

grievance? By no means. Therefore never complain of him. In the first place, you violate a sacred duty by exposing your husband's faults; and in the next, even a certain degree of female dignity should combine with better motives to prevent it.

I would also strongly recommend a concealment from others of any little discord or disunion which occurs between you. Repeated with additions and aggravations, it only gives food to the busy whisper of the malevolent, and, as the witty Richardson says, "is sure to be remembered long after the honest people have quite forgotten it themselves." Besides, on those occasions, rely on it, the world is much more inclined to be your husband's advocate than yours.

In my opinion, there can hardly be a more despicable object than a married woman receiving the particular attentions of any man but her husband. A *firting girl* is indeed bad enough; but a *firting married* woman should be an object of contempt wherever she appears.

Perhaps your husband may be a plain man, or an old man; and though possessing both sense, merit, and feeling, neither cultivated nor captivating. Let this circumstance make you peculiarly circumspect in your conduct. The eye of the world is on you; and though your husband may scorn to betray, even by a look, any expression of jealousy, believe me it gives him no pleasure to see you dancing and chatting away with every young man who approaches you; for, at the moment perhaps when his good sense and manly pride make him smile, and join in the laugh and chat around, his heart may be exceedingly vexed and fretted at what he is ashamed to acknowledge even to himself. To say the truth, I never met with any husband, handsome, ugly, young, or old, who was pleased at seeing his wife's conversation and attraction much engrossed by other men.

Be you ever so conscious of a superiority of judgment or of talent, never let it appear to your husband. "A

wife rules best by seeming to obey." And a man cannot endure the idea of inferiority in intellectual endowments. The very idea of being reflected on makes him infinitely more obstinate, and more wedded to his own opinion, when perhaps a little management and good sense would bring him at once into your plans and wishes.

I cannot express the great dissatisfaction I feel at hearing married women laugh at and ridicule ladies who are advanced in life, and still remain single—females who probably in every respect are decidedly superior to the lady who treats them with contempt, and who perhaps remain single merely because they possess more delicacy of mind, and are not so easily pleased in the choice of a husband. Various are the causes which may occur to keep a woman single: duty, prudence, and, not unfrequently, constancy to a beloved object; while a swarm of misses, strangers to sentiment, to delicacy, and to good sense, merely from their eagerness to become wives, clasp the chain of Hymen, and inconsiderately link themselves in the same moment to matrimony and misery, in the arms of some *petit maitre* or antiquated beau.

Some wives, in order to display their own superiority to their husbands, are very fond of lessening and undervaluing the merit of other wives: be above such a paltry artifice; it is both ungenerous and unprincipled.

Should you, gentle lady, be in the decline of life, allow me to bring to your recollection the emphatical address of St. Paul to aged women, where he charges them to *teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed.* (Tit. ii. 4, 5).—When the apostle speaks of *keeping at home*, he seems impressed with the calm, unobtrusive retirement of that domestic sphere which Providence and nature have assigned to women. Strongly,

indeed, does he seem influenced by it when he says, *She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.* (1 Tim. v. 6.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ON DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

I would recommend every woman, if possible, on her marriage, to get some yearly allowance, though ever so trifling, settled on her. Believe me, the little unavoidable demands on her husband's purse, to which a wife is so frequently compelled to have recourse, is very apt to create bickering and discord; and that at the very moment perhaps when all is peace and harmony between them: and when once good-humor is put out of its way, it is not such a very easy matter, rely on it, to bring it back again to its old course.

Conscientiously manage your husband's property, and shun every approach to extravagance. The domestic economy of a family is (as an admired writer remarks) entirely a woman's province, and furnishes a variety of subjects both for good sense and good taste. The want of economy has involved thousands in misery; and in those houses where extravagance is predominant, little is beheld but disorder and confusion. Their families are, in general, as dissipated and thoughtless as themselves. Harmony and decorum, with their inseparable companions peace and happiness, are guests that find within such walls neither residence nor repose.

In regard to money matters, some wives seem to think that all is gain which they can get in any way from their husbands; without ever considering that the state of *his* purse is a matter of equal consequence to both.

Particularly avoid every thing like extravagance.

I really think a great deal of money is frequently expended in buying things which, after awhile, we find we could have very well done without. The pleasure of getting a great bargain often induces people to part with their money; while the old adage, "Take care of the *pence*, the *pounds* will take care of themselves," is either not remembered at all, or, if it does occur to the mind, is allowed to have but little influence.

Be extremely regular as to bills, payments, &c. You cannot think how much trouble may be avoided by regular weekly payments. It is sometimes very difficult to ascertain the correctness of a bill when allowed to lie over even for a month, and the delay constantly subjects you to imposition.

Much, indeed, will attention to order and regularity contribute to the comfort of your husband. Men particularly love neatness, tidiness, and method: any thing soiled or out of place discomposes them; and a littered room will often make them peevish.—Meals should always be ready at a stated hour: a little decision and firmness will soon make your servants punctual. Rise *early*; give your orders *early*; breakfast *early*; be ready to sit down to your work *early*. Doing much before twelve o'clock gives you a command of the day, and gets you through it with ease. But, adieu to all this order and regularity, if you are fond of lying in bed! "Eight hours sleep," say our physicians, "are quite enough:" and the woman who prefers her pillow to the numerous advantages which early rising produces, would not, I fear, have strength of mind to perform more important duties. An hour rescued from sleep does wonders, and your health is much benefited by it. *How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.* (Prov. vi. 9—11.)

"Do not defer till to-morrow what may as well be done to-day," says the old proverb. If you have a letter to write, why not do it to-day as well as to-morrow? If you have a visit to pay, why not do it to-day as well as to-morrow? &c. &c. "To-morrow, believe me," says a most useful writer of the present day, "comes loaded with duties of its own. And when it does arrive, we always feel pleased at not having it encumbered with the business of yesterday."

Few things please a man more than seeing his wife notable and clever in the management of her household. A knowledge of cookery, as well as every other branch in housekeeping, is indispensable in a female; and a wife should always endeavor to support with equal applause the character of the *lady* and the *housewife*.—"I can tell you, my good Madam," says a humorous character, "when your husband comes home hungry at five o'clock, he won't look very pleasant at being put off with music, sentiment, and poetry, instead of a comfortable dinner. Bless my stars! I have known some ladies, who could play a fine tol lol on the piano, talk with you all day long about poetry and history, and gabble Italian and French like a monkey; and yet if the husband of one of them asked for a beef-steak for dinner, mercy me! she doesn't know whether it should be roasted or fried, or if he wished for a venison pasty, the accomplished lady is equally ignorant whether paste be made with butter or mutton suet! I can't abide such balderdash!"

A woman should endeavor to wield her needle, and to manage her scissors, with dexterity and cleverness. This is the peculiar province of a female; great comfort and economy are to be derived from it; and a man is always pleased at seeing his wife thus employed. Solomon, in describing an excellent woman, makes her particularly expert at her distaff and spindle. And all Homer's lovely matrons—

"Deck'd with the freshest tints of beauty's bloom,  
Bend o'er the distaff, or direct the loom."

