

[For the Torch.]
THE BACHELOR.

No doubt he hath sorrows and joys
Co-mingled with human alloys,
But they're all of himself, he has no one to blame

For the joys that have fled, or the sorrows that came:

He pleases himself, or annoys.

Away in the wilderness wild,
By society's ways undefined,
Alone and content as the years glide along,
Unloving, unloved, lives the theme of my song.
I asked: "Art thou lonely?" he smiled,

And remarked, "Tis a joyous life,
The voice of a scolding wife
Never falls, like the sentence of death, on ones ear,

Nor severs the sweet chords of harmony here,
Nor causes contention or strife.

Nor the musical voice of the child,
While the strap on its back is being piled,
Ever ruffles the calm in a man's tranquil breast,
Or robs the weary-worn soul of its rest,
In this forest sublimely wild.

This indeed is life perfect, complete—
The bachelor's favorite retreat—
Here he washes his dishes, sweeps floor, and bakes bread,
And as twilight approaches lies down in his bed,
And sleeps, unmolested and sweet.

"Who would not a bachelor be,
In this wild-wood romantic and free:
In this home where you hear the pert chat of the squirrels,
Much sweeter to me than the laughing of girls?"

Ah bachelor 't would not do for me.

EAK.

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

The sacque of the season for next, or more properly, this Spring, has an English back and cut away fronts, overlaps in the skirts and is provided with coquettish box pockets and a rolling collar and revers. It is not a little rakish looking in appearance, though not so much so as another model which is adorned with the extras of a vest, and standing collar, as well as the long rolling collar which extends over the cut away fronts.

Ladies of all ages, certain and uncertain are to go into short dresses this Spring, and the shorter the better, considering the state of our streets.

Masculine critics begin to ask now, whether it be possible, for a fashionable woman to strike and maintain a happy medium as regards the arrangement of her head-gear; for whereas, some months since, the aim seemed to be to make her hat at least touch her nose, her ambition at present is to see how nearly like falling off she can make it look, and then, they say, it becomes positively necessary to strap the dainty trifles on with a veil which is strapped forward and tied under the chin. The criticism is not as entirely without foundation, as most of its class, but still we think the "happy medium" desired is more the rule than the exception.

Silver ornaments seem to be if anything, more fashionable than ever this winter. Italian filigree sets are designed with such exquisite carvings as to closely resemble lace work, while the clasps for cloaks or belts are shown in an

tique silver with the rarest and most original designs.

The fashion books are prophesying that black silk is to be very popular this year. Would it be inavertant to ask when it was not so?

Luminous thistles and golden chestnuts are in great favor, as ornaments for the hair.

Silk is preferred to satin for bridal dresses just now, but damask and brocade are still used for combination with the plain material.

Handsome lingerie is very much the order of the day, some of the lace collars worn being almost as extensive as the soutages in vogue some years since. Wide linen collars also meet with approval, but their glare of dead unrelieved white is not so generally becoming as lace of any kind.

Shirred fronts to dresses are coming in again, a favorite combination costume being of bonnet with silk fronts.

The coming hat is not an assured thing as yet, but thousand-tongued rumor whispers of very radical changes in millinery.

Petticoats for evening toilets are made flatter than ever in the front and on the hips, but fuller than ever at the back, the fullness being imparted by a succession of narrow flounces ranging from the hem of the train to within four inches of the belt. For the sake of convenience in washing and ironing, these flounces are frequently mounted on a separate breadth of muslin, which is buttoned on the back breadth on each side.

People are generally pretty well satisfied with diamonds pure and simple when made into sets, but this satisfaction may be somewhat marred by the fact that fashion now decrees that all gems be mingled and so combined, as to make a variety of colors as, for example, diamonds with turquoise and pearls; opals with rubies and diamonds; diamonds with emeralds and rubies, and sapphires with diamonds and gold.

The Spring novelties are beginning to come in thick and fast, but they are not appreciated just now as much as they will be a few weeks hence. And indeed who could be expected to enjoy a new costume while our streets are in their present condition? or who could derive any gratification from a new bonnet upon such a day as last Sunday? Ladies may pick and choose and manufacture, but the fruits of their industry will of necessity have to "keep" until finer weather.

