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Choice Poetry.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Dr. William J. Wetmore, of New York, has communicated to the Home Journal the following original anecdotes: "Samuel Woodworth was, as everybody knows, a poet of no ordinary merit. 'His Old Oaken Bucket' is a gem of the first water; and no American can read or hear it sung without being proud of his countryman—the modest, amiable and most worthy author. The occasion that called it forth is, of course, one of interest—Woodworth, (who was a printer, employed in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets) and several brother typos, stopped at the 'tavern'—there were no hotels in those days—kept by one Mallory, in Fulton-street, near where the Herald establishment now stands, to refresh themselves—a common practice at that period, even with those of temperate habits, which Mr. Woodworth possessed in a pre-eminent degree. Mallory's *cognac* being of the first quality, Woodworth (who, by-the-by, was no judge of the matter) pronounced it the 'best liquor he had ever tasted.' 'No said Mallory, 'you are mistaken; there is one thing, which in the estimation of both of us, far surpasses this as a beverage.—'What is that?' asked the poet. 'The pure fresh spring water, that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket which was suspended in the well at home, after our return from the labors of the field, on a hot sultry day in summer. 'True, true,' replied Woodworth, who soon after left the place. He returned to the printing-office, took his pen, and in a few hours 'The Old Oaken Bucket' was in type! This sweet ballad immediately rose into the universal popularity which it will always retain. Here it is.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.
When fond recollection presents to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew:
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure—
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell:
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
When, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it.
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from that loved situation,
The tear of regret will intuitively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
The oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket which hangs in the well.

For the Ladies.

CARRIE LEE'S TALISMAN.

BY N. B.

Pretty Carrie Lee! she had been three years an orphan, and during that time, by her own exertions, had supported her little brother and sister; and, although she boasted no higher birthplace than one of the "cottage homes" of America, far would it have been from the nicest exquisite to couple with her the awkward manners and rustic complexion of the country lass. Nor did the graces of her person excel those of her mind, for so the fates willed it, that an uncle of her mother, wealthy, and a bachelor, wanting sadly something to love and cherish, had resolved to make her his pet, and insisted on placing her at one of the best educational institutions in the land. Here she passed the brightest days of her life improving her advantages to the full, until her seventeenth birthday passed; then she first realized that her portions of sorrow had heretofore been withheld from her. The sudden death of her mother, followed almost immediately by that of her father, recalled her from a life of pleasure to one of exertion. It was a sad blow for poor Carrie, but she became a woman under it, and acted so heroically as to win golden opinions from Uncle Jacob, and proved to him that he had not chosen his favorite unwisely. But she had not heard all: on the settlement of her father's affairs, she found herself almost penniless; only one thing remained to her, and her heart clung to this for the sake of its former; it was a piece of ground, the prettiest site in the village, and had been her mother's, and which was known by the name of Wild Cherry Place; what had given it its name, no one could tell; certainly it was not the old elmtrees that were scattered so unsparingly over it. As Carrie glanced over the beautiful place, and felt that every tree, and nook, and rock, was linked with memories of the dead, she resolved that nothing but the greatest necessity should tempt her to relinquish it, and, at the same time, she likewise determined to refuse those kind offers of aunts and uncles, to take charge of the younger children, and nobly to depend on her own exertions. Carrie had a secret talisman that she was thinking of all this while, and relying upon its aid to carry out her determination.—What was it fair reader? You shall see.

But to relate things as they happened, go back to a pleasant afternoon in Carrie's pleasant parlor. It was "circle afternoon," and Carrie was always sure of a large number; for she was the foster child of the village; and there was not a good lady there who did not secretly think that all her (Carrie's) success was owing to her private counsel and aid.—Why, hadn't Mrs. Scawer shown her own favorite way of darning, and Mrs. Tuft given her herbs from her own choice collection!—Hadn't Mrs. Skimpton advised the arrangement of the kitchen, and Mrs. Whitten that of her parlor? while Miss Tracy had daily advertised to her all the gossiping afloat? And Carrie, dear creature, with that admirable tract that belongs only to woman, had managed to obey in everything and in nothing, to suit everybody and please herself. But we are wandering. A goodly number had assembled at the sewing circle, and after the confusion of finding and fitting work, sorting thread, and selecting needles, the conversation flowed in usual current; that is, those present talking of those who are not. At length, in a pause favorable to her purpose, Katy Remington, who never went to circle except when it met at Carrie's springing up and gaining possession of a vacant seat near Carrie, exclaimed—