"A woman's greatest praise does certainly consist in the order and management of her *family*; and when much of her time is spent in visiting and company, what but anarchy and confusion at home, must be the consequence? If we could but see the *inside* of some fashionable houses, how much would surprise and reflection be excited! The mistress perhaps at the theatre or a card-party; servants drunken, extravagant, criminal; children receiving their very first impressions from the oaths and improper conversation of these servants! *Here*, meat perishing which might have fed the hungry; *there*, garments mouldering which might have clothed the naked: in one place, filth and nastiness concealed; in another, valuable furniture tossed about without decency and without care. No fortune can answer such immoderate expenses; no comfort can consist with so much disorder. *A good woman looketh well to the ways of her household, and all her family are clothed in scarlet.*" (Prov. xxxi.)

## CHAPTER V.

## ON DRESS.

LET me entreat, gentle lady, that your dress may be expressive of delicacy and purity of mind. *Behold a woman in the attire of a harlot!* exclaimed a wise man on beholding an indecorous dress. And surely when a woman appears in public with bare bosom, exposure of figure, perhaps with rouged cheeks, it cannot be acting too severely to adopt the same language, and cry out in disgust, "*Behold a woman in the attire of a harlot!*" What! a wife, a mother in such a dress! O, all ye feelings of virtue and propriety, rescue our British matrons from the degrada-

tion! Would they but reflect for a moment, "could women in general," as Miss H. More says, "know what was their real interest, could they guess with what a charm even the *appearance* of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress decorously from mere self-love if not from principle. The designing would assume modesty as an artifice; the coquette would adopt it as an allurements; the prude as her appropriate attraction; and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction."

There is not an hour in the day in which a man so much likes to see his wife dressed with neatness, as when she leaves her bed-room, and sits down to breakfast. At any other moment, *vanity* stimulates her efforts at the toilette, for she expects to see and to be seen; but at this retired and early hour, it is for the very sake of cleanliness, for the very sake of pleasing her husband, that she appears thus neat and nice. Some one says, "A woman should never appear untidily or badly dressed, when in the presence of her husband." While he was your lover, what a sad piece of business if he caught you dressed to disadvantage!—"O dear, there he is, and my hair all in papers; and in this frightful unbecoming cap! I had no idea he would have been here so early: let me off to my toilette!" But now that he is your husband, "Dear me, what consequence? My object is gained; my efforts to win him, and all my little manoeuvres to captivate, have been successful, and it is very hard if a woman is to pass her life in endeavoring to please *her husband!*" I remember greatly admiring a lady who lived among the mountains, and scarcely saw any one but her husband. She was rather a plain woman; and yet when she sat to breakfast each morning, and all the day long, her extreme neatness and attention to the niceness of her appearance, made her quite an agreeable object; and her husband loved her, and would look at her with more pleasure than at a pretty woman dressed soiled

and untidily: for believe me, those things (though your husband appears not to notice them, nor perhaps is he himself conscious of the cause) strongly possess the power of pleasing or displeasing.

I have a great dislike to see a woman's dress exceed the expense which I know her husband can afford. Fine laces and silks and a scanty purse are ill-matched associates. When I hear a woman of small fortune say, her pelisse or lace cap cost a large sum, I at once think it a libel not only on her understanding but her principles.

I will now conclude this subject with the apostle's sentiment, when speaking of Christian wives:—*Whose adorning, says he, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.* (1. Pet. iii. 1, 3, 4.) These words, "*a MEEK and QUIET spirit,*" make at this moment a most powerful impression on my mind, and have excited the following reflections, to which, gentle lady, I beg to direct your attention.—It is not to be supposed the apostle alluded to the meek and quiet spirit which is so often produced by *nature*, or *constitution*, or perhaps by *insensibility*, and which *costs us nothing to attain*. O no! the *meekness* and *quietness* he speaks of, must be the effect, not of *constitution*, but of *principle*; not of *nature*, but of *grace*. I know many women who would be gentle *Pagans* as well as gentle *Christians*; who would be meek if there was no *Bible*, and amiable if they were ignorant of the being of a *God!* And though characters of this kind are interesting and valuable for the sake of society, they are certainly not the description of females who are *in the sight of God of great price*. The word *quiet* has an extensive meaning, and refers not so much to *temper* as *resignation*. St. Peter evidently intends by this

word to express a quiet acquiescence, a patient resignation, a uniform composure to the painful but inevitable evils inflicted on us by the hand of God. He refers to that calmness of spirit which *is not easily provoked, which beareth ALL things, and endureth all things*, which subdues the risings of anger and resentment, and calls down divine help to soothe the heart which nature would fain agitate and discompose. He means that *meek and quiet spirit* which bears with the perverse and unreasonable tempers of those with whom it may have to deal, and which checks at once every inclination to a fretful or an angry reply; which quells the first advances to repining, produces content in whatsoever state God has placed its possessor, and enables the person who is under its animating influence, to bear all the small inferior crosses of the day with that fortitude and equanimity which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of true Christianity, and such only can be the *meek and quiet spirit* which the apostle would consider as meriting his high encomium.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ON FAMILY DUTIES.

At your entrance into the marriage state, gentle lady, you commenced a character which devolves on you new duties and new responsibilities.—Your husband, as the master and main-spring of his family, ought certainly to lead the devotions of it. But should he be so unwise, so unfortunate, so lost to his own happiness, as to treat lightly *the things which belong to his everlasting peace*, the task, gentle lady, devolves on you. Influenced then by that awful verse in Jeremiah, where the prophet invokes the Almighty to pour out his fury upon the families that call not on his name, (Jer. x. 25,) let the Bible be every morning

laid on the table after breakfast,\* and let a chapter be read with attention; and then, by a short but fervent prayer, call down blessings on your head. And by no means exclude your servants from the hallowed privilege. Independent of duty, you wish for honesty and fidelity from them, and how can you reasonably expect these while you neglect to lead them to the source which produces such good conduct.

“When once a woman is married, when once she has enlisted among the matrons of the land; let not her fancy dream of perpetual admiration; let her not be sketching out endless mazes of pleasure. The mistress of a family has ceased to be a *girl*. She can no longer be frivolous or childish with impunity. The *angel of courtship* has sunk into a *woman*; and that woman will be valued principally as her fondness lies in retirement, and her pleasures in the nursery of her children. And woe to the mother who is obliged to abandon her children during the greater part of the day to hirelings—no, not obliged; for there is no duty so imperious, no social convenience or fashionable custom so commanding, as to oblige her to such shameful neglect: *for maternal care, let her remember supersedes all other duties.*”

In the matrimonial character which you have now assumed, gentle lady, no longer let your fancy wander to scenes of pleasure or dissipation. Let *home* be now your *empire*, your *world*! Let *home* be now the sole scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let *home* be now the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, of mother, and of mistress, you strive to act and shine with splendor. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor, let your feelings and pursuits all be centred. And beyond the spreading oaks that shadow and shelter

\* When a family disperses after breakfast to their different avocations, it is generally difficult to collect them again. Therefore, to obviate this, let the Bible be brought before the breakfast things are removed, or, at least, before the party stand up from the table.

your dwelling, gentle lady, let not your fancy wander. Leave to your husband to distinguish himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at *home*; and let the applause of your God, of your husband, of your children, and your servants, weave for your brow a never-fading chaplet.