Gentlemen desiring to be really stylish must not indulge in striped or fancy hosiery this season, for fashion has put before them her autocratic veto, making only plain or solid colored stockings, "the proper thing."

A recent fashion article says, that by making the neck very square, the shoulder strap very broad, and the sleeves very short, the result in the shape of a ball dress must be *en regle*. This is very comprehensive, but our contemporary must have forgotten that this is Lent, and that therefore ball dresses themselves are not *en regle*.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, March 5, 1878.

February's exit was peaceful, and March came in like a lamb; may it not go out like a lion. But though the weather overhead is not unpleasant, under foot mud reigns supreme, and only the philosopher, who rejoices that the boot-black may reap quite a harvest from such a state of affairs, represses an exclamation as his foot sinks into the treacherous mud. But Spring is surely approaching, for the feeble wail of "Spring, gentle Spring," is already heard on the hand-organ, and, as the season advances, that wail will swell to such a shriek that many a one will wish that music were one of the lost arts.

This, too, is the season when the small boy begins to play marbles on the sidewalk. For it is a curious fact, which it might be well for scientists to note, that the small boy invariably begins to play marbles in the mud of early

spring, and by the time the mud has disappeared, when one would think he might take real pleasure in his game, the season for marble playing has had its day.

The store windows are now artistically arranged, and the gorgeous display of dry goods is already lending the feminine mind to ponder the question how the "fig leaves" may be most daintily fashioned for the spring campaign.

This winter as last, the Rev. Joseph Cook has been an object of much interest to the critics, but who shall decide when doctors disagree. Rev. Downs Clarke says that "Of all qualities that make up an orator, he (Mr. Cook) has an embarrassment of riches," while another writer calls Mr. Cook a "charlatan." But let those disposed to criticize say what they may, the fact remains that Mr. Cook gathers a large and cultured audience at his noonday lectures, and few who have heard his powerful voice and have seen the earnestness with which he throws himself into his subject, will soon lose the impression he made upon them.

Last week, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the "sage of Concord," made his first appearance in public for a long time, in a lecture "The Fortune of the Republic," at the Old South. It is a great treat to hear him as his large audience attested. He spoke many cheering and hopeful words for the Republic, and will not for a moment concede that it has begun to decline.

The work of saving the Old South, still goes on, and when it is saved the people of Boston will almost regret it, for the committee having in charge the preservation of that venerable building has arranged so many pleasing entertainments that numbers are indebted to it for many a pleasant evening. The Ball at Music Hall was a great success. The gaily decorated room, the mingling of quaint costumes, with the military dress of many of the gentlemen, and the air of happiness that pervaded the whole room formed a scene not soon to be forgotten.

LEAH.

THE SHOP CLOCK.

The shop clock is not usually classified as a special tool, but it performs special services which no other tool in the shop can perform. It furnishes the data to make up the amount for each man's envelope on Saturday night. It improves the tardy workman who, as he enters the shop where the other men are busy at work, glances hastily at its face and looks anxiously around to see if his entrance is observed by proprietor, superintendent, or foreman. He feels under the clock's surveillance until his coat is taken off and his tools are in his hands, and if still unobserved he feels that he has cheated the clock.

When a face anxiously seeks the shop clock every hour or so, the thoughts are usually anywhere but upon the work, the hands are unwilling and the employer is not getting justice. When the hands of the clock mark five minutes before the time for ceasing work we may find the unscrupulous workman washing his hands with his employers benzine or machine oil, or leaving his work to heat water to wash in. The lazy workman is waiting because "it is no use to begin a new job five minutes before quitting time." The workman anxious to be anywhere save at work, is maneuvering to get near the shop door, ready to make a bolt when the clock strikes. When the clock does strike the quitting hour the careful workman puts away his tools or finishes some little detail that will take but a moment if done at once, but would occupy much more time if not at once finished. While some of these careless workmen have laid down their tools just where they happened to stand when the clock struck, others may have departed leaving their machines running, with the prospect of a smash up if they are not on hand in the morning when the machinery starts; and others still may have left their gas jets burning. If clocks could talk it would be a great boon to foremen.—*Scientific Am.*