"Now, Carrie, dear if you have a single spark of mercy in your nature, I beg you to give me your secret; do tell me in what way you have contrived to become such a perfect pattern to all young people, who have the misfortune to belong to the same generation?—Come tell me, before I die of envy."

Carrie laughed heartily, although Kate's rattlebrained entreaties were not new to her, and declared there was neither any secret nor anything wonderful about it.

"Must I give up?" said Kate, in a tone of mock despair. "Why, I must tell you," she added, addressing her young companions, "I thought I would just bear in mind the number of times in a week that Carrie Lee was set forth to me as a model, and what do you think? why, only on the third day, my poor brain grew so bewildered with their multiplicity, that I was forced to give it up to avoid monomania or some other dreadful thing. And now I have been listening to such an enumeration of virtues, every word of which, although it only counts one when added to Carrie's praises, detracts tenfold from ours, and I appeal to you all, is it fair that she should keep this wonderful witchery all to herself?"

Hereupon Carrie was assailed by numerous voices, all clamorous for her secret, until suddenly one exclaimed to Uncle Jacob, who was on a visit from the city; "Oh, Mr. Harris, do you just tell us how Carrie manages so nicely; indeed, I think it is her duty to let at least Fanny into the secret," she added, glancing archly at a friend near, a bride of two weeks.

"Well, really," said old Uncle Jacob laughing, "it's just what I've been often puzzled about myself. Carrie tells me she has a powerful talisman that aids her, but what that is, is more than I can find out."

"A talisman, a talisman," echoed several voices. "Come, come, Carrie, if you have got any Egerias hid down in that delightful Wild Cherry Place, let us all have the benefit of it."

"Oh, Uncle Jacob!" began Carrie, not knowing what to say.

But she was relieved from her embarrassment by the sudden and durried entrance of Miss Tracy. Every one knew when she arrived they might expect to hear the latest bit of news out but to the numerous inquiries why she was so late, she maintained steady reserve until divested of her numerous wrappers and overshoes; then seating herself in a very consequential way, she began:

"Well, where do you think I've been?" And, being answered only by a profound silence, she continued: "Well, 'you've all heard what's been said about the Church-hills, them folks that's just moved from the city into the house across the road from ours; they say it was on account of his wife's health, but dear-a-me, if she thinks she's goin' to get strong doin' as she's doin', she's mistaken, that's all I've got to say. Why, only yesterday, Janet told me, she believed Mrs. Churchhill didn't go into the kitchen from one week to another; and the waste there!" Miss Tracy was nearly over-come.

"Have you been in?" inquired several voices.

"Well," said Miss Tracy, reviving, "I've seen their hired man go to the post-office almost every day, and fetch back lots of letters and papers, and what I take to me like magazines; so to-day, when I saw him going home a bigger bundle than usual, I thought I'd just run in an' satisfy myself once for all; so I went in, and the man at the door took me right into the room where they were setting, and what do you think I saw? Why all three of them, mother and girls, were reading these magazines, and mercy'n all, they didn't seem one mite ashamed to be caught; and the girls didn't even lay down their books, but kept twirling the leaves in their fingers all the time. My eye caught the name of one of them, and that was enough for me. I came away."

"What was it?" in mind several, in breathless attention.

"What do you think! Godey's Lady's Book!" And Miss Tracy having thus triumphantly delivered herself, settled down in her chair, and seemed much relieved.

"Godey's Lady's Book!" "The very best part of the day spent reading!" "And such reading!" were exclamations heard on all sides from the good dames, and which were followed by a general denunciation of all magazine publications, in which the "Book," having the largest circulation, came in for the largest share. Then came a long list of accidents and disasters occasioned by their reading, and a grave homily on the corruption of the present age, which would support such concerns. No doubt all this was intended indirectly, to inspire all the young people with gratitude, that they were under a supervision wise enough to protect them from such calamities.

