

"ineffable" eyes, and plainer style of dress, who has not been abroad and does not understand the "correct thing" as well as Highstyle—will, though made up of more solid mental, moral and intellectual stuffs, stand no chance of being acceptable when compared to his wealthier and more attractive rival. Estella "cannot bear him," and thinks he is "horrid." Lulu wishes he "would not ask her to dance," and Fanny "hates the sight of him."

But ah! the girl whom he finally marries, knows and can tell who soothed the bed of sickness by his tender care, who brought her through "that horrid fever;" who is indeed a father to his children; who is indeed a fond and true husband to his wife. Highstyle meantime and his wife, Miss Million, are separated, as of course you have heard. He lives in Europe and she lives here.

It would scarcely matter so much where there is wealth to fall back upon that a man should be utterly unwilling to work, and incapable of so doing, if, with all this there were not a moral deterioration in the style of education now being adopted for their sons by many American families. Highstyle, for instance, never got over the evil influences of those two or three years in Paris "under the Second Empire." His mind was the sort of soil in which the bad seed strewn was sure to attain a rapid and luxuriant growth. Wideawake also went abroad for a few months, after a time, but concluded on the whole that he "didn't like it," and came home, only culling the useful fruit of information on subjects upon which information is really desirable, and was none the worse for his trip.

But alas! while Manfreds will possess bewildering eyes, and Highstyles get themselves up in such a seductive manner, there will always be moths whose wings will be singed in the flame, and marriages will be made—to be repented of in the "after-time."

SHERIDAN, one day descending on the pedigree of his family, regretted that they were no longer styled O'Sheridan, as formerly. "Indeed, father," replied the son. "I think people ought to O us, for we owe everybody."

WHICH.—At a young ladies' debating club the following question was lately discussed: "Which gives a girl most pleasure—to hear herself praised, or to hear another girl run down?" No decision was arrived at.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

BY EDITH D. SOMNER.



THE name of Vittoria Colonna has been rendered immortal through her friendship with the world-renowned sculptor, Michael Angelo. But there are so many touching incidents in her history, and so much that is noble and beautiful in her personal character, that a thoughtful mind feels that she would have been famous, even if Michael Angelo had not admired and loved her. Among the hills that environ the beautiful Lake of Albano, lies the lovely town of Marino, in Italy, and it was in this town in the castle of Gondolfo, that our heroine was born. The family from which she sprang was a princely one, and owned many rich possessions near the Roman Campagna. As was the custom with maidens of rank, the little Vittoria, at the tender age of four, was betrothed to a child of the same years, Ferdinand D'Avalos, the Marquis of Pescara; and the play-mates became so truly attached to each other, that when they grew up, although offers were made to Vittoria among the nobility of Italy, she remained true to her betrothed. The two children were early placed together under the care of Ferdinand's sister, the Duchess of Francavilla. Consequently, Vittoria's home was removed to Ischia, an island at the northern entrance of the Bay of Naples, and which really forms part of the Province of Naples. And here, in 1509, when she was nineteen years of age, her marriage took place. A martial spirit burned in the soul of her husband, and after two years of uneventful life, he began a career of arms, and joined the Italian army against the French, where he was wounded, and taken to Milan a prisoner. It was while he was in this exile from Vittoria that she began her literary works, which gave her a name, in a poem addressed to her husband. After a few months, Vittoria was cheered by his return. He again left, however, for military duties, and became distinguished both for bravery and cruelty.

Now, the Duchess of Francavilla, with whom Vittoria continued to reside, held coteries of cele-

brated personages in the intellectual world, and among those who frequented them, was the father of Torquato Tasso, the author of "Jerusalem Delivered." Vittoria had no children of her own, but took in lieu of them a cousin of her husband, as an adopted son. Alphonso, for this was his name, was so passionate and undisciplined a child, that every one concluded she could do nothing with him. And it was certainly a great tribute to her tact, that out of such unlikely materials she should have formed him into an honorable man, and one who ever repayed her by his devotion to her. Perhaps the reader would like to form some idea of the personal appearance of Vittoria and her husband. History describes her as very beautiful, with thick golden hair, a fine brow, and thoughtful eyes; and speaks of Pescara as having auburn hair, and eyes full of fire, and a stately bearing.

