

Girls' Department.

CONDUCTED BY LILLIAN LINN.

Lillian's Salutatory.

DEAR GIRLS: Being one of you, I hope you will excuse me for introducing myself. I have been requested by the Editors of The Dew Drop to take charge of the Department of their paper devoted to the interests of the young ladies. Do not think, dear Girls, that I have acceded to this request because it was made by two very polite, intelligent and somewhat handsome young gentlemen; I hope I have been actuated by higher motives than the gratification of my vanity—of which you must know, like all our sex, I have a due portion. No; I am moved by a higher object—the improvement of myself and my sisters of the Old North State, in the accomplishments, the knowledge and the virtues that should and do adorn our sex. This being my motive, I hope I may meet a friendly hand from each of you to aid me in the duty which I have taken upon myself.

Our portion of the paper will be rather limited, and, therefore, we must make the best use of it we can; and to do this we must go to work and see what each one of us is able to do in the way of writing. And now I have taken it upon myself to act as censor for you, and to say what shall and what shall not be published in the "Girls' Department." I hope you will furnish me with all your little thoughts, neatly written out, that I may select such as are suitable and arrange them for each number of the paper; and with your assistance thus rendered, I hope to make our few columns quite as good as the other departments. Why should we not write as well as our brothers? We can do it. It has always been maintained, I believe, that woman is capable of attaining as high as man in intellectual effort; and, by a parity of reasoning, may we not maintain that girls are at least equal to boys in mind? And now, I want you not to mind what the boys may say, but write, write—and all your communications shall receive due attention from one who wishes to make a friend of all the young ladies who read The Dew Drop.

But I must not forget to tell you that for convenience, and to save my blushes I have had to use a little deception. LILLIAN LINN is not my true name—though I almost wish it was; for as dearly as I love the old family cognomen, yet my adopted name is such an improvement on the euphony of the real title that I am almost in love with it, though I have worn it only a few hours. By this name I will be known as the conductor (it comes so queer to say editor) of the Girls' part of this paper. You may call me Cousin Lillian, or Sister Lillian, but do, Girls, don't call me Aunt Lillian; for you know how bad we hate to be called by any name that smacks of age, and some how aunt always brings to my mind the recollection of two or three old maids, who were always called by myself and schoolmates Aunts. Yes; there was Aunt Lizzie, and Aunt Mattie, and Aunt Mary—dear good creatures they were too, and none the worse, Sir Scornor, by being old maids.—But I am not going into a defense of a much abused portion of our sex just here; but if any body ever says aught against them in these columns, Lillian will be heard from—and I can assure young men, and old bachelors too, that she is not an old maid yet.

Well, Girls, when you wish to communicate anything to The Dew Drop, you must direct your letters to "LILLIAN LINN," in care of Mr. F. M. Paul, Wadesborough, and drop them in the postoffice, and they will come safe to my hands; and I promise you that your articles shall not go into the hands of the printer until they are carefully copied by me, and arranged for publication.

And now, I must bring my first little talk to a close, hoping we will be more pleased with each other as our acquaintance advances; and that through you I may be introduced to all the young girls of our good old mother State. I expect to have many nice little chats with you in future, and will promise to be a regular visitor to all who desire my company.

Good night!

LILLIAN.

Falsehood hath often a goodly outside. The devil can quote Scripture to suit his purposes, and generally gets you to believe he is a saint before he shows his face. An evil soul producing holy witnesses is like a goodly apple rotten at the heart.

[Below the girls will find some good things written by the youthful editors of that beautiful sheet, The Garland, published in Cincinnati, Ohio.]

The Young Ladies.

Our fair readers must excuse us for having devoted so much attention to other matters, and neglected them; we are not wont to do so; we have a strange, though not unnatural sympathy for "girls," notwithstanding the impropriety older heads perceive in it.

We remember, ever since we were young, (we mean of course, the days of our infancy, we are not far beyond that period now) to have experienced a peculiar pleasure in their society; and the days when we toddled across the floor without the aid of "Mama," to give our little chubby sister a real natural unalloyed "Buss," are not among the least pleasant of the few short days of our life; and now, since we have become old enough, (nearly sixteen) to become an editor, with a whole pen to ourselves, we can say all manner of pretty things to them without the fear of a pull of the ear from "Grand-pa," or an admonishing scowl over the "specs" of our cherished, but now (we hope) angel mother.