Suddenly, Uncle Jacob exclaimed: "By the way, Carrie, what did you want of Godey's Lady's Book, which you told me you would rather I would give you than anything else?"

Now, you must know that during all this discussion Carrie had not said a word, but had sat quite still; only now and then a quiet cunning smile playing round the corners of her mouth. Thus appealed to, she started and looked confused.

What a stir among the good people! Carrie Lee have Godey's Lady's Book. Impossible! they had not heard aright "Was it Godey's Lady's Book, Uncle Jacob?"

"Yes; Godey's Lady's Book."

Could it be? Had the pet of the whole village worn a mask all this while which was now so unwittingly torn aside. There were looks of consternation and alarm, sly glances and winkings from those who were jealous of Carrie's favor, while the faces of the younger portion looked, as plain as words could say it. "What harm is done? we would read it ourselves if we could."

"Carrie blushed (what wonder) although, to confess the truth, she could have laughed heartily to see the doleful faces round her.—But Uncle Jacob's question must be answered: so she began:—

"Well, uncle, I will tell you what I wanted with it, and perhaps my answer may also set Kate at rest. *Godey is my talisman*, which you have been so naughty as to tell of."

Nothing but intent looks of expectation; so she went on:—

"When I was at boarding school, I learned the value of the Lady's Book. There it was the only source that never failed. Did we want something perfectly unique and beautiful for the coming season? Godey's Fashion Plates, are elegant and reliable. Did we want to get up a little tableau on a holiday? Godey's Mezzotint and Line Engravings furnish beautiful groups? Did we want to get up a little fancy ball? Godey's costumes were straightway appealed to; or did we want to send some little nicknacks for Christmas presents? Godey's Work Table is inexhaustible. And you will not wonder, uncle, that I value the book when I tell you from that I first got the idea of maintaining us, myself, and by that aid alone I have been able to carry it out. No wonder you are surprised, uncle, for I dare say you never looked into a number in your whole life, and there is such a spirit of condemnation among certain classes with regard to all such publications. Somebody, in the first place, condemns a magazine, others catch the infection, until the whole system is denounced, and mostly by those who, instead of reading, have only *heard*. But to tell you what it has done for me. When I was revolving in my mind how I should live, Godey's Work-Table suddenly occurred to me, so knitting, crocheting, &c., filled my head and time for the next three months. My articles sold readily and well, for it was something quite new here, and this encouraged me to open a little school for teaching others the same thing; you all know how well I succeeded in that, for I could still continue my own work during the intervals of teaching; when the market here failed I found in the city offered to dispose of my articles there. That beautiful sofa pillow, Mrs. Whitten, which you admired enough to buy, I got from the September number of Godey. My little bouquets of worsted flowers, which adorn many of your shelves, came also from Godey."

"And that superb silk embroidery?" cried Kate.

"And the beautiful corners for handkerchiefs?" said another.

"And all your elegant lamp mats?" exclaimed a third.

"All, all from Godey," said Carrie, with the gladest smile imaginable. "Every number gives me new ideas, new patterns for the school, so I am continually able to offer something new to my pupils, who seem never tired of learning. My income has been far greater than I dared to hope. And now comes the crowning point of my happiness. You all remember that beautiful Wild Cherry Place, which was mothers, and where father always wanted so much to build a house, just in that large open spot, between those two largest elm-trees; well, I determined long ago, if ever I had money enough to carry out his plan, and about a month ago, I found I had money enough provided I could dispense with the labors of an architect. This, at first, seemed impossible, but here, as in everything else, my talisman did not fail me: Godey's Model Cottages were just what I wanted; so," added Carrie, taking a beautiful little portable desk from the table, and showing several papers, "by taking one of his plans, and altering it slightly in several points, I have been able to get a cottage which just suits me, and which an architect could not improve, and now, with a little assistance from Uncle Jacob, which I know I can depend upon, before many months are gone, I shall be the proprietor of a cottage on Wild Cherry Place."