She had her full cup of sorrow, for her husband was unable to be with her, except at rare intervals, and when she was only thirty, she lost both her parents.

Pescara, her husband, notwithstanding a remonstrance from Vittoria, consented to a scheme for betraying his imperial master, and though it resulted in advancing him in rank, it blackened his reputation, and about a year after, he died. Thus was Vittoria left quite alone. She had travelled with all speed on receiving a dispatch from her dying lord at Milan, but she arrived too late. Although she had been very little with Pescara, his death was a great blow to her, and she at once took refuge in the convent of San Silvestro, though promising never to take the veil, and when she issued from it, it was to return to the home where she had played with Pescara in childhood, and from which she had been married. She occupied much of her time in writing memorial sonnets to her husband, although after a time she was persuaded to leave her retreat and make a tour through Italy.

She died at the age of fifty-seven, and Michael Angelo, her faithful friend, attended her in her last hours.

ONE AT A TIME.—In the course of a lecture delivered at Glasgow, Father Gavazzi likened a quarrel between husband and wife to a room having two windows—one at either end. If both windows are open there is a draught, there is discomfort; but if you shut one of them there is none. So, in like manner, when husband and wife fall out, if there is one mouth kept shut, there will be peace.

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

HOUSEHOLD SERVICE.

BY JENNY JUNE.



IT is a curious fact, and one that serves to show how much broader humanity is than any one of its outgrowths, that in this nation of politics, and politicians, the question of the day is not political, but social; not primarily of public, but of private, and domestic interest, and now of an acknowledged importance by virtue of the inherent influence which household relations exercise upon public life and character.

When our fathers declared that all men were born "free, and equal," they declared an impossible proposition. Men are not born free, and equal, either mentally, morally, physically, or politically. Nor are women; some are born to command, others to obey, and they fulfill the destiny which fate, in the shape of temperament, disposition, and strength of intellect, has marked out for them, whether their lot has been cast in the hut or the palace.

The idea is a very agreeable one, however, to the majority of mankind, who like to believe that there is only the difference of luck and opportunity between one man and another, and was, and is especially welcomed by those who wish to throw the blame of their inferiority upon the institutions under which they live, quite forgetting that the unequal genius, the exceptional honor and integrity they deride, conquer all obstacles and have won in all ages a place as far above those conferred by hereditary right, or bought with money, as the heavens are above the earth, in our conception of it.

This equality of rights which he does not understand, enables, however, the half barbarian who lands upon our shores, to shake his fist, figuratively, in the face of the entire world, and say to every man, "I am as good as you."

He is a little surprised, after a time, that this is all there is of it. His assertion of equality does not enable him to paint pictures, write books, or build houses, without the natural ability, and the acqui-

sition of knowledge to enable him to use it. It does not even provide him with food, or clothing, or a house to live in. These must be earned, and he finds no road easier to their attainment than the old one of daily labor.

Bridget has no vote, but neither has the native born American woman; this fact therefore establishes *their* equality. She sets her foot upon American soil with one fixed idea in her mind, that the privilege of doing so makes her as "good as a lady," any day. Being as good as a lady in her untutored mind, meaning, that she has a perfect right to set herself in opposition to a lady, to be rude, aggressive, self-assertive, and as it is termed, "independent," though her system of getting all she can and giving as little as possible in return; of loyalty, truth, or duty, possesses very little of the spirit of genuine independence.

Thus the "girl" has become the Ishmaelite of the nineteenth century. She avenges herself on her servitude by being the terror of our social life, the dreaded yet necessary pest of every household, the destroyer of peace and comfort, and the breaker up of families, the insidious ally of boarding-houses, the possessor of a single idea, her rights, and these, whether they consist in being allowed to exercise her own judgment in regard to the amount of dirt each individual shall be expected to consume, the extent to which good food shall be turned into poison, or how many evenings in a week she shall be permitted to entertain her friends and relatives, she is ready at a moment's notice to maintain, at any loss or inconvenience to others (her newly-acquired individualism will not admit that her conduct will be likely to unfavorably affect *herself*). Is she not as good as anybody? Has she not a right to do as she pleases, and are there not twenty doors open to receive her with or without a "character?"

