

CHOICE LITERATURE.

ANECDOTES OF JEFFERSON.

My recollection of Mr. Jefferson, says an old gentleman of Virginia, is very vivid, as I knew him well, and often visited at Monticello. He was the handsomest man I ever saw, as straight as an arrow, very dignified and courteous in his manners to all. A superb rider, he exercised himself on horseback till the last year of his life. The University of Virginia was his pet scheme, and he was very proud of it as being his own achievement. At its first session I entered as a student, and Mr. Jefferson was always pleased to have us students at his table. Upon these occasions we were generally seated around the table, when Mr. Jefferson would enter and walk straight to an adjoining side table specially prepared for him, upon which were placed two lighted candles and a small vial by his plate. He would then say: "My daughter, I perceive there are several young gentlemen at the table, but I do not see well enough to distinguish who they are, so you must tell me their names." Whereupon his daughter would lead him up to each young gentleman, who would in turn rise, when Mr. Jefferson would shake hands and pass a pleasant word with him. At the close of the repast, as his own hand was too trembling, his daughter would pour from the little vial into a tumbler a few drops of medicine to produce slumber in case he should be wakeful, and then he would take up the tumbler and a candle, make a stately bow to the assemblage, and retire to his bedroom. He always had company at his house, and observed the French hours for meals.

A relative of Mr. Jefferson's, though very desirous of visiting him, was yet disinclined to thrust his rusticity and illiterateness on his great kinsman. Upon one occasion, however, he was prevailed upon to attend a social gathering at Monticello, when, upon being ushered into the salon, he was duly presented by Mr. Jefferson to the company. During this ceremony the awkward countryman slipped up several times on the well-waxed floor, and then, seating himself, thoroughly ill at ease, was perfectly silent. After chatting with some of his guests, Mr. Jefferson took a seat beside his relative and made an unusual effort to be agreeable, talking on all manner of topics, but without even receiving answers to his queries or making the slightest impression upon the visitor, who remained as dumb as an oyster. In despair of drawing him out, Mr. Jefferson happened to ask him if he liked "black-jack" fishing. The countryman's eyes snapped, and his mouth poured forth a garrulous budget in regard to his favourite sport, to all of which Mr. Jefferson, amused, as were the others present, listened attentively. When at last the countryman made an end, Mr. Jefferson opened up eloquently on the same subject, displaying an intimate knowledge of "black-jack," so far surpassing that of his relative that the latter was held spell-bound. When the great Signor stopped talking the countryman rushed for his hat and bolted from the mansion, nor could vociferous calls persuade him to return.

There was greater fear of, but less faith in, Jefferson than his relative exhibited, among the Northern Federalists, who firmly believed that he was little better than Antichrist. A story illustrative of this state of feeling with regard to the French Party is related of a pious old Federalist lady who lived in a town in Connecticut. It was believed in her neighbourhood that if the Federalists were overthrown, and the Jefferson Democrats came into power, the Christian religion would be put down and atheism proclaimed, and among the first persecutions would be

the destruction of all the Bibles. The lady referred to was terribly wrought up at this prospect, and cast about in her mind how she should preserve the Scriptures in the general destruction. At length it occurred to her to go to Squire S—, the only Democrat of her acquaintance, and throw herself upon his mercy. She accordingly took her family Bible to him, and telling him that she had heard of the intention of the Jeffersonians, asked him to keep it for her. The Squire attempted to persuade her that her fears were groundless, but she was too panic-stricken to be convinced. At last he said,

"My good woman, if all the Bibles are to be destroyed, what is the use of your bringing yours to me? That will not save it when it is found."

"Oh yes," she pleaded, with a charming burst of trust. "You take it: it will be perfectly safe. They'll never think of looking in the house of a Democrat for a Bible."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

THE OLD FARM.

Out in the meadows the farm-house lies,
Old and gray, and fronting the west,
Many a swallow thither flies,
Twittering under the evening skies,
And in the chimney builds her nest.

Ah! how the sounds make our old hearts swell.
Send them again on an eager quest;
Bid the sweet winds of heaven tell,
Those we have loved so long and well,
Come again home to the dear old nest.

