

Gleanings.

TASTE AND COMFORT.—It is certainly very interesting to observe how people differ in matters of taste, order, and comfort, in the common habits of life. Some with very little to do with will arrange things about their house with admirable taste and order, so as to make matters cheerful and comfortable. There is a place for everything, and everything is in its proper place. While others with much more ample means, for the want of a little taste and order, never keep their homes in anything like a neat and cheerful place to live in.

Now and then you will find a little cottage by the wayside, with the vines clambering over the door, and everything about so neat, orderly and inviting, that at a single glance we are assured that if matters are arranged with corresponding taste it must certainly be the home of peaceful joy and contentment. How tastefully everything is arranged by some master-hand who has an eye for the beautiful and home comforts of life. The door-yard fence may be rough and unpainted, yet every picket is in its proper place; the gates swing upon two hinges, and shut with ease. The walks up to the doorway are gravelled, and neatly bordered with grass. The little plot of ground in front of the cottage is artistically laid out, and rare and beautiful flowers are blooming upon every side. Go inside, and we will venture to say, that you will not have to wait half an hour for the members of the family to change untidy dresses for better ones before they can see them. They are ready to be seen at all times. Neither will you find everything in utter confusion; children on the table with a 'hammer and looking-glass'; the dog comfortably sleeping on the best bed; or things at odds and ends generally. No; everything is as neat as a pin; and by the good taste and order they display, they draw happiness from the very resources which many others despise. They multiply their means for comfort by the way they use them. The best people like to visit them, and always experience much pleasure in their company. How differently everything contrasts with the very next house you come to, which may be large and even costly of itself, but devoid of the surroundings which denote the existence of taste and order in the arrangements of the inmates. Quite likely the yard is ornamented with a zig-zag rail-fence, and sundry carts and piles of lumber, while getting in and out at the front door, is a thing not to be thought of. Not a shade tree or flower ornaments the ground round about; and, as far as taste or beauty is concerned in the surrounding arrangements, they might as well live in the midst of the desert. We need no better index to the inside of a house, or a taste of the inmates, than a single glance at the surroundings outside. When you see everything neatly arranged in the front yard, and flower beds giving evidence of care and labor, you may rely upon the internal affairs being what they should be. Some people are so worldly-minded and grasping in their dispositions, that to spend a dollar, or a few hours' time, in beautifying their homes, and making things look cheerful and really comfortable about them, would be in their eyes a great piece of folly. So they go on, hoarding up the things that may fall to ashes in their hands, and denying themselves of the pleasures that arise from a love of the beautiful. What is true of people in their household arrangements will also hold good in matters of dress and deportment. Some will array themselves in costly apparel, and yet make a most ridiculous appearance for not having the auxiliary of taste to arrange their dress in a becoming manner. Everything about them, no matter how costly or beautiful, appears fussy and out of place; while others with one half of the cost will always look neat and becoming. Taste is apparent in almost all the affairs of life; that is, we either see it predominating, or the lack of it is manifest at once. While one will have a taste for a certain line of business, and will succeed in it, another would fail in it, because he is not fitted for it. All men are not mechanics, farmers, or lawyers, but their tastes for the different pursuits varying, each one thus becomes enabled to follow out his desires; hence we see so many different occupations in life, all promising success if rightly pursued. No man should enter any business for which he has not a taste, that will enable him to follow out all the different principles of his calling with a certainty of success. Thus we find that taste occupies a very important position in the affairs of life, and enables one to make fruitful of good a condition which to others would be barren of comfort; and to draw happiness from resources, which by many would be neglected or despised. Let all then endeavor to make

the most of what we have, and see how the sum of their enjoyment will be increased thereby.

MONARCHS OUT OF BUSINESS.—The 'Times' correspondent, writing from Athens on the subject of the recent quiet revolution in Greece, says:—

The most extraordinary part of the affair is that not a voice seems to be heard from any of his late subjects for King Otho. We hear of none of his diplomatic agents abroad resigning their posts, or refusing to continue in them at the instance of a new Government. Not the worst of the Italian Princes who are now in exile but had some one to fight for them or to share their banishment, while not a blow has been struck for King Otho. He could not trust the crew of his own vessel, named after his Queen, and it was an English ship that conveyed him to Venice. Venice seems to become the favorite resort of dethroned princes. If Venice is destined to see another Carnival, we may yet witness a repetition of the scene at the hostelry as recorded in the adventures of Candide—The number is the same, and the adventures are not dissimilar. There are 'Henri Cinq,' the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Parma, the Duke of Modena, the King of Naples, and last, not least, King Otho.—Candide and Martin expressed their astonishment at hearing the six gentlemen they met at table addressed as 'Sire,' and asked if it were a Carnival pleasantry. The master of Cacambo, speaking very seriously, said:—

'I am not joking. My name is Achmet III. I was the great Sultan for many years. I dethroned my brother. My nephew dethroned me. My Viziers had their heads cut off. I am lodged in the old Seraglio.—My nephew, Sultan Mahmoud, permits me to travel now and then for my health, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice.'

