

PUG NOSES.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

"But, then, her nose is not a pug-nose; had it been a pug-nose, her face would have been unparadisable," I exclaimed, mentally. Now, there is no redeeming a face with a pug-nose, and there is nothing to which I have constitutionally a greater antipathy. There is no dignity to such a face, and, of course, none in the character. The nose is an index to character; hence the phrase, "follow your nose." Now, if the nose be hopelessly "turned up," sneering from the birth at all aspiration, any one can predict the inveterate commonplaceism and limitedness that must ensue. Goethe could not stand it in the pretty Madeline, and yet we apprehend hers must have been only a little fancy touching about the end thereof; a straight nose rising well from the forehead, but, just as it was about to be finished, a purely Greek model, some spleeny little sprite gave it a slight twist upward—in the same way that a pretty cousin of mine was served, and a nice little girl who shall be nameless, thereby making them both charmingly piquant.

True, it is said Socrates had a pug-nose. I believe this to be exceedingly apocryphal—he and Plato could not have been so much akin had this been the case, and Aspasia would never have believed him worthy of her eloquence. The error probably originated in this way. It is well known that Alcibiades was vain of his great personal beauty, and Socrates, both openly and privately, rebuked him for his irregularities. One day, while the great philosopher was declaiming on the excellence of the virtues, the dignity and godliness of a good life, the youth, feeling himself aggrieved, drew a portrait of Socrates on the walls of the academy, all faithful to the original except the nose. The students tittered, and the philosopher, learning the reason, commanded the sketch to be preserved; moreover, he made it the theme of one of his best discourses, in which he showed what he would most likely have been in character had nature so formed him. He dilated on the approximation to an inferior and bestial type, the preponderance of the senses indicated thereby; the licentious and groveling tendencies, which leave to the individual so little moral freedom. Then turning, all at once, to Alcibiades, he bade his disciples mark the contrast, "Hyperion to a satyr!" "Now," said the philosopher, "if the gods have so set their sign and seal of approval, have sent a being forth in the very perfection of manly beauty as the outward mark of inward capabilities, how doubly culpable must he be who neglects or effaces the divine workmanship! who makes a soul, celestially accommodated, find

its gratification in habits fit only for those who have no eye, no ear to divine harmonies, but who, blinded by the senses, are besotted and earthly!" The face of the philosopher grew sublimely beautiful as he made this appeal, and the young man, bursting into tears, looked with shame and humiliation upon the caricature which he had drawn upon the walls of the academy. But, in process of time, Socrates, persecuted, is condemned to death, drinks of the fatal hemlock amid the lamentations and tears of his friends, Plato being too ill to be present, the sufferings of his noble friend being too much for his sensitive nature. He died, and his enemies gladly availed themselves of the rude outline, and caused copies therefrom to be multiplied, in the hope of making him odious to the people, nothing being more uncommon, or more repugnant to a Greek than a pug-nose.

The finest types of animated life, whether amongst inferior animals or man himself, have a straight or hooked outline to the nose—witness the horse, the lion, the eagle. The North American savage has the Greek or Roman outline; and always, if moral elevation keep pace with mental improvement, families with the most inveterate pugs gradually assume the better type, till, in the course of a few generations, it will disappear altogether; while, on the contrary, low passions and sensualities invariably and unmistakably seize hold of this unlucky member and shape it into the resemblance of the swine, certain inferior representatives of the dog kind, the baboon, &c. &c., all diverging from the original design when man was created "upright."

The nerves of the brain and the face are in perfect harmony; the muscles even follow the volitions of the brain, shaping the face and giving tone to the figure; therefore, when I see either men or women with an unfortunate pug-nose reach any degree of elevation of character, I feel a double respect for such attainment. They are not morally free; they have great and disheartening obstacles to overcome; and I reverence that energy of will by which they seize upon themselves, as it were, and, in spite of the handwriting upon the wall, which threatens the citadel of truth and virtue, wrench and bend themselves to the best good. Of this kind, is a little fellow I sometimes see, who, besides a pug-nose, has a deplorable stutter, which he is overcoming manfully.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "I am tired of this pug-nose; it is growing puggier and puggier every day." This idealism in the child will go far to modify the obnoxious member—at any rate, it will

efface pugdom from his character, and thus limit the evil.

