

DARLING LOTTY.

OR, THE PERILS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE DIME.

When a young couple in New York, choose to bring their love affairs to the recognition of the minister or magistrate, and become man and wife, according to the statute made and provided, housekeeping does not follow, as a necessary consequence. They live with the 'Old Folks,' or find a room in a 'genteel boarding house,' or, if able, take apartments at some fashionable 'Family Hotel.'

Had the country at large been supplied with these conveniences for young couples, our heroine would have avoided, and we should not have recorded, the perils of housekeeping.

Miss Charlotte Jones was the daughter of a worthy and enterprising carpenter, who, settling in a thriving village, became, in due time a builder, contractor, and a forehanded man. His wife was as industrious as himself, and more ambitious and among their other blessings, they had one fair daughter, Miss Charlotte, who was as pretty, as amiable, as charming, indeed, as was necessary to make the smartest young man in the place, fall in love with her—which he did.

Of course he did. He was a medical student, in the doctor's office right opposite. As he sat there studying anatomy or making pills, he could see Miss Charlotte in the parlor or the garden. He could hear her play on the piano-forte, and sing; he could see her doing all sorts of wonderful worsted and crochet work; and he came to think that parlor, one of the most delightful places in the world.

Well—it was a love affair, all mutual and pleasant; calls and moonshine, music, billets, blushes, bouquets, long Sunday evenings, and finally, 'Ask Pa!'—and then a wedding—but of course the diploma came first, and the petted child of the successful carpenter, became Mrs. Doctor Simmons.

And Dr. Simmons, who had received the honors of a medical college rather young; and who thought it needful to raise all the whiskers he could by industrious shaving, and a course of Maccassar, and to mount a pair of spectacles beside, to make him look old enough, had decided to commence business in a small but growing village, in a neighboring county; where as it happened, Mr. Jones owned a neat cottage, of which, with its acre garden lot, he made his daughter a marriage present; and there, on the termination of the wedding tour, they took up their residence. The good Mrs. Jones had put everything 'to rights.' It was in the most exquisite 'apple pie order,' and no young couple, just beginning housekeeping, was ever any better fixed.

Mrs. Jones, good soul, had always done her own work. Help was a dreadful bother. Charlotte had been carefully educated. She could do everything, that is, every thing that is ever taught to young ladies.

She knew all sciences and nearly all languages; that is, a little. She could do all kinds of fancy work. Her worsted cats, and wax flowers were wonderful; so were her water color drawings, and her mono-chromatic sketches were 'high art.'—Everybody said so.

But, somehow, Mrs. Jones, from the habit of doing everything herself, had not given Miss Charlotte a fair chance in kitchen and laundry; and in other housekeeping accomplishments; while Charlotte had a vague idea that all those common things were perfectly easy, and as they were not taught at school, she concluded that they came by nature. So she commenced her housekeeping in a dream of blissful anticipations.

They took possession of their own nice little house, one fine summer's evening. Mrs. Jones saw them all properly fixed, and had gone home.

They awakened with the early birds. Dr. Simmons dreamed that somebody was thundering on the door, to call him up to see a patient. It was his horse, pawing to be fed.

'Well, Lotty dear,' said the grave Doctor, who was in his twenty-third year, to his wife of seventeen; 'shall we make a beginning now; rise early, and attend to business?'

'Oh, by all means. I'll jump up, and get breakfast.'

'And I'll feed Pomp, and weed the garden.'

So the doctor watered and fed his horse, and hoed his potatoes a little, and then took a peep into the neat little kitchen, to see how the 'Darling Lotty' was getting on with breakfast. Her face was very red, and her hands very black; her hair was powdered with ashes.

It was plain that she had trouble; but she spoke pleasantly, for all that, when she said—

'Do go away, Charles, that's a dear, till you hear the bell ring. Breakfast will soon be ready.'

Well he waited. He read, then he whistled, then he fidgeted, then he wound up his clock, then he looked at his new case of instruments, and wondered how soon he should cut off his first leg; then he got very hungry, and at last the bell did ring, and he went to breakfast.

The Darling Lotty was looking a little better, but still rather anxious.

'Have you had a hard time, darling?' inquired the Doctor, cautiously.

'Oh, not very. The fire did not kindle well at first, and the stove smoked.'

'Did you open the damper?'

'Damp? why no. Has it got a damper?—Well, I'll remember next time. Now have some coffee.'

The Doctor took his cup, stirred it about, looked rather hard at it; and then at Darling Lotty.

'Well, what is it? I'm sure I don't know what makes it full of those specks, I boiled, and boiled it.'

