

this article was taken off in 1835, a very pure kind of carbonate of soda is obtained from it; and one advantage attending its use is that the smell of waste lees at soap-houses is less offensive than formerly.

Carbonate of soda contains carbonic acid; this is removed by mixing it with lime, water is then poured over to form a lye, and this is afterward carried into the large copper or boiler provided for the purpose at soap manufactories. With the lye a quantity of tallow is put into the boiler, from ten to fifteen hundredweight of the one, and from 200 to 300 gallons of the other, which, on the average, will give a ton of soap. The whole is boiled together for about four hours, by which time it is generally found that a combination has taken place, and the fat is converted into soap. The fire is withdrawn, and time given to cool; the lye is run off or pumped out, and fresh lye added, followed by another boiling, and so on, three or four times, a little common salt being thrown in toward the last, to assist the separation of the soap.

The fire is then put out, the melted material left to stand a short time, after which it is carried in large ladles or buckets and poured into the frames, which may be compared to a sort of wooden well from three to four feet long, fifteen inches wide, and ten or twelve feet high. Some of them will hold several thousand pounds' weight. In these the soap remains two or more days, until it is hard and solid, when the wooden frames are lifted off, the mass is cut into slices about three inches thick with wires, and these, being cut across, form the bars such as are sold in the shops. After being cut in this way, they are piled up in stacks for further drying.

Such is a general description of the method of making soap, and in the main it applies to all kinds; the variations are chiefly in the materials. To make the best white curd soap, none but the best and purest tallow is used, and sometimes olive oil. Mottled soap is made of coarser kinds of tallow and kitchen stuff; and the mottled veins are produced by having very strong lye poured over and stirred into it, just before it is taken out of the copper. Different colors may be given in this way. Yellow soap requires a different mixture; tallow, with a considerable quantity of resin broken small, and a small quantity of palm oil. The best yellow soap should not contain

more than one-fourth part of resin, and when cut it will have a bright, waxy appearance, produced mostly by the palm oil. It makes a better lather than mottled soap. If, however, there is too much resin and too little tallow, it is bad, irritating to the skin, and especially injurious to woollens which may be washed with it. Buyers of the article should always remember that low-priced soap is never cheap; the most stinking fat is generally melted up with the resin to make yellow soap; and the commoner it is in quality, the more water does it contain; so that those who buy cheap and bad soap pay at the rate of eight or ten cents a pound for the water inside of it. Dishonest manufacturers will sometimes increase their quantity of soap by throwing dead pigs into the boiler with the fat, and make the lye so strong as to dissolve all but the bones. No one who has smelt the offensive odor of bad soap can believe that it is made of good materials.

The best Windsor soap is made of about nine parts tallow to one of olive oil and soda lye. The scents or perfumes are always added during the melting. Lard is used for some kinds of toilet soaps; they are very white and smooth, and frequently preferred for shaving. There is a great variety of soaps of this class, with names, colors, and scents to please all the fancies of customers. Some of them are made with olive oil; and others are improved in appearance by being pounded in a mortar after the first process of making, and made up a second time.

Soft soap is made with potash lye and oil. Soda is the alkali always used for hard soap; potash for soft soap. In this the lees are not separated after boiling, as with the other; and it is said that the making requires greater care, and is more difficult. Two hundred pounds of oil, seventy-two pounds of potash, and the lye will produce nearly five hundred pounds of soap. The rankest sort of oil is generally used, and the fig-like appearance of soft soap is caused by a small quantity of tallow being mixed with it, and forming into small grains during the boiling. For the best sorts pure oils are used; among them are poppy, linseed, cocoa-nut, almond, and olive oils.

There are also medicinal soaps; some combined with mercury or other metals. One is made with olive oil and oxide of lead; the result is dischylon, so much known and used as plaster. Emulsions

and liniments are species of liquefied soap formed by mixing harts-horn, potash, soda, or lime-water with oil; they present a milky appearance. A mixture of oil and lime-water is a good remedy for burns. At some of the large iron-works a supply is always kept in readiness against the accidents which so frequently occur.

Spanish or Castile soap is made from soda and the best olive oil, mottled by the addition of oxide of sulphate of iron. The purest kind is used for pills; their effect is slightly aperient and corrective of acidity of the stomach, and, combined with carbonate of soda, they are sometimes prescribed in gout and affections of the bladder. In some forms, too, Castile soap is an antidote to certain kinds of poisons. But when used as a curative, especial pains should be taken to have it pure. The wickedest of all adulterations are those of medicinal substances.

Soft soap, when made of pure materials, potash, and olive oil, is also valuable for medicinal purposes: some kinds of skin disease, scab, and ringworm may be much better cured by it than by the greasy ointments so often used. The latter not unfrequently aggravate the disease by creating dirt, while soft soap tends to cleanliness. Sulphur is occasionally mixed with it to assist its curative effect; but this should only be done under the advice of a medical practitioner.

The most harmless adulterations which are practised in the manufacture of soap are the mixing of certain kinds of earth or clay and potato-starch with the fat.

