

ciently provided everywhere. One lady, as eminent for her rare mental powers as for her charity and great wealth, is now trying an experiment that does her infinite honour; she has set a noble example to others who are rich and ought to be considerate; safe in her high character, her self-respect, and her virgin purity, she has provided shelter for many "erring sisters"—in mercy beguiling,

"By gentle way, the wanderer back."

Of all her numerous charities, this is the truest and best; like the fair Sabrina, she has heard and answered the prayers of those who seek protection from the most terrible of all dangers—

"Listen! for dear honour's sake,
Listen—and save!"

—Mrs. S. C. Hall.

IDLE HOURS.

It is to Miss Leslie who says, "We would think a lady never had but two dresses in her life before marriage, by the quantity purchased and made for the bridal." We do not quote the words exactly, perhaps, but such is the sentiment. And a very natural conclusion it seems; this inundation of dresses is a custom as fixed and unalterable as that which insists on every stitch in the whole trousseau being set, leaving the poor bride nothing but folded hands after the wedding-day is over. The hurry of six months is succeeded by an appalling calm; there is not even the lace of a cap or handkerchief to be sewn on, or an apron to be hemmed; and listless ennui threatens the bride of a month.

We have lately heard of one—a sober, New England citywoman—who was discovered sitting on the carpet of her elegantly furnished apartment playing *solitaire*, the cards spread out upon an ottoman before her. What a picture to illustrate our theme—the husband gone to business, the wife tired of the piano, too heedless for reading, and with an empty work-basket! We should have prescribed a set of house-linen immediately; there is nothing like the needle to tranquilize the mind and raise the spirits, if taken moderately. It reminds one of the old song—

I don't care two and sixpence now,
For anything in life;
My days of fun are over now,
I'm married and a wife!
I'm sick of sending wedding cake,
And eating wedding-dinners,
And all the fun that people make
With newly-wed beginners.

I wonder if this state be what
Folks call the honey-moon?
If so, upon my word, I hope
It will be over soon!
I cannot read, I cannot think,
All plans are at an end;
I scarcely know one thing to do—
My time I cannot spend!

Think of it, ye fair *fiancées*, and, by the warning, do not exhaust your stock of work and plans; for, where idleness is, discontent is sure to creep in.

WORSTED WORK.

Have you seen yet a new material which has just been invented here for tapestry work? It is sure to have an immense success, as it saves all the tedious process of grounding. It is a woollen stuff, made in all colors, with the grain sufficiently marked to enable you to work upon it, and count the stitches as easily as in canvass; and the effect of the pattern, when worked, is even better, as the comparative thickness and closeness of the stuff make it look much richer and more raised. The time and trouble it saves are of course prodigious, and there is no doubt that it will quite supersede the common canvass for most purposes; though whether it will wear as well for chair-seats, and such articles of furniture as are exposed to hard usage, yet remains to be proved; it will at least outlast the freshness of the work.

BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS.—This is the name of a new article for the toilet, extracted from plants and flowers, and which is of the most agreeable perfume and peculiarly pleasant in its operation. It would be impossible, in a brief notice, to detail all the uses to which it may be applied, or one-half the benefits which are said to result from its application. Suffice it to say that it imparts, as we have been told, a delightful softness to the skin; removes cutaneous eruptions; is an emollient for the hair, giving it a soft and glossy richness; it is not surpassed by any dentifrice for arresting the decay of teeth, in preserving them, and rendering them clean and white as alabaster; for shaving, also, it is superior; and, in short, answers the purpose of some half a dozen compounds now designed for the toilet, the nursery, and the bath, and for all which it has been recommended by the faculty of London and Paris.

DELICATE DISHES.

In Mr. Honan's very entertaining work, recently published, we find a receipt for preparing a COTELETTA DI VITELLO A LA MILANESE:—

First take your cutlet, and beat it well with the flat side of the cleaver, or with a rolling-pin; beat it for at least five minutes; then, having thrown a quantity of butter, eggs, and flour, into a frying-pan, when the mixture is hissing hot, fling your cutlet in, and there let it stew. The mixture penetrates to the core, and is imbibed in every part, and when the dish is laid steaming before you, your olfactory sense is refreshed, and your palate is delighted with real, not insipid, as real generally is, but with a morsel moist with odoriferous juices, having the same relation to an ordinary chop, as buttered toast at Christmas time has to dry hard bread, or a well-larded woodcock served at the *Trois Frères* to a red-legged partridge roasted to the fibre in Spain.—Serve with Tomato Sauce.