Girls! ("Young ladies" seems so formal) have you ever thought, while seated at your pleasant fireside on a cold winter's evening, when surrounded by kind parents, and loving brothers and sisters, that it would not always be thus? That time, that dire destroyer of all things earthly, would one day point its colleague Death to thy little homestead, and take thence some cherished relation—a brother, a sister, or perhaps the mother that sits beside thee so cozily?

No, you have not; you have only thought that the happiness you now enjoy is immutable, subject only to an increase by the different stations which you may occupy in after life. If so, it is well with you. Before you is a broad cloudless future, interspersed with bright stars, whose silvery voices beckon you onward; and radiant with the kind smiles and cheering words of dear kindred behind you, you hear nothing, save the gentle ripplings of that stream of happiness upon which you have just embarked, while above you round you balmy zephyrs whisper sweet words of cheer, and as your bark glides wittily forward, Energy, Perseverance and Industry, work the oars, Hope shows the way, while Success, sweet Success, stands with open arms and smiling countenance to welcome it into port.

Have we not thus faintly pictured the course of some of our fair readers.

Many a heart will beat a responsive affirmative.

But, different "young ladies" have different ideas with regard to happiness. We know some who think they are happy, because, firstly, they are blessed with an ordinary share of good looks; secondly, because they are permitted by indulgent parents, on pleasant afternoons, to "fix up" and take a walk past all the "Boys' Schools," thirdly, because their parents have reduced the supply of the table in order to secure the services of Prof. De Humbugge, for the purpose of inculcating in their daughter the most approved style of murdering music, secundum artem, under the guise of half day Italian Operas; Overtures and sentimental Negro songs; and lastly, because they are allowed to walk in thin clothing and slippers, of a cold night, to the Ball room, endangering their lives for the silly purpose of "whirling around" once or twice with the "handsomest fellow in the room" who never goes to the Barbers, because he keeps his whiskers in the drawer of his toilet, and has to wear a flesh colored "half mask," to hide his enormous nose.

And then, again, we are acquainted with some who love to stay at home, (notwithstanding the "invitation" to the next "Ball," sent by the "handsome fellow," lies upon the table) to cheer the declining days of an aged parent, who watched over and took care of them in their infancy, provided all their wants, protected them from injury, and stood beside their bed-side, when the breast heaved with the wranglings of inward disease.

Who lend a heedless ear to the dictates of fashion, nor stoop to the gratification of the cravings of a corrupted pride; who perform simple and touching melodies upon the Piano for the amusement of the family, and who do not screw up their faces into all kinds of fashionable (but ridiculous) smiles, and wait five minutes and a half, (the allotted time, if we err not) when asked "to play," and, above all, we admire that young lady who, actuated by principle, marks out her own course, heedless of the usage of a false and imperfect society, and

the smile of scorn upon the countenance of The Fashionable Miss. Who loves her home, and her God, and is not ashamed to render them homage.

But we have taken up more space than we had intended, and we will close with the remark, that we shall make "The Garland" suited as well to the "girls" as the "Boys," (for it is in that light that we make mention of the word "youth.") and if the young ladies will deign to let us know their wants, the style of editorial, &c., we will do our utmost to make our little paper of interest to them.

The Good Sister.

I know, gentle reader, you would like to hear about a little girl whom I shall call Laura Styles. She had no mother, for God called her to heaven when Laura was only three years old. An elder sister supplied in a measure the vacant place, and neither Laura nor her little brothers knew in reality how much had been taken from them when their mother died.

Reader! if you have a mother, you can not prize her too much. Be dutiful and kind, and try to make her happy by entire obedience; and in after years the memory of sacrifices made for her sake will bring you joy and peace, which the world can never give.

Laura's father was not a poor man, neither was he what might be termed a rich man. He was an industrious farmer, and by constant labor was enabled to provide for the necessary wants of a large family. Kate, his eldest daughter, directed his household affairs, made and mended the garments for the younger children, gave them the best instruction in her power, and in short seemed more to the motherless ones like a mother, than sister. Laura was a sunny-haired, dark-eyed little girl, and of a very affectionate nature, though, like all children, with faults, yet when she had done wrong she was never ashamed to confess it, and to ask forgiveness. Remember, my young friends, always so to do. The best of books says, "confess your faults one to another."

