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VOL. XII.—NO 23.

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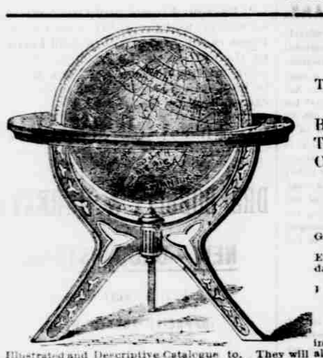

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For the F. & M.—Household.

(Concluded from last week.)

For our "Lady of the Lake" we had the lassie "May" who though she has but "come over the border" into her teens, can manage a boat like Ellen herself, or like she may some day manage a husband (at least I hope so). For the cliffs a very gazelle is she,—"a step more light, a foot more true, near from the heath flower dashed the dew,"—and withall a sparkling little companion, who may put your classes for an answer to her bright intelligence. It would require too much space to describe our varied pleasures in that week's wild wood rustication. The long August days were not long enough to compass our delights, notwithstanding we looked to a merry evening round the camp fire; usually finished by a torch-light procession to the top of the cliff to watch the train sweep round a not distant curve on the Western N. C., with its headlight gleaming in the darkness, like a coronet with a star bespangled train. We learned that trick of climbing the cliff to see the cars pass, from his dogship, Mr. Dot, a young pointer that used to scamper up the cliff in great haste at the sound of the whistle, and gaze with all his intelligent eyes. We had four other boys besides the dog, Master Sid was our mascotte. Whoever wanted fish for dinner engaged him for a companion. Master Otis, our musician, who "came to grief" in the pond, with his good clothes on; Master Ralph who did every thing he was told, and a good deal he was not; Master Henry—to catch minnows, and something besides, for rocking the boat. Then a dwarf henchman, George, to keep out of the way when wanted, which task he performed, without a blunder. The last evening, we spent in a boat, floating down the Catawba, ostensibly fishing for any demented fish inclined for a late supper, but in reality, for the enjoyment of the river breeze, the music of the waters, and beauty of the summer night. Then last, the sleep, after having prolonged every other enjoyment into the "small hours" of the "stilly night." In my rambles I lost sight of the dear Household, for a goodly portion of my mail was lost; but I caught on the wing the promise of N. L. H. to write me. I already owe to the magic of your pen, dear madam, something more lasting and true, than passing pleasure. Then let me be still more deeply indebted.

Sensitive Plant, I have been waiting, and watching for you at the door of our Household. Thrice I welcome you, twice for your ainsel my dear, and again for your charming letter.

Veritas, I have long meditated a friendly passage at arms with you, for impeaching the good taste that pronounced your letters agreeable and entertaining. For me they hold an additional charm for the sake of the "Green Isle."

L. B. I am coming at your call; wizzard that you are with your sheets wand. Words are on my tongue for Charleston and others, if only the shiels would not fill so fast, and fill me with compassion for——

—Mr. Editor whom I am not going to slight any longer in my capacity as mentor. However; this is rather a warning. You will please not lend your ear too confidingly to any foreign negotiations matrimonial; we restrict your choice to the Old North State whose daughters are so deeply indebted to you.

HELEN MACGREGOR.

For the F. & M. Household.

NEWBERN, Oct. 8, '83.

Having been remembered in Judith's witty roll call of the Household, I take up my pen for fear I M-ay B-e C-ome forgotten, and propose to use it to-day in defeace of a dead giant, who, by the pens of pigmies, is being, in my humble opinion, most grossly misrepresented. I have just been reading that most fascinating book. "Letters And Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and have formed an opinion diametrically opposite that lately expressed by some member of the Household respecting Carlyle, and his treatment of his wife. That she loved him with all the ardor of her impulsive, irritable, self-tormenting nature is evident all the way through to the most casual observer, and it seems to me equally evident that she was to him the one woman in the world, and that their union was one of soul and heart. Both were geniuses, and neither can be judged by the judgement meted to common place folks. She was a martyr to disordered digestion and nervous irritability, and had a wonderful power of of self revelation. In her letters she tells every emotion as well as every incident; at one moment she shows herself on the sofa happy that her husband is out of the house, feeling—

"I would not, if I might, be blest
I want no paradise—but rest."

The next she is writing to his mother thanking her, in the first place, for having been kind enough to produce her husband, and next for sending him back to her. "You have others; I have only him in the whole wide, wide world to love me and take care of me, poor little wretch that I am, not but that numbers of people love me after their fashion far better than I deserve, but then his fashion is so different from all these, and seems alone to suit the crotchety creature that I am."

