



INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE IN THE TYROL. FROM A SKETCH BY A TYROLESE ARTIST.

"But I'm nothin' but a poor wood-sawyer's son, who has to tug at it from sunrise to sunset to keep body and soul together, and I shall have to go grubbing through life just as he's done. Here for two years I have been trying to lay up money to get a winter's schooling at the academy; but it's had to go, and al'ays would have to, I see plain as daylight. I shall jest give up all hope now."

And his life, too, was a failure in its best and noblest part, for want of a little stubborn perseverance and energy. As if there ever was a man that wanted an education that didn't get it, that wouldn't have it, despite of pain, or poverty, or opposition, or any obstacle that is in the power of this world, or sin, or Satan, to raise against him!

"No use whatever," sighs the mother over her disobedient, incorrigible son; "never a mother tried harder in this world to make a child what he should be—never tried to set a better example, never tried in turn more of punishment, and praise, and admonition; but it's done no sort of good. He grows worse every day—more peevish, more lawless, more headstrong generally, and now he'll have to take his own course, and I shall let him have his own way in future, and come out as he may; I've done my duty."

Poor, foolish mother! and her boy was not yet fourteen years old when she gave him over to his own devices; as if there was not an almost infinite amount of possibilities for good in any character at that age, and long afterward.

No wonder the boy lived to bring shame and sorrow on her gray hairs.

"NO USE TRYING." Alas! alas! this is the rock on which is wrecked every life that ever yet was a failure—the mournful epitaph which might be written over the grave of every buried resolution for good which was ever born in the soul of man.

"NO USE TRYING!" Did ever a fouler lie enter through the doors of a living heart? Don't believe it, dear reader! don't for an hour—no, not for a moment. No matter how many times you've fallen, get up again; this very fact of your "trying" proves that you have "life" in you. You are only "dead" when you cease trying.

Have you evil tempers or indolence, selfishness or pride, wrong imaginations or foolish thoughts to conquer, and have you been vanquished again and

again in the struggle to overcome?—don't give up! You have gained something, whether you know it or not. Get right up and "buckle to" again, for only in despair is defeat.

Look all your losses and failures bravely in the face, and say, "I know that you've gotten the victory over me many and many a time; but I'm undaunted yet, and if I fall a thousand times, I shall get on my feet and go right at the struggle again. I shall keep trying, with God's help, so long as there's a breath of life within me!"

And amid all the blessed eternal records to be unsealed by the hand of God, there shall not be found written the name of one soul who has boldly, earnestly, and reverently said this, and persistently lived it; and every other life has been a *wreck* and *failure*.

### THE TYROLESE.

THE Tyrol—a mountainous district, lying between Bavaria, Switzerland, Venetia, and Lombardy—is inhabited by a primitive race of people; who, in an age of change, retain their distinctive peculiarities, and, under the despotic government of Austria, preserve a freedom and an independence of their own.

In the Tyrol—as in Switzerland—the traveller meets, far distant from either town or village, a considerable number of isolated houses or cottages, scattered among the woods and villages, along the borders of the lakes, and in the passes of the mountains. They are often situated upon the little patch of level ground formed by the base of two hills, or on the borders of a wood; and in either case they are protected from the heat of the summer sun, and from the fierce storms and avalanches which sweep the mountain sides in winter. Round about the house there is commonly a piece of garden, inclosed by a hedge of hawthorn and sloe. The garden is divided into two parts: one forming an orchard and planted with fruit trees, and the other being applied to its most profitable use as a kitchen garden. Flowers are not altogether excluded, but they spring up here and there—as in some old-fashioned farm-house gardens at home—in all sorts of places, as though they were intruders, and had

no legitimate business on the premises. A rivulet, turned aside from its source in the neighbourhood, flows through the orchard, preserving a perpetual verdure, and furnishing a supply of water for the garden during the hot months; for in these valleys the variations of climate are considerable, and the summer heats are often intense.