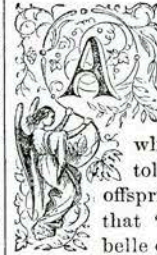
CAN AND WON'T.—Mark Twain says: "I am different from Washington; I have a higher and grander standard of principle. Washington could not lie. I can lie, but I won't."

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.—A lady of birth, and leader of fashion, ay, and of intellect too, had three sons. The fond mother, anxious to "teach the young idea," gathered these precious nestlings round her on the sofa one holiday, and explained that her fortune was small, and died with her, and that these three noble boys of hers would have to undertake noble work; in fact, they would have to go out into the world as their father had done, and win their way. "Yes, mamma, yes," cried the earnest little fellows, fully comprehending the mother's plan. Her eyes glistened as she listened to their willing goodness. Visions of one as a general, another as a judge, a third as a bishop, swam before her. "Well, my darlings," she said, "you are good boys to be so willing to work. What would you like to be?" The young voices, without a pause, without a moment's hesitation, full of Claude Duval and Sylvanus Cobb, cried out with one accord—"Highwaymen, mamma!"

WOMEN—MANY AND VARIOUS.

THE BELLES AND THE WALL-FLOWERS.

BY CAROLINE A. MERIGLI.



ALTHOUGH I can recall more occasions than I care to enumerate on which I have been told by the affectionate offspring of lady friends that "Mamma was the belle of her day," I have yet made up my mind that, however great the claims of *these* ladies, belles as a general rule may be catalogued as the girls who do not marry, or who do not marry well.

How is this? Simply thus: Fate is against them. For to be adulated for her beauty, or wit, or talent, is to be placed upon a pinnacle so dangerous that few, in the war for prizes of any value, succeed in winning them. The right man, the man of men, the "heart-satisfier," as the Germans have it, rarely seeks the girl or woman who is most surrounded; and she, pushed to the front, brilliant and dazzling though she may seem, has often heart enough—out of sight for the nonce—to aspire only to him, while he holds back in fear. I am not talking of the savagely respectable masculine who thinks it a crime in a woman that she is admired. I talk of him who does not wear his heart upon his sleeve, and yet, oftentimes, fails to penetrate the truth that the beauty of the hour is, in this, like him.

Then, again, the belle has often a mother whose very efforts to attain the goal of her ambition, the final placing of her daughter, defeat their purpose. The right man, him for whom the soul of the belle vainly yearns, after bravely bearing the onslaught of numerous rivals, the sour looks of a homely sister, the frowns of an unfavorable father, will kiss the dust of defeat at last, if not a man of wealth, only because of that most terrible of all his enemies—the belle's maternal parent!

Two chances already—grave ones, too!—against the belle's marrying.

A third is the inveterate malice of lesser women. By lesser I do not mean merely women less handsome—if the belle's belleship be

founded upon her beauty; less witty—if the belle happen to be a wit; less talented—if she be a literary or musical wonder, or a girl who promises great things in other art. I mean women of mind so inferior, of disposition and nature so beneath her own, that her superiority is looked upon by them as a wrong or an insult. These, to use a most expressive phrase, “pick her to pieces,” and—spiritually—she is obliged to get herself together again!

And, alas! there are women in society that have so cultivated this aggressive art that, without betraying their malice offensively, they do the subtle work of destroying their rival's chances—alarming, sad to say! oftentimes the “heartfully-wished-for” right man—and lessening her charms by detraction of one kind and another, till all seem to melt away and fade, withered by venom. Her beauty—to believe them—is all, or to a great degree, artificial; her sweetness is assumed—“she has an awful temper at home!”—her talent has been doubted—to hear them believingly—by this one or that one “who is a judge, you know;” as for her wit, “it is wickedness.”

If she plays or sings, “she has no decided school;” if she recites, “her voice does not move them.” These, it is true, are not the subtle workers I have spoken of above, not the moles of malice, but the rabid ravens. These openly attack, and yet they do mischief. Poor belle! many are the forces against her strength; many the waters ready to whelm her; many the thorns in her flower-garden!

Think of it! . . . Besides her own mother, nine times out of ten harming in lieu of helping, there are the mothers of all the belle's rivals! Is it not a wonder that such a girl or woman ever marries, or, if she does, that she ever marries the one she would have preferred?

Among my own friends in belledom, two curious instances of final “success”—which I take to be marrying the right man—have lately occurred. In the first of these, the lady's papa lost every farthing, and the right man came to the front. “On my honor as a blonde,” said the belle, “I'll reward him!” And she did; and he is a happy fellow, so he tells me. In case number two, the young lady was confronted by a rival, who proved to be the bridegroom's cousin. The belle consented to be married, and the last time I saw her,

looked radiant. So did the bridegroom!

Now, truth to tell, the worst enemies of the belle are not, after all, as many suppose, the plain girls, the wall-flowers. These soon discover that they do themselves no good by detraction of her merits. Poor plain girls! you do have an unhappy time of it at balls as wall-flowers, but how many of you marry when the belle remains single! How many of you ride in the carriages of Mammon—remarkably nice carriages they are too!—and how many of you flash in jewels from out the pockets of rich husbands! How is it done? Explain, for the sake of those who yearn to ride and wear diamonds likewise!

