

BE HAPPY IF YOU WOULD BE GOOD.

Economical housekeepers know that certain garments, when faded and creased with much wear, but still strong, can, by the process of turning, be made to look fresh and almost new. Something of the same kind may be said of certain maxims, which, though inestimable in themselves, have been so constantly on our lips and in our ears that they have grown somewhat trite and have lost the freshness of their meaning. By turning them round they may sometimes be made piquant and expressive, and appear almost like new truths while still retaining the pith of the old. "Be good, if you would be happy," is one of these excellent, but hackneyed, precepts. We all acknowledge it theoretically, but it fails to impress itself vitally on our thoughts or our lives. It has been so continually presented to us in various ways that we seem to have exhausted its import, yet, in reality, we fail to realise it in heart, or to accept it in life. If we turn it around, however, and let it read, "Be happy, if you would be good," we are struck at once with the novelty of the idea, and doubt whether it be not entirely a misstatement. It seems at first sight a contradiction to the other, and we shrink from it in some fear, lest it upset all our well founded notions of duty and open a door to admit doubtful pleasures in the supposed interests of virtue.

A little deeper thought will show this rendering of the sentiment to be rather an alternation than an opposition. Goodness and happiness are constantly acting and re-acting upon each other, and it would be difficult to say which was the more powerful agent, or which was more frequently the cause of the other. Nothing is more certain than that every virtuous aim and right action brings its own reward in solid happiness; and equally true is it that every glad thought and pure joy makes right-doing easier and pleasanter, and is thus a spur to goodness. It is like the oscillation of the pendulum—the further it goes in one direction the greater is the impetus it receives in the other.

Take the child, for example: Happily the mother's instinct recognises the necessity of promoting its comfort and happiness before she looks for any special good conduct. Much of the crossness, peevishness, irritability, and general unamiableness which characterise certain children and make their presence so annoying springs from neglect of their happiness in some direction. Either from indiscreet indulgence, undue severity, or careless negligence, their physical system is out of order, or their tempers are soured, and, feeling uncomfortable, they naturally vent their discomfort upon others. In describing a young child the words *good* and *happy* are always synonymous, and no effort to make him the former can be successful as long as the latter is neglected.

Of course, with the growth of intelligence, comes the increase of obligation, yet every observing person may see that the fulfilment of these obligations depends largely upon the physical and mental condition, even of the adult. Most of the wrong-doing in the world comes from an uneasy craving for pleasure of some sort. The desire for revenge produces all kinds of malicious and hateful conduct; the yearning for gain suggests dishonesty, fraud, oppression and injustice; the appetite for sensual gratification leads to gluttony, intemperance and vice. But a state of true happiness would render these cravings impossible. The higher gratifications, once thoroughly enjoyed, no room would be left for the lower. The great happiness of love annihilates revenge and malice; sympathetic pleasures extinguish selfish ones; pure and innocent recreations, cheerful society and wholesome habits preclude the temptations to vicious courses. In a word, happiness, in its truest meaning and best forms, is the foe to wrong-doing, and in this sense we need not be afraid to say that those who are happy will be good.

If this be so, it follows that everyone who promotes pure and rational sources of happiness is a moral benefactor. It is a common mistake to suppose that efforts to increase happiness reach no further than the pleasurable feelings they excite. "Try to make him a better man, not a happier one," is the sombre advice given by those who only see one side of the question. If they could see all round it they would discover that every ray of sunshine, every gleam of hope, every hour of gladness, every pure joy, everything that cheers, enlivens, or inspires, is fraught with the power to make him a better man. To soothe and tranquillise a vexed spirit and irritate nerves, is of more practical benefit than the most strenuous exhortation; to open up the delights of affection and sympathy deals a more effective blow upon selfishness than the most eloquent admonition; to make a cheerful and inviting home will promote domestic harmony more than any direct appeal; to awaken an interest in pure and innocent pleasures will take away the craving for low and sensual gratifications more surely than any amount of well-deserved censure. Let us never undervalue the work of creating happiness. It reaches far beyond itself; it prepares the heart for good resolves, and the life for good deeds; it removes temptation, it encourages energy, it exalts the desires.

