

Family Circle.

THE HISTORY OF A DAY.—A SKETCH FOR HUSBANDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mrs. Lundy had been up for half an hour, busy about one thing and another, when Mr Lundy rubbed his eyes open, and concluded, after thinking over the matter some five or ten minutes, that it was time for him to be getting ready for breakfast. So he crept out of bed and commenced dressing himself.

"I wish you would get me some hot water, Agnes," he said to his wife. "I must shave myself this morning."

Mrs Lundy was busily engaged in dressing a little resisting urchin.

"Yes, dear," she replied; "in a moment"

"I wish you would get it for me now, Agnes, I can't finish dressing until I shave."

The wife put down the child, and went for the hot water. When about half done shaving she turned to his wife, who was leaving the room, and said—

"I wish you would tell Bill to clean the old pair of boots. My new ones hurt me."

"Agnes! Ain't you dressed yet?" exclaims her husband, coming to the chamber door, with his watch in his hand. "It is ten minutes past eight now. I've been ready and waiting for you more than half an hour."

"I'll be along in a minute"

"A minute! Yes I know what your minutes are. I'm sure you've been up long enough to have dressed for breakfast a dozen of times."

"You forgot that I had all the children to dress," replied Mrs Lundy.

Silenced, but not convinced, her husband goes grumbling down stairs, and recommences walking the floor.

Go up and see if your mother isn't most ready. I'm in a great hurry this morning," said Mr Lundy to one of the children.

I'm coming, he hears on the stairs, from his wife.

"I'm glad of it," he rather gruffly responds. "I know your minute wouldn't be much less than half an hour. I wish you would try to be more punctual; this ever being behind time annoys me terribly."

There were some meek words said about the time it takes to dress and see after so many children; but they made no impression upon the mind of Mr Lundy.

"These sausages are done to death," said Mr Lundy.

The wife remained silent, but looked worried.

"Mere dishwater," said Mr Lundy as he set down the cup, with an expression of disgust on his face. The coffee was not to his liking.

"I wish Agnes, you would look a little after Sarah in the morning. We haven't had any thing fit to eat at breakfast time for a month."

I don't know how I can do more than I do Mr. Lundy. I'm sure I've not had a moment to breathe since I got up."

"Still, I think you might spare a moment or two to see if things were going on right in the kitchen. Comfortable meals are half the comfort a man has at home."

Mrs Lundy sighed, but answered nothing to this ungenerous remark.

"Your head looks like a perfect mop, Agnes," said the husband, as he leaned back, to pick his teeth, after having finished his breakfast, and made a more careful observation of his wife's appearance. "You are getting downright careless about your person."

Mr Lundy did not expect any reply to this and he was not disappointed.

"The children will be late at school," calls out the punctual Mr Lundy.

Just then his boots were brought in.

"Why didn't you black the old pair as I said?" he asks of the boy impatiently.

"I didn't know you wanted the old pair," replies the boy.

"Didn't Mrs Lundy tell you that I wished them?"

"No sir"

"Well, I do. Go and brush them as quick as you can. I ought to have been at the store long ago."

Mrs Lundy who is coming down stairs with the children, at last ready for school, hears what has been said to the boy, and is thereby reminded of her neglect in not having informed him that her husband wanted his old boots.

"I declare, Mr Lundy, I forgot to tell William," she says. "I have so much to think about and see after."

"No matter—I'll attend to it myself next time. If you want a good servant, serve yourself," coldly replied Mr Lundy.

The children off to school, Mr Lundy about taking himself off also, says, as he stands with his hand upon the door:

"I wish, Agnes, you would see that Sarah has dinner in time. You now how it annoys me to wait"

"I will try to have it got ready," replies the wife, an expression of pain and lassitude passing over her face.

"Are you not well Agnes?" Mr Lundy asks.

"No," she replies, "I've been suffering with a dreadful tooth ache all the morning, and I feel as if every nerve in my head were alive."

"Why don't you have that tooth out? I had to have every tooth in my head extracted."

Mrs Lundy turns away with a feeling of discouragement. She is heavily burdened, and has no true sympathy.

