

Fig. 101 is a cottage in the English style, such as are used by the middling class of farmers. The drawing of it forms a very good exercise, as there are good effects of light, shade, and perspective.

Fig. 102 is a storehouse by a wharf.

Fig. 103 is a Gothic church in the English cathedral style. Both these subjects are more elaborate than those we have been giving lately. They are exercises that will bear repeating more than once.

WELL-DRESSED.

A WOMAN fond of dress is a term of opprobrium. What does this condemnatory phrase mean—if it has any meaning? Is it that the woman neglects her mind, her manners, her husband, and her children, whilst she trims tawdry yellow with sky blue? Or that she tries to be neat, clean, and clothed in a manner becoming her position in life, her age, her figure, and her complexion? Dress has been described as affording an index to a woman's character. It does more; it actually affects her character. A woman well dressed, and conscious of being well dressed, becomes a very different person when she is put into slatternly clothes. In the first position she respects herself; in the second she feels not only discontented with herself, but with her neighbors. Goldsmith, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," says: "A suit of mourning has transformed my Coquette into a Prude, and a new set of ribands has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity."

It is a question open to some debate whether manners have affected dress, or dress manners. No one can deny that the one has always reacted on the other. Stiff, elaborate dress is connected with stiff and courtly manners; the high-flown compliment, the minuet, the volta. No knight could have borne arms in defence of a Bloomer, nor could the most determined lover drink a toast out of a Balmoral boot. The hair in long ringlets, or wrapped round a classic brow, speaks of poetry, music, painting, and all that is refined. We imagine these visionary personages thus clothed, walking on some pleasant terrace, feeding a peacock, whose graceful plumage harmonizes with the costume of its fair owner. A woman is decidedly imitative; and, when you put her into the wide-awake, the short skirt, the jacket, into the pockets of which she is very apt to thrust her hands, you will generally find her sayings curt, and her laugh loud.

We applaud a connoisseur who buys a picture because it is a beautiful piece of color. Why should we not have these charming combinations in woman's dress? How often a little bit

of scarlet velvet, well placed, gives value and tone to the dress! When the eye is cultivated, it is as irritable as a musical ear, and equally pained by discord. In many pictures, the sole charm arises from harmony of color—a harmony which the eye drinks in with delight. The French have an innate sense of color; we see this in all the trifles that adorn their shops; a little box is painted with two colors which are so harmonious that it is a delight to look at them. The English choose two colors, but, as long as they are opposed to each other, they consider that sufficient; but these being often discords, give pain.

As you look from your window in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass: forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; but, then, what a toilet! Not only suitable for the season, but to the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and, more than all, how well they suit each other! Not one color swearing at another color. We have been imitating the French for centuries in the matter of dress; yet how little we have succeeded in learning from them! If we were asked what would secure success in dress, we should answer, Freshness, before all things; better a clean muslin than tumbled satin. A lady once held up a collar and said, "Is it soiled?" "Yes." "Why, you never looked at it." "No; but if there is any doubt, it is soiled."

You ought never to buy an article because you can afford it. The question is, whether it is suitable to your position, habits, and the rest of your wardrobe. There are certain clothes that require a carriage to be worn in, and are quite unfit for walking in the streets. Above all, do not buy wearing apparel because it is miscalled cheap. There is no such thing; cheap clothes are dear wear. The article is unsalable because it is either ugly, vulgar, or entirely out of date. One reason why you see colors ill-arranged is, that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues,

and without any thought of what it is to be worn with. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for all others. An enormous sum of money is spent yearly upon woman's dress; yet how seldom a dress is so arranged as to give the beholder any pleasure! To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but, to be dressed with taste, is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. We have seen foolish gowns, arrogant gowns. Women are too often tempted to imitate the dress of each other, without considering

The difference of climate and complexion.

The colors which go best together are green with violet; gold color with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and gray with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors.

The first inquiry you must make, if you wish to be well dressed, is into your defects of figure and complexion. Your beauties you are already sufficiently well acquainted with. You are short: you should not wear flounces, nor stripes going round the figure. You are fat: don't wear a check. You have high shoulders: avoid a shawl, which is very graceful when well put on by a tall woman, but ugly when dragged across the bosom as if to hide an untidy gown. To look well, a shawl must be large; no arrangement can make a small shawl look well.

All imitations are bad. They deceive no one, and, the first gloss having passed off, they stand revealed for what they are: not for what they pretend to be. Let the cotton be cotton, and not pretend to be silk. A velvet dress is a prudent purchase. It never looks too fine, and, with the addition of lace and flowers, is suitable for any occasion. It is, of all materials, the most becoming to the skin. Satin is not so, because more glossy than the skin itself; so diamonds, being brighter than the eyes, serve to dim rather than to brighten them.

It is impossible to speak too strongly on the subject of selecting colors that suit the complexion and hair. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is, to some skins, the most becoming; not, however, if there is much color in the cheeks and lips; and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach-color is perhaps one of the

most elegant colors worn. We still think with pleasure of Madame d'Arblay's Camille in a dress of peach-colored silk, covered with India muslin and silver ribbons. We forgive her for having run into debt for it. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. Whatever the color or material of the entire dress, the details are all in all; the lace round the bosom and sleeves, the flowers—in fact, all that furnishes the dress. Above all, the ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the head, and the flowers that are worn in the hair should decorate the dress.

