

## Training of Daughters.

*From Mrs. Ellis's Mothers of England.*

In cultivating a taste for what is refined and beautiful,—in the acquisition of general knowledge,—as well as in that of easy and agreeable manners,—in conversation, at once intelligent and unobtrusive,—in the practical part of female duty,—and in all those graces of mind and person, which most embellish the female character, it is impossible to imagine a young girl more advantageously situated than in a well regulated home,—and surrounded by an amiable and well informed family, where occasional reading aloud, from well selected books, lively instructive conversation, and easy and faithful narrative, constitute the fireside amusements of a social circle. In the midst of such a family, with a mother who can teach her all the beauty of household accomplishments, without any of their vulgarity, a young girl may indeed be said, to be fitting herself for a useful and agreeable woman,—and the nearer the education of schools can be made to resemble this, the more likely they will be to make young women, all which the companions of their future lives would desire.

There is no reason, that I can imagine, why household duties should not be attractive; why a mother and her daughters, associated for a few hours in the laundry, or, even in the kitchen, should not enjoy conversation as pleasant, as when seated in the most elegant drawing-room; nay, rather, I believe the brisk healthy exercise, the natural satisfaction of dispatching business, and the pleasant idea of being useful, are calculated, when combined in this manner, and when enjoyed with congenial companions, to do good, both to the bodily health, and the animal spirits,—and I would strongly urge upon all mothers to make the experiment, who are afflicted with discontented, over-sensitive, and morbidly miserable daughters.—But how is it, we ask, that young ladies have such an unconquerable repugnance to this kind of occupation? Shall I be pardoned if I suggest, that many of them have never seen their mothers happy,—some have never seen them reasonable,—and others still, have never seen them good-humoured, while engaged in their domestic duties. There is

such a thing as toiling on, from morning till night, and yet making nobody comfortable,—dusting, washing, brushing, and cleaning, and yet making nobody comfortable,—cooking, boiling, stewing and steaming,—and yet making nobody comfortable; concocting good things, and yet making nobody comfortable; laying down carpets, fitting up rooms, stuffing out pillows, smoothing down beds, and yet making nobody comfortable. No, it is this perpetual hurrying, scolding and grumbling, this absence of peace, and absence of pleasure, which disgusts and deters young women from plunging into a vortex, where the loss of all comfort appears inevitable,—and when we look at the anxious expression of these house-devoted slaves,—when we hear their weary step, and, above all, their constant complainings of servants and work-people,—when we see how entirely their life is one of tumult and confusion, excluding all calm or intellectual enjoyment, we cannot wonder that any young women, with any right feeling, or any taste for refinement, should be effectually repelled from all sympathy or association with their mothers' pursuits.

Comfort is not to be purchased by the loss of peace. No, there must be system,—there must be order,—there must be a well-regulated, as well as a busy household, before the individuals, who compose it, can be made happy,—and, therefore, it needs both good sense and refinement,—both a well-managed temper and a cultivated mind, for the mistress of a house to conduct her affairs in such a manner, as to render the scene of her practical duties, in this department, one of attraction to her daughters.

## May.

*From Half-hours with the best Authors.*

The May of the Poets is a beautiful generalization, which, sometimes, looks like a mockery of the keen east winds, the leafless trees, the hedges without a blossom, of late springs. In an ungenial season we feel the truth of one poetical image,—

"Winter lingering chills the lap of May;"

but we are apt to believe that those who talk of halcyon skies, of odorous gales, of leafy thickets, filled with the chorus of Nature's songsters, to say nothing of Ladies of the