

the matin condiments; and oh, most dire of all! we might have found the mistress in a somewhat rumpled morning wrapper, and a "fright of a cap." Still we should greatly prefer the risks of breaking our neck over Noah's ark, sitting down on a heap of undarned hose, and encountering a fifth rate head gear, to the petting, spirit-damping fifteen minutes we are sentenced to sit in the "best room." The children, if there happen to be such humanizing things in the establishment, look on the wags with a sort of religious awe. They never "play" in the "best room;" they never dream of clutching at the splendid bell-rope; they never have the most remote idea of making Lord Mayors' coaches of the embroidered foot-stools, and never think of playing at "bo-peep" behind the richly fringed damask drapey; they never dare to speculate as to whether, with a stout pin, they could pick out the eyes of the queer little man on the Indian card box; mirth and mischief are thoroughly mesmerized, and the little darlings sit or stand as though their life-tide had been suddenly manufactured into the "best starch."—And let us confess, that we experience no inconsiderable sense of misery ourselves in such a situation. It may be that a trace of gipsy blood is in our veins, or that some natural disqualification for "gentility," equally ignoble, makes us, but we are certainly never quite comfortable in a room that is only occupied on "grand occasions."—*Eliza Cook.*

**HORSEBACK RIDING IN MADEIRA**—The Hon. John A. Dix, in his recent work, "A Winter in Madeira," gives an amusing account of horseback riding at Funchal. For thirty cents an hour a fine horse can be hired at any livery stable, together with a man as attendant, who follows on foot; and when you desire to ride fast, he catches hold of your horse's tail and is drawn along. In this way he prevents you from running away from him. Mr. Dix says that the horses soon become accustomed to the human appendages, and that the fellows have a way of making the horses go fast or slow, as they desire, in spite of the rider.—Mr. Dix says that for ladies this association of horse and driver is a great convenience. They need no other attendant. He is always ready to render any assistance; if the horse loses a shoe, he has a hammer and nails in his pocket to replace it. It is not easy to fancy a more ludicrous spectacle than a lady riding through the city at full gallop, with a man hanging to the tail of her horse; but such scenes are of hourly occurrence in Funchal, and the eye soon becomes accustomed to them.

**THE WITCHCRAFT OF WOMAN**.—I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfields, "who cared for nobody—no not he, because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same care. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls, "the small sweet courtesies of life," those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life and to your sex, their sweetest Charm. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of woman.—Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighbourhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it; and, if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you—*William Wirt to his Daughter.*

**TIME IS MONEY**.—When we change a dollar, the dimes and half dimes escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eyes. As

time recedes, eternity advances. How solemn the thought, how prudent the advice:—Improve time, and prepare for eternity!

### THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more the clinking hoof,  
And the stage coach rattling by;  
For the steam-king rules the travelled world  
And the Pike's left to die.  
The grass creeps o'er the flinty path,  
And the stealthy daisies steal,  
Where once the stage-horse, day by day,  
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads  
The toil of the coming morn,  
No more the bustling landlord runs  
At the sound of the echoing horn,  
For the dust lies still upon the road,  
And bright-eyed children play,  
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel  
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the crackling whip,  
Or the strong wheels rumbling round,—  
Ah ha, the water drives us on,  
And an iron horse is found!  
The coach stands rusting in the yard,  
And the horse hath sought the plough;  
We've spanned the world with an iron rail,  
And the steam-king rules us now!

The old Turnpike is a pike no more,  
Wide open stands the gate,  
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,  
Which we ride at a flying rate.  
We have filled the valleys and levelled the hills,  
And tunnelled the mountain's side;  
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge,  
How fearlessly we ride!

On—on—on—with a haughty front!  
A puff, a shriek, and a bound;  
While the tardy echoes wake too late,  
To babble back the sound;  
And the old Pike road is left alone,  
And the stager's sought the plough;  
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,  
And the steam-king rules us now!

