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—BY—

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WHERE MINCE-PIE GROWS.

Little Sam Sugartooth said to himself,
As he sat by a great big rose;
I wish I could go with a fairy elf
To the land where the mince-pie grows.
I'd sit all day, in a dreamy way,
And I'd watch them bud and bloom,
And I'd eat and eat of the fruit so sweet
Just as long as my stomach had room.

Little Sam Sugartooth fell asleep,
And, as sure as the tale I tell,
The elfins softly 'round did creep,
And the boss one said "'Tis well."
With a graceful hand he waved his wand
And sleeping Sam arose
On the elfins' backs and they all made tracks
For the land where the mince-pie grows.

Little Sam Sugartooth opened his eyes
And he looked with a wondering gaze,
And he saw 'twas the bakerman making pies,
And the boss bakerman, he says;
"Dot's a nice little tog unt a olt green frog
Unt some drash vat I fount in the streed;
Shust choop dem nice mit dose rats unt mice
Unt 'dwill do for the next mince-mead."

Little Sam Sugartooth kept right still,
But he thought that his sides would bust
When he saw those bakermen with a will
Commence on the mince-pie crust.
In a great big trough, with their stockings off,
In their bare, red, flat Dutch feet,
They tramped their dough, till the boss said
"Ho!
Dot'll do, pring the nice mince meat."

Little Sam Sugartooth watched them close
As they brought out their rolling-pins,
And he saw them putting that horrid dose
Into rusty old worn-out tins.
But his stomach was sick and his sight grew thick,
As any one would suppose,
And he wished in his heart that he might depart
From the land where the mince-pie grows.

Little Sam Sugartooth stirred himself
And he found he had dreampt a dream,
But he looked around for the fairy elf,
For the whole thing strange did seem.
And since that day the folks do say
That he turns his nose up high
And hops like a frog and barks like a dog
When you offer him fresh mince-pies

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

WOMEN "NOBLY PLANNED," Or How to Educate Our Girls.

Extracts from a Lecture Delivered by Hon. Wm. Porcher Miles at Donaldsonville, La., May 27, 1885.

Finding our space too limited for the insertion of the full text of the discourse of Hon. Wm. Porcher Miles of this parish, delivered last week at the entertainment given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Association of Ascension, we present the subjoined extracts, which will afford the readers of the CHIEF an adequate conception of the thoughtful views so admirably expressed by the eminent lecturer upon the important problem he discussed:

He was a profound and subtle observer* who said, "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes their laws," so much is the national character moulded or modified by influences which appeal more to the imagination than the reason, and which seem to act more on the surface of manners than the deep-lying root of principles.

And may not women be said to make the songs of life, while men enact its laws? It is they who attune to harmony the social and domestic chords which vibrate through and influence the whole frame-work of human society. Nor is the influence superficial or ephemeral. It permeates the entire social economy, and moulds and modifies its character. And it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that that society is best and purest where the influence of true women is most apparent and most sensibly felt. I say "true women," because woman false to the ideal of purity and earnestness and unselfish devotion, which is the normal type of their sex, so far from elevating, only lower and degrade the society of which they form a component part. And, even in that case, we see a confirmation of the argument that it is woman who "gives the tone to society" and makes it discordant or harmonious with Truth and Virtue. Though the reflection be trite, it is not the less worthy of eternal remembrance, that it was *Christianity* that elevated woman to the social throne which she has ever since occupied among all civilized nations. She must, therefore, hold her supremacy, and claim allegiance, by her own continued and loyal obedience to that Divine power to which she owes her sceptre and her crown. And truly a thoroughly cultured and accomplished and graceful and high-bred and *womanly* Christian lady is an enthroned sovereign to whom we all do willing homage.

* * * Oh! if there be any foretaste of Heaven vouchsafed to us poor mortals on earth, it is to be found in the happy, united, loving Christian family! And that requires that the mistress of it should be such a woman as Wordsworth so exquisitely portrays:

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.
* * *
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

Nor is this a poetic ideal, existing only in the regions of the imagination. Thank God! there are many such women, "nobly planned," to be found in every Christian land—many such in our own country and in our own Louisiana. May the race of them never cease to exist among us!