The houses are two storeys in height, and the upper storey is surrounded by an elegant wooden balcony, from which a charming view is often to be obtained of the surrounding scenery. The overhanging roof protects the balcony, and forms a shade at once from the sun and winds. This is the favourite place of recreation of the family during the fine weather, and here, in the long summer evenings, they may be seen, the women engaged in their needlework, the men smoking their long pipes, and the children playing around them. The walls of the dwellings are painted white, and the balcony and window-sills green—gay colours, which give the houses a novel and agreeable aspect in the eyes of the traveller.

In these isolated dwellings, each family living alone, and rarely having any intercourse with others, the ties of kindred and affection are usually more closely knit together than is the case among the families of the towns. The filial affection of the sons and grandsons for their grandparents; the obedience of the children to their father and mother; the friendship between the brothers and sisters, secure a perfectly good understanding throughout the household. This feeling is clearly expressed in the design which we have engraved from a drawing by a young Tyrolese artist, representing the return of a father of a family from the chase. The hunt of the chamois, which forms the chief occupation of the "bread winner" of many of these poor families, is attended with considerable danger, and if from any circumstance the return of the husband and father is delayed longer than usual, no small degree of apprehension fills the little household. Such an occasion is that which the artist has selected for his sketch. The well-known footstep is at length heard without, and the children, having run out to meet their father, escort him in triumph. One boy dives into the pouch in search of any "small deer" which



the hunter may have brought back with him, while another removes the larger game; a third extinguishes himself in the large hat which forms so distinctive a part of Tyrolean dress. The family dog, joyous and intrusive, puts in his own claim to notice, and while the wife gives her tender welcome, the old people seem just as eager in their greetings as the young ones, though less energetic.

The engraving—as a genuine sketch of Tyrolean manners and costume—is a very interesting one, and deserves to be closely examined. The decorations of the room are few, and consist of one or two rude-coloured prints and some horns of the chamois. The carved chair, however, appropriated to the aged grandfather, affords an example of a kind of work in which these people excel. The spinning-wheel and the churn point to the occupations of the women, and the book lying open indicates that they are not altogether illiterate. The costume of the men is picturesque, and suited to the rough life of the mountains. The high-crowned hat is often decorated with ribbons, and the breeches and leggings with embroidery. The dress of the women is less striking, but here also the feminine taste for finery usually displays itself in an elaborate ornamentation of the bodice.

Physically, the Tyrolese are a very fine race; the men, especially, being remarkable for their tall, stalwart, and well-proportioned figures. In character they are honest and frank, brave, and of an independent spirit. On many occasions the entire people have evinced a devoted loyalty to their sovereign, the Emperor of Austria; and this feeling prevailed up to a very recent period. But the tyranny, the misrule, and the ingratitude of the House of Hapsburg is at length alienating from it the most faithful of its subjects, and recent accounts assure us that an entire change of feeling has shown itself among the hardy dwellers in these mountains. Austria may have sympathisers and associates among the petty princes of Germany, but henceforth she has no friends among its people.

#### A FEW HINTS TO OUR FAIR READERS ABOUT TO MARRY.

As we have before observed, good temper, good sense, and good principles, are the great essentials of happiness in the married state; yet deficiency in some minor qualities may cause a good deal of domestic discomfort.

Lucy D. had secured the heart of Ernest Arnold, a very promising young man; and well she deserved his affection, for she was all kindness and constancy, and her intellect was of a very high order.

Lucy was living with a brother, who was fondly attached to her, and who greatly approved of her engagement with Arnold; but he wished his sister not to marry until her intended had set up for himself, as the saying is. In the meantime, the suitor was a constant visitor, and the brother, sister, and lover formed a very happy trio.

During the first months of intimacy, Arnold considered his bride-elect quite faultless. Her personal advantages blinded him to some ever-recurring symptoms of untidiness, and of want of attention to appearances. Besides, a cousin, who used to receive great kindnesses from Lucy, did a great deal of her mending for her in return; thus no glaring proof of untidiness had ever been remarked by Arnold.