**QUIZZING**.—In conversation avoid a practice, which I am sorry to see now-a-days beginning to gain ground in many circles which assume the title of select. I mean that of quizzing. It is a ridiculous and rude habit; therefore avoid it. You will gain no friends by ever having recourse to it in society for any object, and you are sure to lose many. Nay, I have even known bitter enmity excited thereby. Never become too intimate with a man who is characterised by this fashion. Depend upon it, he can have very little fine or gentlemanly feeling about him.—If you on any occasion happen to be made the object of a quizzical attack, however strong the temptation may be, do not answer the offender in his own strain; but give him a decided token of a disapproval, at the same time without losing your temper. If, as has been the case with myself, you have the misfortune to meet with one the gentle sex who prides herself on her quizzing abilities, of course you must not forget yourself so much as to betray your annoyance even by a look. Laugh it off, and think very little of her. That's all you can do.

**VALUE OF VANITY**.—Franklin says—Most people dislike vanity in others, whatever share they have of themselves, but I give it far quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor, and to others who are within his sphere of action; and therefore, in many cases, it would not be altogether absurd if man were to thank God for his vanity, among the other comforts of life."

### CEASAR DUCORNET, THE PAINTER.

One night in January, 1806, a poor woman residing in a very humble abode in the city of Lille, became a mother.—But the little stranger was without arms.

Poor thing! he looked very helpless, but his misfortune proved the beginning of his fame; it made people speak about him. Was that not an advantage in our day? Are there not many longing for celebrity who would gladly buy it at the same price? He was born likewise with half legs only. The upper part by some extraordinary freak of nature, had been left out of his organization. He had feet, however, but only four toes, to each; a big toe and three little ones; and with these our little hero —. But we must not anticipate.

From his infancy, before he could have understood the precious consequences. Caesar contrived to impart to his feet the greatest dexterity; we nearly said handiness in playing at marbles, his peg-top, and in performing all other little sports of his age. He was a quick scholar at college; and M. Dumoncelle, his writing master wanted to make him one of the craft. But his vocation was already chosen. A nobler art had already touched his soul; the sight of pictures had quickened his own genius; and little four toes was an artist himself.

On one occasion, after he had been for hours absorbed in admiring the sublime portrait by Vandyke, at the Gallery at Lille, he resolved he would be a painter, nothing but a painter, whatever pains it might cost him.

In the meantime the writing master Dumoncelle, complained most bitterly that his favorite pupil neglected his own beloved art of calligraphy, and did nothing but scrawl men and women in his copy-books, amongst others the angry writing-master, in the extremity of his wrath, sought the sympathy of Watteau, who at that time superintended the School of Design at Lille.

'Good! excellent! capital!' cried Watteau, delighted as he examined the sketches; and the consequence was that little Four Toes, or Caesar Ducornet, as they called him by name, became a pupil of the drawing class. In less than eighteen months he had succeeded to win all the prizes but one.

Some years later, the Duke of Angouleme, passing through Lyons, and seeing his work, was so deeply interested by his genius and natural infirmity, that he offered to carry Caesar to Paris. Little Four Toes declined the gracious offer, not wishing to quit his native town, until he had carried off the prize of all. He did this soon after, and then the young painter took his way to Paris, that city of humanities, where merit of every kind is sure to be fostered.

Ducornet was received into the Academy of Fine Arts as the pupil of Gerard. He soon obtained a medal of the third class; after that a pension on the civil list; then an order from M. de Labourdonnaye, home minister, for the picture of 'St. Louis Dispensing Justice beneath the Oak.'

In 1829, when he was only twenty-three, this wonderful man competed for the prize of Rome, and got an equivalent for the second prize. His competing picture, 'Jacob Refusing to let Benjamin Depart,' was exhibited for the benefit of the poor, and a good subscription was the consequence.

Thus he who might naturally have been an object of charity himself, was on the contrary its distributor. What a lesson to those who have all their limbs to labor with, and cannot even earn their own bread.

Louis Philippe, in 1832, gave him an order for a portrait. Whilst occupied in painting it, and his father, who was almost perpetually by his side, happening to be absent—Caesar Ducornet, for the first time, snatched up his pencil with his teeth, and painted as skillfully as he had hitherto done with his feet!

The talent of this singular artist, is full of thought, poetry, life, and expression. His coloring is perfect. As to his figure, he is not four feet high; his body is slender, his head is large, full, and grandly developed, as phrenologists would say. His voice is powerful; sonorous. His conversation lively, and replete with happy thoughts and lively sallies. A stranger expects to see in him something disagreeable. But no; he thinks otherwise when he enters his atelier, and his eye alights upon Caesar holding his coloring board with one foot and his pencil with the other.

His look is very picturesque, and many beautiful