

MAKE-SHIFT GENTILITY.

It is a practice with several parties who wish to be thought "somebodies," to send to fashionable drapers, &c., for goods on "show," or sight; and this is sometimes done for a night, or as the occasion may require, when a ball and supper is to take place the same evening, or when some great family event is in hand, such as a christening or a marriage. We have heard of a case, where a draper's lad was sent with a splendid scarf on sight, and was detained a couple of hours, during which interval a christening was gone through—the fair lady of the house wearing the scarf during the ceremony, and then returning it—as, on close inspection, "not to her mind!" Another instance:—A lady of some note sent to the same establishment for some very fashionable watered-silk aprons—wore one of them at a ball and supper which took place that evening, and returned it next morning, with a ham sandwich in one of the pockets, with a piece munched out of the corner [of the sandwich, not the apron]. Ingenious people who practice a ruse of this kind should be careful not to furnish evidence of the fact to their duped shopkeepers—as she of the sandwich did. Booksellers, too, are often made to ornament the drawing-room table in the same cheap way. They are requested to send books of prints or other illustrated works on sight, which, in nine cases out of ten, are returned, not much the better for the thumbing of the house-maid during the process of "redding up," the morning after the party,—that useful functionary, like her mistress, having frequently a taste for a peep pictorial gratis.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

How graphically the varied aspects of the leaf picture the various seasons of man's life? The tenderness of its budding and blooming in Spring, when that rich golden-green glints on it that comes only once a year, represents the bright beauty and innocence of youth, when every sunrise brings its fresh, glad hopes, and every night its holy, trustful calm. The dark greenness and lush vigor of the Summer season portray the strength and self-reliance of manhood; while its fading hues on the trees, and its rustling heaps on the ground, typify the decay and feebleness of old age, and that strange, mysterious passing away which is the doom of every mortal. The Autumn leaf is gorgeous in color, but it lacks the balmy scent and dewy freshness of hopeful Spring; and life is rich and bright in its meridian splendor; deep are the hues of maturity, and noble is the beauty of success; but who would not give it all for the tender sweetness and promise of life's morning hours? Happy they who keep the child's heart warm and soft over the sad experiences of old age, whose life declines as these last September days go out with the rich tints of Autumn and the blue sunny skies of June!

LAUGHING CHILDREN.

Give me (says a writer) the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun glance in through the window, gay happy and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least when contrasted with a sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snarl and snarl like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like an untamed hyena, from the moment he opens his angry eyes till he is "confronted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and humanize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate and lovable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, such a woman-girl, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from the parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing and as merry as the birds, the wide-awake birds that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching and about to pour a whole flood of light and warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like a gentle shower to the parched earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles and acts of mercy to all around her—the joy and light of the household.

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

Circassian women are not always beautiful, and their dress does not heighten their charms. They usually wear loose Turkish trousers, made of white cotton, and a peculiarly frightful upper garment of some dark cloth, made precisely like the coats worn by High Church clergymen—tight and straight, and buttoned from the throat to the feet. A striped shawl is sometimes twisted round them like an apron. A blue gauze veil is thrown over the head, and their hair, which is generally long and thick, is worn in two heavy plaits that hang down behind. The beauties who obtain such great reputation in Constantinople and the West almost invariably come from Georgia and the valleys near El Borouz. In those districts the women have magnificent eyes and fair complexions. They are generally sold early in the year, when the traders arrive, and Circassian parents do not object to dispose of their daughters for a consideration; they only do it with more candor and less cant than Belgravian parents. It is said that the "moon-eyed" beauties themselves, far from making things unpleasant, are delighted to escape from the tedium of house-life, and to take their chance of being purchased by a rich pacha.

MANNERS IN COMPANY.

Did you ever observe how differently some people conduct themselves in company as contrasted with their manner at home? And nothing marks more sharply the difference between the thorough-bred and the half-bred than the fact that the latter have company manners, and the former have not. Or rather, that the company manners of the former go all through—their own firesides and their friends' drawing-rooms seeing no difference between them; while with the latter they are temporary and removable, put on with the company clothes, and, like them, unaccustomed in the out and uneasy in the fit. The first thing that dresses itself for company, after the body, is the voice. The company voice is assumed with the company dress. With women of the intensely feminine kind, this voice is apt to be rendered thin in quality or mincing in method; or both, when pitched in the true company key. Or it may be presented simply, smooth, level, waxen, with a little variety of emotion as there is in the tinkling of a musical snuff-box. With others—of the man-aping kind—it is sent to the lowest depths of the chest, in imitation of the bearded barytone. Some have a lisp when they are seeing friends; and some have the daintiest little dash of accent. Some use a playful, arch tone. But at home those little eccentricities disappear, and the voice becomes round, comfortable and common-place. What folly it is! All people of discrimination see through the flimsy affection, and cannot feel at ease with such artificiality. Be your own careless self in company, and your social success will be much brighter. I think that with most men and women who please others, sincerity in word and act is the basis of their popularity.