Of course, the happiness that we thus seek to promote must be pure and true. Nothing that falls short of this has the right to be called happiness. There are low and transient pleasures which lead only to ruin, but they contain no

element of happiness within them; they are fleeting, and leave behind them a bitter taste. To substitute for these purer and sweeter joys, to raise the desires to a higher level, to smooth the rough passages of life, to comfort the sorrowful, to encourage the despondent, to provide innocent amusement for youth, and needed recreation for all—in a word, to take away something from life's cup of sorrow, and to add something to its cup of joy, contributes just as much, not merely to the immediate happiness, but to the permanent moral improvement of mankind.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FARM MACHINERY.

In a paper in *SCRIBNER* for November on "The Agricultural Distress of Great Britain," Mr. P. T. Quinn gives the result of personal comparison of English and American farm tools as follows:

American manufacturers of farm tools shape them in such a way as to do the work with the least physical labour. The English manufacturer, on the other hand, has a pride in making everything substantial, heavy and solid, without any regard to the weight or strength needed. Why, there is more wood and iron in an English farm-cart than would make two American carts, and yet with their superb roads they load theirs no heavier than we do ours. An English manure fork is of the same size and pattern it was half a century ago—a square, rough time shouldered near the point—calling for the greatest amount of force in loading or unloading. The American fork is a round polished tine, tapering gradually from the point to the base, and calling for the least power. The weight of an English plow is at least three times that of ours and its length about twice, and yet it takes neither wider nor deeper furrow-slides than our best plows. In fact, one pair of horses attached to one of our best pattern plows will do from a third to a half more work in the same number of hours than an English farmer with his long, unwieldy pattern that is out of all proportion, both in length and weight, to the work it is intended for. The same is true of the English harrows, cultivators and all of the implements I found in common use for turning or cultivating the soil. The ordinary wooden hand-rake is a clumsy, heavy thing, having from a third to a half more wood than is actually necessary. In many instances, in going through England, I have counted eight and ten hands gathering hay into windrows with these hand-rakes, an operation very seldom, if ever, seen now in the United States. In many of the agricultural districts which I visited, farmers cultivating from forty to a hundred acres of land still continue to cut their grain crops with the reaping hook and cradle. The English cradle has a scythe blade of ordinary size and length, with two short wooden fingers. The man cutting with this cradle throws the cut grain around against the uncut standing grain. Another man follows the cradler, equipped with a piece of stick about three feet in length with an iron hook on the end of it, and gathers the cut grain into sheafs and places them on the stubble before the next swath can be cut. The American, or what is commonly called the "Yankee" cradle, has a wide scythe-blade similar in size and length to the English, but instead of two short fingers it has four long ones, and the operator cuts the grain, which falls on the fingers and which is thrown into a sheaf on the stubble entirely out of the way of the next cradler who follows, leaving the cut grain ready to be bound, one man with us doing the work of two in England. In talking on the subject with an intelligent farmer in Essex County, England, I had difficulty in convincing him that the long fingers of the "Yankee" cradle would not or could not get tangled up in the straw, nor could I induce him to send and get an American cradle, although he was complaining of the high price of farm labour when compared with the low price of farm produce.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH FRYING.

Did you ever have to eat or pretend to eat fried potatoes in an English house where things are done in an English way, and to talk of "French cookery" would frighten the folks into fiddle-strings? It may be that you know all I mean. The meal, whatever name it may bear, may be a good one of its sort, but, whatever its name, the fried potatoes are likely to be full of fine character and thoroughly English. You smell them afar off long before they arrive, as the camel scents water in the wilderness—only differently. When they come to the table they declare themselves uneatable except by savages, who know not what good cookery means. They are in flat, thin slices, brown or black, very hard, tough, rank in flavour, and altogether obnoxious. And yet they are what they profess to be—fried potatoes. In Paris, and in many a London restaurant, you obtain a quite different article under the same name. The appearance of the dish is elegant, and its colour is appetising. The potatoes are cut into fingers, and these are of a very light golden or amber colour, and each neat little finger is pulled a little as if inclined to burst with its fulness of fine farina. And so it is, for when you eat one you crush out from a delicate skin that was formed by the process of cooking a very pleasant pulp consisting of the perfectly cooked flesh of the potato. In the first instance you had potatoes spoiled; now you have them rendered

