

d her muslins and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, out to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner. "Oh! my love," said she, "do not laugh at me. I am as expert as Mrs. Muller."

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasps her to his bosom, and kisses her fervently. From his inquiries he learns that when he thought her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs. Muller and her servants—and after six months had become skillful in the culinary art, a thorough housekeeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you knew how easy it is. We, in a moment, understand what would cost a countrywoman sometimes one or two years. Now we shall be happy—you will no longer be afraid of ennui for me, nor I of doubts about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking with a bewitching smile at him. "Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake for to-morrow, the oven is hot. To-day the bread of the town will do—but oh!—henceforward leave it to me."

From that moment, Madame de la Tour-du-Pin kept her word: She insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream cheeses. It was on such an errand to town that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after he went to pay her a visit, and found her in the poultry yard, surrounded by a host of fowls hungry chicks and pigeons.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides, her health had been so much benefited, that she seemed less fatigued by the house-work, than if she had attended the balls of the winter. Her beauty, which had been remarkable in the gorgeous palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the new world. M. de Talleyrand said so to her.

"Indeed!" replied she with *naivete*, "indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and everywhere proud of her personal attractions."

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing-room, holding in his hand his jacket with a long rent in the back. "Missis him jacket torn; please mend him." She immediately took a needle, repaired Gullah's jacket, and continued the conversation with a charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

From last number of Nicholas Nickleby.

MORNING.—Although to restless and ardent minds, morning may be the fitting season for exertion and activity, it is not always at that time that hope is strongest or the spirit most sanguine and buoyant. In trying and doubtful positions, use, custom, a steady contemplation of the difficulties which surround us, and a familiarity with them, imperceptibly diminish our apprehension and beget comparative indifference, if not a vague and reckless confidence in some relief, the means or nature of which we care not to foresee. But when we come fresh upon such things in the morning with that dark and silent gap between us and yesterday, with every link in the brittle chain of hope to rivet afresh, our hot enthusiasm subdued, and cool calm reason substituted in its stead, doubt and misgiving revive. As the traveller sees farthest by day, and becomes aware of rugged mountains and trackless plains which the friendly darkness had shrouded from his sight and mind together, so the wayfarer in the toilsome path of human life sees with each returning sun some new obstacle to surmount, some new height to be attained; distances stretch out before him which last night were scarcely taken into account, and the light which gilds all nature with its cheerful beams, seems but to shine upon the weary obstacles which yet lie strewn between him and the grave.

THE WORLD.—And even now, as he paced the streets and listlessly looked round on the gradually increasing bustle and preparation for the day, every thing appeared to yield him some new occasion for despondency. Last night the sacrifice of a young, affectionate, and beautiful creature to such a wretch and in such a cause, had seemed a thing too monstrous to succeed, and the warmer he grew the more confident he felt that some interposition must save her from his clutches. But now, when he thought how regularly things went from day to day in the same unvarying round—how youth and beauty died, and ugly gripping age lived tottering on—how crafty avarice grew rich, and manly honest hearts were poor and sad—how few they were who tenanted the stately houses, and how many those who lay in noisome pens, or rose each day and laid them down at night and lived and died, father and son, mother and child, race upon race, and generation upon generation, without a house to shelter them or the energies of one single man directed to their aid—how in seeking, not a luxurious and splendid life, but the bare means of a most wretched and inadequate subsistence, there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as

regularly as the noble families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades—how ignorance was punished and taught—how jail door gaped and gallows loomed for thousands urged towards them by circumstances, darkly curtaining their very cradles' heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread and lived in peace—how many died in soul, and had no chance of life—how many who could scarcely go astray, be they vicious as they would, turned haughtily from the crushed and stricken wretch who could scarce do otherwise, and who would have been a greater wonder had he or she done well, than even they, had they done ill—how much injustice and misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on from year to year, alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it:—when he thought of all this and selected from the mass the one slight case on which his thoughts were bent, he felt indeed that there was little ground for hope, and little cause or reason why it should not form an atom in the huge aggregate of distress and sorrow, and add one small and unimportant unit to swell the great amount.—*Id.*

MADLINE BRAY.—Bray and his daughter were sitting there alone. It was nearly three weeks since he had seen her last, but there was a change in the lovely girl before him which told Nicholas, in startling terms, what mental suffering had been compressed into that short time. There are no words which can express, nothing with which can be compared, the perfect pallor, the clear transparent cold ghastly whiteness, of the beautiful face which turned towards him when he entered. Her hair was a rich deep brown, but shading that face, and straying upon a neck that rivalled it in whiteness, it seemed by the strong contrast raven black. Something of wildness and restlessness there was in the dark eye, but there was the same patient look, the same expression of gentle mournfulness which he well remembered, and no trace of a single tear. Most beautiful—more beautiful perhaps in appearance than ever—there was something in her face which quite unmanned him, and appeared far more touching than the wildest agony of grief. It was not merely calm and composed, but fixed and rigid, as though the violent effort which had summoned that composure beneath her father's eye, while it mastered all other thoughts, had prevented even the momentary expression they had communicated to the features from subsiding, and had fastened it there as an evidence of its triumph.