I will not attempt to describe the world's of feeling that took place here, or to tell how many declared they never would welcome a child of poverty within their doors themselves. Some could not make themselves believe they were really awake; others thought it exceeded all the stories they ever heard their grandmothers tell in the chimney-corners; all were determined to subscribe, and many wanted to write that very afternoon, but Carrie read to them the liberal terms which Godey offers to clubs. This they determined was the best way to do the thing, and the extra copies should be given, one to the minister's wife and the rest to those who could not afford to join. But Carrie's story was not over.

"Do tell me," said Kate, who was in the midst of a knot of young people, "do tell us about this pretty desk of yours! At a distance we thought it the Japanese work, but on a closer inspection, we find it is not."

"This," said Carrie, smiling, "was an old pine thing, and Godey's good hint on Anglo-Japanese work came just in time to save it from the fire."

"What was it? Let us see it!" they all cried at once.

Whereupon Carrie produced the July number which was taken by her companions with a kind of awe, being the first number of the kind they had ever seen.

"Oh, what beautiful picture!" cried one.

"And Fashion Plates!" said another.

"Here is one of the cottages!" cried a third.

"Oh! here is music!" exclaimed another.

"Oh, yes," said Carrie, "I had forgotten to tell you that; here is where I get all my new music that you have wondered so much about."

But now supper was announced, and the conversation was suspended until after that was over. Then Uncle Jacob, who had not spoken since Carrie began, but had been obliged several times to wipe away the tears that would come remarked that he would just walk to the post-office or so for a little exercise.

"What cook-book do you use, Carrie?" said Mrs. Skimpton.

Carrie's hand was laid on her unfailing, Godey. "Don't you think," she said, smiling, "it's well worth the subscription?"

"Well, I declare!" said old Mrs. Wilson, between laughing and crying, while she wiped her spectacles, "I never!"

By this time the men had come, who were each, in turn, obliged to listen to a recapitulation of Carrie's wonderful story, and nothing would suffice but Carrie must finish the evening by reading something from the book, and letting each see for himself. Carrie produced the number, and regaled them for the rest of the evening with some of the richest things a magazine ever offered to the public. The circle was held to a late hour, and all departed resolved to subscribe, and only regretting they had not done so years ago.

"Carrie," said Uncle Jacob, when all had gone, "did you ever hear your mother speak of Miss Zilphia Harris, a [illegible] relative of hers?"

Carrie thought she had.

"Well," continued Uncle, "I have just received a letter stating that she has died, leaving to your mother the fortune which she has amassed; this, of course, becomes yours."

What more could Carrie desire? Her income, though not very large, was sufficient to support her in ease and comfort. The cottage was built, and never does the circle meet at Carrie's without calling to that ever memorable afternoon when she first disclosed her Talisman.

CARE OF INFANTS.

It is evidently that there is only something, but much, the matter with the present prevailing treatment of infancy and childhood.—One fourth of the race die in the first year, and one half before five years. Can this be the ordinance of Providence? Is this to be always so? The farmer does not lose one half of his calts, colts or pigs in any corresponding period. What is the matter?

We find the following directions about.—They seem to us eminently just, though a little extreme, perhaps, in some particulars. We should like, however, to see them followed out a few times, that the effect might be ascertained:

Prior to the growth of the double teeth let the food be that only which nature has provided. Let this rule be as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Milk should be the entire food for the first year of life, until the first teeth are grown. Now apply to this rule.

During the presence of the first or milk teeth until the permanent and adult teeth are matured, the food of the child is now milk and coarse wheat bread. A better regimen cannot be obtained. It is just what the growing body wants to make it healthy, strong and handsome.

Let the infant and the child have its food but three times in twenty four hours. And let [illegible] of the clock. Never [illegible] this injunction. As soon as [illegible] this rule. Feed the child a little more and warm or before starves.

Fix a bath, bathe the infant in cool water, each day. Be in this unvarying, follow well by its dictates. Let the clothing be comfortable, but empty, cumbrous flowing robes, shoes and water are wholly unnecessary, are worrisome and dangerous to life. Linen, a gown, drawers, stockings and a blanket, are all that the infant should wear. At this period of life be simple in dress, study the physical comfort of the child and not a vain or fashion's tastes.

