

Miscellaneous.

A DIATRIBE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN.

Modern school 'education' having been completed for girls, now by doting mothers who admire accomplishments which they think queer, but accept as the fashions of the best society, the next thing is to get into this wonderful good society. To do this, ingenuity has devised living in city hotels in winter, and at watering places in summer. Perhaps the kind mammas urge their daughters to observe carefully, and copy the manners of the fine ladies they see. Perhaps the daughters exert their tact in doing it themselves. A lady friend from the country came to town last week, and told a near friend of ours that she had tried to get a corset made, but was told that it could not be done under two weeks, *because all hands in the large establishments she visited were engaged in making false calves for ladies who wear the tilting hoops.*

On last Sunday, walking home from church through fashionable streets, we noticed women walking with tilting skirts from where they had been pretending to say their prayers; and on all the corners, and hotel fronts, we saw rows of well dressed blackguards standing, observing, and laughing, and commenting on what these women were exhibiting.

Out on this indecency that would disgrace honest Pagans! Let every modest woman who has been tricked into getting these traps of the harlot as the latest 'fashion,' pull them off and burn them! Let every parent see to it that his guileless daughter is not disgraced by 'following this fashion.' Let masters of households do the charity to a servant maid that has kept up with the 'fashion,' to provide her with such as are modest, and forbid her, while in his house, to play the airs of the wanton!

Why, even in Pagan times, when the men abandoned themselves to the most vile practices, they tried to keep the woman uncorrupt. What are we coming to? It is not here a question of Republicanism or Imperialism. It is not here a question of free government or despotism. It is a question of the existence of families and society. By the memories of our virtuous mothers, by our love for our wives and daughters, let us stop these public outrages and put under the surveillance of the police *impudic women.*

Let us make a remark on the latest outrage and indecency of 'fashion.' A few weeks ago, on a muddy day, we saw walking, some ways before us a pitiable object. In the distance it resembled a poor German peasant woman, with her short petticoat coming somewhat below the knee. There is nothing immodest in that peasant dress. (The German peasant walks with her ankles exposed, but there is no illusory pretense of covering them.) The poor creature we saw seemed to be such an one with a huge clothes line strung around her frame, on which she seemed to be carrying various gewgaw dresses for different people. She seemed to be the humble errand girl of some dress-maker's establishment. On passing the unhappy creature, we noticed that she was sailing along with the idea that the dresses hanging around her shoulders were her own, and she looked as modest and unconcerned as if she were decently covered. Speaking of it to those more *au fait* in such matters, we found that such kind of dress is all the rage for some time past. It is effected on purpose, by having hoops made with a sharp and stiff curve at the foot that will tilt the dress above and expose the legs to the knee. Another 'progress' keeps pace with it. It has been told in the daily papers, but we rarely believe anything we see in them. A very truthful woman however, living, says these are the 'fine ladies' who display their rich brocades, and jewelry, and gaudy dresses on the streets, and in public conveyances, and at hotel tables. So harlots are setting the fashion of dress and behavior for the daughters of this people. It seems it is enough to say it is the 'fashion,' to make it a plea for following it. One of the latest 'fashions' has been to have dancing soirees at Delmonico's in Fourteenth street, 'for young people.' A rule of this fashion is that no parents or guardians are to be admitted. We did not believe the statement when it was first made in some of our city papers. But we have it now on good authority, that it was true, that this past winter fathers and mothers have permitted their daughters to go to these soirees with young men, to sup and

dance, and to come home with them at three and four o'clock in the morning. Just put in plain language; young girls in this city do not find a blot on their characters to go with young men, unaccompanied by their parents, to a public tavern, to dance and eat and drink with them, and to come home with them towards daylight.

We are not the least in the world astonished to hear that—in what must be irony—are called the better classes of society that do not draw sharp lines of non-intercourse with this whole world of indecencies, and with all that tolerate them, that so foolish a thing as marriage is eyedreamed of. Among some people it is not surprising that the number of divorces should exceed the number of marriages.—[From the New York Freeman's Journal.]

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S POSSESSIONS.—Some idea of an English duke's estate may be had when we state that the country establishment of the Duke of Devonshire would occupy one of our large counties. The park immediately surrounding the place contains 3,000 acres. The principal garden for vegetables, fruits, green-houses, etc., is twenty-five acres. There are thirty green-houses, each from fifty to seventy-five feet long. Three or four of these contain nothing but pine-apples; others contain nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach-tree on the glass wall measures fifty-one feet in width, fifteen feet in height, and bears 1,060 peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grape-houses, five or six in all, are 700 feet long. But what shall be said of the great conservatories, filled with every variety of the tropical plants? It is one of the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, is one hundred feet high, of oval shape, and cost \$500,000. It is heated by steam and hot water pipes, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes six hundred tons of coal in a year.