The father sat opposite to her—not looking directly in her face, but glancing at her as he talked with a gay air which ill disguised the anxiety of his thoughts. The drawing materials were not on their accustomed table, nor were any of the other tokens of her usual occupations to be seen. The little vases which he had always seen filled with fresh flowers, were empty or supplied only with a few withered stalks and leaves. The bird was silent. The cloth that covered his cage at night was not removed. His mistress had forgotten him.—*Id.*

ENGLISH HABITS.—How often have I, when travelling in the environs of some English city, looked with delight on the neat dwellings, and their trim gardens, redolent with flowers, that are thickly strewn by the road's side. The luxuriant growth of the flowers indicated the care bestowed on their culture; the dahlias flaunted in all the pride of their gorgeous hues; and every autumnal garden guest bloomed so richly as to make one forget the roses they succeeded. The grass-plots were green, and smooth as velvet; the gravel walks displayed not a single faded leaf, or weed, to sully their purity; and the ballustrades and railings, nay, the very walls that enclosed the pleasure grounds, looked as if they were well washed every day. The brass knocker, plate on the door, and bell-handles, shone like gold, bearing evidence to the indefatigable zeal of the housemaid; and the bright panes of glass, and pretty flower-vases that graced the windows, were equally creditable to her care. In the window, of one of these residences, might be seen, a staid and venerable matron, with spectacles on nose, anxiously looking towards the road for the arrival of her good man from the city, where he had been engaged in his daily avocations since the morning. It is the hour for his return; Betsy, the cook, has answered that the fish is boiled, the mutton done to a turn; and she hopes master will soon come. A gig stops at the door; a sleek, well conditioned horse who has drawn it, seems to know he is at home; a steady-looking lad, in a plain sober livery, jumps out and assists an elderly gentleman with rubicund cheeks and protuberant stomach, cloth gaiters and closely buttoned great-coat, to alight, who looking at his watch, proclaims that he is five minutes later than his usual time, and inwardly hopes that the mutton is not overdone.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—Louis Philippe's "establishment" altogether is quite unrivalled: 170 carriages, including berlins, coupes, caleches, and britskas, together with 26 richly gilt and ornamented state carriages, with eight horse red morocco leather harness, trimmed with silk, ornaments and reins richly gilt: 648 horses, 120 pairs of harness, 240 saddles, 345 men employed in the sta-

bles. Nimrod says there are many English horses in the stables; amongst them six sets of greys, far superior to any to be seen in Victoria's stables; also several Arabs. It seems there are eight hundred livery servants in his Majesty's establishment in Paris, and the places in the vicinity of it. This is sporting, with a grace. Philippe is clearly no miser, as some call him. Such a monarch in Paris must be invaluable to trade—as well as to horses.—*Boston Transcript.*

LONDON PRESS.—The talent of a first-rate London journal, though great, may, it is true, be easily enough equalled elsewhere, for there are clever men and able writers in all countries. But it is the combination of talent, unlimited capital, and the perfection of machinery and system, which renders a London journal of the first class unique. On no other sheet of paper is the same quantity of news presented, drawn from all the kingdoms and corners of the earth with almost miraculous despatch—condensed, put in form, and again disseminated in so many varied channels to so many people with equal rapidity. In the United States an important piece of intelligence or document—the President's Message, for instance—is sometimes sent a very great distance in a wonderfully short space of time, but then this is an event, and is chronicled accordingly. Here the confined geographical limits of the land, the density of the population, the innumerable excellent roads which intersect the country in all directions, and the numberless quantity of mails and fast coaches, to say nothing of railroads, renders the rapid and regular transmission of news as much a matter of course as eating and drinking. A gentleman residing between one hundred and fifty and two hundred miles from London would think it the strangest thing in the world—"a gap in nature," in fact—if the London journal of the previous evening was not brought in along with his toast and coffee at breakfast the next morning. He would consider himself a singularly ill-used personage, and write to the proprietors forthwith, to know the meaning of the "unaccountable delay!"

WHO'S TO RULE?—Mr. Slang used to say, "my horse, my boys." Mr. Slang now invariably says, "our horse, our boys," or our farm. This substitution of *our* for *my*, by Mr. Slang, was brought about thus: Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang casually remarked—

"I now intend to enlarge my dairy."  
"You mean our dairy," replied Mrs. Slang.  
"No," quoth Mr. Slang, "I say my dairy."  
"Say our dairy, Mr. Slang."  
"No, my dairy."  
"Say our dairy, say our," screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker.

"My dairy, my dairy!" vociferated the husband.  
"Our dairy, our dairy!" re-echoed the wife, emphasising each "our" with a blow of the poker on the back of the cringing spouse. Mr. Slang retreated under the bed clothes: Mr. Slang remained under several minutes waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell. "What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" said she.

"I'm looking, my dear," snivelled he, "to see anything of our hat."

The struggle was over. It was our horse, and our dairy, and on the next Sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might not wear our clean linen breeches to church.

GARRICK AND THE DOCTOR.—Dr. Thompson, who was a celebrated physician in his day, was remarkable for two things—viz. the sloveliness of his person, and his dislike to muffins, which he always reprobated as being very unwholesome. On his breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcomb's, when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins being introduced, the doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently exclaimed, "Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, and looking significantly at the doctor, "take away the ragamuffins."

CHINESE LABOR.—An American traveller through China, in writing of the manners and customs of the country, states, in order to show how small a remuneration these people are willing to accept for their labour, that the washerwomen will wash for the whole ship's company for one dollar each, be their stay one month or six months, and receive what broken victuals the cook chooses to give them. If you give them twenty pieces to wash, and be they ever so dirty, they never complain. When the ship is ready for sea, they make a present to every man they have washed for, of a jar of sweetmeats of some kind, which many have given a dollar for alone.

A few drops of the oil of sandal wood which though not in general use, may easily be obtained, when dropped on a hot shovel, will diffuse a most agreeable balsamic perfume throughout the atmosphere of sick rooms, or other confined apartments.

The cause of ladies' teeth decaying at so much earlier a stage of life than those of the other sex, is attributed to the great friction of the tongue upon them.—*Exchange Paper.*