So, as her presence is generally sufficiently disagreeable to make her absence small matter for regret, mistresses of households learn to look upon frequent change of servants as a matter of course, and kitchen domination an evil which has no remedy.

But does this dismissal of the subject do either party entire justice? Ought the responsibility of home life to be thrown so entirely on the servant-girl's shoulders? Is not domestic service so nearly a form of domestic slavery that we

should shrink from seeing our own daughters subjected to it?

Yet why should service, the waiting upon others, be degrading? Do we not all serve some one, and does not God serve us all?

Looked at from the point of view of a common humanity, service is ennobling, and should be glorified by being committed to worthy hands.

The "servant-girl," as we know her is a pariah, she is in families, but not of them; she does their grubbing in the dust and ashes; she has her home in the corner of the attic; she sees life only through the kitchen bars; she is denied participation in social life, and the exercise of feelings common to man and womankind. She is known to be ignorant and untrained, yet she is expected to have a higher and stricter sense of duty than is often found among the most cultivated, and a strength of devotion worthy of saints and martyrs.

Is not our conception of the true character of service a complete acknowledgment of the false position in which we put the one who serves? And is not the spectacle of servant girls "striking," or even asking for the hours necessary for rest, or brief seasons of relaxation, a shocking criticism upon our civilization and our humanity?

The most promising indication for the future of the servant-girl system of the present, is the rapid advance in wages, and the rates which skilled domestic labor now commands.

'Tis true that just now we suffer in consequence of the disproportion which often exists between the amount of remuneration asked, and the quality of the service offered. But fair compensation will do its work in time, and bring into the field of household service a superior class of women to those who have of late years ruled our kitchens, and not the 'kitchens only, but the whole house.

To completely effect this salutary change, however, a reform must take place in the treatment of servants, and in the estimate placed upon their efforts. Domestic service is very different from the labor of the mechanic. The latter commences and closes his work at a certain hour, and there his responsibility ceases. The household servant, on the contrary, is subject to family contingencies; she must be up with or before the sun, and her work, like

that of the proverbial woman, is never done.

Moreover, upon the disposition with which she performs her duties, as well as upon her knowledge of the how and the wherefore, depends to a great extent the comfort of the family.

Perhaps the most common complaint among women is, that servants "take no interest," as the phrase goes, in their work, or in those they work for. This is undoubtedly true, but there are reasons why they do not, and instead of complaining, we should do better to inquire what these are, and to remedy the difficulty.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the reason of their want of interest in their work, will be found to be their ignorance of how to do it in the best way, and the general dissatisfaction with the results. In the secondary case, no motive is furnished them. To stimulate any one to active and voluntary service, we must excite their affection toward us. We must treat them as if they were human like ourselves, actuated by the same feelings, governed by the same motives, liable to the same sufferings, requiring the same forbearance. Women know better than men how impossible it is to get for pay the service performed by love, and the knowledge should teach them to educate a class of domestic assistants capable of comprehending a broader purpose in living than to merely indulge the animal instincts, and satisfy animal wants.

Household life, and household labor are very different with most of us, from what they were half a century ago. Modern skill and genius, the progress in physical science, arts, and industries, have relieved domestic work of half its drudgery, have removed many of its tasks to the manufactory, and the workshop, but have added enormously to the amount of capital necessary for the rearing of a family, in the enjoyments of the products of skill and industry.

The average man cannot earn enough to support a wife and children in modern style, to buy clothing ready made, to rent a house at the cost of a fair income, to buy food to be wasted as well as eaten, and pay servants for wasting it. The average man, therefore, has about made up his mind not to marry, unless he can find some one who will help support a family, if she cannot serve it in any other way.

They argue with apparent correctness, that since so much of the work by which women formerly contributed to the comfort and support of the family (spinning, knitting, weaving, sewing, baking, preserving, and the like), has been largely taken out of their hands, they should profitably occupy themselves in some other way; they only forget that women have not yet been trained to other occupations; that there is a universal prejudice against their engaging in business avocations, against which they have to contend; and also that living is infinitely more complicated, and the social demands much greater than formerly.