SELECTIONS FOR A NEWSPAPER.—Most people think the selections of matter for a newspaper is the easiest part of the business. How great an error. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every day, from which to select enough for one, especially when it is not what shall, but what shall not be selected. If every person who reads a paper could have edited it, we would hear less complaints. Every subscriber takes a paper for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him it must be stopped; it is good for nothing. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants something sound; one wants anecdotes, fun and frolic; and the next one wonders why a man of good sense will put such stuff in his paper. Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next, something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so, between them all, you see the poor fellow gets roughly handled. They never think what does not please them, please the next man, but they insist, if the paper does not please them, that it is good for nothing.

ONE WAY TO 'TELL.'—A traveler called lately at nightfall at a farmer's house at Albany; the owner being from home and the mother and daughter being alone, they refused to lodge the wayfarer.

"How far then," said he, "is it to a house where a preacher can get lodging?"

"Oh! if you are a preacher," said the lady, "you can stop here."

Accordingly he dismounted, deposited his saddlebags in the house and led his horse to the stable. Meantime the mother and daughter were debating the point as to what kind of a preacher he was.

"He cannot be a Presbyterian," said one, "for he is not dressed well enough."

"He is not a Methodist," said the other, "for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist."

"If I could find his hymn book," said the daughter, "I could soon tell what sort of a preacher he is." And with that she thrust her hand into the saddlebags, and pulling out a flask of liquor, she exclaimed, "La! mother he's a hard shell Baptist."

GYPSIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A band of gypsies, consisting of about a hundred, have settled on the dividing line between East Cambridge and Somerville near Boston. They came from Canada about six months ago. The band is regularly organized and governed by a Queen, who was appointed some two years since for a term of seven years.

—A little boy being asked, "What is the chief end of man?" replied, "The end what's got the head on."

KELSO ABBEY.—This Abbey, one of the many ecclesiastical structures erected by that "star saunt to the croon," David I. of Scotland, about 1130, has been lately manifesting symptoms of yielding to the fell destroyer Time, after bearing up proudly against the storms of more than seven centuries. Built of a less enduring stone, and displaying little of that exquisite chiseling of sculpture and beauty of architecture that has rendered its sister edifice of St. Mary at Melrose so well known and attractive, the portion that still remains of it shows that in its earlier days it must have presented a more aerial and majestic appearance than St. Mary's. A number of incongruous erections surrounding the Abbey were swept away in 1805 by William, Duke of Roxburghe; and the ruins were repaired in 1816 by Duke James, the father of the present Grace. Previous to that time the Abbey, like similar buildings in many other places served as a species of quarry to house builders, and there is scarcely an old existing house in Kelso but has several of the Abbey stones built in its walls. In 1823, under the directions of Mr. Gillespie, architect, Edinburgh, and at an expense of about £500, the whole building was thoroughly overhauled and repaired, while it and its adjacent cloisters were enclosed by a low coping and a neat iron railing, which now separates it from the roadway on the north and from the area or playground in front of the present grammar school, on the east. The north arch has for some time appeared twisted, and a large crack has been noticed there, as well as in some other parts of the edifice. Workmen have been accordingly busy during the last few days, under the supervision of Mr. Blacklie, master of works to the Duke of Roxburghe, erecting a scaffolding, a work itself which has involved a vast amount of labor and difficulty; and this is now raised within one of the towers to the height of about 90 feet, for the purpose of using means to strengthen the walls. These are in some places to be clasped with iron hoops and riveted to the adjoining parts with rods and bars of the same material, and it is to be hoped that these improvements to be effected on the old structure will enable it to bid defiance to the elements for many a long winter yet to come.—[Scotsman]

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Dutch Flat Inquirer thus speaks of the progress of this work:

The iron is being laid down at the rate of a half mile per day, and we have implicit faith that the cars will reach this place on or before the day designated by the company, to wit: 20th of May. The forces above this place have received large reinforcements the past month, and the work is being pushed forward with greater rapidity than at any other time in the history of the enterprise.

[From London Society.]