How well I remember Laura Styles, as she stood before me years ago, when I was passing a few days at her father's house. I had long since read, and had then learned her true worth, and as the distance was not very great which separated our homes, we often met. Just before dinner one day, Laura came into the room where I was sitting, looking as bright and happy as a bird. She was neatly dressed in a new frock which her sister had that morning completed, and her hair was smoothly combed above her sunny forehead. In a little while she asked permission to join her cousin who was playing in the yard with her brothers, and as that was granted, I did not see Laura again for some time.

Now Laura had no sister near her own age to play with, so it was not surprising that she became somewhat rude and boisterous when with her playmates in the yard. After having a grand game at ball, the little girl proposed to look in the barn for eggs, so away they ran to hunt them up in the mangers, over the corn stacks, and upon the hay mows. Although Kate had charged Laura not to climb the ladders, and to be careful of her new frock, still the thoughtless child was the first to propose an ascent to the highest mow in the barn; from her memory had faded the words of her eldest sister. They found several dozen of eggs there, and in glee were they all descending the ladder, when Laura's foot slipped, and she fell upon some straw below. She was very fortunately not injured seriously, but was so much frightened that she did not observe till in the hall the great rent in the pretty dress Kate had been so long in finishing for her.

What a sight was Laura when she again came into the room where we were sitting, her face and eyes red and swollen with crying, and her dress tumbled, dirtied, and torn. She buried her face in her sister's lap, and in broken accents told the story of her wrong behavior, and the accident which had befallen her. She seemed truly sorry that she had been so careless and disobedient, and promised to be so no more.

Laura has now grown up into maidenhood, but she has never forgotten that afternoon's lesson, and as long as life is granted her, will never cease to love and thank that eldest sister for all her kind instructions and uncomplaining forbearance.

Let all older sisters be, like her, kind and forbearing to the younger ones, that there may be perfect confidence between them.

A Sister's Influence.

Could we penetrate the history of the great and good of our land, and question the cause of their greatness and goodness, how many would tell us, that they owed their preservation from vice and ruin to the gentle influence of a dear sister.

When temptation's slimy voice sought to lure them from the path of rectitude, when profanity and licentiousness threw around them their siren spell, when their principles were inadequate to repel the attacks of vice, the prayers and gentle words of a sister saved them.

Reader, if God has blessed you with a sister, oh! treasure the precious gift, with all the fondness and love your heart is capable of, or if you be a sister, exercise the influence you possess in behalf of the brother; if he err, seek by kind words and entreaties to reclaim him, he is susceptible of your power; of all persons, you have his confidence and affection; there is none of his associates, that he would not sooner abandon than you; no enjoyment or place of resort, that he would not forsake, at your affectionate entreaty. Guide him then, point him the path to honor and happiness, and by your tender influence keep him in it.

For our part, we bless God at this moment, that he has given us a sister, who, at the beginning and close of each day, sends to the "Father of the fatherless" a prayer for us; and he would be hardened indeed, could we hurl ourselves to ruin, while a loved sister was pleading for the salvation of our soul. S. S.

The Language of Flowers.

Flowers live and bloom over all the earth. Some dwell on the mountain-side, and lend their fragrance to the roving breeze, whilst others grace the rill rippling at its foot. Some "waste their sweetness on the desert air," while others bloom and fade in shady dell or unknown nook. The poor man's cot is encircled with those of the richest hue, others are with tenderest care reared in some far garden. They cheer their beautiful forms the gliding stream, the valley, and even along the road, some of their bright hues to glad the way-worn.

I care not how they bloom, in each of them inscribed on their emerald leaves, read some emblem written by Nature, and discovered by the eye of man. They each have a language, if understood by the little red Visitor, they would oft with them, in their morning walks or evening ramble.

As cold Winter leaves the earth, and joyous Spring trips down the vale, the flowers that first springs in her footsteps is the little Forget-me-not, and as its name, so is its emblem: it is of a tender and fragile form, and begs the children of earth to forget it not, but to remember it is first to break the unfurrowed soil, and cheer bright Spring with its bloom.

"Each dew-drop on its morning leaves, Is eloquent as tears, That whisper when young passion grieves For one beloved afar, and weaves His dreams of hopes and fears, Forget me not."

Days pluck this flower and remember its emblem, thinking that in a future hour I may be neglected and forgotten.