They were both "crotchety," both highly nervous, both irritable and both *Scotch*, which expresses a great deal when we remember that Carlyle's mother said of him that he was "ill to have, but worse to want." That is to be without. These letters are the most pathetic and touching story of the trials, both mental and physical, of a highly-strung woman of genius, struggling with nervous excitability consequent on bad health, and the fretting cares of a household in which there was little money, and over which there presided an equally nervous excitable man of genius, struggling, as he says, "in the throes of the French Revolution, heavy laden in many ways and gloomy of mind." She says of him, in one of her letters, "For my husband, he is as usual; never healthy, never absolutely ill, protesting against 'things in general,' with the old emphasis, with increased vehemence just at present, being in the agonies of getting under way with another book."

Mrs. Carlyle loved her husband and was proud of him, and though with her self tormenting nature, she made herself miserable by her very love for him, I do not believe she ever once in his whole married life thought of him as a domestic tyrant, and this is the role he is now being made to fill by persons who look only at his nervous susceptibility and utterly ignore her graphic power of reproducing every event and emotion in a highly dramatic manner for the amusement of the friends to whom she was writing. If he did "rampage" through the sleeping house half the night, or if it was day time, suddenly break out of his study, declaring he could neither "think nor live" while the necessary noise of the house was going on, she in her turn would be driven equally frantic by the ordinary sound of night, and find "that dog unendurable," or declared she must shorten her visit to a friend if a certain ass could not be prevented from braying under her window.

Mrs. Oliphant, who knew both parties and seems to have been a sincere friend on whom Mrs. Carlyle greatly relied, says of them, "The curious household it was * * * the mistress, brilliant, caustic, never to be calculated upon what next she might do or say: the husband laboring heavily through his work, trying every room in succession, finding everything unsatisfactory. A wonderful Northern Gothic couple, blazing on into thunder and lightning of sudden fierce wrangle, with volleys of rolling words, far too mighty for the occasion, fire and flame and the smoke of battle, and laughter ringing through. No wonder that people misunderstood them!" In one of her letters to her cousin, Miss Helen Welsh, she says "the name of Welsh (that is the bearers of it)—has something in it wholly and everlastingly antipathetical to patience and toleration, and is no more capable of coalescing with it than fire with water."

When I remember Carlyle's remark about the English nation being "Maistly fules" (mostly fools) and read her jocosely expressed fear that instead of "ladies and gentlemen" he will commence his lectures with "men and women," "or perhaps fool creatures come here for diversion," I cannot but feel that Mrs. Oliphant is right when she says, "This man had the helpmeet most meet for him," and that the theory of "an unhappy marriage with love worn out on one side and never existed on the the other, is as unaccountable as any undiscovered hieroglyphic ever was."

Harper Brothers have just issued a new edition of these letters in Literary form, certainly one of the most fascinating books I have lately come across As a writer, the wife, in her way, was equal to the husband in his, but it seems to me a horrible outrage on the memory of both to have thus laid bare the secrets of their home, or what should have been such, to all but the friends to whom these letters were written. What woman would like to have all her irritable utterances on her neighbors for borrowing and never returning household articles, her comments on their "shiftlessness" or her spats with her servant on the discovery of bed bugs in her bed, reported to the public, much less to have her husband judged by her pettish utterances when suffering from ill health or nervous excitability, and from them branded a "tyrant;" yet this injustice has been done to Mrs. Carlyle. M. B. C.

For the F. & M. Household.

"Sensitive Plant," I break my long silence to welcome you into the Household. You must not think, my dear, that my tardiness is indicative of indifference. Just ask "L. B." to tell you what sad experiences have gone to make "*speaking* often and long," utterly impossible for me. Here's my hand. You have convinced all of us that to be "Sensitive" is to be very charming.

"L. B." a letter goes to you by this mail. You will find it to contain some good news, I think.

"Angelina Evergreen," do not think yourself forgotten. When I can get time for a letter, you will understand my silence.

"Comfort Marshall" your last came to me while I was visiting my husband's mother. I am at home now, and hope to be more prompt in answering the friends whom I have learned to love so sincerely. You will know, without the telling, how hard it is to find time for letters, when one is forced to look at life over a rampart of fall sewing and unfinished MSS.