Ornaments should never be merely and evidently worn as ornaments. Jewels, flowers, and bows should do some duty; they should either loop up a skirt, or fasten on lace, thulle, etc. There should be some reason for placing them; a bow of ribbon that has no mission is a fault. Flying streamers are unpardonable. Milton's description of Delilah does not prepossess us in her favor—

"Sails fill'd and streamers waving,

Courted by all the winds that hold them play."

Nothing looks worse than a veil flying behind your bonnet. Either draw it over your face, or leave it at home.

We have not yet mentioned the subject of dressing the hair. By attention to this, much may be done to decrease the defects of the face. If this be too long, the hair should be arranged so as to give width; if too short, the hair should be plaited, and put across the fore part of the head, or turned back, which, if the forehead be low, gives height and an open expression.

We have not, perhaps, pressed sufficiently strongly on the necessity of the dress being suitable for the hour. No dress, however charming, is admissible in a morning but one strictly fit for that time of day. Every woman, whatever her station in life, has duties to perform in the forepart of the day; and to see a lady ordering the dinner or arranging the wardrobe in satin and artificial flowers would be simply ridiculous. A velvet jacket may appear at the breakfast-table; but the simpler and neater the costume, the better. All jewelry in a morning is in bad taste. Cobbett warns a man against a woman "fond of hardware." The imitations of gems which are frequently worn, are not only in bad taste, but are absurd. Pearls which, if real, would be a monarch's ransom, and mock diamonds before which the Koo-i-noor looks small, are sometimes heaped upon tasteless persons in terrible profusion.

Some years ago, the English imitated the French in wearing almost entirely stone-colored or gray dresses; but neglected the ribbons of either scarlet or pink with which they enlivened those grave colors. Another great mistake is to suppose that a ball-dress, when its freshness is gone, will do for a dinner or evening-dress. There are some small folk who appear on the first of May, to whom it would be a suitable and welcome present. Gloves and shoes are most important; a new pair of well-fitting gloves adds wonderfully to any dress, morning or evening. Cobbett, in his work, "Advice to Young Men," says: "When you choose a wife, look to see how she is shod, if her shoes and stockings are neat; a slipshod woman is a poor look-out."

We do not advocate spending much money upon dress; but we ask to have it spent with thought and tact in its arrangement and color. We all know beautiful women—wise, good, charming women—whose dress is generally totally deficient in taste, and we ask for the same improvement in mixing colors in dress that our artists, our architects, and the stage now display to us. How much of our associations with people depends upon dress! Elizabeth's "muslin mane" seems needed for her character. Mary Queen of Scots only rises before us in her black velvet and the cap which bears her name; and the vision of Laura is not complete without the dress of green velvet and violets which Petrarch did not disdain to chronicle.

CASCALAI D.

BY H. L. ABBEY.

Only she sits and folds her hands,
Down by the rocks which kiss the sea,
Humming a tune of other lands—
A dreamy choral melody,
Often she stands and pats her foot
Listlessly on the pebbled shore,
As a heart beats upon a breast,
Blighted and seared forevermore.

Wildly she laughs when o'er the main
Typhoon marches his cohorts grim,
And echoes catch the passing strain,
Changing it to a mournful hymn;
And then she lists as though to hear
Some note passing, or passed away,
For 't brings from out the years agone
Memories of a brighter day.

Cascalaid seems a naiad queen
Oft as she stands upon the shore,
In the golden, shimmering sheen
Which gilds her waving ringlets o'er;
There is the brow—the pallid cheek—
The lips which curl in proud disdain;
But ah! the eyes of Cascalaid
Tell the sad tale over again.

Cascalaid's soul is robbed in night,
And in that night its dreams are wild;
Often she stands in deep affright,
And ever is unreconciled.
Ah, in her mind her thoughts go round
Like ships upon a shoreless sea!
Seeking a coast ne'er to be found—
Blighted and lost eternally.

Oft she talks to the wind and waves,
Telling them of her gloom and woe—
Telling, that he she loved so well,
Sleeps full many a fathom low—
Telling them that perchance she, too,
E'er the summer shall come again,
Dying, shall go to rest with him,
Down in the waters of the main.

And oft she deems each mounded swell
The grave of him she loved and lost,
While every sigh 's a long farewell
In the heart of the tempest tossed;
And now she binds her flowing locks
With the sea-weed and lilies fair,
Standing upon the wave-washed coast,
Watching the seas in wild despair.

Who can tell but the Great Unknown
Will be to her a richer life?
There a spirit before the throne,
Cleansed and washed from her worldly strife;
Then will she be the bride of heaven—
A bride whose robes can never fade;
Then will the echoes by the sea
Listen in vain for Cascalaid.

EARLY DAWNS.

BY M. A. RICE.

At the early summer's dawn,
Ere I've risen from my bed,
And the house is undisturbed
By the busy tongue or tread,
Then upon an elm-tree near,
Sings a robin sweet to me;
Cheerful are his notes and clear,
Stirring my soul's melody.

And through eastern window I
Watch the elm boughs toss and play
'Twixt me and the rosy sky,
Where dawn is deep'ning into day.

It is an hour when music low
Is chanted through the mystic aisles
Of my rapt soul, and wondrous thoughts
Seem touched with light as morning smiles.

And knowing that the bustling day
Will drown these voices in the soul,
I list their teaching while I may,
Yielding myself to their control.

I know the many-colored flowers
Are lifting up their dewy eyes
To this great miracle of God,
This new-born morning in the skies.

While morn is springing in the east,
I will arise and bless the sight;
Oh, pour thy love into my soul,
Thou who hast framed the morning light!