An ingenious writer says, "If a painter wished to draw the very finest object in the world, it would be the picture of a wife, with eyes expressing the serenity of her mind, and a countenance beaming with benevolence; one hand lulling to rest on her bosom a lovely infant, the other employed in presenting a moral page to a second sweet baby, who stands at her knee, listening to the words of truth and wisdom from its incomparable mother."

I am a peculiar friend to cheerfulness. Not that kind of cheerfulness which the wise man calls *the mirth of fools*,—always laughing and talking, exhausting itself in jests and puns, and then sinking into silence and gloom when the object that inspired it has disappeared. No—no! The cheerfulness I would recommend must belong to the heart, and be connected with the temper, and even with the principles. Addison says, "I cannot but look on a cheerful state of mind as a constant, habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations: it is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approval of the divine will in his conduct towards us." I think there is something very lovely in seeing a woman overcoming those little domestic disquiets which every mistress of a family has to contend with; sitting down to her breakfast-table in the morning with a cheerful, smiling countenance, and endeavoring to promote innocent and pleasant conversation among her little circle. But vain will be her amiable efforts at cheerfulness, if she be not assisted by her husband and the

other members around; and truly it is an unpleasant sight to see a family when collected together, instead of enlivening the quiet scene with a little good-humored chat, sitting like so many statues, as if each was unworthy of the attention of the other. And then, when a stranger comes in, O dear! such smiles, and animation, and loquacity! "Let my lot be to please at home," says the poet; and truly I cannot help feeling a contemptible opinion of those persons, young or old, male or female, who lavish their good-humor and pleasantry in company, and hoard up sullenness and silence for the sincere and loving group which compose their fire-side. They do not behold home with the same eyes as did the writer of the following lines:—

'Home's the resort of love, of joy, of peace;  
So says the bard, and so say truth and grace;  
Home is the scene where truth and candor move,  
The only scene of *true* and genuine *love*.  
'To balls and routs for fame let others roam,  
Be mine the happier lot to please at home,  
Clear then the stage: no scenery we require,  
Save the snug circle round the parlor fire;  
And enter, marshall'd in procession fair,  
Each happier influence that governs there!  
First, Love, by Friendship mellow'd into bliss,  
Lights the warm glow, and sanctifies the kiss;  
When, fondly welcom'd to the accustom'd seat,  
In sweet complaisance wife and husband meet;  
Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,  
Repose from labors to unite in care!  
Ambition! does Ambition there reside?  
Yes: when the boy, in manly mood astride,  
With ruby lip and eyes of sweetest blue,  
And flaxen locks, and cheeks of rosy hue,  
(Of headstrong prowess innocently vain,)  
Canters;—the jockey of his father's care:  
While Emulation in the daughter's heart  
Bears a more mild, though not less powerful, part  
With zeal to shine her little bosom warms,  
And in the romp the future housewife forms:  
Think how Joy animates, intense though meek,  
The fading roses on their grandame's cheek,  
When, proud the frolic children to survey,  
She feels and owns an interest in their play;  
Tells at each call the story ten times told,  
And forwards every wish their whims unfold."

"To be agreeable, and even entertaining, in our family circle," says a celebrated writer, "is not only a positive duty, but an absolute morality."

I cannot help quoting the following passage from Miss H. More, as an admirable illustration of true sweetness of temper, patience, and self-denial—qualities so essential in a wife and mistress of a family.—"Remember, that life is not entirely made up of great evils, or heavy trials, but that the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of Christian graces. To bear with the feelings of those about us, with their infirmities, their bad judgments, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect where we feel we have deserved attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks—to bear with the company of disagreeable people, whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom he has perhaps provided on purpose for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercise; and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexations in business, with disappointments in our expectations, with interruptions in our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance, in short, with whatever opposes our will and contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be the very essence of self-denial. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might well, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance." Another remark of the same author is also excellent: "To sustain a fit of sickness may exhibit as true a heroism as to lead an army. To bear a deep affliction well, calls for as high exertion of soul as to storm a town; and to meet death with Christian resolution, is an act of courage in which many a woman has triumphed, and many a philosopher, and even some generals, have failed."

## CHAPTER VII.

## ON CONDUCT TOWARDS RELATIONS ACQUIRED BY MARRIAGE.

You have now, gentle lady, got among a new set of relatives—your relations-in-law; and a fresh field of duty is opened to you. There is an old observation, that a mother and her daughters-in-law are natural enemies; and, in truth, I must say there is too much reason for the remark. But in this disunion, there are generally, indeed almost always, faults on both sides. And why is this?—why need any fault proceed from you? Why not imitate the character so beautifully drawn from Scripture—the warm-hearted and interesting Ruth? She loved her departed husband, and because she loved *him* his mother was dear to her. Friends, country, kindred—all were given up for the mother of him she loved. What a sweet picture of tenderness and sensibility! I confess I never read the story, without feeling strongly impressed and interested by it; and, in imagination, I see the beautiful Moabitess saying to her mother-in-law, "*Naught but death shall part thee and me.*" If you love your husband, gentle lady, surely you must love the authors of his being, surely you must love the sisters of his youth!

And besides all this, listen for a moment to nature and reason. Your relations-in-law have lost their son and their brother: in truth, gentle lady, they *have* lost him; for when once a man is married, though he may repel the charge with warmth, and even with sincerity, adieu to the home and the scenes of his youth! adieu to the father who gave him life!—to the mother who nursed him in her bosom!—to the sisters who loved him in the fondest corner of their hearts! New objects, new connexions, new pursuits, have rivalled and "rent those ancient loves asunder;" and his wife, and very frequently her relatives, now step in,

and draw away his love and his attention from all that had hitherto engrossed him. Is it any wonder, then, that relations-in-law should look with a degree of jealousy on the woman who has thus alienated those affections and attentions, which for so many years they were in the exclusive possession of!—A wife perhaps will cry out, and say, “Am I to blame for all this?—am I in any degree in fault? Pity, indeed, my husband did not keep himself single to dangle after his mother and sisters! Pray, is not a man to leave father and mother, and cleave to his *wife*?”—Hush, gentle lady, hush! Bear with me for a moment. I mean not to contradict you; I mean not to blame you: nay, I do not even mean to say your husband should have done any thing but exactly what he did do; viz. *marry you*. All I ask is, an effort to make yourself an exception to the coldness, the satire, the ill-nature, which too generally characterizes a daughter-in-law or sister-in-law. All I ask is, (and I am sure a compliance is not difficult,) that you will, by kindness and affection, give your husband’s family reason to rejoice in the day that he first introduced you among them.