To perpetuate this type—to train and form such women to take the places of their mothers when translated to the great Christian family above—ought to be the great aim of all female education.

* * * If, as physicians all testify, the proper preparation of our food is essential to health, it seems to me impossible to avoid the conclusion that some training in the matter ought to be a part of the curriculum of every young lady's education. Of all peoples, we Americans, as a rule, prepare our food with the least regard to the laws of health. Some caustic wit has suggested that American cookery ought to have for its coat of arms "a frying pan, proper, in chief;" so universally is every kind of meat cooked in it, and with just lard enough and heat to saturate every fibre with indigestible grease. But I will hasten from a topic which, though I felt it incumbent upon me to touch upon, will be regarded, I suspect, by many of my fair hearers as "too prosaic," if not "inelegant." My excuse for touching upon it at all is my conviction that good, wholesome cookery is not only essential to health, but contributes in a very sensible degree to domestic tranquillity and happiness. If the *sana mens* is most frequently found *in sano corpore*, depend upon it that amiability and good temper are largely promoted by the good digestion which waits on appetite, neither trifled with nor defrauded. But let us pass to more serious considerations.

As to what should constitute the intellectual training—and what should be the scope and extent of the studies of young women, there have been, at different times, various and variant opinions. The women—or at least the ladies—among the ancient Greeks were for the most part entirely without mental culture. It is true, women of the class of Aspasia were sometimes found, who were what we might call "highly educated" and fitted, in intellectual gifts, for companionship with great statesmen like Pericles. But those were rare exceptions.

And it was very much the same with the Roman ladies. "The mother of the Gracchi" was rather what we would call "a strong-minded woman" than a woman "highly educated" and of much intellectual culture.

Indeed, we may say that Christianity gave the first real impetus to the education of woman, as it first elevated her in social dignity and influence. But it was hardly before Printing and the Reformation had fanned into flame "the New Learning," as the Renaissance or "revival of letters" has been called, that the education of women received particular attention. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 dispersed many learned Greeks throughout Europe and gave a special impulse to "classical studies," as we term them. Men like Erasmus, Colet and Sir Thomas Moore gave in England a prodigious impetus to them. From this period women were educated (in some respects) with a thoroughness that may put our notions of what constitutes "a thoroughly educated lady" to the blush. Queen Elizabeth, we are told, "spoke French and Italian as fluently as English; began every day with an hour's reading in the Greek Testament, the tragedies of Sophocles or the orations of Isocrates and Demosthenes." She was familiar with Ariosto and Tasso, nor did she neglect to encourage or fail to appreciate the great poet of her own country, Spencer, the author of the "Fairie Queen," the next great luminary after Chaucer, then just rising above the literary horizon.

Lady Jane Grey, her cousin and contemporary, studied Hebrew at fifteen and at the same age could write Greek and at sixteen corresponded with divines in Latin. We have all read the anecdote told by her early tutor, Roger Ascham, of his finding her reading the Phædo of Plato in her room while all the company at her father's country place were enjoying themselves in various sports in the park. And when he asked her why she did not join the others in the amusements, she replied with a smile: "I think all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato; alas! good folks, they never felt what true pleasure means." Nor was this, with the sweet and natural girl, either pedantry or affectation.

