

The Saturday Evening Visitor ;

A Cheap Family Paper,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, MORALITY, &c. &c

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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RURAL LIFE.

In one of those beautiful valleys in which the county abounds, where the surrounding hills in June are covered with their summits with the richest herbage, and dotted over with the rejoicing herds, at the foot of the hills, near a small stream, which here and there spreads itself like a clear mirror encased in a frame of living green, and then at other places forces its gurgling waters through some narrow passages between the rock, you may find an humble, unpainted cottage, with the various appurtenances of sheds and barns around it. Three or four stately trees present themselves in front of it. The door-yard is filled with flowers and shrubs, and the buildings seem to stand in the midst of a flourishing full bearing orchard, the trees of which are clothed with living green, with no suckers at their roots, with their leaves clean and bright, indicating the health of the tree and the care of the proprietor. Every part of the premises exhibits the most exact order and carefulness. No battered sleds lie at the wood-pile; no rotten logs, no unhoused sleds, no broken wheels, no rusted and pointless plough, no encumbered roadway; no growling sow, with her hungry and mauling litter, disputes your entrance into the gate; no barking dog stands sentry at the door. The extended row of milk pans are glittering in the sun; and the churn and tubs are scrubbed to a whiteness absolutely without a

blemish. The house is as neat within as without; for such results are not seen but where harmony reigns supreme, and a consistency of taste and purpose and character exists among the partners in the firm. The kitchen, the dairy, the parlors, the parlor, all exhibit the same neatness and order. The spinning wheel, with its corded rolls upon its spindle, keeps silence in the corner for a little while during the presence of the guest. The kitchen walls are hung with the rich ornaments of their own industry—the tapestries and skeins of yarn, the substantial hosiery of the family, and the homespun linen, emulating the whiteness of the snow drift. The floors are carpeted and the beds made comfortable, with the produce of their own flocks and fields. The golden products of the dairy; the transparent sweets of the hive, the abundant contributions of the kitchen-yard, the garden and the orchard, load the table with delicious luxuries. There are books for their leisure; and there stands too the reverend bass-viol in the parlor, constant like its owner to appear at church on Sunday, and kind always to assist in the chant of the daily morning and evening hymn. Better than all this, there are the children trained in the good school of respectful manners, where the words of age, and grey hairs, and superiority, have a place; enured to early hours and habits of industry, and with a curiosity and thirst for knowledge stimulated the more from a feeling of the restricted means of gra-

tifying it. There is another delightful feature in the picture; the aged grandmother in her chair of state, a countenance as mild and benignant as a summer evening's twilight; happy in the conviction of duty successfully discharged by training her children in habits of temperance and industry; and receiving, as a kind of household deity, the cheerful tribute from all of reverence and affection.

NAPOLEON'S DINNER TABLE.

The dinner was regularly served at six o'clock. Their Majesties dined alone, except on Sundays, when all the Imperial family were admitted to the banquet. The Emperor, Empress, and the Emperor's mother, were seated upon great chairs, and the other Kings, Queens, and Princesses only ordinary ones. There was but a single course, which was succeeded by a desert. Napoleon preferred the most simple dishes; he drank no wine but Chambertin, and rarely that undiluted. The attendance was performed by pages assisted by the *valets de chambre*, the stewards, and the carvers, but never by the footmen in livery. The dinner commonly occupied about twenty minutes. He never drank any liquor, but took habitually two cups of pure coffee—one in the morning after his breakfast, and the other after his dinner. All that has been said of his committing excess is false and ridiculous. On their return to the parlor, a page presented to the Emperor a gilt salver, upon which was a cup and sugar basin; the chief attendant poured out the coffee; the Empress took the cup from the Emperor; the page and chief attendant retired; the Empress poured the coffee into a saucer, and presented it to Napoleon. A short time afterwards the Emperor again returned to his closet to labor. The Empress descended into her apartments by a private staircase, which served for a communication to the two floors and to the two apartments. On entering, she was received by her ladies of honor and the officers of the household. Sometimes Napoleon entered through the interior apartments of the Empress, and conversed with as much simplicity as freedom with the ladies of that palace, but in general he remained but a short time. Such was the habitual life that the Emperor lived at the Tuileries.

WINTER.

Spring, Summer and Autumn have each their appropriate delights, and these are mostly enjoyed under the blue heavens and in the balmy air; but Winter, cheerful Winter, is the time for in-door comforts, the quest of knowledge and the flow of affection. With what different emotions is the present season regarded? To the wealthy and gay, it is the "time to laugh;" whilst the helpless poor read on its front the forlorn inscription, "the time to weep and the time to mourn." To these it comes loaded with all the aggravations of misery, whilst to the others it advances decked more gaudily than the flowery Spring or teeming Summer. Others look to it as the season of solid enjoyment. The