wrinkle, its immense area catching the faintest breath of the land breeze which sent the water bubbling and gurgling around the graceful curve of the cutwater.

Every rope was hauled taut, not a rope-yarn could be discerned flying from aloft, and as the beautiful craft, swept by, heeling slightly over to the freshening breeze until the sun played on the burnished sheathing, Ralph could not but acknowledge her as perfect a specimen of nautical beauty as he had ever seen.

"It's a pity she does not mount a battery, with Uncle Sam's pennant flying from her main-truck," he muttered.

Standing on the quarter-deck of the schooner, his tall, well-knit form displayed to advantage in a well fitting suit of flannel, his dark, curly hair surmounted by a cap bordered with gold lace, stood the Spaniard. With a mocking smile he lifted his cap, and bowing low, shouted to Ralph, whom he had singled out from all others:

"My account with you is still open. But we shall meet again; then I will have such a settlement as shall satisfy even Jules G. spardo. Adios."

The story of the murdered man ran like wildfire throughout the ship's company, and the sympathy of the man-of-war's men was apparent from the flashing eyes and compressed lips as the dead body of the shipmaster was committed to the deep. An officer and five seamen were then detailed to work the brig, with orders to shape a course for Goree, and to await the arrival of the corvette.

The breeze was freshening, curling up the waves of the broad Atlantic, tipping them with foam, as the man-of-war parted company with the brig. The mist of the morning rapidly rolled up and dispersed 'neath the rays of the fierce sun, and "Sail ho!" burst from a dozen throats as the snow white canvas and long, tapering spars of a schooner were seen not over five miles distant from the Fire-Fly.

'Tis the Esmeralda, by the chimneys of old St. Michael! I should recognize those spars among ten thousand," and in a low, rapid tone the excurtise addressed his superior, who nodded an assent as he disappeared below, saying:

"Carry on to the last moment, Mr. Claxton. Do not spare either spars or canvas in your efforts to capture that scoundrel; and as soon as they will bear, give the sallow rascal a taste of our long eighteens."

The schooner had discovered the unwelcome presence of her formidable foe almost at the same moment, and bracing up her head-yards, at the same time taking in the huge squaresail, the schooner hauled by the wind, her fore-and-aft sails setting like boards.

The corvette was not idle, and scarcely had the echo of the boatswain's call died away, when the excited seamen were starting aloft, active as monkeys. In a trice, the man-of-war was clothed in clouds of canvas, every available stitch set that hammocks slung, and a thirty-two-pound shot stowed in each one to make the craft lively. With yards braced fine, as needles, tacks hove close down, and sheets hauled flat aft, the corvette was rushing through the water at a speed that brought a smile of stern joy to many a bronzed cheek.

"Mind your luff, quarter-master; no nearer, my man." And Ralph glanced at the leach of the main-top-sail, which shivered slightly from time to time.

"Aye, aye, sir!" growled the old seaman, as he heve the wheel up a spoke or two. "It's full-and-by now, but afore night some of these light kites will be stowed, or I'll lose my grog." And as he muttered the last sentence under his breath he glanced to windward, where a threatening bank of dark ragged clouds were rapidly rising towards the zenith, while a long, uneasy swell had set in, causing the corvette to send the spray high above the weather cathead.

"Ha, my bilious gamester, if we are taking a ducking, you are not escaping your bath," and Ralph watched the schooner slipping through the seas, diving bows under, covered with foaming sprays, while the topmasts bent and buckled, threatening each moment to go bodily over the side. She steered small, keeping the corvette's masts in one, and but an occasional glimpse could be caught of her long, lean, glossy sides, the bright metal sheathing flashing like gold as she heeled over almost showing the keel.

As for the corvette, as the freshening breeze whistled through the taut cordage, and the wake astern became whiter and more distinct as she careened, the officer of the deck glanced inquiringly at the luff, with glass in hand, stood by the weather mizen rigging, gleaning alternately at the chase and the threatening aspect of the heavens now entirely obscured by the gloomy, leaden clouds which appeared to settle down lower and lower, until the gilt balls on the poles were lost to view. The light sails had been taken in, and yards sent on deck; the topgallant-masts had been struck, and the topmen clustered in a body at their respective stations, ready to jump at the first word of command.

The seas increased as night came on, and the gale thundered furiously over the green curling seas. Nobly had the schooner held her own against the heavier craft, but the laboring and pitching had told against her, and the Esmeralda, under two storm tri-cornered sails, and a patch of a storm-jib, rode gracefully over the seas, with one man beside the helmsman visible.