It is done. . . . Fairly done, too, sometimes.

There are cases where it is genuine sweetness of disposition that carries the day for the plain girl—*real merit*. Even young Haughton, spoiled though he seemed to be by education, had a sound place in his heart, and saw the true worth of Violetta, so to call his lovely though homely bride. He said he was “tired of pretty girls.” Violetta was poor, let me mention. So, you see, Haughton was truthful in his assertion as to the pretty girls.

“I suppose,” said a certain lady to me, looking round upon a group of five plain daughters whom she was bringing out into society, “that my girls will all have to settle down with ministers, or widowers with families, as they are none of them pretty.” But my friend was no prophet. Every one of her daughters—winning girls, with sterling minds—has married well in every sense of the word; while their cousins, two girls of exquisite beauty and some talent, “still comb St. Catharine's hair,” the quaint foreign phrase for old-maidhood.

One reason, perhaps, for the fact that plain girls very generally *do* marry, is that they do not hesitate so long as will a girl more confident in her attractions. A belle, from the very fact of her belledom, is whimsical, difficult to attain to, and hard to please.

Fortune, besides, so often favors the unlovely one as to give her wealth and position. These are as available in the marriage-market as is beauty, and with them, while poor Beauty is gazing sadly after the right man, the plain girl walks to the matrimonial altar beside him. It is the system of compensation.

Again, plain girls expect much less in a suitor than does the belle. She will take offence at an awkward bow, a platitude, or at any proof of want of æsthetic taste. The plain girl passes over these things. She does not demand, as does the beauty, a high position, wealth, or expectations of wealth.

And there are men, even in these degenerate times, as some call them, who still look for those who will be good heads of families, domestic women, good housekeepers, and good heart-companions besides, and who fear that the belle, after “so much admiration, will find it hard to settle down.” And here let me say in passing, that the American woman almost invariably *does* settle down. Whatever her day of glory and grandeur, she is almost always content to glide gracefully behind a cloud and suffer another sun to rise and shine in the place that was hers.

Another advantage in the worldly war which tells on the side of the plain girl, is that all men *fear to be jealous*. Every man of any, of *human* feeling, knows that he may develop this passion. With the plain girl as a wife he has nothing of the kind to dread. Under the shade of his vine and his fig tree his heart is at peace. But with the belle, how different! He would have seen her eyes in his very ledgers and looking away from him!

I do not think, by-the-by, that any plain girl ever won her bridegroom by sewing for a Dorcas society. I know that this has been set forth as infallible, and that, after being jilted by the belle, young men of high tone are apt to rush—according to the statements of some—and fall at the feet of the wall flower just as she is finishing up some charity patchwork, or helping a blind woman over a gutter. I have seen this thing tried, and it has proved a failure. Therefore it is that I give the plain girls credit for having discovered franker and nobler means of attraction.

At all events, it is a fact that if all the women were plain, instead of being pretty, as two-thirds of them are—in America at all events—there would be just as much marrying as there is now.

And, ere I close, one more remark. It has always seemed to me that the girls who marry best are those who appear to bestow the least thought upon their future. I find that the girls and women who have the energy and

good taste to devote themselves to some useful and noble aim are sought for and married almost in spite of themselves, and this whether homely or handsome. Indeed, some good and noble work has been done, and for women there surely dawns, at last, a brighter day: I mean a day in which, whether married or single, they are allowed to peep over the tops of their work-baskets without hearing, “Cast down your eyes, Chloe, cast down your eyes!”

WOMEN IN RUSSIA.

A VERY interesting paper was recently read before the Liberal Club of New York City, upon the “Intellectual and Social Progress of Women in Russia.” This paper, which was written in Russian by a lady of that nation resident here, and translated by another Russian lady, was received by the majority of the audience as quite a revelation concerning that unknown land. After some statements of a general nature, the essay stated that in September next the doors of all the medical colleges of Russia will be thrown open to women, thus putting that supposed half-civilized country at one bound ahead of enlightened America, where women are usually obliged to confine themselves to female colleges, when desirous of a medical education. Society in Russia is divided into six classes. First, the aristocratic. The ladies of this class are walled in by caste from their sisters of the other grades. They obtain a brilliant linguistic and artistic education, but care little for the advancement of their male relations, occupy their time. Indeed, the diplomats in skirts are often more successful than the male kind. These women only refer to the “woman movement” with sneers. They occupy themselves as described until they are old; then they give themselves to bigotry or a selfish and foolish philanthropy. The second Russian class is composed of the scientists, writers, artists, etc., and all, from nobles to peasants, are free to enter it when qualified. The progressive women are found mainly in this class. The third is the clerical. It has now but small influence. The rising generation of this tribe of Levi are forsaking the profession to league themselves with the class above. The female relatives of the clergy are