

## A Visit to a Boarding School Miss.

Miss Georgiana Aurelia Atkins Green was an intimate friend of mine, or, rather, perhaps I should say, her mother's brother boarded my horse, and I bought my meat of her father. It was the determination of Mrs. Green that her daughter should be a finished lady. During the finishing process I saw but little of her. It occupied three years, and was performed at a fashionable boarding-school, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, regardless of expense. When she was finished off she was brought home in triumph, and exhibited on various occasions to crowds of admiring friends. I went one evening to see her. She was really very pretty and took up her role with spirit, and acted it admirably. I saw a portfolio lying upon the piano, and knowing that I was expected to seize upon it at once, I did so, against Miss Green's protestation, which she was expected to make, of course. I found in it various pencil drawings, a crayon head of the infant Samuel, and a terrible shipwreck in India ink. The sketches were not without merit. These were all looked over and praised, of course. Then came the music. This was some years ago, and the most that I remember is that she played O Dolce Concerto with the variations, and the Battle of Prague, the latter of which the mother explained to me during its progress. The pieces were cleverly executed, and then I undertook to talk to the young woman. I gathered from her conversation that Mrs. Martinet, the principal of the school where she had been finished, was a lady of "so much style!!!!" that Miss Kittleton, of New York, was the dearest girl in the school and that she (Georgiana) and the said Kittleton, were such friends that they always dressed alike, and that Miss Kittleton's brother Fred was a magnificent fellow. The last was said with a blush, from the embarrassments of which she escaped gracefully by stating that the old Kittleton was a banker, and rolled in money.

It was easy to see that the parents of this dear girl admired her profoundly. I pitied her and them, and determined, as a matter of duty, that I should show her just how much her accomplishments were worth. I accordingly asked of my wife the favor to invite the whole family to tea, in a quiet way. They all came on the appointed evening, and, after tea was over. I expressed my delight that there was one young lady in our neighborhood who could do something to elevate the tone of our society. I then drew out, in a careless way, a letter I had just received from a Frenchman, and asked of Miss Georgiana the favor to read it to me. She

took the letter, blushed, went half through the first line correctly, then broke down on a simple word, and confessed that she could not read it. It was a little cruel, but I wished to do her good, and proceeded with my experiment. I took up a piece of music, and asked her if she had seen it. She had not. I told her there was a pleasure in store for both of us. I had heard the song once, and I would try to sing it if she would play the accompaniment. She declared she could not do it without practice, but I told her she was too modest by half. So I dragged her, protesting, to the piano. She knew she should break down. I knew she would, and she did. Well, I could not let her rise, for Mr. and Mrs. Green were fond of the old-fashioned church music, and had been singers in their day and in their way, I selected an old tune, and called them to the piano to assist. Mrs. Green gave us the key, and we started off in fine style. It was a race to see which would come out ahead. Georgiana won by skipping most of the notes. She rose from the piano with her cheeks as red as a beet.

"By the way," said I. "Georgiana, your teacher of drawing must have been an excellent one". I did not tell her that I had seen evidence of this in her own art, but touched the right spring, and the lady gave me the teacher's credentials, and told me what so and so had said of her. "Well," said I. "I am glad there is one young woman who has learned drawing properly. Now you have nothing to do but practice your delightful art, and you must do something for the benefit of your friends. I promised a sketch of my house to a particular friend, at a distance, and you shall come to-morrow and make one. I remember that beautiful cottage among your sketches, and I should prize a sketch of my own even half as well done, very highly." The poor girl was blushing again and from the troubled countenance of her parents, I saw that they had begun indistinctly to comprehend the shallowness—the absolute worthlessness—of the accomplishments that had cost them so much. Georgiana acknowledged she had never sketched from nature—that her teacher had never required it of her, and that she had no confidence that she could sketch so simple an object as my house. The Greens took an early leave, and I regret to say a cool one. They were mortified, and there was not good sense enough in the girl to make an improvement of the hints I had given her.

The Green family resided upon a street that I always took on my way to the post-office, and there was rarely a pleasant evening that did not show their parlor alight, and company in it. I heard the same old variations of O Dolce Concerto evoning after evening. The Battle of

Prague was fought over and over again. The portfolio of drawings (such of them as had not been expensively framed) was exhibited, I doubt not, to admiring friends until they were soiled by thumbing. At last, Georgiana was engaged, and then she was married—married to a very good fellow, too. He loved music, loved painting, and loved his wife. Two years passed away; and I determined to ascertain how the pair got along. She was the mother of a fine boy whom I know she would be glad to have me see. I called, was treated cordially, and saw the identical old portfolio, on the identical old piano. I asked the favor of a tune. The husband with a sigh informed me that Georgiana had dropped her music. I looked about the walls, and saw the crayon Samuel, and the awful shipwreck in India ink. Alas! the echoes of the Battle of Prague that came over the field of memory, and these fading mementoes around me were all that remained of the accomplishments of the late Miss Georgiana Aurelia Atkins Green.—"Etude."

## THE VERSATILE VIOLIN.

"Behold me!" cried the violin;  
"I have such harmonies within  
As make the eye of beauty dim.  
I make men smile, I bid them weep,  
I rouse their pride, or lull to sleep  
The children with a twilight hymn.  
From bird-song sweet to thunder-roll  
I voice the universal soul.  
Let but the master sweep the strings—  
I wake to all celestial things."

"'Tis true," remarked the piccolo,  
"Your scope is very wide, I know,  
But when your owner's little boy  
Desires to take you for his toy,  
You glide from weird, heart-rending shriek  
To every form of ghastly squeak—  
The saw-file note, the porker's squeal,  
The agony of ungreased wheel,  
The grit of pencil upon slate—  
Indeed, your repertory's great!"

"Well, I have been making a goose of myself," said the hen when the eggs on which she had been sitting hatched into goslings.

"Did you ever go to Bins, the tailor?"  
"Yes, got two suits from him; one dress suit and one law suit. Very expensive man."

Judge—If I got as intoxicated as you do, I'd shoot myself.

Prisoner—If you was 'toxicated as I am you couldn't hitter barn door.

Oh gentle, balmy spring,  
Thy breezes how we dread;  
For though thy kiss the flowers awake,  
They make the freckles spread.