TRUE GREATNESS.

Mere decision of character, taken in a worldly sense, is insufficient to produce true greatness of character. What is further needed is a clear, commanding view of duty as one and unalterable, to be the pole-star in the heavens. It is, therefore, hard to overrate the importance of cultivating this distinct and unclouded apprehension of right and wrong as a permanent mental habit. In order to attain this, we must be often thinking of moral questions, and settling principles before the hour of trial. In this, likewise, men widely differ. Happy is the youth that begins early to meditate on such subjects, and to clear his notions as to what he ought to do in given emergencies. He will find the bracing influence of such views in moments when all are shaking around him. Looking only at principles of eternal right, he will go serenely forward, even in the face of adverse popular opinion. While weaker minds are halting to collect the votes of the masses, he will bare his bosom to the shower of darts and march up to the requisitions of conscience, in spite of the instant tyrant, or, what is often more formidable, of the turbulent populace.

ONE OF MANY.

Those favored people who belong to large families are to be envied; they only know what the true home element means. A large family is a host in itself. Its members are not dependent for amusement upon strangers. They are always numerous enough to be able to organize their own games. Let there be plenty of boys and girls, and there can never be any lack of fun—masculine fun and feminine fun. "They quarrel," it will be said. Of course they do, and herein lies another and great advantage of a large family against a small one. Their interests are so many, and from moment to moment so various, that they are everlastingly clashing. What better preparation could there be for life? They snub and are snubbed, contradict and are contradicted, till it gets thoroughly impressed upon the mind of each one, early in existence, that he is not the only individual in the world before whom everybody must bow and give way. The domestic circle becomes thus a miniature public school, in which all its advantages are required. Contrast their give-and-take good-humor with the selfish petulance of the spoiled only child, and the benefit of large families must be admitted.

TEACH THE WOMEN TO SAVE.

There's the secret! A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best saving bank established—one receiving deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if the women imbibed it at once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus, when they are not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large house to save in. The best way to make her comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Probably not one woman in ten has an idea how much she spends of herself and family. When from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, not upon it, she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds—where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a prompting avarice, but a moral obligation that rests upon the women as well as the men.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

If we are sure that the other life is life, and not a slumbering hole in the ground; if death is but the opening of the gate; if dying is translation; if passing from sentence here we reach a higher sentence there, one can almost bear anything in this life.—"Christ, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despised shame;" and the joy that is set before us, if fully revealed to us, would enable every man, methinks, to endure the cross and despise the shame. It is the unknown to come that cheers and blesses the known life that now is. For this is an orphaned life. Here we are helpless, or like stumbling children, with little strength and little experience, but we are living toward our manhood; and every year that we leave behind us is one station on the road over which we have passed; and every day the very dust that annoys us, and the very cinders that vex our summer eyes, are so many witnesses of the speed with which we are crossing that territory which separates between us and ours; between our seeming life and our real life; between the life that now is and the life to come. Every one of us will know each other in heaven. Every one of us will be nobler in heaven than we are here. The sensibilities of this poor, dim earth are no interpretation of the sensibilities of heaven. The great march of men through this life is scarcely a hint of the volume, the vastness, and magnitude, the grandeur, of that march in procession, of soul with soul, through the eternal ages. Whatever we do not know, one thing we do know, and that is this, that we shall go to heaven, not to shrink with age, to find poverty and distortion, but to find riches, and symmetry, and to develop into all the glory of everlasting youth. All that populates our fancy with ideal perfectness and more, will be there. The noblest conception, the most rapt vision of the most ecstatic or seer, will be more than outdone. Heaven will be larger, richer, happier, and the glory of God will be more transcendent than it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. Toward it we are being swept with an irresistible impulse. For I believe that, besides our own life, there is a great current of forces in which we are swinging upward and onward toward the invisible sphere. As the traveller on earth has a double journey; as in addition to the journey which he is himself making, he is swept along by the earth in its revolutions; so I believe the human race is swept in vast aerial circles toward better climes and nobler societies. Whatever may be done by tears, by sorrows, by temptations, by weariness, by study, by toil, there is something better than all that. The irresistible power of God is carrying the universe upward and onward to its final perfection and glorification.