Mr Lundy walks towards his store, health in every vein, and vigor in every muscle, and his wife goes wearily up to her chamber, half mad with pain, and every nerve excited and quivering.

Arrived at his store, Mr Lundy smiles and chats and pays three or four checks, and pays two or three bills. These acts, with general supervision of what is going on, make up the sum of his doings, and bring him, with a good appetite to the dinner hour, when he sets off for home, allowing himself just the number of minutes required to walk there, and expecting to hear the dinner bell tinkle as he opens the street door of his house.

After Mr Lundy left for his store, his wife took the baby and carefully washed and dressed it, during all the time of which operation its loud piercing screams rang wildly through her head, and caused both tooth and head to throb as if beaten with a hammer. After that, she had to dress herself and go to market. Walking in the open air had made her tooth ache worse instead of causing the pain to abate—When she came home, she was so completely exhausted that she was compelled to lie down for an hour. This brought 12 o'clock when Maggy, Willo and Marry came bounding in from school, hungry and impatient, and the mother had to see about getting their their dinners, and attending to their numberless little wants, until it was time for them to go to school again.

Half past one came, and two was the regular dinner hour. Remembering her husband's last words about punctuality, Mrs Lundy went into the kitchen to see what progress the cook was making. She found Sarah paring the potatoes, and looking as unconcerned as if it was yet two hours to dinner time.

"Your dinner will be again too late," said Mrs Lundy. "Why is it that you keep things back in this way, when I have told you over and over again, that we wish dinner punctually at 2 o'clock."

"My fire got down," replied Sarah indifferently.

"Why did you let it go down?"

"It got down ma'am," answered Sarah, with a toss of her head.

Well satisfied with former experience, that dinner would only be retarded by any efforts she might make to hurry Sarah, Mrs Lundy retired and waited with a kind of nervous excitement the return of her husband.

Punctually at two she heard the street door open, and Mr Lundy's decided step along the passage.

"Is it possible! Too bad! too bad!" she heard him say as he paused, on his way up stairs, at the dining room door, and saw that even the table was not set. "I wonder what good it is for a man to have a house, if he can't have things as he pleases."

"I declare Agnes! I'm out of all patience!" he said on entering her chamber a few moments afterwards.

"I told you when I went away this morning that I wished dinner at a punctual hour, and there isn't even the sign of its being ready. It really looks as if it were done on purpose."

If I had the cooking to do, you should never wait a minute. But I can't always make servants do as I please, replied Mrs Lundy.

"That's all nonsense. I don't believe a word of it. I wonder how I'd get along in my business if I were to let my clerks do as they liked. I have a certain order in my business, and every subordinate has his duties, and knows they must be done. Reduce all your household matters to a like order, and keep every one strictly to his duty, and you'll have things right but not without."

Mrs Lundy feared her husband; or, rather dreaded and shrunk under his displeasure. If she had been more independent and spirited she would have silenced, instead of borne his selfish complainings. But she was a meek, patient, suffering woman, who rarely spoke of what she felt, or resented an indignity. She did not reply to her husband's dogmatic and dictatorial words any further than to say, in a subdued manner,—

"If you had ignorant, careless, self-willed girls to deal with, instead of intelligent clerks, you might find it as difficult as I do to have all things kept in order."

"Send them away if they don't do as you wish. I'd never keep a girl in the house an hour, if she didn't do everything as I directed."

"You don't know anything about it Mr Lundy. It is easy to say, send off your cook if she is ten or twenty minutes late with a meal, or serves it up badly, or does any other thing that is disorderly or objectionable."

Mr Lundy met this with one of his sweeping specimens of argumentation, that completely silenced his wife.

"Bat," he said impatiently, "I can't wait your cook's movements, my business must be attended to." And away he flounced from the house.

In ten minutes the bell rung.

"Tell Sarah that Mr Lundy couldn't wait and that I don't want any dinner," said Mrs Lundy to the waiter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Geographic and Historic.

ANCIENT BRITAIN AND ITS INHABITANTS AS DESCRIBED IN THE ANCIENT CLASSICS.