And pray, gentle lady, let your manner to your sisters-in-law be particularly kind and considerate. You are made a happy wife at their expense, at their loss—the loss of a beloved brother. Enter into their feelings, endeavor to gain their confidence; your matronly experience qualifies you to be their adviser as well as friend. Do all you can to make them appear to advantage, and to forward their advancement through life. As a married woman, *much* lies in your power. Should there be a favorite swain, approved of by father, mother, and prudence on all sides, remember your own feelings on a similar occasion, and take every opportunity to promote the union. Married women are sometimes extremely apt to forget girlish pursuits, hopes, and wishes, and to speak satirically of the very manner, which perhaps before marriage they had themselves been remarkable for. Avoid such inconsistency,

and give your sisters-in-law reason to say, “No: we have not lost our brother;—far from it; we have gained a sweet sister and friend!”

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ON THE TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.

“NEXT to your children,” says an admired writer, “your servants are your nearest dependants: and to promote their good, spiritually as well as temporally, is your indispensable duty. Let them always join your family devotions, and endeavor to make them spend their Sabbath properly.”

I have heard an old domestic remark, the worst mistresses a servant ever lived with were young married women. “They are unreasonable,” said she, “in their commands: they expect too much; nor do they know rightly when to commend or when to blame.”

In your manner to your servants, be firm without being severe, and kind without being familiar. Never be in the habit of conversing with them, unless on business, or on some point connected with their improvement. But, with this reserve and distance of manner, be particularly careful to maintain kindness, gentleness, and respect for their feelings. Their patience is often unnecessarily exercised, and their temper wantonly irritated. “I have been sometimes shocked,” says Mrs. Chapone, “with the want of politeness by which masters and mistresses provoke impertinence from their servants.” I remember seeing a lady\* who filled every station of life with honor both to her head and her heart, attending the dying

\* M. Graves, of Abbey-view.



bed of an old domestic who had lived for thirty years in her service.—“How do you find yourself to-day, Mary?” said her mistress, taking hold of the withered hand which was held out. “Is that you, my darling mistress?” and a beam of joy overspread the old woman’s face. “O yes!” she added, looking up, “it is you, my kind, my *mannerly* mistress!” The poor old creature said no more; but in my mind she had, by this last simple word, expressed volumes of panegyric on her amiable mistress.

Let your commands to your servants be consistent and reasonable; and then firmly, but mildly, insist on obedience to them. I really think that common complaint—“My servants never remember what I tell them to do,” might, in a great degree, be obviated. Let them see that you are particular, and that you will not pass over any neglect of orders; and when they find that this decisive manner is accompanied by mildness, kindness, and consideration, and that you are not to be disobliged with impunity, they will soon take care to remember what you command them to do. A little effort very easily remedies a bad memory.

“Never keep a servant, however excellent he may be in his station, who you know to be guilty of immorality.”

When a servant is sick, be particularly kind and considerate to him. The poor *dependent* creature has nowhere else to go, no one else to turn to: and their pale looks should be always a claim on your sympathy.

It is very disheartening to a poor servant to be continually found fault with. Praise and reward them when you can; human nature will not bear constant chiding.

## CHAPTER IX.

## ON THE MANAGEMENT AND EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

A LOVELY infant now crowns your mutual wishes. What a bond of union! What an incentive to tenderness! Lives there a man who can look at the mother of this pretty babe, and not feel his heart irresistibly drawn towards her? While the simple reflection, “This is the father of my child!” should make the husband to his wife the dearest object in the world.—

“Thus, for the parent’s sake, the child is dear,  
And dearer is the parent for the child.”

A little child is an uncommonly interesting object!—An immortal soul confined in such a fairy form; a little being for whom the blood of Jesus was shed; an epitome of God’s greatest, noblest work; “a miniature pledge,” as our great poet Goldsmith says, “who may be one day the guardian of the liberties of England, the bulwark and honor of its aged parents,” when a mother sees the divine faculty of sparkling in its little eyes, and issuing in lisping accents from its ruby lips, how fervently ought she to implore that Christ would be the Shepherd of her little lamb, that he would carry it in his bosom, that he would in this life shelter it in his fold, and after death place it among the cherubim which surround his throne!

The first duty which nature points out to a mother is, to be herself the nurse of her infant. Let no motive, gentle lady, except want of health, induce you to surrender this endearing office to a stranger. The custom of sending a baby to a distant hut to be nursed, is now so much exploded, that it is almost unnecessary to dwell on the subject. What! to send the pretty babe from your home and your bosom, from all the love and watchfulness its helplessness so strongly calls for; to send it to be nursed and cradled among stran-

gers; to allow the first dawns of its reason to beam in the atmosphere of vulgarity, meanness, and even vice!—Forbid it, mothers of Britain! Should circumstances render it inconvenient to bring a wet-nurse into the house, sooner, a thousand times, would I rear the pretty babe, in nursery phrase, with the spoon, than treat it with such unkindness and injustice. And now, after the lapse of a year or two, the poor baby, ill-reared, and alienated from its family, is brought home. His little heart pines and saddens; and he cares not for any body, nor for any thing, in the fine house he has got into. His nurse, and foster-father, and Billy, and Peggy, and the cat, and little Beauty the dog, are all the world to him. And the hawthorn tree which grows at the cottage-door, and the clear stream which runs in the adjoining field, have more charms in his eyes, than his father's fine-spreading chestnuts and cultivated grounds. He is a pet with no one, and no one is a pet with him. His more fortunate brothers and sisters are all preferred before him, and, untutored and neglected, no pretty ways endear him to his family, no pretty words issue from his little untaught lips. But I will suppose better things of *you*, gentle lady, and drop the subject for the present.

Do not, if it can be avoided, wean your child till it is twelve months old; and when compelled to inflict on it this its first misfortune, do it with mercy—*not suddenly nor decidedly*, but slowly and by degrees; giving it for the first week suck only twice or thrice a day; then only once; and then dropping it entirely in the day, but continuing it at night for some little time. And thus will the pretty babe be spared an anguish which even the Almighty seems to wish to awaken the mind to, when in his Holy Book we find those words:—*My soul is brought low even as a weaned child.\** I really do not well understand why

\* The greatest cruelty practised in weaning an infant, is that of separating the nurse and child so completely as to render it impos-

people remark it is best to wean a child at eight or nine months old, when experience so decidedly contradicts them. Look at the children of the peasantry. Mark the health which sparkles in their eyes, and the strength which gives activity to their little limbs; and yet those children are seldom weaned even so early as twelve months old. "I never knew child or mother injured," said a clever and humane physician, "by a late weaning."