Now I propose to point the moral of my discourse by contrasting these two characters—Elizabeth and Jane Grey—when they were young women about the same age, Elizabeth being only some four years the elder of the two. Here is the portrait of Elizabeth as drawn by the historian Green: * * * "Personally, Elizabeth had much of her mother's beauty. Her figure was commanding, her face long, but queenly and intelligent, her eyes quick and fine. She had grown up amid the liberal culture of Henry's court, a bold horsewoman, a good shot, a graceful dancer, a skilled musician and an accomplished scholar. * * * From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, man-like voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger, came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were school-boys; she met the insolence of Essex with a box on the ear; she would break, now and then, into the gravest deliberations to swear at her ministers like a fish-wife. * * * She loved gayety and laughter and wit. A happy retort or a finished compliment never failed to win her favor. She hoarded jewels. Her dresses were innumerable. Her vanity remained, even to old age, the vanity of a coquette in her teens. No adulation was too fulsome for her, no flattery of her beauty too gross. * * * Of womanly reserve or self-restraint she knew nothing. No instinct of delicacy veiled the voluptuous temper which had broken out in the romps of her girlhood and showed itself almost ostentatiously throughout her later life. Personal beauty in a man was a sure passport to her liking. She patted handsome young squires on the neck when they knelt to kiss her hand, and fondled her 'sweet Robin,' Lord Leicester, in the face of the court. * * * Nothing is more revolting in the Queen, but nothing is more characteristic than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying; but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty, and the ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was only equalled by the cynical indifference with which she met the exposure of her lies as soon as their purpose was answered." But the blackest shadow from Mr. Green's brush remains to be given. "No woman ever lived," he says, "who was so totally destitute of the sentiment of religion."

From this hard, harsh, repulsive and unwomanly portrait let us turn to the sweet, attractive and exquisitely womanly one of Lady Jane Grey. Lodge speaks of her as "this prodigy of natural and acquired talents, of innocence and sweetness of temper and manners, and of frightful and unmerited calamity." Ascham says: "Aristotle's praise of woman is perfected in her; she possesses every talent without the least weakness of her sex." Sir Thomas Chaloner, also her contemporary, after corroborating Ascham's account of her learned accomplishments, adds that "she was well versed in Hebrew, Chaldaic and Arabic; that she excelled also in the various branches of ordinary female education, played well instrumental music, sung exquisitely, wrote an elegant hand, and excelled in curious needlework, and, with all these rare endowments, was of a mild, humble and modest spirit." * * * Sir Harris Nicholas closes his memoir of her with the following touching and beautiful tribute: "In the instance of this exemplary woman no other language than that of praise can possibly be used. Her conduct as a daughter and a wife afford ample scope for panegyric, and her extraordinary attainments, fortitude and piety have ever been the subject of admiration. * * * Thus her every action seems to have originated in virtue, and although neither her beauty, her acquirements nor her innocence could save her from a premature and disgraceful death, it may with truth be affirmed that on the tomb of Lady Jane Grey, perhaps with more justice than on that of any other inheritor of mortality, might the emphatic lines of our bard be inscribed:

Now boast thee, Death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled."

And in contrast with the irreligion of Elizabeth, let us see Jane's Christian faith and piety as exemplified in the farewell letter to her sister written in the blank leaves of her Greek testament, which she left her as a legacy: "I have sent you, my dear sister Katherine, a book which, although it is outwardly trimmed with gold or the curious embroidery of the artfullest needles, yet inwardly it is more worth than all the precious mines which the vast world can boast of. It is the book, my only best loved sister, of the law of the Lord. It is the testament and last will which He bequeathed unto us wretched sinners, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy, and if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest desire follow it, no doubt it will bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live and to die. * * * Now, as touching my death, rejoice as I do, my dearest sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption and put on incorruption, for I am assured that I shall, for losing a mortal life, win one that is immortal, joyful and everlasting, the which I pray God grant you in His blessed hour and send you His all-saving grace to live in His fear and to die in the true Christian faith, from which in God's name I exhort you that you never swerve, neither for hope of life nor fear of death. * * Farewell once again, my beloved sister, and put your only trust in God, who only can help you. Amen. Your loving sister."

