

in the marshes, the Eastern "bas bleu" takes from her learned nose the inevitable spectacles and gliding (they do not walk in Boston) from the dim shadows of the library to a more realistic region, she flourishes household weapons with an almost western energy, and succeeds in "making things right smart," in a very short space of time.

Of course, we all know there is no use of devoting attention to individuals of the genus 'man', for after partaking of a hearty breakfast and shooting satirical remarks across the table, with almost Japanese fatality, the burden of which is "the insane folly of converting ones house into a Vesuvius every year, and making life miserable for the sake of a little soap and water" that amiable animal or "clothes-screen" as Carlyle calls him, dons his well brushed hat and with a parting explosive, after the manner of Juvenal, departs on his way rejoicing.

In the meantime the feminine agitators of the house-cleaning question are left to struggle with cob-webs, fall into unexpected pails of water, and hammer tacks into their fingers at their own sweet will, until luncheon, when, of course, the "screen" reappears on the stage. How furiously the faultlessly gotten up creature frowns, as the united forces of petticoats troop in upon him and beg him to assist in the banishment of the kitchen stove!! How he fumes when the treacherous pipe trembles and falls dangerously near his nose, and nearly smothers him in a cloud of soot.

They say there is a silver lining to every cloud—but who could perceive even a stray, vagrant gleam of sunshine lessening the gloom of house-cleaning? Nothing less than a poet's eye, or, it may be, a pair of Boston spectacles, could see the unseeable. But why dwell on the distressing scene? What imagination so dull as to be unable to picture the untold misery of the migratory period devoted to moving and house-cleaning? Let us pause for an instant and listen to the reply: "None", as it floats up to us from the grave of past experience.

It is at this time, when the dish-pan is found on the piano, the piano in the kitchen, and the kitchen the only thing in its place, that we may envy the bliss of the man in the moon, whose never ceasing smile of unalloyed serenity is very eloquent of darkest ignorance of the miseries of house-cleaning. It is at this turbulent period also that wretched Benedicts meet friends revelling in "single-