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TRUE AND FALSE LOVE.

The following sweet lyric, which is a homily in itself, was written many years ago, by Miss Ferrier, the once popular author of "Marriage," "Inheritance," and "Destiny," works that elicited the emphatic commendation of Sir Walter Scott:

To sigh, yet feel no pain; to weep, yet know not why;
To sport an hour with beauty's chain, then throw it
idly by;
To bend the knee at every shrine, yet lay the heart at
none;
To think all other charms divine, but those we just
have won.

This is love—false love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove!

To keep one sacred flame, through life unchanged,
unmoved;
To love in wintry age the same that we in youth have
loved.

To feel that we adore with such refined excess,
That though the heart would burst with more, it could
not do with less.

This is love—constant love,
Such as saints might share above!

(For Baldwin's Monthly.)

REMINISCENCES.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

I think there is a great contrast between the manners, to say nothing of the genius, of the writers twenty years ago and those of to-day. There was less of pretension to *smartness*, and more of culture and genuineness. Conversation—certainly one of the fine arts—was better appreciated, and there was a higher tone of courtesy also. Indeed, elegance of manners is held quite in contempt now-a-days, while to be a lady or a gentleman in the highest sense was considered an essential passport to good society formerly; for at the time of which I speak, there was a prestige attached to genius and authorship—fast passing away. To enhance the authority of the pen by the graces of conversation, was not considered beneath the attention of an author. I remember many of the friends of twenty years ago as particularly distinguished for the excellence of their colloquial powers—fluent or reserved, as the inspiration of the hour might prompt, they were genuine, earnest. Their convictions and their prejudices strong; they had no toleration for shams, nor for *dulness* either, unless it were the "good dulness" created by the wand of a Prospero. I have found very few women good conversers: all are more or less fluent, but their self-consciousness is a bar to the continuation of ideas, and they are apt to lack that variety of incident, suggestion, and illustration, so essential to prolonged discourse. Mrs. Embury, at one time a favorite, and the wife of a highly cultivated, wealthy banker, and a Knickerbocker, was full of a capricious wit, with occasional outbreaks of enthusiasm. Mrs. Kirkland was simply commonplace; Miss Sedgwick was genial, a good listener, and clever, without brilliancy; Miss Lynch (now Mrs. Botta.) had all the grace, tact, and resources of a French woman, with a fine glow and repartee quite charming. Margaret Fuller was dogmatic and pedantic, exceedingly self-conceited, but with an under-current of thought and heroism sufficient to justify these disagreeable qualities. The women authors of my time were less Bohemian than those of to-day; were less self-assertive, but more artistic; less audacious, but more discriminating; less smart, but more just. Many, who at that time were in a high degree rural, have since risen to a deserved celebrity. Their mistakes of *manner* were always treated forbearingly, though sometimes not a little embarrassing; and as introductions occurred only at the request of the parties concerned, these rural gossips made occasionally very awkward blunders.

For instance: everybody that knows me, knows that

I have great toleration and love for dumb animals, and that the symbol of the *snake* has been a subject of much thought and investigation with me. This characteristic of mine has led my friends to present me with great numbers of *pets* in the shape of animals of different kinds, even to living serpents! The latter I placed in a capacious jar, into which I inserted a cross covered with moss, the top protected by the meshes of a strong lace, or wire frame. I confess I took a mischievous pleasure in witnessing the surprise, sometimes horror, with which a guest looked upon this strangely beautiful and revoltingly fascinating creature. But the thing, it seems, was an unconscious injury to me, of which I had evidence one evening at Miss Lynch's.

A young author from the rural districts, alive with curiosity to learn all about the distinguished people present, was talking with several persons in the vicinity of myself. I was engaged in an animated conversation at the time, but hearing my own name more than once pronounced by the young lady, I carried on a double mental process, that of listening to her and taking my own part in the subject under discussion. At length I heard her say: "But you must point out Madam Oakes Smith to me. I am told she is a dreadful woman—loves toads and snakes, and all such ugly creatures!"

A dead pause ensued on every side, and there was a general movement, so that she, not perceiving the cause, turned to me, and repeated the request.

"You think she is a dreadful woman," I said.

"Oh, yes, or she wouldn't like such creatures."

I replied: "Do you see anything dreadful about the person you are talking with? It is not honorable for me to let you go on, for I am the one you wished pointed out to you."

She stammered, colored, and drew aside. Had she been generous minded we might have been friends from that time forth.