This letter was written in the evening, and the following morning she was beheaded. This was her legacy to the world and (may we not say?) especially to all coming generations of Christian girls. Oh what a tender and winning sermon it is—and how solemnly impressive as coming from one, herself a mere girl, standing on the very brink of eternity! I have quoted from it the more freely because many of my hearers may never have met with it, and because I can thus preach without holding forth *in propria persona* and more forcibly inculcate the greatest of all lessons in feminine education. Yes, I consider the proper moral and religious training of our youth, both young women and young men, as the first and most essential requisite in all education. And in contrasting these two female characters, it has been for the purpose of showing, in the strongest light, how, in two women of equal intellectual culture and literary acquisitions, the one, from the want of moral and religious convictions as the guiding principle of life, will live forever in history—in spite of the profound "king-craft" (in which she excelled her successor) and great ability as a ruler that distinguished her—as a hateful moral example and warning; while the other will be embalmed forever in the hearts and memories of untold generations as a pattern and example of all that is true and sweet and tender and faithful and sincere in the highest type of Christian womanhood.

* * * I am tempted to quote two more illustrations of the truth that the highest intellectual development, the profoundest learning and the most wonderful acquisitions in science may not only be met with in women, (as no impartial observer will deny,) but they are compatible with the possession of all feminine graces and accomplishments as well as the practice of the most prosaic and useful domestic duties. And, furthermore, that they may be, and have been, united with the deepest religious faith.

Elizabeth Carter—the translator of Epictetus—by her own unaided efforts and indomitable industry made herself so thorough a Greek scholar that Dr. Johnson in speaking of some celebrated scholar, said that he "understood Greek better than any one whom he had ever known except Elizabeth Carter." And as an encouragement to industry it may not be amiss to say that she gained even the rudiments of knowledge with great labor and difficulty, so much so that she wearied the patience of her father, who repeatedly entreated her to give up all thoughts of becoming a scholar. (We do not find, nowadays, that this sort of parental entreaty is often needed!) Besides Latin and Greek she acquired Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish and German she learnt to speak like a native, and the last three languages she taught herself without any assistance. Later in life she learned Portuguese and taught herself Arabic, making a dictionary for herself. She bestowed a great deal of attention upon astronomy, in which she made very considerable progress. She had a rare knowledge of history, both ancient and modern. She had some poetical taste and published a volume of poems. She played on the spinnet (the forerunner of the piano) and the flute, and there is a great deal of music for both instruments in her handwriting. As a young woman she was not only lively but gay. She loved dancing, and when very young was somthing of a romp. The Rev. Mr. Pennington, her biographer, tells us that "she entered into all the innocent amusements proper for her relation and her time of life. Her presence never threw a damp over the juvenile amusements and gayeties of her young friends. She brought with her into company no misplaced gravity, but danced, sung, played cards and laughed like any other young girl." And young ladies will pardon me for adding that she practiced needlework for her family to the last, and while translating Epictetus and corresponding with learned scholars about him *she made a dozen shirts for her brother*, whom she *had prepared for the University*, on his setting out for Cambridge.

"But among her studies," says her biographer, "there was one which she never neglected, one which was always dear to her from her earliest infancy to the latest period of her life, and in which she made a continual improvement. It was that of Religion, which was her constant care and greatest delight. Her acquaintance with the Bible, some part of which she never failed to read every day, was as complete as her belief in it was sincere, and no person ever endeavored more, and few with greater success, to regulate the whole of their conduct by that unerring guide. * * * As her piety began early, so it traveled with her through life. It was at all times the most distinguishing feature of her character. It was indeed the very piety of the Gospel, shown not by enthusiasm or by depreciating that of others, but by a calm, rational and constant devotion and the most unwearied attention to acquire the temper and practice the duties of a Christian life."

I would prolong my discourse to a tedious length were I to go into an equally extended account of Mrs. Mary Somerville. But her reputation is too widely known to render it necessary for me to detail her wonderful attainments and achievements in the realms of science. She certainly was a great mathematical genius. None but a mathematical genius could have made a summary of Laplace's "Mechanique Celeste." Her "Connection of the Physical Sciences" and her "Physical Geography" have placed her in the foremost rank of modern physicists and scientists. And she, equally with Mrs. Carter, may be said to have been self taught. In a notice of her "Personal Recollections" in *Blackwood's Magazine* it is well said: "Of all women who have ventured into the world of letters Mrs. Somerville is perhaps the one who had least occasion to recall the disabilities of her sex. She has been universally allowed to be great and admitted within the circle of the immortals without grudging or modification of applause." This is high but not exaggerated praise.