exquisite in flavour and elegant in appearance. The difference as regards cookery between these two samples is very slight. The first lot were fried a long time in a dry pan, and the process filled the house with a smell like that of an oil lamp out of order, and it ended in spoiling the potatoes. The second lot were quickly cooked in a large body of boiling fat, and practically therein is all the difference. The subject thus brought before us has broader bearings than may appear to all our readers. The whole difference between good and bad cookery is illustrated by this particular instance of cooking potatoes. The usual aim of the incompetent cook is to drive the goodness and flavour out of the food, and substitute for the real flavour another that is equally nauseous and unwholesome. The case of the family fried sole may be cited as another and equally important case in point. When well cooked a fried sole is elegant, delicious, nutritive and easy of digestion; but when fried in a dry pan it is repulsive in appearance, hard, greasy, badly-flavoured, and unwholesome. Whatever in the way of food is plunged into a large body of boiling fat is instantly sealed up by the formation of a film or skin, which preserves the juices and their flavours, and excludes the grease, so that scientific frying is really one of the very best modes of cooking, while on the other hand the blundering starve-frying way is the very worst. A vegetable marrow, or a cucumber, or the fruit of the green or purple egg plant, cut into thin slices and quickly fried in a large body of boiling fat, becomes one of the most delicious dishes that can be eaten. But when fried in the starve-frying way is not only worthless, but on the score of health and decency objectionable. Good frying preserves the whole of the quality and gives the food a most elegant appearance and a tempting flavour; moreover, it protects us against grease, but bad frying is necessarily a greasy business, for when there is but little fat the whole of it is absorbed, and the result is a mixture of mere fat and charcoal.

VARIETIES.

RED HAIR.—Reddish hair is the most luxuriant and firmly rooted. It falls late in life and keeps its colour well into middle age. Black hair is a "vrai déjeuner de soleil." The brunet is emotional. The passions which ravage her heart, tear out her hair and leave her early gray. Golden hair fades soon. When the first bloom of youth is over it is insipid. But the red-haired woman is the most happily constituted of all, unless, indeed, when she has white eyes and eyeballs, which show an unequal distribution of iron in her blood. Her skin is pearly white, she is robust, has ruby lips, is "bonne fille," and has, as a rule, excellent teeth. Her face, unhappily, is easily freckled. Nature nearly always furnishes her with a luxuriant head of hair, which has the burnish of autumn leaves in sunshine.

POOR CARLOTTA.—The ex-Empress Carlotta's health has much improved in her new home, but her mind is still dimmed. She has one remarkable peculiarity—that of never speaking in the first person, always using the abstract substantive "on." "On desire, on veut, on exige." She is kind and gracious to all who surround her, and takes a great interest in the families of the farmers and cottagers on the estate: when inquiring about them she says, "It is wished to know if they are well and happy"—or she will mention to the gardener that "it is remarked" there are leaves in a certain alley that should be swept away, or that some alteration has been nicely done. Her meals are served with the same ceremony as at court, and she always dresses specially for them. When her dinner is announced, she enters the room, makes a ceremonial courtesy to her suite and takes her seat, eating with excellent appetite and talking sensibly enough.

ELECTRICITY AS AN ORNAMENT.—M. Trouvé, who has recently utilized electricity for many novel purposes, has applied it now to trinkets and articles of ornament. For instance, of two scarlet pins one has a death's head, gold or enamel, with diamond eye and an articulated jaw; the other has a rabbit seated upright on a box with a little bell before it, to be struck with two rods held in the animal's forepaws. An invisible wire connects these objects with a small hermetically-closed battery, the electric case of which is about the size of a cigarette. It is kept in the waistcoat pocket, and acts only when turned horizontally or inverted. When a person looks at the pin the owner, slipping a finger into his pocket, moves the battery, whereupon the death's head rolls its eyes and grinds its teeth, or the little rabbit beats the bell with its rods. A third kind of ornament is a small bird, set with diamonds, to be fixed in a lady's hair, and the wings of which can be set in motion electrically.