I have often thought man could learn from an infant a sweet lesson of love and gratitude. In the act of weaning, has any one observed its countenance in all the eagerness of hope and anxiety seeking round for the beloved face of her from whom it has derived its support? Mark the expression of each little feature; mark the apathy with which it turns from every other face; and when it has discovered the object dearest to its little soul, the flushed cheek, the delighted eye, the shout of joy, the eager spring to reach her arms—all indicate the ecstasy and triumph of the interesting creature: and one longs to lavish kisses and caresses on him. And is it love for the very object *herself*, which causes these emotions? Yes, truly: for though another nurse appears who could just as well supply him with the beverage he is languishing for, he regards her with aversion, and turns away with screaming indignation.

The following rules, written by the directors of the Universal Dispensary for Children, and recommended by the late Queen Charlotte's physician, will not, I trust, be considered irrelevant, and perhaps may be acceptable to the young mother.

"Proper nursing tends to preserve the human species. The mother's breast is the infant's birth-right. Feed an infant in an upright posture: it gives uniform distension to the stomach. Expose it early to the

sible, though convulsive screaming may threaten the baby's life, to remedy the grievance by the soothing draught the pretty sufferer is shrieking for.

air: it keeps it from cold. Place it, while asleep, on its *right* side: it obviates indigestion. Attend to its cries: it never cries when well and at ease. Encourage it to stretch out its limbs, and to creep about: it promotes strength and activity. Rub it morning and night all over with the hand: it promotes circulation. Never waken an infant out of sleep by rough means: it may produce fits. Avoid the use of tight bandages, particularly round the body. Avoid quack medicines and old women's nostrums. In case of illness, at once call in medical aid. Avoid feeding infants in the night: it produces griping. And beware *at any time of over-feeding*. Avoid warm nurseries and close air: admit a current of air through the room every day that will allow it. Avoid carrying children on the same arm: it makes them crooked. Never provoke violent laughing, nor disregard violent crying: it weakens their little frame. If the child be weakly, give it a small cup of chicken-broth or beef-tea daily. And put on a flannel shirt in the day, but not at night: it promotes perspiration. After the first year, animal food may be given twice a week. If a child lately weaned should pine away, or contract any disease, by all means give it the breast again. Encourage it to walk and creep about as soon as it shows any wish to do so. Time enough at six or seven months old to put on shoes: and to make it hardy, let its petticoats be very short, and its arms and bosom be exposed to the air. Let it sleep in the middle of the day till it is three years old; put it to bed at seven o'clock, and let it rise early. Plunge it every morning into cold water, beginning in warm weather, and continue it every season after. If the child should be delicate, let the chill of the water be slightly taken off by adding a little warm water to it, until the child gets hardy. Be particular in the choice of the servant who attends your baby; and, if possible, let some one of the family accompany her when she takes it to walk. To rest her arms, she will often most inju-

riously place it on the damp ground, or go into a house infected perhaps with whooping-cough, small-pox, or some infantine disease: and then, instead of the benefit of air and exercise, the poor baby is kept sitting in her lap while she perhaps gabbles away anecdotes of the family she lives with. In a fit, loosen the child's clothes, raise the head, place it near an open window, sprinkle the face with cold water, rub it all over with your warm hand, tickle the nostrils and inside of the ear with a feather. Let it be moved as little as possible; put it in a warm bath, or keep a succession of warm flannel round it. To an infant give five drops of hartshorn in a little water; to a child of two years old, you may give ten; but give it with caution, to prevent it going against its breath."

The great Dr. Buchan says, "The first thing to be given to a child after it is born, is the breast; and, on no account, syrups, castor oil, or medicine. A woman's suck is nature's provision for the infant; no art can afford a substitute: deprived of it, the infant generally perishes. In the period of infancy," he adds, "the foundation of a good or a bad constitution is generally laid: and a mother who relinquishes her child to the care of hirelings hardly deserves the name of mother. A child, by being brought up under its mother's eye, not only secures her affection, but may reap all the advantages of a parent's care, even though it be suckled by another. How can she be better employed than in superintending her nursery? It is her province not only to form the body, but also to give the mind a right bias. Be assured, a mother generally has it in her power to make him either healthy or feeble, either useful in life, or the pest of society. Search nature throughout, and we cannot find a parallel to a mother resigning to a proxy the nursing of her child! Every other animal is the nurse of its own offspring. However, should the state of her health oblige her to employ another in this office, let it be done under her own eye. If there be plenty of suck, the child will

require no other food for three or four months; but after this time, give it once or twice a day milk-and-water pap, light broth with bread in it, with such like; and keep a crust of bread constantly in its hand: it promotes the cutting of teeth, and affords excellent nourishment where swallowed. Let it be fed four or five times a day, but not oftener; and on no account sweeten the food: it weakens the stomach, and makes the child eat more than is right. No butter, nor spoonfuls of wine or punch, but every thing light and simple. Keep them as much as possible in the open air, danced, and animated, and talked to, not kept mopingly nor stupidly in the nurse's arms. Put them early to the use of their limbs, leading them about by the hand. When they cry, endeavor to discover, that you may remedy, the cause. When they get ill, apply at once to medical skill. Let the nursery be the largest and best-aired room in the house. No cradles nor rockings, and let the child sleep quite cool. Plunge them every morning into cold water, not giving more than one immersion; and dry them quickly. What a lovely object," says the same writer, "is a little baby just emerged from the cold water! After he has been dressed, his head resting on his mother's bosom, closing his pretty eyes to sleep with all the sweet calm of a cherub; his frame braced and vigorous; his little hands spread open with health; and his countenance, blooming, placid, and lovely!"

The cries of infants are constantly excited by causes concealed from our observation. They are handled too roughly; or something is rubbing against their tender skin; or they are snatched up suddenly, and their arms hurt; or a pin perhaps in the clothes of the servant who carries them may have scratched them. Their little feet or hands may pain them with cold; they may be hungry or sleepy; perhaps sick or in pain; and, at all events, their cry should be always attended to.

The temper of a baby should be kept as placid and

serene as possible: every thing that frets and tames him should be carefully avoided. Indeed, his cries might be constantly prevented by not letting him see things improper for him to have. But if chance throws them in his way, *on no account* comply *merely* because he has cried for them. Even at this early age discipline must commence: his will *must* be subdued; and when he is old enough to walk and talk, the trouble both to himself and his mamma will be considerably lessened. Give me leave to ask a mother, Would she not correct her child for passion or self-will at a more advanced age? Then why permit it in an infant? Why not nip it at once in the bud, before time and habit have strengthened it?

If you indulge a child with what he cries for, of course the next time he wants to gain his will, he naturally employs the clamor and screaming which he has hitherto found so successful.