The fact remains, however, that labor-saving appliances have deprived housekeeping of the terrors which it possessed for our grandmothers. There is no lifting of heavy weights, in the shape of tubs, and iron pots, in cities at least; there is no carrying of water, or coal, or wood, excepting in rare cases, to the different rooms; there is no time spent in the preparation or use of artificial light. Our great necessities are provided for us with the utmost nicety, and with the least expenditure of time and trouble.

There is no reason, therefore, why the cultivated woman should not be able to perform any household work (not any amount of it), with ease to herself, and comfort to others. Ladies living in the country, and in suburban localities, are often compelled to solve this problem for themselves, and do it most satisfactorily. The new methods, the beautiful mechanical appliances are addressed, and particularly adapted to intelligent, skillful, and interested use. They absolutely require cleanliness, and a sufficient comprehension of natural philosophy to enable those who work with them to know the how and the why of the different parts, and the conditions of their efficient employment.

What are sinks, and drains, and water-pipes, but obstacles and nests of infectious disease, if they are not kept clear, and clean, and free from obstructions? What are kitchen ranges but enormous consumers of fuel, and impassable barriers to success in cooking, if they are imperfectly understood, and carelessly and wastefully treated? What is our apparatus for producing artificial light, without trouble, but a powder magazine in inexperienced or unthinking hands?

All these inventions, so admirable in the hands of the intelligent, are a positive injury when entrusted to those who are indifferent to the consequence of misuse and ignorant of their possibilities as aids to more thorough cleanliness, greater order, more regular system, larger culture, and altogether more refined, and perfect social life.

Thus our modern progress has availed us little as yet in bringing order out of our domestic chaos. Work is not better done, we are not less burdened, and instead of thankfulness that our lines have fallen in pleasant places, we have bitterness and heartburnings.

The reason of this is not to be found exclusively in the shortcomings of servant girls, or the hardness of the service: the fault is mainly our own; it is because we are not willing to do our part; we are not willing to serve or put ourselves to real use.

We force upon men, in addition to the acquisition of modern domestic improvements, the employment of a staff of servants, who simply enter in and take possession, who are amenable to no law, because the mistress of the household is not competent either to make laws or enforce them; and who have only one idea, their own "rights."

The result is not beauty, or order, or comfort, or repose, or enjoyment; but anarchy and confusion, with a reckless expenditure, which no mere earnings can sustain. Women complain, and men are discouraged, homes are broken up in disorder, families take refuge in the discomfort of boarding-houses, and single men resolve to live for themselves, and not add the doubtful happiness, and certain burden of wife and children.

This aspect of the case is a serious one: it threatens not only our system of morals, but our entire civilization. Women, in the very nature of the case, are more or less at the mercy of men, and the sacredness of family ties is their best protection and safeguard. The family is a social unit, and each one should form, in its own way, a social centre; but it cannot do this unless each member understands their duties, and performs them.

Service is the natural expression of our love, and intelligence should enable us to render our service in the best and most efficient way. We must do this by either putting something into the common stock, or adding to the value

of what is already gained by another's labor.

If you buy food, you must pay for the cooking; you buy material for clothing, you must pay for the making; you hire a room, you must serve yourself, or pay for others to serve you. In this way labor adds to the value of the original production, and men have got to learn that this labor is more valuable from a wife or daughter, than from one who has no unity of interests, or bond of affection to furnish a motive to the faithful performance of duty.

To raise the character of service, then, we must all recognize the fact, that we serve each other, and that it makes very little difference what the nature of our service, provided we do it, and do it well.

Let us stop complaining of "girls," and set ourselves and our daughters to real work. Let us reduce the amount of room we are obliged to occupy in order to accommodate our domestic hindrances, and save the vast amount of expenditure in rent and living. Let us offer to our daughters the inducements to cook, and sweep, and dust, and make home happy, that our husbands do our sons in the shop, the store, and the counting-house!

Let us, above all, see to it that we are wise dispensers and caretakers, and, if we accept ignorance to relieve us from drudgery, endeavor to enlighten and instruct it. Remembering, that the best that can be said of us, and to us, at last is "Well done, good and faithful servant."

GENERAL SUPERVISION.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.