I would like to quote further from this appreciative and interesting notice, but my space forbids. But in pursuance of my design, I desire to call your attention to those traits and qualifications in this remarkable woman that tend to confirm my view as to the sort of education for women that I would advocate. When, as a girl, she was poring over her books through the night, (until her mother cut off her supply of candles, and then she would rise at daylight and wrap herself in a blanket until the fire was made,) teaching herself to read Xenophon and Heroditus, and mastering Euclid so thoroughly that she "could nearly go through" the six first books by heart, we are told that it was after all the household affairs were over and *her sewing got through*. And as she made her own clothes, *including her ball dresses*, (for she, too, was fond of parties and dancing,) her sewing must have been no small item. Twice married, she was eminently domestic, simple, natural and practical; "a good housekeeper, and the carefulest of mothers, though a renowned *savant*, and at the same time a pretty woman, fond of society and enjoying it fully," she lived to the extreme age of 93, and ended her calm and peaceful and happy life sleeping. In her diary, a few years before her death, she writes: "I have lately entered my eighty-ninth year, grateful to God for the innumerable blessings He has bestowed upon me and my children; at peace with all the earth, and I trust I may be at peace with my Maker when my last hour comes, which cannot now be far distant." * * *

I will not ask pardon for the length of the extracts I have given in my endeavor to bring before you the distinguished female characters that I have selected for the illustration of my theme. In no language of my own could I have so vividly portrayed them.

And now what is the lesson which I would desire you to draw from their lives? First this: That in the training and cultivation of your intellects and the acquisition of learning and knowledge and accomplishments of all sorts, you should not lose sight of the importance—and, to us impoverished people, the necessity—of learning and practicing those minor domestic arts so essential to domestic comfort and happiness, and which the great scholar, Mrs. Carter, and the great philosopher, Mrs. Somerville, showed were perfectly compatible with the most exalted intellectual gifts, prodigious learning and continued and indefatigable literary efforts.

And, secondly, but above all, this: That the training of the heart and soul in the knowledge and practice of the eternal truths and sublime precepts of our holy religion is far more important, far more incumbent upon you, and far more precious education both for this world and the next, than the storing of the mind with any amount of mere earthly knowledge and the acquirement of any number of so called "elegant accomplishments." * * *

And I hope I am not trenching on theological ground, in my lay sermon, if I would inculcate that broad and catholic spirit of religious faith which would include in one great Christian family all the true children and followers of Christ. Might we not paraphrase the familiar distich of Pope and say:

For forms of faith let bigots then contest;
That which best rules the heart and life is best.
* * * *

*Fletcher of Saltoun.

We hear some one almost daily recommend "Bile Beans" to his friend who makes some complaint of feeling badly or bilious, or out of sorts. It is a good indication that a great many people are using these goods. They certainly are an excellent remedy.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Important New York Appointments Expected—Reform at the White House—Exit the French Valet and Chef de Cuisine—Enter Bridget, the Irish Cook.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2, 1885.

EDITOR CHIEF:

The unexpected departure of the Secretary of the Treasury and his colleague of the Navy for New York last week, and the unusual secrecy which has been preserved among those who should know the reason for their movements, has aroused much curiosity among political men here and in New York as to the object of their mission. That it had something to do with the disposition of the New York patronage nobody doubted. From a competent source I have some information touching the visit that may interest the public. The President has been considering very anxiously the appointment which must soon be made to fill the more important of the political offices in New York. On the 27th of June the commission of the Hon. William H. Robertson, Collector of the Port, expires, and the terms of the United States Marshal and United States District Attorney are very near their conclusion. Notwithstanding his denial, I learn from an unquestionable source that the resignation of the Collector was placed in Mr. Cleveland's hands early in April, but the President thought it better to allow him to serve out his entire official term, as he did not wish to take up so important a matter until he had full time to make a selection that would meet all the features of the case.

