

[From Waverly Magazine.]

Lessons by the Wayside.

Turn to the right; what right have you
To thrust me up against the wall?
To stop or run me through and through?
Good breeding says, 'no right all.'

Besides, one's safety gives no right,
And all that's just proclaims it rude;
While reason, common sense, and light
Protect, you should not thus intrude.

'Tis plain, in meeting, none should seek
The wrong hand on the plank or stone,
While every horse, though he can't speak,
By instinct to the right is prone.

You surely would not be more rude,
Or dull and thoughtless than an ass;
While they would scorn thus to intrude,
You certainly should let one pass.

Besides, good breeding tells you so—
None but the course and rude will say,
'It matters little how we go,
So that we blunder on our way.'

One cannot fail to know the kind,
In meeting on the road of life,
Whether of low and vulgar mind,
Or, those with sense and breeding rife.

The gentleman you'll always know,
The lady one cannot mistake;
For they will, bowing, let you go
On the left hand for breeding's sake.

Turn to the right; 'tis right to turn
When once you find you're going wrong;
And let each one this lesson learn,
Be kind, be courteous, not too strong.

And when you're right don't loose the sight,
But if you're wrong forsake the way;
For wrong you never can make right,
So leave it off without delay.

If you've been 'tight,' do so no more;
Let Temperance and you be friends;
Then wealth and peace will crown your store,
And time for all will make amends.

And now we'll jostle on the road,
Nor drive each other to the wall,
But safely pass on amiable,
And learn good breeding, one and all.

ROBERT JOHNSON.

[From Waverly Magazine.]

The Young Mother—Or Aunt Torrey's Opinion of Children.

BY MARTHA HAINES BUTT.

'Say, isn't it a little dear, Aunt Torrey? Only see its lovely eyes of heaven's own blue; the tiny dimples in its little cheeks; I tell you, Aunt Torrey, that there is nothing, to my mind, so sweet as this dear child; now I know what it is to love.'

'Just the way with all you foolish girls,' said Aunt Torrey, as she gathered the folds of her elegant brocade still closer to herself, as if fearing the little babe might touch it. 'Yes, you are all foolish alike. Now what is there about that fussy child to love? But I suppose it is natural enough for you to love it a little while.'

'For a little while?' exclaimed the young mother in utter astonishment—'Why, I will always love Byron.'

'Byron! just like all the rest of the foolish, romantic, novel reading, poetry-mad girl! yes, he is named Byron; why didn't you name him something sensible—James, or John, or even Bill, rather than Byron?'

'Oh, they are entirely too common; I do hate those kind of names.'

'Yes, I suppose you do,' said Aunt Torrey, as she gave little Bruno (her lap dog) an affectionate pat upon the head.

'Oh! do listen! how sweetly little Byron is talking. He is the dearest child in the world,' said its mother.

'So every other young and foolish mother would think; I don't see anything so wonderful about him; I only hope he will have better sense than his mother has; but I think it likely he will, for, as a general thing, men have more sense.'

'Why, Aunt Torrey, his father makes just as much fuss over him as I do. You ought to see him sometimes.'

'Well, as for my part, I cannot see any beauty in babies; they are so troublesome; all the time squalling and making such a noise. If they take a notion to have the moon, all creation could not persuade them they couldn't have it. To me children are nothing but nuisances. Some people make themselves perfectly ridiculous about them, and cannot pass a baby without kissing it.'

'Ah! Aunt Torrey, that plainly shows that they are fond of children, and know full well how to appreciate them. Bless their dear hearts! it seems to me that the world would be a perfect blank without them.'

'A blank indeed. I wish there were no children in the world. Once or twice every week I am persecuted; the children upset my work-box; my knitting needles are taken out of the stockings I am so intent on knitting. Toys, and the dear knows what, all strewn over the floor by those troublesome little vixens, my niece and nephews; I only wish sister would not bring them when she comes to spend the day; if I was mistress of that establishment she should not. But as I am only a boarder, I must bear it patiently. The nursery is the most proper place for children.'

'You have much to learn yet, Aunt Torrey; life can have no charms for you if you do not love children.'

'Well, I do not imagine it possible for me ever to love them now, as I never have all this time.'

'Aunt Torrey, you remember how much the Savior loved little children. There is something truly interesting and lovely about the little creatures. They are like sweet flowers springing up in our pathway. Only think what the world would be without them.'

'It would be a great sight better off. I tell you there would be less vexation and trouble. You might talk to me till Dooms-day, and then never get me to think as you do. No, no, I am much older than you, and know too well the folly of such things.' (Clara wonders to herself how Aunt Torrey knows anything about it.)