THE VALUE OF THINGS.

One of the most frequent errors we all make in life is the valuing the thing according to the difficulty of obtaining it, and this error is universal. We do not believe anybody is free from it. No doubt the desire of overcoming a difficulty was implanted in the human breast for very good reasons, but we have carried this desire to an extreme, and it mostly renders us blind as to the real value of the object we pursue. In love, for instance, the easiest conquest is the best. We know that this is a very daring remark, but we are persuaded that it is a truth: one. The love which soonest responds to love, even what we call love at first sight, is the surest love, and for this reason, that it does not depend upon any one merit or quality, but embraces in its view the whole being. That is the love which is likely to last, incomprehensible, undefinable, unarguable about. But this love often fails to satisfy man or woman, and he or she pursues that which is difficult to obtain, but which, from that very circumstance, is not the best for him or her. The same thing occurs in friendship. The friends that are the easiest made are the best friends and the most lasting. But often an ill-conditioned or even a cantankerous man offers some attraction, by reason of difficulty to other men to gain his friendship. After much effort, what friendship this man can give is perhaps gained, and is ultimately found out to be worth but little. As an additional argument for not being led away by the difficulty of the pursuit, let us remember how very short life is. In material things the folly of pursuing them eagerly, merely because the pursuit is difficult, is very apparent. A man will seek after some almost hopeless honor, or some station in society which he never attains, or finds worthless when attained, and all the time he neglects the pleasant things in life which are around him, and within reach of his hand. The daisies and the primroses and the violets he passes with an unheeding eye, caring only for some plant that blossoms once in a hundred years. We repeat our belief that the most frequent error in life, is the placing an inordinate value, merely on account of its difficulty, upon that which it is difficult to attain; and we would have for a motto one that has never yet been selected by mortal man, and which should run thus: "Choose the easiest." We are not afraid of quelling men's efforts in high endeavor by this motto. They will always be prone enough to run after what is difficult.

"I'm so thirsty!" said a boy at work in the cornfield. "Well, work away," said his industrious father. "You know the prophet says, 'Ho(e) every one that thirsteth.'"

A MISGUIDED BOOK AGENT.

A book agent entered the open door of a snug Pittsfield cottage, and nodding to a trim, bright-looking little woman who sat sewing by the window, commenced volubly to descant on the merits of a great work which he was for the first time giving mankind an opportunity to purchase. It was a universal biography, cookbook, dictionary, family physician, shorthand instructor, and contained, besides, a detailed history of every important event that has transpired in the world, from the apple incident and Adam's fall to the Credit Mobilier and the fall of Congress. The work contained 5,000 chapters, all with running titles. The agent, after talking on the general excellence of the volume about five minutes, commenced on the headings of the chapters, and as the woman did not say a word to interrupt him, he felt that he was making a conquest, and he rattled away so that she couldn't have a chance to say no. It took him nearly half an hour, and as he breathlessly went on, the sweat started on his forehead, and he made convulsive grasps at his collar, and when he had finished he had hardly strength enough left to put on a bewitching smile and hand her his ready pen wherewith to subscribe her name to the order book. She took the pen, but instead of putting her autograph on his list, she lifted a scrap of paper from her work-box, and wrote in plain letters "I am deaf and dumb." He said not a word, but the muttering things that he looked, as he turned to the door, would fill a library.

DON'T FRET.

Where's the use of it? You only render yourselves and others unhappy. Yet fretting is an almost universal sin. More or less we are all given to it. We fret over almost everything. In summer because it is too hot, in winter because it is too cold; we fret when it rains because it is wet, and when it doesn't rain because it is dry; when we are sick or when anybody else is sick. In short, if anything or every thing doesn't go just to suit our particular whims and fancies, we have one grand, general refuge—to fret over it. I am afraid fretting is much more common among women than among men. We may as well own the truth, my fair sisters, if it isn't altogether pleasant. Perhaps it is because the little worries and cares and vexations of our daily life harass our sensitive nerves more than the more extensive enterprises, which generally take the attention of men. Great wants develop great resources, but the little wants and worries are hardly provided for, and like the nail that strikes against the saw, they make not much of a mark, but they turn the edges terribly. I think if we look upon all the little worries of one day as a great united worry, self-control to meet it would be developed. But as they generally come one or two little things at a time, they seem so very little that we give way, and the great breach once made in the wall soon grows larger. Many a mother has turned her son against her own sex, and made him dread the society of women, simply by the habit of fretting. I know that many a mother has brought up and developed a daughter just like herself, who, in her turn, would wreck and ruin the comfort of another family circle. And knowing this, my sisters—and brothers, too, if they need it—I know that we ought to set our faces like a flint against this useless, sinful, peace-destroying and home-disturbing habit of fretting.