'Yet, it don't seem to be settled. Did you put in any fish skin?'

'No, I forgot.'

'No matter. It will do very well. Now Darling Lotty, I'll take an egg. Why! Its as hard as a brickbat.'

Hard! Now how can they be hard, when they were boiling all the time I was making the coffee and the toast?'

Ah! toast; let us try that. A little burnt, but very good; there, don't cry, darling; it'll be all right next time.'

After showers come sunshine, and this one cleared off. The Doctor laid aside his dignity, and helped wash the dishes; and then put his horse in the new sulky, took the new saddlebags, and drove off furiously, to see some imaginary patients, till dinner time, while Darling Lotty blocked out a worsted parrot, that bid fair to be the wonder of her next winter's parties. But this, like all pleasures, came to an end, for there was dinner to get, and that dinner was to make up for the breakfast.

The Doctor liked a nice dish of boiled victuals—so she made a fire, and peeled the potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, and put them with a nice spare-rib of fresh pork into the kettle, and set them to boiling. There was a rousing fire; the water boiled furiously, and she went up stairs to put a few stitches into the parrot. Pretty soon she became conscious of an unpleasant odor; she sniffed, and wondered, and then put in the eye of the parrot. But the unpleasant odor became stronger, and at last she thought proper to go in the direction it seemed to come from; and that happened to be the kitchen. The stove was red-hot; so was the kettle of boiled victuals; and a nice smother was rising from it. The Darling Lotty dashed a dipper of water into the kettle; Bang!—and such a cloud of steam! The kettle was cracked, but the Doctor had just come home hungry, the table was set and the dinner was soon dished.

The Darling Lotty took her place at the head of the table. She was flushed, and nervous, and ready for a fit of hysterics; but the Doctor was so cheerful, and tender, that she began to feel quite happy. But the poor dinner. It did not smell exactly right; it seemed to have caught on the bottom of the kettle, the Doctor said; when the potatoes were boiled into a pulp; while the beets and turnips were quite hard. The fresh pork rather wanted salting.

'Charles, dear!' said Lotty very sadly.

'Well, Lotty Darling, what is it?'

'I'm afraid the dinner is not very nice.'

'Well, it is a little scorched; and not exactly managed all regular, and all that sort of thing, you know; but what signifies? We'll try the dessert.'

'Oh!'

'Well, darling, what's the trouble?'

Lotty ran into the kitchen, and there was her poor, forgotten plumb-pudding, in the stove oven, just burnt to a cinder. It was as black as coal; a fine carbonaceous specimen, as the Doctor learnedly remarked; as he finished, or rather made, his dinner on some bread and butter.

The Darling Lotty mourned over her disasters but took comfort in the brilliant plumage of her parrot, which Dr. Simmons could not sufficiently admire. She was also comforted with the thought that the next meal was tea, which she felt sure she could accomplish. And when the hour drew nigh she made up a fire; and by this time she had learned how to manage that. Then she took some flour and milk, and butter, with plenty of saleratus, to make them light, and mixed up some nice biscuits, and put them in the oven, and then she made tea; and when all was ready, she rang the bell with great emphasis. And, truth to say, the table was very richly arranged, and the tea service of gold band china was beautiful.

Dr. Simmons smacked his lips with great gusto. He took a cake, and tried to break it, but it did not seem to break readily. Then he tried his knife. It cut like cheese; also, it was very yellow, and smelt, and tasted rather strongly, the Doctor said, of free alkali. So it did, in fact for there had been no acid to neutralise the saleratus, and set free its carbonic acid, and of course nothing to make the cakes rise. The Doctor explained it all very learnedly; and then, as he felt dry, took a sip of his tea, of which he was very fond. But he made a wry face.

Lotty was in consternation. 'Is not the tea right? It must be! I put in a great deal, and boiled it ever so long. I'm sure, if it hasn't got the strength, it soon will have.'

'My darling Lotty, tea is a delicate and odoriferous plant; and should be prepared as an infusion, and not as a decoction. Bring me a little tea, darling, and some hot water; and I will soon make a good cup of tea; and he did.'

The poor darling Lotty. It took all the endearments of a tender husband in the honey moon, to keep her from down right despair. But the day's lesson had not been lost, and she had determined to have such a nice breakfast as should make up for all.

Morning came; and our young doctor gallantly offered to assist in getting the morning repas; but no; Lotty was determined to do her own work. She mixed her takes according to the learned suggestion of the evening previous. She boiled the eggs three minutes by the clock. The coffee was clear—greatest comfort of all. She rang the bell, and sat down in triumph.