The next that spring in the footsteps of their queen, are the Violets, blue and white, emblems of modesty and faithfulness,—then the spreading fields of Oats blown by the breeze of Spring, whisper music, music; and the sweet William, rising up here and there, bids us smile and rejoice. The fields of Wheat wave with prosperity, and the Pine speaks of time and philosophy. Whilst the Passion-flower is talking of religious fervor, and the Snowball of heavenly thoughts, the language of the white Lily is purity, and that of the Flowering-reed of confidence in Heaven.

And when you see the white Jasmine arrayed in her robe of amiability, and her sister the yellow Jasmine in grace and elegance, the Hyacinth purple droops her head in sorrow, and the Harebell in grief.

While the Hawthorn is encircled by the bright bow of hope, and the Magnolia, Nature's lover, bids us look to Nature's God, the Cypress droops her head in despair, and the Columbine is bowed by desertion. The York and Lancaster Rose tells us of the din of war—the Tulip-tree, of fame. The Sweet-brier is clad in simplicity, the Olive in peace. Domestic happiness is the Holly's theme, fraternal love the Woodbine's,—devotion the Heliotrope's, remembrance the Rosemary's. The Wild Grape tells of mirth, the Willow of mourning. The Laurel wears a wreath culled from the charms

of bright Virtue's path, and the Clematis tells of mental beauty. Beauty and innocence are the crowns which adorn the Daisy's head—elegance and dignity the Dahlia's.

Youthful gladness plays in the Crocus' face, and the Anemone's beams with anticipated pleasure. The Daily Rose speaks of levity, the Danak of youth. The White Rose of sadness, but the rose variegated tells all to be merry. The Grass tells of happiness in poverty, and the Fir of firmness. The Nasturtium wears the patriot's smile, the Oak raises its head in bravery and humanity, and the Amaranth tells of immortality. Flowers are beautiful to look upon: their fragrance, how delightful! Add to beauty and fragrance their emblems, and they become the brightest gifts of Nature, I hope, before this year shall pass, that each little reader will understand their language; and may

"Your hearts be as pure, Your cheeks as bright, As the roses of Spring."

LILLIAN feels that she should make some apology to the readers of The Dew Drop for the bad manner in which she has performed her part in the present No. Her excuse must be her inexperience, and the haste in which she was compelled to prepare the matter she presents to-day. She hopes to improve by practice, and by the assistance she is confident of receiving from others, to do much better in the future.

Riddle's Department.

[For the gratification and amusement of our young friends, we open this department of our paper, and invite all who are disposed to contribute riddles, charades, enigmas, anagrams, &c. We have original to present under the present number, but matter as usual to our

And that was with Noah afloat in the ark. My weight is three pounds and my length is a mile, And when I'm discovered, you'll say with a smile, My first and my last are the best in the Isle.

The following is a very pretty and correct floral enigma, taken from the Youth's Cabinet. Will some of our friends rub up their knowledge of Botany and send us an answer!

I am a sentence of twenty-five letters, My 17 4 11 18, is a flower which personates our Saviour. My 10 5 11 2, is the national emblem of the French. My 12 1 10 15 14, is a flower beautiful though despised. My 3 18 22 8, is a large family of plants. My 21 18 5 6, is a part of the plant essential to the perfection of the seed. My 24 18 18 12, is an organ to the protection of which all floral organs seem adapted. My 7 8 18 6 4 8 18, is one of the earliest flowers of spring. My 25 18 8 8 13, is a medicinal herb. My 16 20 9, is a forest tree. My 6 4 8 19 8 12 17 10 23, is one of the classes in Botany. My whole is contained in the Bible.

Here is another riddle, or charade, which we find floating along in our exchanges.

We copy it, and hope some of our rhyming friends may send us an answer in verse.

My first to all that is lovely lays claim, Our mothers and sisters are called by his name; 'Tis also a market where treasures are sold Of all sorts and kinds for silver and gold. The judge on the bench, the boy at his play, Must be what it is, or he'll rue the day. My second's a letter, 'tis in every one's eye, You'll guess what it is as soon as you try. My whole is a being can do what he pleases, Sometimes it does good, and sometimes it ceases; Takes all sorts of shapes, is of all sorts of sizes; And strange are the ciphers it often devises. At least so they say—I never saw one, But one Mr. Shakespeare who is pretty well known, (His writings are printed) such beings has seen, He describes them so well—Do you guess what I mean?

A pretty enigma is the following, copied from the Baltimore Sun. It is very easy.

In a garden there strayed A beautiful maid, As fair as the flowers in the morn; The first hour of her life She was made a wife, And she died before she was born.