Put the infant upon a neat, comfortable, yet comparatively hard bed, let this be in a safe cradle. Let this be its home. Handle it as little as possible. Do not carry it or hold it. Never move it suddenly by its arms. At its meals, too, it must be removed from its cradle, but let it be done with great care. It moves more in a minute than it can take hold of. It can not [illegible] while [illegible] from [illegible] and [illegible] but all [illegible] [illegible]

The [illegible] is [illegible] from high. Children [illegible] in all its wants and offices. In nothing are mothers more derelict than in their treatment of infants. The [illegible] of all have formerly perished.—Line upon a line is needed.

As soon as children can creep and run, they should be allowed to do so to their full satisfaction. A room or safe yard should be set apart for their particular use.

Sleep should be regulated with the most exact order. Regularity in this will save immense annoyance, pain and nervousness.

Tis ruinous to childhood to eat at the tables of adults. So loaded are they with all kinds of drink and edibles, that if they eat at them, they form a taste for all, and soon eat some of all, which are to their tender stomachs most mischievous. Children should have simples—bread and milk should be their food.—*Prairie Farmer.*

CONVERSATION.

Among a large proportion of young women, and especially among those who are not remarkable for the strength of their understandings, and who have not been accustomed to estimate the worth of objects according to the standard of reason and religion, conversation loaded with flatteries, as silly as they are gross, too often finds welcome hearers. Hence, also, discourse is confined, in circles of his description, to scenes, topics, and incidents, which embrace little more than the amusements of the preceding or ensuing afternoon; the looks and the dress of the present company, or of their acquaintance: petty anecdotes of the neighborhood, and local scandal. Is it wonderful, then, that the wish prevalent in most men, and especially in young men, to render themselves acceptable in social intercourse to the female sex, should betray them into a mode of behavior which they perceive to be generally welcome? Is it wonderful that he who discovers trifling to be the way to please, should become a trifler? that he who, by the casual introduction of a subject which seemed to call upon the reason to exert itself, has brought an ominous yawn over the countenance of his fair auditor, should guard against a repetition of the offence? But it is not only to women of moderate capacity that hours of trifling and dippant conversation are found acceptable. To those of superior talents they are not unfrequently known to give a degree of entertainment, greater than, on slight consideration, we might have expected. The matter, however, may be easily explained. Some women, who are endowed with strong mental powers, are little inclined to the trouble of exerting them. They love to indulge a supine vanity of thought; listen to nonsense without dissatisfaction, because to listen to it requires no effort; neither search, nor prompt others to search, deeper than the surface of the passing topic of discourse; and were it not for an occasional remark that indicates discernment, or a look of intelligence which gleams through the listlessness of sloth, would scarcely be suspected of judgment and penetration. While these persons rarely seem, in the common intercourse of life, to turn their abilities to the advantage either of themselves or of their friends; others, gifted with equal talents, are tempted to misapply them by the consciousness of possessing them. Vain of their powers, and of their dexterity in the use of them, they cannot resist the impulse which they feel to lead a pert and coxcombical young man, whenever he falls in their way, to expose himself. The prattle which they despise, they encourage; because it amuses them by rendering the speaker ridiculous. They lead him on, unsuspicious of their design, and secretly pluming himself on his happy talents in rendering himself agreeable, and delighted the most when he is most the object of derision—from one step of folly to another. By degrees they contract an habitual relish for the style of conversation which enables them at once to display their own wit, and to gratify their passion for mirth, and their taste for the ludicrous. They become inwardly impatient when it flags, and more impatient when it meets with interruption. And if a man of grave aspect and more wakeful reflection, presumes to step within the circle, they assail the unwelcome intruder with a volley of brilliant raillery and sparkling repartee, which bears down knowledge and learning before it, and convulse the delighted auditors with peals of laughter, while he labors in his heavy accoutrements, after his light-armed antagonist, and receives at every turn a shower of arrows, which he can neither parry nor withstand.

LEARN TO COOK WELL.