"Helen McGregor," "Grandma," "Judith," "Em Broderie," where are you all? Will you not let your pleasant voices be heard in the Household again?

That was a fine piece of pleading for the "unmathematical." L. B. Thank you. The multiplication table remains a mystery to me to this day. But I must confess it to be a sense of regret that I was not compelled to study mathematics. There can be found no finer mental training. And why should not a love for mathematics be cultivated as well as any other love?

Some time ago a friend brought me an old Scribner containing a really fine paper upon "The perfect measure of man," full of *art-sense* and *sculptor love*, and I failed utterly to catch the idea of it because I have no sense at all about figures. It was a great disappointment to me. I wanted to enter into my friend's enthusiasm; I fully appreciated her appreciation, and I enjoyed beyond expression all the suggestions of beauty and art. But in the door-way (as it were) there sat a grim and ghostly figure, with a mysterious device upon it, "multiphers of 2," was it? Or "the square of 12?"—which? I could not "read and understand,"—and consequently I followed my friend afar off and wandered in a mathematical mist.

I, too, have been visiting among relatives, "Tar Heel,"—and such a jolly visit as it was! You must know, in the beginning that I have been blessed with a really wonderful mother-in-law,—the only mother-in-law I ever saw who thought her son's wife altogether worthy of the husband she possesses.

Well! this dear mother made my month's visit to be delightful in every sense of the word.

But the ride across the mountain ridge to her home was a novel experience to me, and one altogether enjoyable. Little John's eyes were ablaze with pleasure, as our horses toiled higher and higher, while from one peak we could see the valley below and other peaks beyond us.

"Mamma, what makes the pretty hills always ahead of us?" Jo asked. And I answered, "That's like *life*, my boy," to his confusion. He will understand after awhile, will he not?

Have any of you read "The Salon of Madame Necker."—to be had in "Seaside" form? I can confidently recommend it as a thoroughly readable book. And "Maid of Sker," by Blackmore, also in sea-side form.

Can we not re-assemble ourselves, Householders? Our vacation has been long enough. I must confess that our thinned ranks has been a painful sight to me. To the front, comrades!

N. L. H.

For the F. & M.—Household.

Raising Chickens Before they are Hatched.

There has recently been some talk in the Household about the helpless stupidity of some people in mathematics. Does not the fault lie more in the mode of instruction and in the application of the pupil than in the talent bestowed? In an experience of fourteen years of teaching in different schools and localities, I found that a child that could learn anything could learn arithmetic. But I found some pupils helplessly dull because their minds were hopelessly dwarfed by careless teaching and studying. A modest, self-possessed, well dressed girl of about eighteen, once entered a school in which I was teaching. After the principal had examined and dismissed her he sent for me. "Take her to your class-room," he said, "but she can enter none of your regular classes." "Does she know nothing?" I asked in surprise, for I had been attracted by her appearance. "Absolutely nothing," he replied, "and she has been in school all her life." I put her in simple addition, and after several months of hard work we reached long division, and there I gave up. It was perfectly incomprehensible to her. She tried to learn, but it was too late. In a school of one hundred, she was always the most tastefully dressed girl, and her manners were pleasant. Here, thought I, the mother's training stopped, the rest was left to careless teachers.

It fell to my lot once to examine a "new girl." I asked her if she could tell me what a proper fraction was. She very promptly gave me the correct answer. I asked her then to give me an example. She seemed not to understand. I repeated the question, and after a little hesitation she said, "a dog can run." I was much puzzled to know why she gave this instead of any other absurd answer, but after further examination I found she had been studying an English grammar, in which the question "Give an example," often occurred, the answer being always a sentence of some kind. I put her to studying English grammar too, because she insisted on it, but she never got as far as *a dog can run*.

I knew another girl, who, on leaving school, told her friends that she expected to be married soon. "Why," said one, "you are not ready to marry. If the market man tells you his chickens are 12½ cts. each, you can't tell how much you ought to give him for three. What will you do in such a case?" "Raise my own chickens," was the ready reply. I am sure that girl could have learned arithmetic if she had started right.

This reminds me of a little incident that occurred the other day in a district school not far off. A boy went up to the teacher's desk with a history in his hand, and asked her what B. C. meant. She explained that it was an abbreviation for Before Christ, and that it was prefixed to certain dates to distinguish them from those with A D. prefixed. "And now," she continued, "can you tell me what A. D. stands for?" "Yes'm; After the Devil," he replied without a moment's hesitation, and with a serious air.