A slight yaw from the corvette as she plunged madly into a hissing mass of water, displaying for a moment her fore-foot to the lowering gaze of the Spaniard, who was nervously chewing the end of a cigar, a flash, a report, and a globe of iron buried itself in the waste of waters close alongside.

as well as pirate, the captain must be well acquainted with the bar, the coast, and the lay of the land generally.

"I'll guarantee the scoundrel is this moment warping up the river," exclaimed the commander as his eyes flashed with suppressed anger; "but this respite from vengeance shall avail him nothing. We have left our mark on his hatty mainsail, and I could almost swear we hulled the schooner once—that last shot, you know—but we'll clip her wings yet, Mr. Claxton. I cannot hope to cross the bar before evening, by which time the sea will have gone down, but in the meanwhile as much can be done. Have the launch hoisted out, the howitzer mounted, and by noon the boat can start up the river. You may send the second lieutenant, or go in charge yourself; but I only want one report made—understand me sir—when the expedition returns. I would not burden myself with prisoners. Remember the poor fool of the Nabob," and with a warm shake of the hand, the commander retired to the privacy of his cabin, leaving his executive to perfect his plans at his leisure.

Jack Weatherby, with a file of his best marksmen, accompanied Ralph as volunteers; and as the broad ash blades fell with a splash in the water, three hearty cheers rent the air from the corvette's crew, who secretly envied the picked men selected for the enterprise.

It required no little skill and considerable maneuvering to cross the bar in safety, and escape being swamped, but it was accomplished, and with long, steady strokes the double-banked oars rapidly urged the substantial boat up the dark, silent waters of the African river.

The shores were closely scanned as they proceeded, but there was but little chance of the schooner finding a hiding-place among the thickly-interlaced mango trees.

The sun set, and the short tropical twilight was followed by deep solemn night. One by one the stars peeped forth, reflected back in the dark depths of the river, and no sound was heard from the silent depths of the jungle on either side of them, save the occasional splash of an alligator, or the howl of some beast of prey in the distance. The oars had been muffled, the utmost silence enforced, and moving cautiously forward, the reflection of lights amid the gloom ahead, told Ralph that the prize he sought could not be far distant.

Pulling inshore, the lieutenant left the command in charge of his friend Weatherby, informing him that he preferred reconnoitering the ground before making a dash, and if he did not return inside of two hours, to advance an attack without reference to him.

Leaping on to the slimy shore, Ralph clambered up the steep bank, and guiding himself by the river, made rapid progress. When abreast of what appeared to be a town, judging from the numerous lights and ceaseless chatter of the negroes, the officer found that a deep creek prevented him from approaching nearer; and as the dim outline of a vessel's spars loomed up through the gloom, he was almost tempted to take his chances with the alligators, and swim. But fortunately he was spared that desperate alternative.

Stumbling along in the dark through the mud and mire of the creek, almost suffocated by the strong odor of musk rising from the hideous caymen abounding on all sides, Ralph was fortunate enough to find an old worm-eaten canoe, with the remains of a paddle in the bottom.

In an other instant he had dragged it forth from the slimy clay, and with cautious strokes drooped silently down with the tide, gaining a position under the dark counter of the vessel, which he recognized at a glance as the Esmeralda.

The large stern posts were open, the lace curtains partially drawn aside, while the soft, pleasant light from a large swinging lamp illuminated the apartment furnished with an elegance that betokened considerable taste on the part of the owner.

Asleep, on the velvet-cushioned transom, reclined the form of a young lady, her pale features, golden hair, and long sweeping eyelashes but partially visible to Ralph as he staidied himself in his crazy craft, clinging to the ornamental work of the stern.

A line towing over the side served him for a painter; then, feeling for his revolver, the officer drew himself noiselessly up, until his head was on a level with the rail, glanced about him; for a second, and then boldly swung himself over the taffrail.

men in all that gloom.

"Who goes there? Answer, or your life shall pay the penalty!" a stern voice whispered in Ralph's ear, as a dozen hands caught the gunwale of his canoe.

"All right, Weatherby; it is I, and here is the girl. Miss—what the deuce is her name? Any way, I have got her; she has fainted, so lay her in the stern sheets—so. Now I am with you and the Esmeralda is ours."

It was the launch coming up the river. The two hours had elapsed, and Weatherby was not the man to lose a moment of valuable time. Although burning with impatience to hear the details of his friend's adventure, there was no time then to satisfy his curiosity.

The guns of the Esmeralda had been loaded and run out in anticipation of an attack, but the man-of-war's men had not been expected so soon. With a cheer the launch ran alongside; the blue jackets, closely followed by the marines, swarmed over the low rail; the slaves started to their feet only to meet the fate they so richly merited, and in less than five minutes the beautiful but guilty vessel had changed hands.