MONEY-MAKING ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

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In the beginning of the last century a certain gentleman, being about to retire from business and leave that part of the country in which he then resided, advertised his effects for sale. They were "a magnificent palace, with great variety of gardens, statues, and water-works; likewise several castles, very delightfully situated, as also groves, woods, forests, fountains, and country-seats, with very pleasant prospects on all sides of them." From which the reader who went no further, inferred, very naturally, that whatever the gentleman's business might have been, he had done pretty well at it. But to the reader who turned over the first leaf of the sale catalogue, there dawned a new light. On looking through the inventory of minor effects he saw that along with the above named important properties there were to be sold, "A coach, very finely gilt, and little used, with a couple of dragons; a sea, consisting of a dozen large waves, the tenth larger than ordinary, but a little damaged; a dozen and a half of clouds, trimmed with black, and in good condition; three bottles and a half of lightning; one shower of snow in the whitest of French paper; two showers of a brown-er kind; a rainbow, a little faded; a new moon, something decayed; a setting sun; a bowl, suitable for making thunder; a cradle; a rack; a cartwheel; a gibbet; an altar; a helmet; a tub, and a jointed baby." The curious may read the auctioneer's bill at greater length in the *Tattler* of that day. But probably, without turning up that lively periodical, a near guess will be made as to the nature of the business from

which the proprietor was retiring. And if any suspicions were aroused of the value, as realizable assets, of the palaces and estates which had been so curiously furnished, such suspicion will be easily allowed to have been in a measure excusable.

Lawrence Reeve, as we said, was not a reading man, but he was not quite indifferent to the pleasure of books; and since Kate's marriage, and the consequent contraction of the family circle, he had rather liked that they who were left should sit and while away an evening hour sometimes with a book. He loved to hear the pleasant voice of his remaining daughter, Anna, and left her to choose her own volumes. It happened that one evening she picked up the *Tattler* and read out of it this fanciful inventory which we have summarized above. They had a merry laugh over it; and Reeve, happy in that ignorance which is often so much more blissful than knowledge, did not find as he might have found, a ghostly moral in it; nor suspected as yet that any lapse of time or change of fortune could bring round a day when those precious securities whose value he had so lately reckoned up complacently to his wife might seem as intangible, and as incapable of realization as the stately palaces, groves and fountains of the ex-manager of Drury Lane.

Too many have cause to remember the closing months of 1864 and the new turn which affairs took in October. Reeve could talk from the first as well as others about "the glut of new companies," about the market being overdone, about the panic which must set in by-and-by if the public did not behave more circumspectly, about this company's shares going to a discount, and that company being in a fair way to a forced winding up. But with these tottering and shaky concerns he had luckily nothing to do. All that he was interested in were sound, and conducted on good commercial principles. He had been in one or two that had proved unsound, but then he had got out of them in time, and he congratulated himself accordingly on his sound judgment. The worst of it was that when the public once became suspicious they confounded the good with the bad, and the former suffered for the fault of the latter. Thus he had resolved to sell his two hundred shares in the General Dry Goods Insurance Company, which were at two pounds a share premium. They were he knew, worth more than that; but a call was about to be made of five pounds a share, and in prospect of other calls he thought he could not quite spare the money. But on giving orders for the sale he found that the call had sent them down to par, and that he could barely get back his own money. He decided, therefore, not to sell till they should recover; and when instead of recovering, he found that within two days more they had gone to two pounds a share discount he was quite nettled. His mind was made up that nobody should have his shares at a discount. The public would come to their senses by-and-by, and be glad to buy at a premium. Meantime he would pay the call and wait.

Unluckily, however, the Dry Goods Insurance directors were not singular in their need of money. Most of the new companies which had been started about the same time were now making their first calls, and Reeve having bought more than he ever intended to hold, found that he must perforce sell something. He sold, therefore, those which were best, and held those which were just then not looking quite so well, until they should have time to come round a little. But even on those which he sold he barely realized his own money, so perversely stingy and incredulous had people become. In particular, there was one concern—The Finance Bank of Westminster. Now he knew, on the very best authority, that the dividend which would be declared by this company at the end of the year, would be twenty per cent. per annum, and yet he had to let his shares go at some little discount, and was proportionably out of pocket by the transaction. What did the public want. If twenty per cent. did not satisfy them, what were we coming to? At any rate he had now sold enough of one thing or other to give him a reserve of three or four thousand pounds to work upon. He would hold the remainder of his investments, and use this reserve to pay the calls, would bide his time through whatever bad weather might be ahead, would wait till dividend time came round in the Spring, and then he knew well enough that prosperous balance sheets would send all up to higher premiums than ever, and he could realize happily, and again have peace of mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]