The genius of reform marches on in number ten boots, men's size. The most important results of Mr. Cleveland's intention in this respect are to be perceived in the *ménage* of the White House. The valet, one Alexander Powell, a person of color, had to go directly the President was inaugurated. It would not do for the head of the nation to possess a valet while about fifty-four millions and a half of the male and female citizens had none. An exam must be set from high quarters. So Alex, the colored citizen who mixed the matutinal cocktail which erstwhile cheered the Executive heart and soothed its stomach, and blacked the Presidential No. 10's, has departed, being thoughtfully transferred to the Treasury force, and his place knows him no more. So Mr. Cleveland must hunt out his own changes of linen henceforth, and may rage and prance in vain to button his collar to the back of his shirt, and in solitary grandeur he can devote his cravat to the infernal gods when it will not permit itself to be tied. The exasperating tendencies of inanimate objects have been noted by every philosopher from Aristotle to Carlyle, though the vain and impotent wrestling with refractory garments and boots that *will* not go on, is but poor preparation in composing one's mind for religious worship, even though it be to listen to one of the Rev. Sunderland's most soul invigorating discourses upon the final end of the wicked. No matter how much damage he may do his own chances for salvation by unseemly and wicked language, addressed to buttonless shirts and exasperating boots, the country must be saved by reform, and the valet has to go.

M. Fortin, the *chef de cuisine* at the White House, is also about to be dispensed with. He was imported from a great restaurant in New York. Mr. Fortin is a Gascon, with a weakness for fashionable society. He may now seek more congenial surroundings, for a lady of Hibernian birth is to rule the White House roast in his stead. Such culinary devices as *purée à pointes d'asperge, sole au gratin, grenouilles à la Bordelaise* and *poulet à la Marengo*, are held by our Chief Magistrate to indicate a degree of effeminacy and Sardinaplan luxury beneath the ruler of fifty-five millions of American freemen. No more will the Far-Western statesman who is invited to patake of the Presidential cheer nervously turn in his chair as he spells out the *mêu*, and wonder despairingly what the devil it all means. The cook will be Irish, and the fare corn-beef and cabbage and such kindred strong and sturdy diet, upon which our greatest and best are fed. "The dillytanty are fired out," said one robust Missouri sovereign congratulatingly to another, as they sat down in the East Room the other day, and each bit off a quarter of a pound of "navy plug" at one bite. The country is safe. No matter if the window curtains in the White House are drawn at such exasperating altitudes and degrees as to harrow the feminine soul which delights in symmetrical order in the household arrangements, and in its divine simplicity will not understand that a powerful masculine mind can not take cognizance of these grievous perversions of taste. My dear, when you are older and become better used to the ways of men of genius, you will realize how beneath the attention of the massive brain such *fredaines* are. The valet is gone, and Mr. Fortin packs his pots and pans, and sits down at the piano and plaintively plays *partant pour la Syrie*. The sturdy daughter of Erin will soon slam things around, break the crockery, and entertain her numerous cousins, all on the police, where once the mercurial Gaul disported himself and lamented the degenerating tendencies of Washington social life. We will have returned to the beautiful simplicity of our forefathers, and sweet peace will descend upon the nation, as soft and gentle as a seraph's benediction, and the thoughtful man, if he perchance be a philosopher, will say, "*Vive la bagatelle!*"

Yours truly, ALERT.

Happy Thought in the Night.

For years Mr. James R. Ackley, of 163 West Fayette street, Baltimore, had suffered with neuralgia so that he could hardly sleep. But he writes, "One night I was suffering very much, and the thought struck me that Brown's Iron Bitters would do me some good, and perhaps cure me. It was a happy thought, and to my great joy it has entirely cured me after using two bottles. After three months I have had no return of the symptoms. I cheerfully recommend it as the best tonic I have ever used." Neuralgia sufferers, take the hint!

From experiments made in March, Fol- and Sarasin conclude that in fine weather the last rays of life are dissipated in the Mediterranean at a depth of about 100 feet,