Are any members of the Household teachers? If not, I fear I may seem prosy. But let me say one thing more while we are talking of schools and scholars, and then I will have done. What I am going to say may be set down as educational heresy, but I will say it nevertheless. English grammar, as it has generally been taught, ought to be rooted out of our preparatory schools. With the present system of text books, its place is amongst the higher studies, and it is a study for mature minds and intellects. A child can do almost as much with Butler's Analogy as he can with most of the grammars that I have seen used. Seven years I conscientiously tried to teach children English grammar, and seven years I conscientiously didn't try, and were I to teach seventy times seven years longer, I would not voluntarily put a child to studying English grammar. And now I have done.

FARMER'S WIFE.

Oct. 2nd. 1883.

—Those enterprising silver-workers, Wm H. Warner & Bro., 1123 Chesnut St., Phila., send us programme, medal, etc., of the German-American Bi centennial (or two hundredth) anniversary of the settlement of the Germans in Penna., at German-town, which is now a suburb of Philadelphia, the city limits embracing the entire county. The first invoice October 6th, 1683, comprised some 80 persons under Pastor Pastorious. The procession on the 6th inst, had 8,000 Germans in line, and 80,000 German wives and children looking on. Truly the little colony, which old Quaker Wm Penn told to walk right in, and find a seat, and sit down,—hath obeyed the words of the precept—To "increase and multiply, and replenish the earth!" The medal made by the Warner Bros is very neat and artistic.

For the F. & M.—Household.

Mrs. McGarrahan's Pig, and Other Matters.

My great-grandmother, Heaven rest her good soul, was in the habit of making a contribution to the Orphan's Fair, held annually in the fair city of Richmond, and one item of this contribution was twelve pounds of black cake, which was made a month before the fair so as to be in seasoned perfectness at the time of eating.

One of her grand daughters offering to help in the construction of this cake, was asked to seed raisins, and grandmama putting a bowl beside her, said, "Lizzie my dear, put all the seeds of the raisins in this bowl for poor Mrs. McGarrahan's pig."

"Pig! grandmama, how much good can raisin seed do a pig?"

"More my dear, if they do any, than if they were thrown away."

Wise grandmama! She, and no doubt Mrs. McGarrahan, and beyond all peradventure the pig, have been dead "these forty years and better," but the point of her remark is still good.

Small things, that are mere rubbish and waste to some, are oftentimes means and drink to the McGarrahans and their pig.

For example, the coffee grounds and tea leaves left from one breakfast and supper table are thankfully received by some poor neighbor, white as well as black, the liquor that a ham, or a piece of meat has been boiled in, the skimmings of a pot of soup, cold bread, or vegetables, all such remnants are gladly taken by the less well to do, especially old beggars who often "nately nones for some kitchen vittles if, only a pot liquors." I know a kitchen at whose door a water tight keg has stood for several years, wherein all manner of remnants, vegetable trimmings, dish water, etc., find storage, and daily, thro' sunshine or storm comes an old negro man armed and equipped with two buckets in which to bear away the afore-said slops for the use, benefit, and behalf of a family of indigent swine of which he stands seized and possessed.

These things, gentle householders, are small and homely in detail, but they are a great help to the needy, and even such poor and meagre things can bear the stamp of that divine charity which disdains no office however lowly for its fellow men.

Indeed, I often think the truest charity, the most genuine kindness is showed in the incessant remembrance of small services, "the mint, anise, and cummin" as it were, which weary patience, and rest the fibre of habitual temper. But, doubtless, in much of this I am "teaching Hannibal war," so with love to you all I will say adieu.

NON QUID SED QUIS.

For the F. & M.—Household.

Dicken's Dream of Death.

Has any of the Household ever noticed, in reading Dickens' works, the unique and beautiful manner in which he describes death-bed scenes? I will send some of them to the Household, for perhaps some one who has not read them may appreciate their beauties as I have.

Nothing can be more touchingly beautiful than the death of little Paul Dombey, in "Dombey and Son:"

"Now lay me down," he said, "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs, between its grim banks and the rushes. Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now; how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by her face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who sees it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards, not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

The death of the miser, Anthony Chuzzlewit, in "Martin Chuzzlewit:"

Old Anthony, dressed in his usual clothes, was in the room beside the table. He leaned upon the shoulder of his solitary friend: and on his livid face, and on his horny hands, and in his glassy eyes, and traced by an eternal finger in the very drops of sweat upon his brow, was one word—Death! He spoke to them in something of his own voice, too, but sharpened and made hollow, like a dead man's face. What he would have said, God knows. He seemed to utter words, but they were such as man had never heard. And this was the most fearful circumstance of all, to see him standing there, gabbling in an unearthly tongue. They put him in his easy chair and wheeled it near the open window, then, setting open the door, exposed him to the free current of morning air. But not all the air that is, nor all the winds that ever blew 'twixt Heaven and Earth, could have brought new life to him. Plunge him to the throat in golden pieces now, and his heavy fingers shall not close on one!