But it happened that our merry party determined to take advantage of the return of the fine weather, and to make an excursion to the sea-side. Unluckily, Ellen was absent from home, and could not step in to aid Lucy in her preparations. They were, however, quickly made, and the sun shone propitiously on the appointed day. Arrived at their journey's end, Lucy jumped out of the railway carriage, and her brother handed her a hand-box containing some light articles of wearing apparel. Ernest, of course, offered to carry the box. He was rather surprised at the condition of it, as it was in a very battered state, and, the bottom being partially out, some of the finery became visible. This attracted the jeers of idle boys, always on the look-out for something to laugh at.

Then they had to secure their luggage from a vast quantity belonging to other people. Arnold begged Lucy to point out her trunk, that he might give it to a porter. What was his surprise to find that this trunk was neither more nor less than a large old egg-box, insecurely corded. The fact was, Lucy had chosen this box in preference to any of her trunks because it was more roomy, and, as she thought, held her dresses more conveniently. She had lost sight of the importance of appearances, and

of the bad effects of attracting the eye of ridicule to herself and her party. Lucy's brother could not help laughing at his sister's luggage. Arnold looked serious. However, the whole party, with the hand-box and the egg-box, were soon conveyed in a fly to very comfortable lodgings that had been previously scoured; but some hours elapsed before Arnold recovered his spirits.

The next morning, Lucy came down, all smiles and good-humour, and Arnold was soon as devoted as ever.

The beautiful prospect soon lured them out to take a walk. They had not gone many steps, before a girl ran up to Lucy to tell her that her boot-lace was trailing. Soon after this, her collar came unpinned, and was wadded away by the wind. A weary chase ensued; but they caught the collar at last. On returning home, Lucy discovered that her veil was missing, and all the efforts made to recover it were ineffectual. Lucy took all her misfortunes very quietly. She attributed them to the absence of Ellen, who used to help her to dress, and who saw that everything was well fastened; but she resolutely determined not to walk out again in windy weather.

For a time, all went on smoothly enough. The visitors spent part of the day in boating and driving, and Lucy only joined in the walk when the day was remarkably fine and mild.

On such a day as we have described, Lucy was out on the jetty with Arnold, when the latter, greatly to his surprise, saw at a short distance an uncle whom he believed to be still in India. This uncle had by fortunate speculations raised himself above the rest of the family, and he was looked up to accordingly. He had shown a decided preference for Arnold, and had promised to advance his interests.

"He is sure to like my lovely, amiable bride," said Arnold to himself, and he told Lucy of his relationship to the portly, middle-aged man, who had soon found out Arnold, and was joyfully approaching to greet him.

"Delighted to see you, Ernest!" exclaimed he; "no matter what brings you here. And I presume the lady is Miss Lucy, of whom I have heard so much."

Lucy's blushes soon answered in the affirmative, and Mr. Raymond held out his hand to his future niece (as he made sure she would be). What a revolution took place in poor Arnold's feelings when he perceived that on the hand which Lucy offered in return, the glove was so full of holes, that in some places her fingers protruded. Otherwise, she was well-dressed. She had plenty of good gloves, but she was not in the habit of keeping her things in order; and in her hurry to go out with Arnold, she had seized on the only pair she could lay her hands on, and she had forgotten the state of her gloves until her hand was actually grasped by her new acquaintance. But then how provoked and grieved she felt, and how clearly she saw Arnold's mortification displayed on his countenance!

Mr. Raymond went home with them, and Lucy's brother begged him to come to dinner, if he could excuse their lodging-house fare.

"Only give me roast mutton and boiled rice for my dinner," said Mr. Raymond, "and you'll find me quite satisfied." So saying, he took his leave, intending to return to a five o'clock dinner.

"Mr. Raymond has just fixed on a dish in which failures are so common," said Arnold. "I have heard my mother say, one never has rice well boiled in lodging-houses."

"Oh, I dare say Mrs. Price will manage it," said Lucy's brother. "I'll go and speak to her."

Lucy and Arnold were alone; neither of them seemed disposed for talking or reading, or anything else. It was difficult to say which was the most gloomy of the two. With characteristic resolution, Lucy soon broke silence, exclaiming—

"I know what you are thinking about, Ernest—my disgraceful untidiness. As to those unfortunate gloves, I am sure you could not have been more provoked at your uncle's seeing them than I was. But I am determined to become tidy and notable like Ellen, and not to allow my pride in my music, and some other talents that I possess, to make me neglect qualities essential to my sex,—viz., meekness, good order, and good appearance in all one's things, and expertness in the use of the needle; and I will show your uncle I have some domestic talents, for I will boil the rice myself. Ellen taught me how to boil it thoroughly, and yet have every grain apart."