We again propose this advice to those of our young female friends who may chance to look at this journal. There need to be no scruple on the ground that the aim is not sufficiently high for a generous and cultivated mind. Be it well whatever it becomes our duty to do it, all is an ambition sufficiently elevated for the highest and most gifted spirit. The care of the family will be the duty of the [illegible] After standing an hour the whole is strained through a conical hair-sieve, such as is ordinarily used in the kitchen, allowing it to pass through without pressing or squeezing. The portion passing through first being cloudy, it is again poured through the sieve, and this process repeated until it becomes perfectly clear. Upon the residue of meat remaining in the sieve half a pound of distilled water is poured, in small portions. In this manner about one pound of liquid (cold extract of meat) is obtained, of a red color and pleasant meat broth taste. It is administered to the sick cold, by the cup full, according to their inclination.—It must not be heated, as it becomes cloudy thereby, and a thick coagulum of meat albumen and hematin is deposited.

A young lady of 18 years, in my family, being ill with typhus fever, first induced this preparation. It was called forth by the remark of my family physician, (Dr Pfeufer,) that, in a certain stage of this disease, the greatest difficulty met with by the physician lay in incomplete digestion, a consequence of the condition of the intestines, and besides in the want of a nutriment proper for digestion and the formation of blood. The common broths prepared by boiling are deficient; in fact, in all those constituents necessary for the formation of the albumen of the blood; and the yolk of eggs, often added thereto, contains very little of this material, for it has 82 1-2 per cent. water and fat, and only 17 1-2 per cent. of the substance very similar to, if not the same as, the albumen of eggs; and whether this is equal in nutritous qualities to the albumen of meat is, according to the investigations of Magendie, at least doubtful. The new broth contains, besides meat albumen, a certain quantity of hematin, and, formation of the blood copuscles, and, finally, the digesting chlorhydic acid.

A great hinderance to the employment of this broth in summer is its liability to change in warm weather; it commences regularly to ferment, like sugar-water with yeast, without the usual odor. (What substance is here formed is well worthy investigation!) On account of this the meat must be extracted with perfectly cold water, and refrigeration with ice, completely removes this difficulty. Most important of all is it that the meat be perfectly fresh, and not several days old.

This broth is now in use in the hospital and in the private practice of several of the most distinguished physicians of Munich.

I should, perhaps, have hesitated to give greater publicity to so simple a thing if a new and, to my family, and especially important case had not convinced me of the great nutritious properties of this soup, and hence arises the natural wish that its benefits may be experienced by a wider circle, and other sufferers be restored by its beneficent effects. A young married lady, who, in consequence of an ovarian inflammation, could take no solid food, lived for two months entirely upon this broth, at the end of which period her health was perfectly restored. During this time she gained in flesh and strength. Generally patients take this food without opposition only so long as they are ill; as soon as they can take other food they reject this, perhaps owing to the color and the faint meat odor. It might in many cases be of use to color the broth brown by adding burnt sugar.—[*Translated by a Lady of Washington.*]

☞ Some people look for their comforts' to their friends, and others to themselves.

WOMAN'S DUTY TO LOOK PRETTY.

"A French author has recently written a book on "The Duty of a Pretty Woman is to look Pretty." Such a work, doubtless, has its uses; but it is of limited application. We should have rejoiced in a title of more extended significance, with contents corresponding to the title. The subject should have been, in effect—word it as you may—the duty of every woman to look as pretty as she can. Some women are unfortunately not pretty; but there are few women who cannot impart something of comeliness even to an ill-favored face and a misshapen figure, if they will only take the trouble.

"We speak very gravely when we say that there are few relations in life or rather that there are few relationless conditions, in which this is not a duty. That cleanliness is a virtue is seldom denied. A pretty woman, doubtless, looks prettier when clean, and an ugly uglier when dirty. And there are duties beyond personal cleanliness. Neatness, tidiness, follow closely upon it. But something more may still be needed; and something more clearly seen and properly described, is the least possible spice of coquetry.