A young man sitting next to Achmet said:—

'My name is Ivan. I was Emperor of all the Russias. I was dethroned while yet in the cradle. My father and mother were shut up. I was brought up in prison. I am sometimes permitted to travel in company with my guardians, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice.'

The third said:—

'I am Charles Edward, King of England. My father transferred to me his right to the kingdom. I fought in defence of it. They tore out the hearts of 890 of my partisans. I was put into prison. I am going to Rome on a visit to the King, my father, who, like me and my grandfather, was dethroned, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice.'

The fourth said:—

'I am the King of the Poles. The chances of war deprived me of my hereditary States. My father experienced the same reverses. I am resigned to the will of Providence, like Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and King Charles Edward, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice.'

It now remains for the sixth to speak:—

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am not so great as you are; but, nevertheless, I have been a king, like others. I am Theodore. The Corsicans chose me for their sovereign. They called me "Majesty," and now they scarcely call me "Sir." I coined money; and I have not now a farthing. I have had two Secretaries of State; and I have not now a valet. I was on the throne, and I have been in prison for debt in London, and I fear I shall be treated the same way here, though, like your Majesties, I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice.'

The other five kings heard his history with noble compassion. Each of them gave him twenty sequins to buy clothes. Candide gave him a diamond worth 2,000 sequins.—'Who is this man,' said the five kings, 'who is able to give a hundred times more than we can? Are you also a king, sir?' 'No, gentlemen,' said Candide, 'and I have no desire to be one.' When they were rising from table there arrived at the same hostelry four Seneo Highnesses who had also lost their States by the chances of war, and who were also coming to spend the Carnival at Venice, but Candide took no notice of them.

A PIG WITH TALENTS.—The Rev. J. G. Wood, in his Animal Traits and Characteristics, thus glorifies one:—

'A curious animal is a pig, gentlemen! Very curious, too; a great deal more sensible than people give him credit for. I had a pig aboard my ship that was too knowing by half. All hands were fond of him, and there was not one on board that would have seen him injured. There was a dog on board, too, and the pig and he were capital friends; they ate out of the same plate,

walked about the decks together, and would lie down side by side, under the butwarks, in the sun. The only thing they ever quarrelled about was lodging. The dog, you see, sir, had got a kennel for himself: the pig had nothing of the sort. We did not think he needed one; but he had his own notions upon that matter. Why should Toby be better housed of a night than he? Well, sir, he had somehow got into his head that possession is nine parts of the law; and though Toby tried to show him the rights of the question, he was so pig-headed that he either would not or could not understand. So every night it came to be 'catch as catch can.' If the dog had got in first, he would show his teeth, and the other had to lie under the boat, or to find the softest plank where he could; if the pig was found in possession, the dog could not turn him out, but looked out for his revenge next time.

One evening, gentlemen, it had been blowing hard all day, and I had just ordered close-roofed top-sails, for the gale was increasing, and there was a good deal of sea running, and it was coming on to be wet. In short, I said to myself, as I called down the companion-ladder, for the boy to bring up my pea-jacket, 'We are going to have a dirty night.' The pig was slipping and tumbling about the deck, for the ship lay over so much with the breeze, being close hauled, that he could not keep his hoofs. At last he thought he would go and secure his berth for the night, though it wanted a good bit to dusk. But, lo and behold! Toby had been of the same mind, and there he was safely housed. 'Umph, umph?' says piggy, as he turned and looked up at the black sky to windward; but Toby did not offer to move. At last the pig seemed to give it up, and took a turn or two, as if he was making up his mind which was the warmest corner. Presently he trudges off to the lee scuppers, where the tin plate was lying that they ate their cold 'tatoes off. Pig takes up the plate in his mouth and carries it to the part of the deck where the dog could see it, but some way from the kennel, then turning his tail towards the dog he began to act as if he was eating out of the plate, making it rattle, and munching with his mouth pretty loud. 'What?' thinks Toby, 'has piggy got victuals there?' and he pricked up his ears and looked towards the place, making a little whining. 'Clamp clamp,' goes the pig, taking not the least notice of the dog; and down goes his mouth to the plate again. Toby couldn't stand that any longer; victuals, and he not there! Out he runs, and comes up in front of the pig with his mouth watering, and pushes his cold nose into the empty plate. Like a shot, gentlemen, the pig turned tail, and was snug in the kennel before Toby well knew whether there was any meat or not in the plate.'