In the meanwhile how had it fared with Captain Jules Gaspardo? At the first note of alarm, he had seized a cutlass with the intention of heading his men, but the surprise had been so complete he saw at once that all was lost. He then turned his attention to his own safety. Darting up the wharf, he leaped into the mango swamp, closely followed, however, by Ralph, Jack Weatherby, and a few of the seamen who had been on the lookout for him.

Some burning brands were caught up from a fire the negroes had been using, and holding them on high, the pursuing party rapidly followed on the trail of the Spaniard, who was leaping from root to root, which formed a network beneath his feet half submerged by the water of the swamp. The fugitive had hoped to escape in the dark recesses of the jungle, but that hope was gone now. All he could rely upon was to outstrip his foes.

Shot after shot whistled about him as he kept fearlessly on. The fellow seemed to bear a charmed life, while his sneering laugh rang continuously in their ears.

It was astonishing what speed the man made as he sprang from one yielding branch to another, and Ralph, thoroughly exhausted, was on the point of giving up the chase, for the time at least, when Jack, with a convulsive grip of his arm, suddenly halted, at the same time exclaiming, in an awe-struck whisper:

"For God's sake, Ralph, halt! Look there!"

Entwined amid the profuse foliage of a large mango tree, the shining scales and slimy folds of an immense serpent were revealed in the ruddy blaze of the torches. It was a huge boa-constrictor, who, alarmed at the noise and light, had raised his head from the coil; and the eyes flaming with fires of hell, the jaws thrown open to their widest extent, stood revealed in all their frightful terror.

The Spaniard, his eyes fastened upon the hideous spectacle, stood as if fascinated, his body thrown back, and hands extended as if to ward off the danger. Arms he had none; the cutlass had long since been thrown aside in his race for liberty.

A sharp hiss rang through the swamp as the threatening head of the reptile was thrown back, the folds appeared to writhe for a moment, there was a flash of the glittering scales, a yell of mortal terror and distress as the Spaniard was caught in that fatal embrace.

Faint with terror and disgust, Ralph gave the order to retreat out of the infernal lurking-place of the serpent, which order was gladly obeyed by all. They could have coolly drove their cutlasses through and through the Spaniard's body without any compunction of conscience, but such an awful death as he had met was too much for their nerves.

With early day the Esmeralda was got under way, and before many hours was lying under the guns of the corvette.

Ralph had carried out the commandant's instructions to the letter. Not a prisoner had he taken. But the girl, Miss Winne—how had she fared while in the pirate's power?

Under the skillful care of the surgeon, she in time recovered a portion of her former life and spirits, and with a shudder related her tale of suffering. Thanks to the corvette's vigilance and energetic action, she had escaped from the Spaniard, who had been given little or no leisure to devote to his hapless captive. Ferocious threats had escaped him, his temper rising to a pitch of madness when the parting shot of the Fire-Fly killed the man at the wheel, splintered the main-boom, and severely wounded himself in the head with the flying debris of the spar.

THE FARM AND HOUSE

Keeps.
Lemon Custard.—Make the juice of a large lemon very sweet; then pour in a pint of boiling cream, and stir till nearly cold.
Pop Overs.—One pint flour, one pint milk, two eggs; eggs beaten to a froth; mix quickly, and bake in hot buttered cups. Serve with hot sauce.

Coffee Cake.—One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of cold coffee, four cups of flour, two cups of raisins, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Spice to taste.
Mince Pie.—Boil a fresh tongue; chop it very fine, after removing the skin and roots; when cold, add one pound of chopped suet, two pounds of stoned raisins, two pounds currants, two pounds citron cut in fine pieces, six cloves powdered, two tablespoonfuls cinnamon, half a teaspoonful mace, one pint cider, two pounds sugar; put this all in a stone jar and cover well; in making pie chop some apples very fine, and to one bowl of prepared meat take two apples; add more sugar, according to taste, and sweet cider enough to make the pie juicy, but not thin; mix, and warm the ingredients before putting into your pie-plates; always bake with an upper and under crust, made with one cup of lard, one of butter, one of water and flour.