"A well-dressed woman, however little she may be favored by nature, ceases to be plain. It is difficult, indeed, to limit the extent to which a woman, by due attention to dress, may improve her natural attractions, or obviate the disadvantages with which she was born. And that it is her duty to do this, whether she be well or ill favored, is something more than a maxim of mere worldliness. To endeavor to the utmost to please those with whom we live is unquestionably a duty.

"A man marries, indeed, for the sake of the *domus et placens uxor*. He does not take woman to his hearth because she is a philosopher, or an arithmetician, but because in homely language, there is something nice about her.' It was, doubtless, the design of the Almighty, in giving man a helpmate, that she should satisfy his natural craving after the beautiful, the graceful and the gentle. For this was woman formed:

"For softness she and sweet attractive grace."

The woman who forgets this, ignores one of the great objects of her creation. The wife who forgets this, violates one of the primal conditions of the connubial contract.

"That some women are naturally more beautiful and graceful than others, is a fact which makes not against, but for our argument.—Dress is common to all. It is a consolation to those not naturally gifted, that there is a point at which nature yields to art, and the work of men's hands is potent to supply the adornment not vouchsafed by Providence. It is surprising what a very little way mere personal beauty goes.

"We may confidently appeal to the experience of men of the world in support of the assertion that the efforts of art are often more pleasing and attractive than the gifts of nature—in other words, that well dressed women are more admired than merely beautiful ones. Accident is beaten by effort in the great Olympics of society.

"It may be agreed that taste in dress is scarcely less a natural gift than personal beauty. And, to some extent, at least, the fact must be admitted. One woman has naturally an eye for color and form, whilst another has neither the one nor the other. But there are few women who have not, or cannot acquire, a **sufficient knowledge of the becoming in costume for all domestic purposes. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the plea of incompetency is ever set up. The real secret of inattention to dress is carelessness—indifference—idleness.** It is not worth the trouble. Women do not always consider that what it is worth their while to gain, it is worth their while to keep. It is no uncommon thing for women to become slatternly after marriage.—They say they have other things to attend to, and dress is habitually neglected—except, perhaps, on great occasions, when there is a display of finery and bad taste abroad, to be followed by greater negligence at home. Great respect is shown to what is called 'company;' but apart from this there is a display of finery and bad taste abroad, to be followed by greater negligence at home. Great respect is shown to what is called 'company;' but apart from this there is a sort of *cui bono* abandonment, and the compliment which is paid to strangers is withheld from those who have the best right to claim, and are most likely to appreciate it. This is a fatal, but too common error. When a woman, with reference to the question of personal adornment, begins to say to herself, 'It is only my husband," she must prepare herself for consequences, which, perhaps, she may rue to the latest day of her life.

"The effect, indeed, of attention or inattention to dress—and we include in the one little word whatever contributes to personal comeliness and attractiveness—upon the domestic happiness, especially of the lower and middle classes, cannot easily be overstated.—The *placens uxor*, as we have said, is no small part of the locality of home. If a man finds that he has not secured what he believed he had married, he has a right to feel disappointed. We do not say he has a right to retaliate. The obligations of the connubial contract are not conditional, but absolute. Negligence on the one side does not excuse negligence on the other; but it will very surely induce it.—When there is nothing attractive at home, a man, however inexcusable such conduct may be, will seek it abroad, whether at the ale house, the club, the theatre, the gaming table, or in what is called "society." We do not mean to say that dress alone is the agency by which the erratic properties of husbands are to be restrained, but that it is a highly important part of it. Indeed, it may be asserted that the absence of attention to this matter pre-supposes the absence of almost all other gentle, kindly, and attractive qualities."

☞ If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls.

☞ Honest industry is always rewarded—No young man need complain of being kept poor, if he rolls up his sleeves and goes to work.

"ONLY WAITING."

A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing? He replied "Only waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows
Are little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown:
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of Heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices far away:
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the days last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

A NEW BROTH FOR THE SICK.

BY PROFESSOR LIEBIG.

For one portion of broth take half a pound of freshly killed meat, beef or chicken, cut in small pieces, and add to it one and a half pound of distilled or other pure water, to which has been added four drops of pure chlorhydic (muriatic) acid and half to one drachm of common salt; mix them well [illegible]