BE A WHOLE MAN.—We are not sent here to do merely some one thing which we can scarcely suppose that we shall be required to do again, when, crossing the Styx, we find ourselves in eternity. Whether I am a painter, a sculptor, a poet, a romance writer, an essayist, a politician, a lawyer, a merchant, a hatter, a tailor, a mechanic, at factory or loom, it is certainly much for me in this life to do the thing I profess to do as well as I can. But when I have done that, and that thing alone, nothing more, where is my profit in the life to come? I do not believe that I shall be asked to paint pictures, carve statues, write odes, trade at Exchange, make hats or coats, or manufacture pins and prints when I am in the Eupyrean.

Whether I be the grandest genius on earth in a single thing, and that single thing earthy, or the poor peasant, who, behind his plough, whistles for the want of thought, I strongly suspect it will be all one when I pass to the competitive examination yonder! On the other side of the grave a Ruffalle's occupation may be gone as well as a ploughman's.

This world is a school for the education not of a faculty, but of a man. Just as in the body, if I resolve to be a rower, the chances are that I shall have, indeed, strong arms, but weak legs, and be stricken with blindness from the glare of the water; so in the mind, if I care but for one exercise, and do not consult the health of the mind altogether, I may, like George Morland, be a wonderful painter of pigs and pigsties, but in all else, as a human being, be below contempt, an ignoramus and a drunkard.

We are not fragments, we are wholes; we are not types of single qualities, we are realities of mixed, various, countless combinations.

Therefore I say to each man, 'As far as

you can, partly for excellence in your special mental calling, principally completion of your end in existence, strive, while improving your own talent, to enrich your whole capital as Man. It is in this way that you escape from that wretched narrow-mindedness which is the characteristic of every one who cultivates his speciality alone.

A BOLD MARINER.—Every one has heard of the little fishing smacks employed in cruising along the coast of Scotland; which carry herring and other fish to Leith, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, worked by three or four hardy sailors, and generally commanded by an individual having no other knowledge of navigation than that which enables him to keep his dead reckoning, and to take the sun with his quadrant at noon-day. A man who owned and commanded one of these coasting vessels had been in the habit of seeing the West India ships load and unload in several ports of Scotland; and having learned that sugar was a very profitable cargo, he determined, by way of speculation, on making a trip to St. Vincent, and returning to the Scotch market with a few hogsheds of that commodity. The natives were perfectly astonished—they had never heard of such a feat before; and they deemed it quite impossible that a mere fishing smack, worked by only four men, and commanded by an ignorant master, should plough the boisterous billows of the Atlantic, and reach the West Indies in safety; yet so it was. The hardy Scotchman freighted his vessel and made sail, crossed the Bay of Biscay in a gale, got into the trades, and scudded along before the wind at the rate of seven knots an hour, trusting to his dead reckoning all the way. He spoke no vessel during the whole voyage, and never once saw land until the morning of the thirty-fifth day, when he descried St. Vincent right ahead; and setting his gaff-top-sail, he ran down under a light breeze, along the windward coast of the island, and came to anchor about eleven o'clock.

ELEPHANTS LOVE TO BE FED.—A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris, anxious to discharge his duty, was extremely vigilant, every time he mounted guard near the elephants, to prevent the spectators from supplying them with casual food. This conduct was not much calculated to procure him the friendship of those sagacious animals. The female in particular beheld him with a very jealous eye, and had several times endeavored to correct his officious interference, by besprinkling him with water from her trunk. One day, when a great number of people were collected to view these noble quadrupeds, the opportunity seemed convenient for receiving, unnoticed, a small piece of bread; but the rigorous sentinel happened then to be on duty.—The female, however, placed herself before him, watched all his gestures, and the moment he opened his mouth to give the usual admonitions to the spectators, discharged a stream of water full in his face. A general laugh ensued, and the sentinel having wiped himself, stood a little on one side, and continued his vigilance. Soon after he had occasion to repeat his charge to the company, not to give anything to the elephants; but no sooner had he uttered the words, than the female laid hold of the musket, twisted it around her trunk, trod it under foot, and did not restore it till she had twisted it into the form of a cork-screw. Whether this put a stop to his officiousness we are not informed; but it probably taught him more caution in coming within the reach of an animal whose natural appetites he was disposed unnecessarily to control.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.—Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars: In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it must certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental power in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen the most or read the most, who can do this; such an one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it a man that can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy had the pre-eminence, not because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.