There are four ports at which voyagers generally cross from the mainland to the island. These are at the mouths of the river Rhine, the Seine, the Loire, and the Garonne; but those who cross from the country about the Rhine do not sail from the Morini, who border on the Metapians, where also is Iutium, which the divine Cæsar used for a port when he crossed into the island. He set sail by night, and reached his destination the next day about ten o'clock, having accomplished a voyage of three hundred and twenty furlongs. He found the corn still in the fields on his arrival. The island is for the most part flat and woody, but there are many strong places on the hills. It is said to be very populous, and the climate everywhere cold, as lying so far towards the North Pole. It produces corn, cattle, gold, silver, and iron; which also form its exports together with skins, slaves, and dogs of a superior breed for the chase. The Gauls use these dogs in war, as well as others of their own breed. Britain is said to be inhabited by indigenous tribes, who retain traces of ancient manners. In some respects they are similar to the Gauls, but more simple and barbarous, or removed from the cunning and vice of men of the present day; their food is plain and inexpensive, and very unlike the luxury which wealth creates. The men are taller than the Gauls, and not yellow haired, but more corpulent. And this is no instance of their stature: I saw at Rome eight young men who were six inches taller than the tallest natives, but they were distorted in their feet, and not a good figure. Though the country abounds in milk, there are some among the natives who do not know how to make cheese; and they are neither acquainted with the use of gardens, nor understand other branches of agriculture. In gathering in the produce of their corn fields, they cut off the stalks of corn and store them up in thatched houses; and out of these they pluck the old ear from day to day, and use them to make their food. They have several kings and chief tains amongst them, and are in general peaceably disposed towards one another. They mostly use chariots in war, as some of the Gauls also do, and as the ancient Grecian heroes are said to have done at the siege of Troy. Their towns are the hills, on the tops of which they enclose a large space with felled trees; and within this fence they make for themselves huts composed most of reeds and logs, and sheds for their cattle; but these establishments are not permanent. The sky is rather stormy and cloudy; and in fine weather there is a mist which lasts some time, so that the sun is only seen for about three or four hours a day. But this is also the case with the Morini and Menapii, and other tribes in their neighbourhood. The divine Cæsar crossed over twice into the island; but he speedily returned without effecting anything of consequence, or penetrating far into the country; or he was prevented by disaffection and quarrels among the Gauls, and also his own soldiers; besides which he lost many of his ships by the high tides which prevail here at the full moon. He defeated the Britons in two or three battles, though he carried over only two divisions of his army; and he brought away hostages and slaves, besides other booty in abundance. At present, however, some of their princes have sent ambassadors to cultivate the friendship of Augustus Cæsar, and deposited offerings in the Capitol, and so brought the whole island to be in friendly connexion with the Romans. They pay tolls of a trifling value on all exports to Gaul, and imports from thence; these are in general ivory bracelets, necklaces, glass vessels, and such like small wares. Thus there is no necessity for garrisoning the island; for it would require at least one legion and some cavalry in order to gather tribute from it, and so the expense of the army would be equal to the income; or tolls must be lessened if taxes were added, besides the dangers which would be encountered if force were used. Let us now speak of the tin which it produces. The inhabitants of Britain, who live near the Bellerian promontory, are peculiarly hospitable, and, from the great resort of foreigners, more, polished in manners. They prepare the tin, and show much skill in working the earth which produces it. This being of a stony nature, and having earthy veins in every direction, they work their way into the veins, and so by means of water separate the fragments. These they bruise into small pieces, and convey to an island which lies in front of Britain, called Ictis, for at the great ebbs of the tide the channel becomes dry, and they carry over the tin in large quantities on waggons. There is a singular circumstance connected with all the neighboring islands that lie between Britain and the continent of Europe. At high tides they are islands, because the intervening channel is full of water; but at the ebb the sea withdraws, and a large space is left uncovered, so that they look like peninsulas. From Ictis the tin is purchased by native merchants, and transported to Gaul; and finally is carried by land through Gaul, a journey of thirty days, on pack-horses, to the mouth of the Rhone. This account of the tin may suffice at present.—*Dr. Giles' History of the Ancient Britons.*

SCENES IN MEXICO.