'Do look, do look, Aunt Torrey! Byron has fallen asleep; oh, can anything be more lovely? Lovely did the cherub-like child look as it lay nestled in its mother's arms; the very picture of innocence and happiness—a smile lingered 'round its ruby lips, or nestled in the dimples of its rosy cheeks. The bright eyes of blue were gently closed by some unseen hand; oh, what a pride and joy did the young mother feel as she gazed upon a picture drawn by the Creator's own hand. It held converse with angels during its slumbering hours; for what seraph would not court the smiles of one so lovely and fair?'

'Yes, Aunt Torrey, that was a picture upon which you might gaze with admiring eyes, and say in your heart—earth hath some who are innocent.'

'I must go, Clara, I want to finish that silk bed-quilt. It does seem to me it will never be finished. I love to do patch-work; I think, Clara, if you had something like that to employ your time, it would be better for you.'

'Little Byron takes up all my time.'

'So I suppose. What good is there then of your having a nurse? But I quite forgot; it is fashionable, you know, to have a nurse—a piece of extravagance, that is all. If it takes up all your time to tend to him, you had better discharge Bridget.'

'Who could take him out, then, during these lovely mornings?'

'Oh, I forgot he had to be taken out for a show once in a while.'

'No, no, Aunt Torrey, not for that. He must have the fresh air. Flowers cannot thrive without it: neither could little Byron.'

'Yes, I suppose they would walk out, too.'

'Aunt Torrey, the nurse is not the proper instructor for children, either.'

'I suppose not. But what can such a child as you teach him? It is just like the blind leading the blind.'

'I confess I am not a very good instructor; but still, for all that, I can learn him to talk.'

'Can't Bridget do that?'

'Oh, yes, but—'

'But what? just nothing at all; only you want to be dangling him all the time, just as a child does a mere toy; and, after a while, get tired of it. He will be a spoiled child, I tell you.'

'It is most likely he will, Aunt Torrey.'

'You had better try to find something better to occupy your time than nursing children.'

'But there are its little clothes to make.'

'It is your place to do that: I suppose you do make them. But such a quantity of useless stuff as you do put on the—edging, and fixings and the dear knows what.'

'That is all right, though. Women need some employment to keep themselves out of mischief. Why, sure as I am alive, he has a gold chain.'

'Well, Aunt Torrey, that was a gift from his papa.'

'I suppose it was. I tell you that you are going to bring that child up to be entirely too extravagant.'

'Let me ask you some questions, Aunt Torrey: there is Bruno, your pet dog, with a gold collar around his neck; now, do you call that extravagance?'

'Lor bless you, child, no! why that chain will last him his life-time.'

'But that is the second one he has had since my knowledge.'

'The other was stolen.'

'That stands the same chance. And, Aunt Torrey, just look at the jewelry you purchase; the elegant dresses you wear at your time of life.'

'At my time of life!' exclaimed Aunt Torrey, sitting up more erect; 'I hope you do not call me old!'

'Oh, no,' said Clara, perceiving she had touched a weak point. 'I only thought you lectured me too severely about Byron.'

'Well, that is a different matter altogether; a baby is a baby, no matter what you put on it.'

'I cannot see how you can lavish so much affection on a lap dog.'

'No, I suppose not. But a dog is no trouble; I only have to have his food cut up, water given him, washed once a day in the winter, twice in the summer, take him out for a little stroll once or twice a day. That is all, you see. But a child is so much trouble! (Clara could not help smiling to herself while Aunt Torrey enumerated the only trouble a pet spoiled lap dog was.)'

'Well, good-morning, Clara; come and spend the day with me; but don't bring Byron.'

'Oh, I could not leave him for the world.'

'I suppose not. Good morning.'

Aunt Torrey was one of those persons whom the world calls an old maid. She had her own peculiar notions about everything, and one had as well try to call the wind as to turn her opinion. Children were her abhorrence, and she often said she could tolerate anything excepting a child. One great consideration with her was, when they came near her, she thought of some serious detriment they might do her dress, or else get her collar awry, or get one strand of her hair out of the right place, where she had been so careful to put it.

Her affections were lavished upon lap dogs!—Only think! a lady to prefer something incapable of speech, to that to whom God hath given a soul and breathed in it his own image! But Aunt Torrey had her own views about such matters.—

Ah! 'Bruno' knew too well the meaning when she raised one of her managing digits; he knew just how far he could go by a single glance of her cat-like eye. But children now are not so easily governed, and are apt to do pretty much as they fancy.