In "Bleak House" the death of the poor, ignorant street sweeper Jo, with his only friend, the doctor, beside him:

The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin'—a gropin' let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anything as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"*Our Father.*"

"Our Father!—yes, that's very good,

"—Which art in Heaven."

"Art in Heaven—is the light a comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. *Hallowed be thy name.*"

"Hallowed be—thy—"

The light has come upon the dark benighted way. Dead! Dead, your Majesty. Dead my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Worshipful Reverends of every order. Dead, sirs and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying around us every day."

In "Hard Times" the death of Mrs. Gradgrind:

"Even the power of restlessness was gone except from the poor head, which could just turn from side to side. She ceased however, that her request had been complied with, and that the pen, which she could not have held, was in her hand. It matters little what figures of wonderful no meaning she began to trace upon her wrappers. The hand soon stopped in the midst of them; the light that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak transparency, went out; and even Mrs. Gradgrind emerged from the shadow in which man walketh and disquieth himself in vain, and took upon the dread solemnity of the sages and patriarchs.

The deaths of Wm. Dorrit and his brother, in "Little Dorrit," are beautifully described. Wm Dorrit had spent many years of his life in Marshalsea Prison. He received a large fortune while there, was released and went abroad as a gentleman of wealth and leisure. One day he was suddenly stricken down and imagined that he was again in the Marshalsea. He continued under this illusion until as Dickens says:

"Quietly, quietly, all the lines of the plan of the great castle melted, one after another. Quietly, quietly, the ruled and cross-ruled countenance on which they were traced, became fair and blank. Quietly, quietly, the reflected marks of the prison bars and of the zig-zag iron on the wall faded away. Quietly, quietly, the face subsided into a far younger likeness of her own than she had ever seen even under the gray hair and sank to rest.

It was a moonlight night, but the moon rose late, being long past the full. When it was high in the peaceful firmament, it shone through half-closed blinds into the solemn room where the stumblings and wanderings of a life had so lately ended. Two quiet figures were within the room, two figures equally still and impassive, equally removed by an untraversable distance from the teeming earth and all that it contains, though soon to lie in it. One figure reposed upon the bed. The other, kneeling on the floor, drooped over it; the arms easily and peacefully resting on the coverlet; the face bowed down so that the lips touched the hand over which its last breath it had bent. The two brothers were with their Father; far beyond the twilight judgements of this world: high above its mists and obscurities."

In "The Long Voyage," one of his short sketches, there is a very striking piece on dying: "Thoughts of a voyager unexpectedly summoned from home, who traveled a vast distance, and could now return. Thoughts of this unhappy wayfarer in the depths of his sorrow, in the bitterness of his anguish, in the helplessness of his self-reproach, in the desperation of his desire to set right what he had left wrong, and do what he had left undone. For there were many, many things he had neglected. Little matters while he was at home and surrounded by them, but things of mighty moment when he was at an immeasurable distance. There were many many blessings that he had in equately felt, there were many trivial injuries that he had not forgiven, there was love that had been poorly returned, there was friendship that he had too lightly prized; there was a million kind words that he might have spoken, a million kind looks that he might have given, uncountable slight easy deeds in which he might have been most truly great and good. Oh, for a day! (he would exclaim), for but one day to make amends! But the sun never shone upon that happy day, and out of his remote captivity he never came. Why was this traveller's fate observing on New Year's Eve, the other histories of travellers with which my mind was filled but now, and cast a shadow over me!

Must I one day make this journey? Even so. Who shall say that I may not then be tortured by such late regrets, that I may not then look from my exile on my empty place and undone work? I stand upon a sea shore, where the waves are years. They break and fall, and I may little heed them; but with every wave the sea is rising, and I know that it will float me on this traveller's voyage at last."

There are many as pretty in his other works, but longer, and I fear I have already written too much.

JUDITH.

Woodville, Oct. 9th, 1883.

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