(From a Correspondent of the Episcopal Recorder.)

Having a few moments to spare, and as I cannot interest you with any moving incidents of military enterprise and adventure, I shall try to gather something from the still life and customs of the strange people I am among, that may serve to exhibit their character and habits.

I first mention the singular spectacle exhibited in the streets of Saltillo, on a Sunday morning in the month of July last of a chicken, decorated like one of our own military heroes carried in procession, and followed by a band of music. That bird, I have since learned from a gentleman who attended the sports of the evening, belonged to one of the priests of the city, and was bought by him in person upon a wager of fifty dollars, which he lost—his chicken being killed. He had others, however, with which he proved more fortunate, and came off winner, in the end some hundred and fifty dollars. I am told that he steals all his chickens himself, and has the reputation of being the most skilful fighter in Saltillo. The gentleman, who gives me this information, attended Church in the morning, and saw the same priest full robed, and administering to his deluded and misguided people. About the same time that these sports of the pit were going on, I witnessed one of the most pompous funerals I ever saw. It was the funeral of a child. The corpse was carried on a bier, and was completely hid under the mass of artificial flowers with which it was decorated. At the head of corps something like an arch was formed, rising to the height of about three feet, wreathed with flowers, and enclosing in the centre a small image of the Virgin Mary. Immediately in advance of the corpse were the priest and two attendants, the latter accoutred in red flannel frocks and pointed brimless caps, and near by the side two miserable, ragged, and filthy looking beings, the one with a burning brand, and the other a bundle of rockets, which were set off by the former almost as fast as the latter could hand them to him. The crowd that followed was very motly, consisting of mean looking men and women, and ragged boys, and had more the appearance of a mob than a procession. Here and there, however, I could see some few, of genteel exterior, and among them several women carrying vases of flowers. These funerals, I presume, are quite expensive, and I have no doubt are made a source of handsome profit to the priesthood. I did not follow the procession into the Church, and consequently can give no account of the ceremonies there.

A marriage in high life was to have taken place in the principal Church of the city a few mornings since at eleven o'clock, and I had determined to attend it, but for some reason it did not come off as expected. The priests here I understand, ask a fee of a hundred dollars to marry a couple properly, so as to secure a prosperous and happy marriage. The price is certainly moderate enough, if the security to be obtained by it is worth anything.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF ENGLAND.

If we would study with profit the history of our ancestors, we must be constantly on our guard against that delusion which the well-known names of families, places, and offices, naturally produce, and must never forget that the country of which we read was a very different country from that in which we live.—Could the England of 1685 be, by some magical process, set before our eyes, we should not know one landscape in a hundred or one building in ten thousand. The country gentleman would not recognise his own fields. The inhabitant of the town would not recognise his own street. Every thing has been changed save the great features of nature, and a few massive and durable works of human art. We might find out Snowdon and Windermere, the Cheddar Cliffs and Beachy Head. We might find out here and there a Norman minister or a castle which witnessed the wars of the Roses.—But with such rare exceptions, everything would be strange to us. Many thousands of square miles which are now rich corn land and meadows, intersected by green hedgerows, and dotted with villages and pleasant country-seats, would appear as moors overgrown with furze, or fens abandoned to wild ducks. We should see straggling huts-built of wood and covered with thatch where we now see manufacturing towns and seaports renowned to the farthest ends of the world. The capital itself would shrink to dimensions not much exceeding those of its present suburb on the south of the Thames. Not less strange to us would be the garb and manners of the people, the furniture and the equipages, the interior of the shops and dwellings. Such a change in the state of a nation seems to be at least as well entitled to the notice of a historian as any change of the dynasty or of the ministry.—*Macaulay's History of England.*

A COMPARISON.—In England, there is a population of 7,000,000 who can read and write, and the letters which passed through the Post-office last year were 356,000,000. In the United States, with a population of 2,000,000 capable of reading and writing, there were only 62,000,000 letters during the same period.