MY DEAR, I wish you would try and have a general supervision over things; a real thorough housekeeper knows what is going on all over her house, from garret to cellar. I noticed this morning that Bridget had dropped two or three potatoes on the cellar floor. I wish you would tell her to be more careful. You go in some houses and the cellar is as clean as the parlor. I don't want you to do these things yourself, I only want you to see

that they are done." Mr. Littlesole walks dignifiedly through the hall, and seeing one of the children's shakers lying on the back piazza, he walks back again, more dignifiedly still, and says with a grieved, injured tone, "I think those children are old enough now to be taught to hang up their bonnets: when I was a little boy, three years old, I wore a bonnet, and I had to hang it upon a nail behind the door, every time I took it off. I was opposed to your buying those shakers in the first place; I knew I'd find them lying all over the yard. Don't you think that if anybody would come and stay here two or three weeks, they'd say that these children were the most careless children they ever saw?"

"Not quite so bad as that, my dear," said Mrs. Littlesole. "I know they are very careless; but I can't say I think they are the most careless children in the world."

"I never can get you to agree with me," said Mr. Littlesole; "you oppose everything I say. I wish you would agree with me for once. I should feel so much encouraged, and we might have things better. I don't expect to make a good housekeeper of you. I gave up trying that long ago; but I want my children brought up to good habits." Mr. Littlesole walks out of the gate, looks over the fence, and comes back again. "Mary," he says, "I wish you would try and see that John gets the weeds out of that garden. It looks shamefully."

"You have told John," said Mrs. Littlesole, "to draw manure, hoe the corn, weed the onions, plant tomatoes, tie up the grapevines, trim the raspberries, wash the carriage, and plough up the rye-field. I heard you say all these things must be immediately done, besides cutting all the grass on the lawn—and one pair of hands can't do everything. John grumbles now; he has so much to do, he don't know what to do first. I can't get him a minute to do anything in the garden."

"Well! well! I know you've a way of getting around everything. If I was at home all the time as you are, I wouldn't have the garden looking like that. I wish you would have a general supervision over things."

Mrs. Littlesole said nothing; only asked Mr. Littlesole if he would not send home some potatoes; the potatoes were gone.

"Potatoes out again," said Mr.

Littlesole. "Can't you manage to make them last longer? That reminds me of one thing I want to speak of. I was sick all day yesterday, I had such a miserable breakfast. I wish you'd see that Bridget has a little more variety; there's twenty different ways of cooking potatoes."

"Yes, my dear, I know; but just now we have no cream or milk, and little butter in the house, and it is not as easy to fix them in those twenty different ways."

"Well! well! I know," said Mr. Littlesole, "if I had your resources, just the very things you have here, I could get up splendid meals. But I wish you'd see that the cows have some salt to-day, and the hens some oyster-shells, and the pigs some buttermilk; let Charlie's shoulder be washed with salt and water, and just watch John a little; see that he does a good day's work; but good-morning, my dear."

Mr. Littlesole goes out of the gate again, and seeing one of the hinges loose, he says, "It does beat the old Harry to see how things are going! There's nobody to see to anything in this house but myself."

Mrs. Littlesole has been awake all night for three nights with face-ache. Now it aches so she can hardly keep from groaning aloud; but she has more than enough to do to-day to keep three pairs of hands busy. Her heart beats faster than ever, and there's a bright flush on each cheek, as she ties the little shaker once more on the little fair head—as the bright, blue eyes look up so lovingly into hers. Up stairs, by an open window, sits Miss Sharp, sewing. She hears Mr. Littlesole's remarks, because he always talks so loud that everybody around can hear him; and she says, "Well, I am glad that man ain't my husband. With my big nose, homely old face, and no property in the world but my scissors and thimble, and nobody to supervise me but Susan Sharp, I'm better off than that poor woman down stairs with her rich, fussy husband. She may scrub the house up, and scrub it down, and scrub it all around, and scour every stone in the yard, and every picket in the fence, and every nail in the barn; if he comes home at night, and finds some rose-leaves on the hall carpet that the wind has just blown in, he'll preach a sermon about order and system, and things going to destruction. If he sees a cobweb on the roof of the barn, or a solitary