In a fit of passion, a baby flings himself back in the nurse's arms, screams, kicks, and lifts up his little hand to strike her. Every one—the mother as well as all present perhaps—laughs. A prophetic spirit would probably whisper her rather to mourn, could she see the future effects which time would give to this passion in the enraged Lilliputian.—“O dear, what harm could his baby-hand do!” Not the least; but he exerted it to the utmost; and if the power of infant Hercules had been his, his nurse would have suffered in proportion. If something improper for him to have been taken from him; or he wants to go out; or some matter or other occurs which crosses his will: instantly endeavor to change the tone of his little mind; run with him to a window, point out to him the trees, the birds, the shrubs—any object which the landscape presents; show him some pretty trinket or toy. But as you value his future temper and happiness, indulge him not in the object which had excited his passion. Be assured, that every time an evil temper is indulged, from the moment when, at five or

six months old, it begins to dawn in the infant breast, additional strength is added to it. And the mother who suffers her baby to scream and to fling his food in passion about the floor, without showing by her looks and tone of voice evident marks of displeasure, may call herself an affectionate mother; but I call her a weak, silly woman, wholly unacquainted with human nature.

Something or other should as constantly as possible be kept in a baby's hand; such as a stick of sealing-wax, coral and bells, a piece of wax-candle, &c. &c. It gives the little mind something on which to exercise itself, and rescues it from stupid inanity: and the eagerness with which the baby seizes and plays with those things, is often most injudiciously checked by ill-humor or carelessness in the attendant; and the pretty babe is thus unnecessarily irritated and set a-crying. Be assured, a baby's temper is much injured by the peevishness and ill-timed interference of the maid who carries it on her arm.

Never give an infant an article in play that requires watching: the attendant may forget to watch, and accident may probably ensue.

When an infant is playing with something improper for it to have, its attendant will sometimes snatch away the article, and set the baby a-screaming. This is unkind as well as injudicious: let a substitute, equally amusing, be provided; and with a little management the exchange may be made without diminishing the smiles of the pretty babe. Sometimes a little puppy or kitten is given up for the amusement of an infant. There is a great degree of cruelty in this: independent of the claws of the kitten rendering it an improper object to be played with, the infant is continually, though unconsciously, inflicting torture on the helpless victim.

When an infant stretches forth its hands to grasp what is not proper for it to have, at once express by your looks your disapprobation. Words it cannot un-

derstand; but it well understands the tone of voice, and the expression of the countenance. Let any one who doubts this, look at an infant standing in his mother's lap, and gazing in her face: if she shake her head and frown, will he not lower his under lip, and whimper? if she laughs, immediately he laughs also; and if she look sad and grieved, anxiety and sorrow steal over his baby face; and I have frequently seen the sweet cherub take up his little frock to dry his mother's tears. All this proves how capable an infant is of understanding your disapprobation.

With the first dawn of reason, a mother should commence the discipline of her child. To subdue his will, to correct all fretfulness and impatience, and to indulge him in nothing that he passionately cries for, should be her most earnest effort. And let her remember, that this discipline is perfectly consistent with the tenderest and most affectionate kindness.

"Discipline may be begun much sooner than it is generally supposed. The sympathies even of infants are quick, and powerfully affected by the manner, look, and tone of voice about them. Something, therefore, may undoubtedly be done towards influencing the mind in the first two or three years of infancy;" and it is inexcusable in a mother to neglect such a very important matter.

Can the beauty of truth, or the deformity of falsehood, be impressed on the mind of so young a child? Yes, truly! in a great degree it can. I have seen a pretty baby just beginning to speak, trotting about the garden; and on being asked, "Who broke that geranium?" his answer was, "The little bee, mamma." A sensible person might have said, "Alas! sweet child, why are the first accents which pass those ruby lips allowed to be polluted by falsehood?"

Many persons who allow themselves to treat children, during their earliest years, merely as playthings, humoring their caprices, and sacrificing to present fancies their future welfare; when the charm of in-

fancy is past, commence a system of restraint and severity, and display displeasure and irritability at the very defects of which they have themselves laid the foundation. "Then," Locke says, "parents wonder to taste the stream bitter, when they themselves have poisoned the fountain."

I shall now for the present take leave of my interesting baby boy; but for his future improvement, perhaps I may soon present his mamma with a small volume of selections from the best authors on the important work of education.

Perhaps, gentle lady, it may not be the will of your heavenly Father that you should be greeted by the name of mother. Perhaps he may, as it were, say to you, "It is not my pleasure for the present to comply with thy heart's wish; but seek me, and wait on me, and I may yet bring it to pass." But should this not be the case, even then could you but know why he seems deaf to your prayer, you would perhaps adore the motive of his denial, and feel with gratitude your escape from the misery which would have attended the completion of your wishes.\* The disappointed

\* The author had a relation that was married some years without having a child. Her feelings partook not only of grief, but of anguish: at length, a lovely boy was granted her.—"Spare, O God, the life of *my blessing*," was her constant prayer. Her blessing was spared: he grew to the years of manhood; squandered a fine fortune; married a servant-maid; and broke his mother's heart!!!

Another intimate friend of the author's was inconsolable for not having children. At length, the prospect of her becoming a mother was certain, and her joy was extreme. The moment of trial arrived: for four days and nights her sufferings and torture were not to be allayed by medical skill or human aid. At length, her cries ceased: and, at the same moment that she gave birth to two children, she herself had become a corpse. "Give me children," said the impatient and weeping Rachel, "or else I die." (Gen. xxx. 1.) Her prayer was heard; and in giving birth to her boy, the ill-judging mother expired.

Another impassioned mother, as she bent over the bed of her sick infant, called out, "O no; I cannot resign him. It is impossible: I cannot resign him." A person present, struck with her words, noted them down in a daily journal which he kept. The boy recovered; and that day one-and-twenty years he was hanged as a murderer!!!

hope may be the means of drawing you nearer to God; and you may yet apply to yourself those consolatory words—*Blessed is the barren that is undefiled; she shall have fruit in the visitation of souls.* (Wisdom iii. 13.) And again, what a sweet promise to the childless who please God, and keep the Sabbath, and take hold of his covenant: *Even unto them will I give in mine house, and within my walls, a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters: I will give them an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off.* (Isaiah lvi. 5.)

## CHAPTER X.

### CONCLUSION.

AND now, gentle lady, on the first of all subjects, allow me a moment's attention. When surrounded by affluence and comforts,—when happy in the possession of your husband's affections, and blessed with a smiling offspring,—when health sparkles in your eyes, and pleasure attends your footsteps—then *beware lest thou forget the Lord.* Beware and tremble ye women that are at ease; be troubled, ye careless ones: rise up, ye women that are at ease; hear my voice, ye careless daughters; give ear unto my speech. (Isaiah xxxii. 9, 11.) Now, gentle lady, observe with great attention those very remarkable expressions of the prophet. He says not, Tremble, ye women who live in sin; but, Tremble, ye women who live at ease. He says not, Be troubled, ye wicked ones; but, Be troubled, ye CARELESS ones—ye careless daughters—ye who dress, and dance, and laugh, and sing, and who never read of me, nor think of me, nor speak of me. Hear this, and tremble, ye careless daughters, and know, that *she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.* (1 Tim. v. 6.)