DOCTOR'S VISITS.

It is not only for the sick man, but the sick man's friend, that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we have all watched after him! What an emotion the thrill of his carriage wheels in the street, and at length at the door, has made us feel! How we hang upon his words, and what a comfort we get from a smile or two, if we can vouchsafe that sunshine to lighten! Who hasn't seen the mother prying into his face, to know if there is hope for the sick infant, that cannot speak, and that lies yonder, its little frame battling with fever? Ah, how she looks into his eyes. What thanks if there is light there; what grief and pain if he casts them down and dare not say "hope!" Or it is the house-father that is stricken. The terrified wife looks on, while the physician feels his patient's wrist, smothering her agonies as the children have been called upon to stay their play and their talk! Over the patient in the fever, the wife expectant, the children unconscious, the doctor stands as if he were fate, the dispenser of life and death; he must let the patient off this time; the woman prays so for his respite! One can fancy how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man; how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might have been possible to do better; how harassing the sympathy with survivors, if the case is unfortunate—how great the delight of victory.

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary under the escort of the superintendent, they came to a room where three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! What are they here for?" "Because they have no other home; this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

Grains of Gold.

If a man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.
To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good, among his descendants, home is Paradise.
Wine and good dinners make abundance of friends; but in the time of adversity not one is to be found.
Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.
He is happy whose circumstances suits his temper; but he is more fortunate who can suit his temper to any circumstances.
The heart of woman draws to itself the love of others, as the diamond drinks up the sun's rays—only to return them in tenfold strength and beauty.
Extend thy generous aid to him who is suffering and in distress; for thou knowest not how soon the same proffered services will need be extended to thee.
A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.
The mind has over the body the control which a master exercises over a slave, but the reason has over the imagination that control which a magistrate possesses over a freeman.
Knowledge cannot be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome, and like digging for deep waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.
Revenge is a momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenge, entails a perpetual pleasure.
The perfume of a thousand roses soon dies, but the pain caused by one of their thorns remains long after; a saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth is like that thorn among the roses.
The best cure for hard times is to cheat the doctor by being temperate; and the lawyer by keeping out of debt; the demagogues by voting for honest men; and poverty by being industrious.
What is contentment?—The philosophy of life, and the principal ingredient in the cup of happiness; a commodity that is undervalued in consequence of the very low price at which it can be obtained.
There is no real wealth but the labor of man. Were the mountains of gold, and the valleys of silver, the world would not be one grain of corn the richer, nor could one comfort be added to the human mind.
Never suffer your children to require services from others which they can perform themselves. A strict observance of this rule will be of incalculable advantage to them through every period of life.
The world would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of life.
Though we seemed grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it an end. The minor longs to be at age—then to be a man of business—then to make up an estate—then to arrive at honors—then to retire.—ADDISON.
We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them, because we hate them. Those friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that would not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices.
He that has found a way to keep a child's spirit easy, active, and free; and yet, at the same time, to restrain him from many things he has a mind to, and to draw him to things that are uneasy to him; he, I say, who knows how to reconcile these seeming contradictions, has, in my opinion, got the true secret of education.—LOCKE.
If people wear tight shoes, is it surprising they have corns? If they swallow poison, or live unhealthily, is it surprising they are sick? If they are vicious and imprudent, is it surprising they become outcasts and destitute? Nature's laws cannot be expected to be suspended in favor of vice and weakness, when they are not in favor of desert and intelligence.

CONVERSATION.—Dead Swift said that nature has given every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and "there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they may correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable."—Sir W. Temple says, that the first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good-humor; and the fourth, wit.
CHEATING, AND BEING CHEATED.—An acute observer on men and things says:—Lying is the commonest and most conventional of all vices; it is one that pervades, more or less every class of the community; and it is fancied to be so necessary to the carrying on of human affairs, that the practice is tacitly agreed on. In the monarch it is "king-craft," in the statesman "expediency," in the church man "mental reservation," in the lawyer "the interest of his client," in the merchant and shopkeepers, "secrets of trade."