Lately, I saw in the cars a girl with a little poodle dog in her lap. She was fond of holding the creature up and looking into its face, in a manner quite tender and penetrating—this would have been very well, intended as it was to show her capabilities for that kind of expression—a species of “cannoning,” designed to afflict, not the quadruped, but the bipeds of the car. But mark the result. As she held the little beast (I detest poodles) opposite her face, as much as to say, “Look upon that picture and upon this,” the resemblance between the two was so marked and extraordinary, that the lookers-on could not forbear a smile.

“A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,” we thought, and did not wonder at her fondness. The poodle supplied the place of a mirror. He was the Narcissus of the fair beholder.

The deacon of a country church had a nose of this sort, and I being a child, and his being the only pug-nose I had ever seen, my undeveloped logic, led astray by my imagination, was greatly scandalized for a long time, supposing him to be making faces at the pulpit and communion service: then, too, the climate being cold, and the prayers always long, he had a trick of extemporizing a jewel therefrom, to my infinite horror.

Calling one day upon a lady, she presented her last household work, cased in lace and embroidery, herself looking the picture of a domestic divinity, fresh, smiling, and so happy, it was quite contagious. “An't he the image of his father?” she exclaimed, triumphantly. And, indeed, there was no denying

the copy to be perfect—a contented imagination is a great thing.

“But, my dear, a little variation would be no injury. You can pinch its nose and pull it down gently, and, after a while, a decided improvement will follow.” She was indignant, as well she might be. What business was it of mine if her ideal of an Adonis had a pug-nose? If she chose that her baby's nose should stick out like a knob from the centre of its face, what right had I to intermeddle?

Somewhere—I have forgotten where—I saw an angel, a painted one, with a pug-nose. I have forgotten who was the artist; but I tried for a long while to divine what might have been his motive, and what order of spirits he meant his angel to represent. I finally determined the angel was designed for a sort of earth spirit, something lower than the oriental Peri, who was detected in heaven sneering at the prayers of some poor sinner, not as well worded as they might have been, and for this offence he was seized by the obnoxious member and held thereby seven hundred years, pendulous over the heavenly battlements; from which falling at length, he continued leaping through space seven hundred thousand years, and dropped into our earth just in time to turn up his nose with a final curl as our artist caught a gleam of him in poetic vision. He had passed, in the mean while, through the utmost limits of chaos, the spirits of the Inferno having thought to take him amongst themselves; but Pluto was thrown into a great rage thereby, declaring that he had no place in his regions adapted to the sneerer, though, as the class was multiplying upon earth, he was racking his invention to produce a state adapted to them.

M Y F A T H E R.

BY RICHARD COE.

My father was a parent kind,
And loved his children dear;
And when his hour of death drew nigh
We shed full many a tear.
We wept, but not in bitterness;
For well we knew that he
Enjoyed, throughout the shadow-vale,
The smile of Deity.

He had a pleasant word for all
Who came within his way;
A smile was ever on his face—
A kind, benignant ray.
Where'er he roamed he made him friends,
Of high or low degree;
The only birthright that he owned
Was sterling honesty.

Misfortune's heavy shadow fell
Upon his later years;
We marked with grief his failing strength,
And turned to hide our tears.
At length an angel messenger,
Commissioned from the sky,
Approached my father with a smile
And bore his soul on high!

We laid him in his quiet grave,
A rural, soft retreat,
And turned our faces from the spot
With slow, unwilling feet.
We raised no graven monument
Above his humble sod—
My father was “an honest man,
The noblest work of God!”