## MY HUSBAND.

WHEN various nymphs, with beauty's smile,  
Threw round their fascinating wile,  
Thy manly bosom to beguile,

My husband!

Then who, by love's strong powers impress'd,  
Selected me from all the rest,  
And thought me wisest, fairest, best?

My husband.

Resigning what's *call'd* liberty,  
A willing captive now to be,  
Who gave up all the world for me?

My husband.

Who plows perhaps the foaming main,  
Or boldly joins the warrior's train,  
For me dame Fortune's smile to gain?

My husband.

Who plants his groves and woodlands o'er,  
Or tills the field, or plows the moor,  
To fill my purse with golden store?

My husband.

Who, led by Wisdom's steady star,  
Displays his talent near and far,  
At church, the senate, or the bar?

My husband.

And who, superior to pretence,  
With brilliant wit and eloquence,  
Delights me with his manly sense?

My husband.

Who clasps me to his faithful breast,  
And vows, that of such love possess'd,  
No mortal man was ere so bless'd?

My husband.

Then let me use my utmost art,  
Domestic comfort to impart,  
And never pain thy constant heart,

My husband!

O yes! with woman's softest powers,  
I'll pluck the fairest, sweetest flowers,  
To strew with love thy passing hours,

My husband!

And, crown'd with peace and harmony,  
Thy life so very sweet shall be,  
Thou'lt bless the day thou weddedst me,

My husband!

POEMS.



## POEMS.

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The following Poems were written by "Margaret Graves," late "Derenzy"—author of the foregoing work, and sister to *Bartholomew Graves, Esq.* of Philadelphia.

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FROM THE WRITER OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS TO  
HER HUSBAND, MAJOR, D—,\*

FARE thee well! alas! for ever:  
Once this heart was all thy home;  
Now thrown back, no longer cherish'd,  
Scorn'd, rejected, and alone—

It faints; and never, never will it  
Reassume its former tone:  
Rudely hast thou cast it from thee;  
Scorn'd, and left it quite alone.

Can the smiles of faithless Julia  
E'er repay such love as mine?  
Can the garland she has woven  
Round thy manly brow entwine?

---

\* Major D— was an officer in the British service; and never did a finer face and figure, more captivating manners, or a more intrepid heart, adorn His Majesty's service. In the course of events, he became acquainted with the writer of the following little poems: a mutual attachment was the consequence; and in a short time they were united. But *love matches* (such as is the old adage) do not in general end happily: and soon had the heart of the *now* widowed wife to mourn over the wiles and seductions of Miss L—, a young lady of rank and fashion.

No:—such flowers will droop and wither,  
 Wither round my Henry's heart:  
 Blighted flowers can yield no sweetness,  
 Blighted by the breath of art.

Henry, when thy day grows stormy,  
 When the night of life comes on,  
 Thou wilt turn from faithless Julia,  
 And thou'lt think of her that's gone.

Thou wilt think of her that lov'd thee,  
 Lov'd thee still, in weal or woe;  
 Lov'd thee, though the darken'd tempest  
 Round thy head would rudely blow.

Still thy faithful wedded Mary,  
 Still would clasp thee to her breast;  
 And, with all a woman's feelings,  
 Hush thy every care to rest.

MARY TO HER HUSBAND, MAJOR D—

WHEN first, as on your manly arm I hung,  
 And heard the soften'd accents of your tongue,  
 When first you told me that no form but mine  
 Should ever round your faithful heart entwine,  
 I thought for you the world I'd fondly brave,  
 The howling tempest, and the foaming wave,  
 With you to earth's remotest scenes I'd go,  
 Your happy partner still, in weal or woe;  
 Whate'er befell you, wheresoe'er you went,  
 Your wedded Mary still would be content:—  
 Content, to crowded camps, and scenes of war,

(Still guided on by Love's all-powerful star,  
 To go:—and, when the foe his vengeance pour'd,  
 I'd cry, "Behold his face, and drop the sword!  
 Oh! shield him, shield him from the battle's storm,  
 And wreak your wrath on some more common form;  
 See, on her knees, a weeping wretched wife,  
 In pity view her, and Oh! spare his life;  
 Oh! spare!—and let us from this tumult roam,  
 My Henry's arms my shelter and my home!"

Oh! weep, Mary! weep! for thy poor heart is breaking;  
 And hope's beam no more shall arise o'er thy head;  
 Yes; weep, thou deserted one! sad and forsaken;  
 Oh! weep o'er the garland now faded and dead.

Yes; weep o'er the roses of youth's lovely season;  
 Those roses of youth once so blooming and bright;  
 Those joys, once illumin'd by love and by reason,  
 Now set, like your sun, in the clouds of the night.

But dost thou suppose she will love thee like Mary,  
 Does Henry expect, when his heart throbs with pain?  
 Yes; does he suppose, when his spirits are weary—  
 That Julia will tenderly lighten the chain?

Does he think, when his manly attractions shall fly him,  
 And Sorrow's cold frown shall his dark hour deform;  
 Does he think she will smilingly soothe and sit by him,  
 To cheer his sad bosom, or brighten the storm?

Ah! no; she may gather bright summer's red roses,  
 To weave for his brow a gay chaplet so vain;  
 But soon as Misfortune her dark form discloses,  
 No more she'll endeavor his love to detain.

But I; would I act so, my love!—would I leave thee?  
 Would *my* fond affection in adverse scenes flee?  
 O! never: though Heaven of all joy might bereave thee,  
 Thou knowest 'twould make thee but dearer to me.

Yet, trust me, those fetters that now so enchain thee,  
 Will break!—yes; reflection will soon break the  
 spell;

And then, when remorse and remembrance shall pain  
 thee,

Thou'lt think of thy Mary, who lov'd thee—too  
 well:—

Thou'lt think of thy Mary; and then, ardent feeling  
 Will rush to that moment, when, press'd to thine  
 heart,

Thou clasp'dst this poor form in thine arms; and then,  
 kneeling,

Thou vow'dst at the altar of God ne'er to part.

But Oh! we *have* parted!—and sweet peace shall never  
 Again o'er this heart shed its beautiful beam;

This desolate heart! Oh! 'tis wither'd for ever;  
 And wretchedness mingles each night with my  
 dream!

Ill-fated, deserted, unfortunate Mary!

But Oh! why those tears?—'twas the will of thy God;  
 O yes; 'twas his will that thy path should be dreary,  
 That sorrow should darken the steps thou hast trod.

And now, fare thee well, love! my health's fast de-  
 clining,

And poor Mary soon in her cold grave shall lie;

And Julia may then, on thy bosom reclining,  
 Inquire my sad story: and haply she'll sigh!

She'll sigh o'er the woman whose heart she has grieved,  
 And bid her sad spirit to slumber in peace;  
 She'll sigh o'er the woman oppress'd and deceived,  
 She'll sigh, though usurping my *name* and my *place*.

And when in the eve, on my lov'd Henry leaning,  
 She wanders along where the green willows wave,  
 And passing the yew-tree, where death's gloom is  
 reigning,

Again she will sigh, as she looks on my grave.