The Doctor broke a biscuit—it was capital. The egg was just right. Then he tasted the coffee—and it came out of his mouth as soon as it was in. And such a face! Doctors are not squeamish; young doctors particularly. They know what bad taste and bad smells are; but this—

'Why, Charles!' cried the darling Lotty, 'what is the matter with the coffee?'

'That is what I would like to know. Lotty darling, I know you do your best, and the biscuits and eggs are beautiful; but what did you put in the coffee?'

'Why, Charles, you said it must have some fish skin, to settle it; and the only fish in the house is some herrings, so I skinned two of them, and put the skin in the coffee!' and poor Lotty burst into a paroxysm of tears.

But there came sunshine soon, that made it all pleasant weather. Lotty had invited an old school friend to visit her. She came soon after breakfast, and as it happened, her house-keeping education had not been neglected. She absolutely knew everything. Mrs. Hale, Miss Leslie, even Mrs. Glass or Mrs. Rundell could not excel her. She was a walking cook-book, and a lively little treatise on domestic economy.

Never was a visitor more welcome, and now the darling Lotty learnt every possible thing—to wash and mend, and bake, and cook everything; and became the nicest little house-keeper extant, while the Doctor, by the aid of his venerable appearance, and rapid driving in the sulky, rode into and extensive practice, and was never tired of boasting of the excellent cookery of his darling Lotty.

THE WALTZ.—As many of the retired matrons of this city, unskilled in jeatic lore, are doubtless ignorant of the movements and the figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavor to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers their daughters sometimes cut, when from under their guardian wings.

On a signal being given by the music, the gentleman seizes the lady by the wrist; the lady, scornful to be outdone in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman around the neck, with one arm resting on his shoulder, to prevent encroachment. Away then they go, about, and about, and about. 'About what, sir?' About the room, madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room in a certain measured step, and it is only astonishing that this continued revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top; but I have been positively assured that it only occasions a gentle sensation which is marvellously agreeable.

In the course of this circumnavigation, the dancers, in order to give the charm of variety, are continually changing their relative positions—now the gentleman, meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, madam, carelessly flings his arms around the lady's neck, with an air of celestial impudence; and anon, the lady, meaning as little harm as the gentleman, takes him round the waist, with the most ingenuous languishment, to the great delight of the numerous spectators and amateurs, who generally form a ring, as the mob do about a pair of amazons, fighting, or a couple of mastiffs. After continuing this divine interchange of arms, hands, et cetera, for half an hour or so, the lady begins to tire, and with eye upraised in the most bewitching languor, petitions her partner for a little more support. This is always given without the least hesitation. The lady leans gently on his shoulder; their arms entwined in a thousand seducing mischievous curves—don't be alarmed, madam—closer and closer they approach each other, and in conclusion, the parties being overcome with ecstatic fatigue, the lady seems almost sinking into the gentleman's arms, and then—'well sir, what then?' Lord! madam, how should I know?—[W. Irving.]

DRAWING 'EM OUT.—In a case before the common pleas at Lowell last week, criminal term, Justice Bishop presiding, B. F. Butler asked H. C. Snow, of Groton, a witness on the stand, if he belonged to the secret society of Know Nothings. At first Snow denied that he did, but finally, after consulting counsel, answered in the affirmative; and a long cross examination elicited further answers. He had been a member of the society four or five months. Upon joining it he took an oath, 'So help me God.'

There are two degrees in the society. Had seen at the meetings Dr. Norman Smith and Deacon John Pingree, two other witnesses in the case. Refused to tell the form of initiation, because it might criminate him, and expose him to punishment from the society. Judge Bishop said it was a startling revelation that men took secret oaths, which they regarded as above the oaths administered in the courts.

A. M. Gage, another witness, testified that he had belonged to the secret order, but left it three months since. The kind of oath administered, he said, was like that published in the Post of Oct. 25.

Dr. Smith, above mentioned, admitted that he belonged to the Know Nothing Society, and that it exercises a political and religious influence; a Roman Catholic cannot be admitted, although he be an American born citizen, nor a Protestant, if his wife be a Catholic. Could not tell the form of initiation because it would expose him to punishment; and for the same reason could not tell what office he held in the lodge at Groton.

This is the first time that the Know Nothings have been brought upon the stand, and placed their obligations to the society above their duty to the laws.—[The Boston Statesman.]