When the gray evening, cool and still,
Hushes the brain and heart to rest,
Memory comes with a joyous thrill,
Brings the young children back at will,
Calls them all home to the gray old nest.

Patient we wait till the golden morn
Rises on our weariness half-confessed;
Till, with the chill and darkness gone,
Hope shall arise with another dawn,
And a new day to the sad old nest.

Soon shall we see all the eager East,
Bright with the Day-Star, at Heaven's behest,
Soon, from the bondage of clay released,
Rise to the Palace, the King's own feast,
Bird's of flight from the last year's nest.

—*Christian Union.*

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

To young housekeepers who are striving to make a home which shall be worthy of the name, one which her dear ones will "leave with regret and come back to in after life as pilgrims to a holy shrine," I would say, the first requisite is to make it so attractive that none of its inmates shall care to linger long outside its limits. All legitimate means should be employed to this end, and no effort spared that cannot contribute to the purpose. Many houses, called homes, kept with exquisite neatness by painstaking, anxious women, are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home feeling from their spotless precincts. The very name of home is synonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care. But neither of these can be felt where such a mania for external cleanliness pervades the household as to render everything subservient thereto. Many housewives, if they see speck on floor or wall, or even a scrap of paper or a bit of thread on the floor, rush at it as if it were the seed of pestilence which must be removed on the instant. Their temper depends on the maintenance of perfect purity and order. They do not see that cheerfulness is more needful at home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Their disposition to wage war on maculateness of any sort increases, until they become slaves of the broom and dust pan.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must

get its light and sweetness from the sympathetic natures which, in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom and the awful duty of endless scrubbing.

All women should economize their strength as much as possible while they are young and healthy, and still more if they are aged and feeble. One way to do this is to rest one set of muscles while the others are in action. Begin early in the morning by sitting down to your work before becoming tired, and you will hold out better through the day.

Place a light box in a chair to make it high enough to sit at a table to work. You can iron, wash dishes, mix bread, roll out pie crust, and do many other things with far less fatigue than if standing. Women cannot keep on their feet very long at a time without injury to their health. All women who have children, whether boys or girls, should teach them early to aid in the kitchen.

The true way to educate children is to teach them the dignity of labour, either of brain or hands, or both, to direct their studies with a view to practical utility; to give a firm, broad foundation, and upon that you may rear whatever superstructure you will. Teach your daughter the mysteries of housewifery and plain sewing, give her a thorough instruction in the elementary branches, take care that she can read well, spell correctly, and speak and write her native language understandingly, and work a practical business problem for her father; then, if circumstances will permit, let her capabilities bound her acquirements. But even here the practical should not be lost sight of. A knowledge of current events is of more value than the acquisitions of a dead language, and a knowledge of the laws and customs of our own and contemporary governments is of more worth than the lore of Grecian mythology.

If the parent takes up the burthen of life's daily duties patiently, cheerfully, twining love in every changing duty, and brings the child into practical relations with the work and the spirit, thus assisting each other, the parent may find time to sympathize with the child in its studies and cares, as well as its amusements. The cords of love and sympathy thus strengthened will always remain, binding them closer with each passing year, and when the child reaches mature years and in its turn takes up the work of life, it will revert with a full, thankful heart to those early years when the useful, practical lessons of life were taught by a loving parent.—*Western Agriculturist.*

A GIRL'S EQUIPMENT FOR SELF-SUPPORT.

No one will dispute the abstract assertion that any given girl may some day have herself and perhaps her family to support; and yet our schemes of education for girls are framed precisely as if this were not and could not be true. As a rule no provision whatever is made for such a contingency in the education of girls, no recognition whatever is given to the fact that the chance exists. We shut our eyes to the danger; we hope that the ill may never come, and we put the thought of it away from us. In brief, we trust to luck, and that is a most unwise—I was about to say an idiotic—thing to do.

Each one of us has known women to whom this mischance has happened, and each one of us knows that it may happen to the daughter whom we tenderly cherish, yet we put no arms in her hands with which to fight this danger; we equip her for every need except this sorest of all needs; we leave her at the mercy of chance, knowing that the time may come when she whom we have not taught to do any bread-winning work will have need of bread, and will know no way in