And thou, too, my love, thou wilt think of thy Mary;  
 And Oh! thou wilt sigh, very bitterly sigh;

Nay, a tear o'er the woman thou once lov'dst so dearly,  
 Will rush from thy heart to thy manly dark eye!

FROM MARY TO JULIA, ON HER PASSING BY THE  
 WRITER, AND STARING RUDELY.

Was it my sad, my languid air,  
 That thus excited Julia's stare?  
 Say, Julia, say, what could it be  
 That made you look so much at me?

Was it my cheek of deadly hue?  
 For pale it look'd at sight of you:  
 Say, Julia, say, what could it be  
 That made you look so much at me?

Was it my breast that heav'd so high?  
 For Oh! it swell'd as you pass'd by:

Say, Julia, say, what could it be  
That made you look so much at me?

Was it my form, by grief o'ercast?  
For, Oh! it shrunk as Julia pass'd:  
Say, Julia, say, what could it be  
That made you look so much at me?

Was it my melancholy eye?  
For sad it glanc'd as you pass'd by:  
Say, Julia, say, what could it be  
That made you look so much at me?

Well, Julia, 'twas not always so;  
For I, exempt from every woe,  
Look'd lately gay and fair as you;  
And I was lov'd—and dearly too!

---

FROM MARY TO JULIA.

THOUGH down the dance, with steps so light,  
You trip away the festive night;  
Though, whirl'd around in pleasure's ring,  
You dress, you dance, you laugh, you sing,  
Smile and coquette, with studied art,  
To win my Henry's valued heart;  
Yet, Julia, Julia, time will be  
When you will think of injur'd me:  
And Oh! a thousand worlds or more  
You'd give those moments to restore;  
Yes! worlds you'd give that you had ne'er  
Been taken in the guilty snare.

FROM MARY TO JULIA.

WHY did you pass me, Julia? why?  
Why was that triumph in thine eye?  
Why did you smile, as if in scorn,  
And gaze so on my languid form?  
In truth, 'twas not a female's part  
To pain a sister female's heart;  
In truth, I'd not have acted so;  
I'd not have pain'd *thee*, Julia—no!  
O no!—for though the bitterest wrong  
That e'er to woman could belong;  
Although the direst, keenest smart  
That heaviest lies on woman's heart,  
Has come from thee:—yet, Julia, no!  
In truth, I would not pain thee so:  
Though thou hast keenly injur'd me,  
I would not give one pang to thee!

---

ON LOOKING AT MAJOR D—'S PICTURE.

WHILE gazing on this lifeless shade,  
Julia! infatuated maid!  
In truth, my wonder is disarm'd;  
For thus he look'd—and you were charm'd,  
He smil'd!—your heart was soon engross'd;  
He spoke!—and, Julia, you were lost!

---

ON SEEING JULIA WALKING WITH MAJOR D—,  
AND LEANING ON HIS ARM.

'Tis past!—the bitterness of life is o'er,  
And human power can now molest no more.

O! never shall these lips again complain;  
 O! never shall I shrink again from pain:  
 For I have borne that agonizing smart  
 Which sinks most deeply in a woman's heart;  
 The keenest pang by mortal e'er contriv'd;  
 Oh! yes; I've borne it all, and yet surviv'd!

---

TO MY MUCH-LOVED SISTER JANE.

WHEN health's sweet form had disappear'd,  
 And sickness throbb'd in every vein,  
 My solitary bed was cheer'd,  
 By gentle Jane.

Sweet sister of my soul!—I own  
 That I can never tell—Oh! ne'er,  
 Nor pen, nor tongue can e'er make known,  
 How very dear.

Jane is to me—when she appears,  
 With peace and softness in her eyes,  
 She chases from me half my tears  
 And half my sighs.

Her look my bosom doth rejoice,  
 Her every word is sympathy;  
 And there is something in Jane's voice  
 That's sweet to me.

When I am dead, my gentle Jane  
 Will often wander where I lie,  
 And tears of fond regret and pain  
 Will dim her eye.

And she will bring wild flowers to me;  
 And strew them o'er my narrow bed,  
 And she will bid the Cypress tree  
 Wave o'er my head.

She'll say to yonder mould'ring wall,  
 Which feebly props that ivy'd fane,  
 Oh! do not on my Marg'ret fall—  
 'T would grieve her Jane.

And when the wintry winds blow high,  
 And sweep across my grassy grave,  
 My Jane will say, with many a sigh,  
 "Oh! cease to rave."

But Jane, love, I shall then have flown,  
 Where blasts nor storms can ever rise;  
 Safe anchor'd by my Savior's throne,  
 In yonder skies.

---

ON PARTING WITH A FAVORITE SISTER-IN-LAW AND  
 HER HUSBAND, COLONEL AND MRS. C.—

O SAD was the farewell, and dark was the day  
 That took my lov'd friends from their country away;  
 And sad sigh'd the breeze, as it fill'd their white sail,  
 Oh, it swept o'er my bosom, and cold was the gale.

And as the tall ship, o'er the green billows borne,  
 Disappear'd from my view, Oh, I felt so forlorn,  
 So sad, so deserted; and Oh, how I wept,  
 And I hied to the bower which Ellen had left.

But the roses look'd faded, the myrtle look'd dead,  
 The jess'mine look'd wither'd, for Ellen was fled;

And the birds which so oft cheer'd our hearts with  
their song

Now sung a sad ditty, for Ellen was gone.

If virtue did e'er to this rude soil belong,  
It dwells in the breast of lov'd Ellen and John;  
And, Friendship, such sweets did thy wreath ne'er  
impart  
As this now entwin'd by those friends of my heart.

Bloom, bloom, lovely wreath, till my sweet friends  
return;

O yes, gloomy Death, even over *thy* urn,  
Such friendship will bloom! O it never can die;  
For when of earth weary, 'twill live in the sky!

---

TO A FRIEND.

In vain you use your utmost art  
To chase away my pain:  
Cease, Charlotte, cease; the broken heart  
Can know no joy again.

In vain the laugh, the song, the glee,  
All, all are cold and vain;  
The heart, once touch'd by agony,  
*Can never smile again!*

---

TO A FAVORITE SISTER.

I THOUGHT she had the sweetest face;  
'Twas gemm'd with pity's tear;  
I thought that just those words of grace,  
Which charm'd the mourner's ear.

Were hers, as, sitting by my bed,  
She strove to soothe my pain,  
She strove to raise my aching head,  
And bade me hope again.

Sweet Anna! when I'm dead, a tea  
Will dim that gentle eye,  
And o'er thy Mary's mournful bier  
Thou'lt bend with many a sigh.

And will my gentle Anna weep  
Because her Mary's dead?  
Not dead; it will be only sleep,  
And heaven shall be her bed.

And she shall live in glory, such  
As suits yon azure sphere;  
And O, thou lovest her too much  
*To wish to keep her here.*

THE END.

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