Aunt Torrey was sadly deficient in one particular; she was inconsistent, too; for she seemed to think that little children—the very sunbeams of the world—ought never to have anything except what was of the plainest and cheapest kind. She pronounced all mothers foolish if they lavished nothing more than the ordinary caresses upon their little gems.

There was indeed a dark film over the eyes of Aunt Torrey, through which she could not see. Her heart had not been educated in the right school, or else she might soon have discovered how and why it was young mothers make so much of their children. She had never loved anything apart from a lap dog, or she might have looked with more admiring eyes upon what she so much disliked. Instead of looking frowningly upon children, she might have had a smile or a kind word.

Depend upon it, Aunt Torrey, all is not right with you. Perhaps if you had not resigned yourself to a life of single blessedness, you would love the little creatures, too, and think with Clara, that life would be a desert without them. Bless the sweet little creatures—may you ever find some one to notice your innocent prattle, and have a kind word of encouragement to cheer you on. There are some in the world who do not look upon you as a nuisance or trouble; but rather take a delight in catering to your every wish.

The Tea Table.

'Well, sir, I can take care of myself,' said Julia Pellow to her husband, as they were taking tea together in their little parlor, one delightful summer afternoon. Just at that moment, and while the words were yet on her tongue, the door opened and Miss Polly Gaw entered the room, on one of her flying afternoon visits. Julia could not avoid coloring up a little at this sudden intrusion, and Miss Gaw evidently saw, or suspected, she had dropped in at a moment when her company was not the most desirable.

However, she got herself seated, and entertained her good neighbor with a history about three hours long, of the home concerns of every family in the neighborhood.

There was a minute and detailed account of Mr. D's party, with a list of all who were not invited, among whom she was careful to mention that Julia was one; then the progress of the courtships in the country; the domestic squabbles of her acquaintances; the scandals of the week; the motions of the old widower who lived on the Appleby farm, betokening an approaching union with the Squire's daughter, and who were jealous thereof; and a hundred other topics equally interesting and profitable, were spread out on the carpet.

Mr. Pellow had made his escape as soon as he arose from the table, and Miss Polly did not fail to comment largely on the savage unsociability of husbands, insisting they were as restless and unhappy in the marriage noose as caged up tigers, and instancing how gay, and young, and spruce they immediately became on losing their wives; kindly and most sympathetically adding 'if you were to drop off, my dear Julia, Mr. Pellow would in ten days be the most pleasant and agreeable man in the village.'

After enjoying herself, and entertaining Julia thus delightfully until it began to grow late, she gathered up her knitting, and sallied out to make a call or two more before she went home.

Mr. and Mrs. Pellow were young, and had been married but about a year, and were mutually as happy in their union as love and virtue, and similar tastes and dispositions could make them. He was engaged in a business which, with industry and good management yielded him a genteel living; he embarked in it, however, without capital of his own; but Julia had a considerable amount of property, which, though the principal was not under her control, afforded a basis upon which her husband was enabled to gain the credit necessary in his business; and he had done so.

This amiable family had numerous relatives and acquaintances—were looked upon by the good and sensible part of the neighborhood as patterns of virtue, and were generally much beloved and admired.

The visit of their friend, Miss Polly, was forgotten in a day or two; but things began before long to wear rather a strange aspect. Time after time Mrs. Pellow observed that her visitors, who began to be much more numerous than before, put on long faces, and in a condoling strain lectured on the trials of the marriage state, the necessity of forbearance, and the exercise of Christian patience, mingled with sundry hints about the sovereign rights of the sex, and the best method of managing unruly husbands, with now and then a half expressed sympathetic pity for her. She could not for her life understand what all this meant; and attributed it to every cause but the right one.

Nor was Mr. Pellow to escape this new and to him unaccountable change of the current of feeling among his neighbors, towards them. The first symptom he saw was a coldness and shyness on the part of his wife's relations—some of them even refusing to speak to him. The female part of his acquaintance scolded at him; and what was worse, he thought his customers began to neglect him. Day by day it grew worse; at last his creditors began to push; he was alarmed; he had never before been asked for money; his credit had been perfect; he wondered, and waited the issue; it came in half a dozen prosecutions, judgments and executions.