Perhaps no one, twenty years ago, received more marked attention than Edgar Poe. He was living in a little band-box of a house at Fordham, adjoining the Jesuits' College, and where his wife died. He was military in his bearing, contracted by his temporary training at the West Point Academy. His slender form, pale, intellectual face, and weird expression of eye, never failed to arrest the attention of even the least observant. Always, everywhere he seemed out of place—a Hamlet amid the toils of fashion; and there was an unmistakable, cynical something about him that said: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery;" a suppressed egotism, a scarcely endured tolerance, a self-involved abstraction—native, not artificial. He spoke in a low voice, without any sympathetic vibration; yet it was one you listened to hear again. He did not affect the society of men, choosing rather that of highly intellectual women, with whom he liked to fall into a sort of eloquent monologue, half dream, half poetry. Men were intolerant of all this, but women fell under its fascination and listened in silence. I have seen the childlike face of Fannie Osgood suffused with tears under this wizard spell. I think Poe was utterly incapable of judging of any action from a moral point of view; thousands are in the same way devoid of moral sense, but having no intellectual preponderance, the fact may or may not become noticeable. If

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

the race have a most complicated and multitudinous subject before them.

HAPPINESS and vice are mutually exclusive; happiness and repentance mutually prejudicial. Happiness and virtue clasp hands and walk together.—*Mme. Sweet-chine.*

JOSH BILLINGS' GUIDE TO HEALTH.

Never run into det, not if you can find enny thing else to run into.

Be honest if you kan, if you kant be honest, pray for help.

Marry yung, and if you make a hit, keep cool, and don't brag about it.

Be kind to yure mother-in-law, and if necessary, pay for her board at sum good hotel.

Bathe thoroly once a week in soft water and kasteel sope, and avoid tite boots.

Exercise in the open air, but don't saw wood untill you are obliged to.

Laff every time you feel tickled, and laff once in a while enny how.

Eat hash washing days, and be thankphull, if you hav to shut yure eyes to do it.

Hold the baby half the time, and allwuss start the fire in the morning, and put on the tea kittle.

Don't jaw back—it only proves that you are as big a phool az the other phello.

Never borrow what you are able to buy, and allwuss hav sum things that you wont lend.

Never git in a hurry, you kan walk a good deal further in a day than you kan run.

Don't sware, it may convince you, but it iz sure not to convince others.

If you hav dauthers, let yure wife bring them up, if she haz got common sense she kan beat all yure theorys.

Don't drink too much nu slder, and however mean you may be, don't abuze a cow.

Luv and respekt yure wife enny how; it iz a good deal cheaper than to be all the time wishing she was sum how diffrent.

Don't phool with spiritulism; it iz like being a moderate drinker, sure to beat you at last.

Don't hav enny rules for long life that you wont break; be prepared to-day, to die tomorrow, iz the best kreed for long life I kno ov.

Keep yure hed cool and yure feet dri, and breath thru yure noze az much as you kan.

Don't be a clown if you can help it, people don't respekt enny thing much that they kan only laff at.

If you kant git a haff a loaf take a whole one, a whole loaf iz better than no bread.

Don't miss enny phun, not if you hav to go 10 miles out ov yure way to find it.

Don't keep but one dog, there iz no man but a pauper able to keep three.

NOTE.

Bi trieing to follow the abuv guide to helth and happi-ness, the Billings family haz bekum what it iz.

NEW YORK and its suburbs consume yearly 600,000 head of cattle, 800,000 sheep, and 1,000,000 hogs.

If there is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone, it is when a line full of clean, dry clothes falls down into the mud.

THE REAR YARDS OF HOUSES.

Let city residents, as well as country people, read the following:—[Ed.]

Take the prettiest and best kept villages in New England, and we doubt if a tenth part of even the most pretentious mansions, and the most ornate cottages, will bear examination in the rear. Instead of being nicely finished in all their petty domestic details and conveniences, and kept snug and trig, with trim grass-plots, with all the subordinate avenues and garden approaches well graveled, clean swept and free of refuse, and everything wholesome and orderly, there is apt to be a look of general untidiness, as if all the residual rubbish of years had been dumped therein. Not unfrequently a railroad runs its tracks in such a manner as to expose the rear of plenty of houses to the eye of the traveler over it—whose sense of neatness is offended by square rods of back-yard lumbered up with every conceivable variety of second-hand, damaged and invalided article known to domestic use, from a horse-cart disabled by broken thills and wrecked wheels, to the ghost of the baby-carriage which survives two generations of children, interspersed with smashed crockery, rusty and condemned tin-ware, old boots, sardine-boxes, disabled junk-bottles, hoop-skirts which would have outlived all usefulness if they had ever had any, chips, surdock, mullein, ashes, half-burned lumps of wasted coal, and all imaginable litter, trash, *débris*, and dirt. On the other hand, nothing is prettier than a cottage which is thoroughly well kept in rear, as well as at its more public portion. It seems inevitably redolent of a purer, sweeter, happier domestic life, than one with heaps of festering rubbish crowding hard upon it.—*Rural New Yorker.*