So great was Lucy's success in her attempt at cooking, that the rice, as boiled by her, was praised even by Mr. Raymond, accustomed to eat it in per-

fection in India; and hearing Lucy had superintended it, the unfavourable impression made by the ragged gloves was quickly obliterated.

As rice well-boiled makes a most nourishing and wholesome dish, either with meat as a vegetable, or with preserves as a sweet dish, our readers may wish to know the best way to boil it. Culinary doctors disagree on the subject, but we know from experience that in the following way you can boil it thoroughly and yet keep the grains apart. Take a breakfast cup-full of Patna rice, wash it, and put it into one of your largest saucepans. Pour on it about four quarts of cold water. When it has been on the fire about five minutes, stir it once to prevent its sticking to the saucepan. Let it remain on the fire half an hour, then pour off about a quart of the boiling water, and pour in an equal quantity of cold water. Let it remain on the fire ten minutes longer, then strain it through a cullender, place it, in the cullender, for a few minutes before the fire, then dish it, and send it to table.

#### MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR.

CURLING the hair in strong and hard paper has a very injurious effect; and twisting, plaiting, and tying it tightly in knots at the back of the head, prevents the circulation of the fluid, strains the scalp, and necessarily injures the roots, besides contributing to induce headache and cause irritation of the brain. The more loosely the hair can be folded or twisted, and the less it is artificially crisped, the better is it for its free and luxuriant growth.

Ladies who curl the hair should use for the purpose soft paper or silk, which will prevent the hair cracking, and other injuries that might result from hard *paperettes*. Those who simply wear the hair in bands or braids ought to twist or fold it very loosely at night, when retiring to rest. It should then always be liberated from forced constraints and plaits. It must be well combed and thoroughly brushed every morning, and afterwards nicely smoothed with the palm of the hand, which gives it a high gloss, after oil has been applied. In order to add to its length and strength, the ends should be tipped at least once a month, to prevent the hair splitting.

M. Cazenave, physician to the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris, gives the following general directions for the management of the hair:—

"Pass a fine-tooth comb, at regular intervals, every twenty-four hours, through the hair, in order to keep it from matting or entangling; separate the hairs carefully and repeatedly, so as to allow the air to pass through them for several minutes; use a brush that will serve the double purpose of cleansing the scalp and gently stimulating the hair-bulbs. Before going to bed, it will be desirable to part the hair evenly, so as to avoid false folds, or what is commonly termed, 'turning against the grain,' which might even cause the hairs to break. Such are the usual and ordinary requirements as to the management of the hair. There is, on the other hand, a class of persons who carry to excess the dressing and adornment of the hair, especially those who are gifted with hair of the finest quality. Thus, for example, females are in the habit, during the ordinary operations of the toilette, of dragging and twisting the hair, so as almost to draw the skin with it; the effect of which is, in the first instance, to break the hairs and fatigue the scalp, and finally to alter the bulb itself.

"The fine-tooth comb is also too freely used, especially when the hair is divided—a part that the most particular attention seems to be bestowed upon. These separations and the back of the neck, whence the hair is drawn, in females, toward the crown of the head, are the parts which first show sign of decay or falling off of the hair."

#### SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

Thou smiles that light some kindred face,  
To cheer us when by sorrow bowed,  
Are like the glory beams that chase  
The darkness from the summer cloud.  
Dear, radiant gleamings of the soul—  
The sunshine of affection's sky—  
They lift the heart from grief's control,  
And wipe the tear from sorrow's eye.

The tear-drops on some kindred cheek,  
When joy is mingled with despair,  
Our spirit's gloom can lift and break,  
And leave joy's light unclouded there;  
Can lift and thrill the trembling heart,  
And soothe us in life's saddest hours,  
And sparkle on the soul, as clear  
As dew that sleep on fainting flowers.