Farm, Garden, and Household.
Black Walnut Polish.—A quarter of a pint of raw linseed oil, one tablespoonful of muriatic acid, and a little vinegar.
Many a farmer pays out large sums for phosphates while he allows the valuable fertilizers of his own barnyard to run to waste.
To Polish Flatirons.—Beeswax and tallow will make your rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of beeswax in a bag, and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour them with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

Preserving Silks and Ribbons.—Ribbons and silks should be put away for preservation in brown paper; the chloride of lime used in manufacturing white paper frequently produces discoloration of the white articles, which should be pinned in blue paper with brown paper outside, sewn together at the edges.
To Clean Feathers.—Make a lather of curd soap, boiling water and pearl ash; when it is like cream, wash the feather in it, gently squeezing it, and then in cold water, and then rinse in cold water, shaking it well before the fire, but not too near. Curl it by drawing each feather over a blunt edge of a fruit knife. If the color is not good, use a little blue in the rinsing water.
How to Dip Shirt Bosoms.—Take two lb. bosomfuls best starch, add a very little water to it, rub and stir with a spoon into a thick paste, carefully break all the lumps and particles. Add a pint of boiling water, stirring at the same time; boil half an hour, stirring occasionally to keep it from burning. Add a piece of "enameled" the size of a pea; if this is not at hand, use a tablespoonful of gum arabic solution (made by dissolving one ounce water upon gum arabic and standing until clear and transparent); or a piece of clean mutton tallow half the size of a nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of salt will do, but it is not so good. Strain the starch through a strainer, or piece of thin muslin. Have the shirt turned wrong side out; dip the bosom carefully in the starch and squeeze out, repeating the operation until the starch is thoroughly absorbed and evenly saturated with the starch. Then the collar-band; now place the bosom under the bosom, and with a dampened napkin rub the bosom from the top toward the bottom, and then arrange each plait neatly. With a smooth, moderately-hot iron, begin at the top and iron downward, and continue the operation until the bosom is perfectly dry and shining. Remove the bosom-board and iron over the shirt, and the bosoms and cuffs of shirts, and indeed of all nice fine work, will look cleaner and better if they are first ironed under a piece of thin old muslin. It takes off the first heat of the iron, and removes any lumps of starch.

The Color of Clothes.
The color of clothes is not a matter of indifference. White and light-colored clothes reflect the heat, while black and dark-colored materials absorb the heat; hence it is that in summer we wear light-colored dresses. But, after all, light colors are really best at all seasons; for, though black clothes absorb heat, they absorb heat best, they also radiate or give it off soonest. There is no doubt that white clothing retains the heat of the body longer than dark-colored clothes. The coachman will tell you that his white duffel coat is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than any other kind of a coat, and the brewer's drayman will wear his white stockings all the year round. The true reason for our preference of dark-colored clothing in winter is that it is warmer and weather is economy. It is a question of soap and washing, not of comfort, which decides us to choose those colors in materials which do not wear well. Dark-colored clothes are made of silk, which show the dirt, least and retain their color longest. In the summer, when ladies wear linen and cotton fabrics, which do not suffer in the wash-tub, they can indulge in their love of white and delicate tints of color.

Keep Dwellings Dry.
A warm and dry atmosphere is not unwholesome, but when cloudy or rainy weather brings a sultry and damp atmosphere everything around us, the atmosphere may be infected with the germs of disease and fire is needed to destroy them. The walls, the ceilings and the floors of apartments should never be allowed to become damp in the means of warming; the warmth of the air is oppressive, fire is more necessary to preserve health than it is at another season to protect us from the cold of winter; and the rooms of a dwelling should never be kept warm by means of stoves, and weather is economy. It is a question of soap and washing, not of comfort, which decides us to choose those colors in materials which do not wear well. Dark-colored clothes are made of silk, which show the dirt, least and retain their color longest. In the summer, when ladies wear linen and cotton fabrics, which do not suffer in the wash-tub, they can indulge in their love of white and delicate tints of color.

Good Suggestions for Girls.
The time has passed, says the St. Louis Spirit, when women must be pale, delicate, to be interesting—when she must be totally ignorant of all practical knowledge, be well refined and high-bred—when she must know nothing of the current political news of the day, or be called maculine and strong-minded. It is not a sign of high breeding or refinement to be sickly and ignorant. Those who affect anything of the kind are behind the times, and must shake and air themselves, mentally, physically, or drop under their firm strides of common-sense and vigor. They are crushed into after infelicity. In these days an active, rosy-faced girl, with brain quick and clear, warm, light heart, a temper quickly heated at insult, or injury, and just as quick to forgive; whose feet can run as fast as her tongue, and put her out of breath; who is not afraid of prickles, or to breathe the pure air of heaven, unrestrained by the draw curtains of a close carriage, and whose eyes are as bright as the stars, and give her opinion on important topics which interest intelligent people—is the true girl, who will make a good woman. Even fops and dandies, who strove against woman's rights, like a woman who can talk well, even if she is not handsome.