A YOUTHFUL PRODIGY.—The following is from the Paris correspondent of the New York Express: 'The prodigy of to-day is a little boy of nine years of age, who possesses the most wonderful talent for drawing; not the school-boy sketches of peaked-faced cats and tumble-down houses; but master-pieces of the art are executed by him. He is the son of one of the heads of the Sevres porcelain factory, and is thus ever surrounded by graceful and beautiful models for his pencil. His manner of drawing is in itself something out of the common way. Does he wish to execute a horse, it is not by the head he commences (I mean no pun) but by one of the hind legs or the tail. It is not his pencil that moves onward, but the paper, which, gradually pushed by the child's left hand underneath the passive lead, receives the lines, proportions, and shades intended by the little designer. A short time since the Emperor and Empress, with their suite, visited the factory. The boy's father was not there, but in his absence his youthful representative did the honors, and talked very glibly to their Majesties. After a time they missed him, and when he was discovered, it was with an elegant and astonishing drawing of the imperial carriage

before the door, and, what was more astonishing still, the persons in the carriages were all portraits of their Highnesses and accompany suite.—This gift is evidently inherited; he being the son of the head of a porcelain establishment. In making stone, the clay is moved. If this is so in fashioning porcelain—and undoubtedly it is measurably so—it would account for his moving his paper instead of pencil.'

[COMMUNICATED.]

DEATH OF CAPTAIN MAY.

Captain William May, a well known mountaineer and trapper, and chief guide to Colonel Steptoe's command, died in the military hospital of Salt Lake City, on the 28th of February.

Captain May was originally from Nashville, Tennessee, but at an early age he sought the great west, and adopted the profession of a beaver trapper. For twenty-five years he roamed over the country bordering on the head waters of the Missouri and Yellowstone, among the Gros-ventres, Minneta-rees, Blackfeet, Crows and Sioux, and there is scarcely a stream that pours its waters into the Missouri from the Rocky Mountains, in which his traps have not been.

On the decline of the fur trade, he located himself on the Platte, occasionally visiting the settlements in the Spanish country, or starting out to the mountains with his traps and a few pack mules, when his funds got low, only to return again, and, with the reckless disposition of the true mountaineer, spend his hard earnings in wild frolic among his friends.

As a trapper, Captain May had no superior and but few equals, either in hunting beaver or in the preparation of the skins. He was the companion of Williams, and Walker, and Cimoneau, and Bridger, and Leroux, and Chatillon, and Carson, and a host of others, whose names, (perhaps not deservedly), are better known than his. The amount of information he possessed respecting the vast territory of Nebraska, the marvellous adventures of his romantic life, and the Indian tales and legends of which he was a perfect repository, made him a most amusing and agreeable companion, while his manly qualities, his honest principles, and his kind and generous impulses, drew around him a circle of warm and admiring friends.

A few days before his death, Captain May was making preparations to start for the Navajo country on a trading expedition, but he was suddenly attacked with inflammation of the lungs, which rapidly brought to a close his varied and adventurous career. Before he breathed his last, he expressed a regret that he was not permitted to die on the prairie, where his life had been mainly spent. His age was generally understood to be about sixty years.

He has now gone to the spirit land, that, with Indian faith, he firmly believed in; and we may hope that in those happy hunting grounds, the old trapper is at last free from all the ills that flesh is heir to.

FACTS IN HUMAN LIFE.—The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 2,064. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter die previous to the age of seven years; one-half before reaching 17; and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one-half the human species. Of every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of life; of every 100, only 6 reach the age of 65; and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age.

There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of these 33,333,333 die every year; 91,824 every day; 3,730 every hour; and 60 every minute; or one, every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being 50 years of age, than men, but fewer afterwards.

The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every 100 individuals. Marriages are most frequent after the equinoxes; that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.—[The Democracy.]

CELEBRATED ENGLISH OAKS.—An English publication gives the following accounts of the most celebrated oaks in England: The oldest oak in England is supposed to be the Parliament Oak (from the tradition of Edward I. holding a parliament under its branches) in Climpstone Park, belonging to the Duke of Portland, the park being also the most ancient on the island; it was a park before the Conquest, and was seized as such by the Conqueror. The tree is supposed to be 1500 years old. The tallest oak in England was believed to be the property of the same nobleman; it was called the 'Duke's Walking Stick,' was higher than Westminster Abbey, and stood till of late years. The largest oak in this country is called Calthorp Oak, Yorkshire; it measures 78 feet in circumference where trunk meets the ground. The 'Three Shire Oak,' at Workop, is so called from its covering part of the counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby. It had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, dropping over 767 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelonos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810. Its bark brought £200, and its timber £670. In the mansion of Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room 42 feet broad, and 227 feet long, the floor and wainscots of which, were the production of a single oak tree, grown on the estate.