It was now time to rouse up. As these things were in progress, he appeared to be in utter surprise, and to view them with perfect incredulity, being scarcely willing to believe the evidence of his senses. Now he demanded the cause of his strange treatment, and with some difficulty ascertained that it arose from the unhappy separation about to take place between him and his wife! He demanded the author of the story, and was referred to an old gentleman, who had told his informer. The old man gave his wife—his wife her neighbor's wife, and so the tale was traced down, through about five and twenty mouths growing rather less at each, until it came to Miss Polly Gaw—she had affirmed that she heard Mr. Pellow and his wife engaged in a violent quarrel, and even heard a distinct affirmation, on her part, that she would leave him.

Mr. Pellow now hit upon an expedient to bring matters to a close at once. He invited all such of his and his wife's relatives, his neighbors, his creditors, &c., as were within his reach, to meet at his house on business of the utmost importance. About twenty assembled, among them Miss Gaw, and half a dozen of the principal mouth pieces in the village.

He then stated to them his business—recounted the stories he had heard—traced them all down to their origin, and demanded of Miss Polly her reasons for the report she had raised?

Cornered so unexpectedly and suddenly, she candidly confessed that the only foundation for what she had said was, that on the afternoon she had paid the visit first mentioned, she had heard, as she entered, Mrs. Pellow say 'Well, sir, I can take care of myself.' And she wished to know if Julia Pellow would deny this.

Julia replied she would not. She barbaqued a pair of fine fat quails for her husband's supper, and had been helping him to a choice bit—he had pressed her to keep it herself, saying she was too kind; and she did on the occasion utter the offensive words, 'Well, sir, I can take care of myself.'

A burst of astonishment succeeded, Miss Gaw ran out of the room like a woman who had lost her senses.

The worthy couple received the congratulations of all the honest people present; and though the knaves pretended to be mighty glad the truth had come out, it was with a grace that but half concealed their sorrow. Thereafter, not a syllable was ever whispered about the before much talked of separation.

But thus it is, gentle reader, that one-half of the tea-table stories originate; and who would think there were, still, as many ready to believe them and trumpet them about, as there were in Alesbury in Polly Gaw's time.

BOARDING HOUSE SCENE.—One day, when butter was scarce and high, Mrs. Wiggins hit upon the economical plan of spreading with her own hands the butter upon the allowance of bread she doled out to her boarders—merely to save trouble. Mr. Jordan came home to tea rather late on the first evening of this new dodge, sat down in presence of all the other boarders, and received a slice from Mrs. Wiggins, who had gone through the ceremony of buttering it before his eyes. Mr. Jordan eyed the bread inquisitively, and began to turn it from side to side, and scrutinize it closely through his spectacles.

'What is the matter with your bread and butter?' demanded Mrs. Wiggins.

'Nothing—nothing—nothing,' said Mr. Jordan, still turning the piece over and persisting in his scrutiny.

'I'm positive, Mr. Jordan, that you do see something. Now, I want,' said Mrs. Wiggins, her face becoming flushed with excitement, 'I want my boarders to tell my right out when their vittles doesn't suit! Now, Mr. Jordan what is it?'

Mr. Jordan laid down the slice upon his plate, raised his spectacles to his forehead, and with great deliberation said: 'Mrs. Wiggins, there is nothing the matter with the bread, I assure you. But, Mrs. Wiggins,'—and here Mr. Jordan glanced mischievously down the vista of attentive faces,—'I have lived in this world forty-eight years, and find myself this evening such a simpleton, that I can't tell, for my life, which side of my bread is buttered.'

TO CLEAN SPONGES.—The best sponges imported are received from Smyrna, and from the shores of the islands in the Grecian Archipelago. When imported, they are full of sand, and in this state it is the best way to purchase them; then afterwards to beat out the sand with a stick, and well rinse them in cold spring water.

Nothing is better adapted for cleansing the skin than a good sponge; hence surgeons prefer it to any other material. In the regular way of using a sponge with soap for washing, they rapidly become greasy, and are then frequently thrown aside before half worn out. The peculiar cellular fibrous tissue of sponge enables it to decompose the soap, retaining the grease and oil, which render it slimy; when such is the case, a ley of soda should be prepared, of the strength of half a pound of soda to half a gallon of water, and the sponge placed to soak in it for twenty-four hours; it should then be washed, and well rinsed in spring water, and afterwards in water containing a little muriatic acid (a wine glass of the acid to half a gallon of water is strong enough.)

Finally, again rinse the sponge in plenty of spring water. The best sponge being worth from 40s. to 80s. per pound, renders it fully worth while to keep them clean. If trouble be taken to well rinse a sponge every time after using, the cleansing process will rarely be necessary.