PLAYING TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.—"It was the Fosters, of Peshburg, and Bucyrus, Ohio, was the place." "Richard III." was announced, and when 8 o'clock came a single man sat solitary and alone in the middle of the orchestra. There was, of course, the usual collection of country youths before the door, and the manager looked into the empty hall and said: "Come, this won't do; we might as well throw open the doors and invite them all in." The company were called together in the meantime, and, after some discussion, it was decided that the townspeople should not come in free. It would encourage deadheadism, at the same time estab-

lishing a dangerous precedent in the town. So the audience of one chose an eligible position, and, cocking his feet on the seat in front of him, waited for the performance to begin. The curtain was rung up and the play commenced. Never did the actors do better. The audience applauded vigorously at different points, and at times insisted upon an encore, which the company, impressed with the ludicrousness of the situation, gracefully responded to."

TRAVELLING STONES.—Many of our readers have doubtless heard of the famous travelling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been found in Nevada, which are described as almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an iron nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table, or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin travelling toward a common centre, and there lie huddled up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started off, with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity, to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet, it remained motionless. They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be lodestone or magnetic iron ore.

LORD BYRON'S SON.—With the reappearance of well-known figures in Broadway there is to be seen the gentleman who calls himself the son of Lord Byron. He has been in New York, at times, for many years, and undoubtedly believes in the verity of his claims, whatever may be the opinion of the world at large. He asserts himself to be the offspring of an early and clandestine marriage between Byron and a daughter of the noble Spanish house of De Luna, and writes his name George Gordon de Luna Byron. During Fremont's campaigns in Missouri, in the early part of the war, he was conspicuous in the streets of St. Louis in full cavalry uniform, spurs and whip included; passed under the title of Captain Byron, and was always on the point of setting out for a field he never seemed able to reach. Whether he really held a commission or not nobody, apparently, knows, and nobody has been known to have served with him. After his appearance in New York he still clung to the army cap, though he dropped his cavalry boots and whip, and is still known as Captain Byron. A very quiet, well-mannered person he is, now about sixty years of age, of medium height, rather stocky of build, and certainly bearing no noticeable likeness to the great poet whom he supposes to be his father. He is well acquainted with the history, both public and private, of the Byron family, is something of a student of English literature, and has the outliving of a man who has been well reared and has had good associations in early life.

THE MOMENT OF FEAR.—Bonaparte lost four aides-de-camp during the short time he was in Egypt. One of them, Croisier, appearing to Napoleon to lack the proper degree of boldness at the proper moment, he burst out against him in one of his violent and humiliating attacks of abuse and contempt. The word coward escaped him: Croisier determined not to survive it; he sought death on several occasions, but did not succeed till the siege of Acre. He was in attendance on Napoleon in the trenches there when such a sharp look-out was kept by the garrison that if an elbow or feather showed itself above or beside them, it was immediately grazed by a bullet. Croisier watched his opportunity and jumped upon the platform. "Come down, I command you!" cried Napoleon, in a voice of thunder; but it was too late; the victim of his severity fell at his feet. Murat, the chivalrous braver of all danger, had also his moment of fear, which lost him the countenance of his general, until displeasure could no longer resist the brilliancy of his achievements. It was at the siege of Mantua, in the first Italian campaign, that Murat was ordered to charge a body of troops that were making a sortie from the garrison. He hesitated, and in his confusion declared himself wounded; he was removed from the presence of the general and in every way discountenanced. In Egypt he was sent out on the more distant and dangerous services; in short, he more than conquered his character before the battle of Aboukir, on which occasion Napoleon himself was obliged to declare he was superb. The brave Marshal Lannes one day severely reprimanded a colonel who had punished a young officer for a moment of fear. "That man," said he, "is worse than a poitroon who pretends he never knows fear."

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