

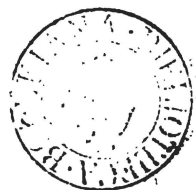
ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

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OUR SECOND SWEETHEART.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Do not think, gentle reader, that we intend to indite a book of revelations, touching *all* the woovers we have had in our train: certainly not! We shall betray no serious feeling, and trespass upon no delicate ground. No breach of faith shall be made in any way; but as the harmless truth of the portraiture of poor Ben Hewitt, our "first sweetheart," appeared to give general satisfaction, we are induced to believe that a few words relative to Tom Ashton, our second devoted admirer, may prove welcome to those who can smile over "simple annals."

At the time of this "tender attachment," we were living in the suburbs of London, and had just arrived at what should be and what really was with us, the gawky rollicking age of twelve. We are perfectly aware that in this fast age, young ladies of such a matured span begin to have definite notions of bridal dresses, and learn to "conduct themselves with propriety;" but we were brought up in a different atmosphere. We had a mother who cared much more for our principles and constitution, than for our politeness and conventionalism, and we had the constant fellowship of brothers, with whom we played, quarrelled, and fought, on the broadest system of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," to say nothing of our natural predilection for anything save "worsted work," or "sitting up like a lady." It must be admitted that we were about as rude a specimen of primitive Tomboyism as ever horrified a finishing governess. We were "dreadfully uninformed," often tore our frocks and trowsers, and scorned a parasol; but our spine was perfectly straight, our disposition as frank as daylight, and our mind untouched by the sentiment of French novels. We were quite as innocent as when Ben Hewitt lifted us up and kissed us, just as a life guardsman might Tom Thumb; and we had certainly lost nothing of the audacity which had prompted us to empty Dame Hewitt's jug of camomile tea and fill it with her best October brewing instead. The four years which had passed over our head had done little for it but deepen the shade of its curls. Would to Heaven the darkening shadows had always kept outside! We had acquired no accomplishments beyond a most crude notion of exercising our toes in *Paine's First Set*, and our fingers in the *Battle of Prague*, and a pretty mess we often made of both;—in short, we were as wild and wilful as any scion of civilized

humanity could be, and have often wondered since how we grew up into such a quiet reserved adult as we proved.

At this time our brothers made acquaintance with Tom Ashton,—a small-limbed, dark-skinned, black-headed boy of about thirteen. He was the only child of a corn-factor in the neighbourhood, had never known his mother, and had been brought up between a very severe aunt and a very indulgent father. Tom held that extreme degree of contempt for anything in petticoats which we often see entertained by boys of that age, and when he excluded us from "Catch-ball," refused to turn the skipping-rope for us, and said we were not wanted at "Hide and Seek," our amazement and indignation were not slight. He impressed our brothers, too, and they were becoming despotic in their adoption of the Salic law. Tom evidently despised us. We bore his abominable conduct as well and as long as we could, but at last the crisis came. We were working in a strip of ground, honoured by the name of garden, and with a tool in our hand, known as "a dibber," were planting scarlet-beans. In came the boys, with Tom Ashton, and of course we must "get out of the way" directly, and let them finish the beans.

"There, be off," said Tom, "and give me that dibber."

"I shan't," was our emphatic and laconic reply.

"Yes you shall," said he; "for I want it directly." And he forthwith attempted to take it by force. We resisted vigorously. At length, he gave us, not exactly "a blow," but something between a hard gripe and a desperate "shove," which sent the blood of all the Howards into our right arm; and we have to record the disgraceful fact of positively knocking him down with the dibber, and that our brothers cheered us lustily for the feat. Tom got up, looking very crest-fallen, tried to cough, and said it was "only his fun;" while we stood over our yard and a half of beans with a face like a crimson "passion flower," if there be such a thing, and quite ready and willing to "fight it out," if necessary; but Tom's masculine tyranny was crushed for ever: whether it arose from admiration or fear of our courage, we never questioned; but certain it is, that he was inspired with a different feeling toward us from that moment. He allowed us to bathe his temple, only begging that none of us would tell a word about the affray. He wanted to shake hands and make it up; and on the instant we offered him the disputed dibber, the rest of the beans, and a lot of sweet peas into the bargain.

When the far-off crowd appears
 Choking in the demon glare,
 And some helpless form uprears
 In that furnace of Despair ;—
 " Save! Oh, save!" the people cry,
 But who plucks the human brand?
 Who will do the deed or die?
 'Tis a Fireman of the Land!
 Then give them Honour, give them Fame,
 A Health to those who fight the Flame.

They who march to battle-field,
 With the bullet and the sword ;
 They who go to take or yield
 Life upon the crimson sward ;
 They who measure blade to blade ;
 They who offer shot for shot,
 Lest their hearts be deemed afraid,
 Lest their names should bear a blot ;—
 Never shall such soldier live,
 Never shall such spirit stand,
 In the noble rank we give
 To the Firemen of the Land.
 Then give them Honour, give them Fame,
 And drink to those who fight the Flame.

IT IS THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

(For Music.)

It is the song my mother sings,
 And gladly do I list the strain ;
 I never hear it, but it brings
 The wish to hear it sung again.
 She breathed it to me long ago,
 To lull me to my baby rest ;
 And as she murmured, soft and low,
 I slept in peace upon her breast.
 Oh, gentle Song! thou hast a throng
 Of angel tones within thy spell ;
 I feel that I shall love thee long,
 And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now,
 With doting glance of warm delight ;
 In after years I know not how
 Thy plaintive notes may dim my sight
 That mother's voice will then be still,
 I hear it falter day by day ;
 It soundeth like a fountain rill,
 That trembles ere it cease to play.
 And then this heart, thou gentle Song,
 Will find an anguish in thy spell ;
 'Twill wish it could not love so long,
 Or had not loved thee half so well.

IMPROMPTU.

TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

With a bunch of Wild Flowers, gathered on Shakspeare's Cliff,
 Dover.

WHERE is the one so fit to claim
 The wildlings nourished on the sod
 That rises, great with Shakspeare's name,
 An altar dear to man and God?

To whom around me could I give
 The tiny blossoms offered now,
 Save her who helps that name to live,
 And twines fresh laurels for his brow?

BUSINESS HABITS FOR WOMEN.

"HAPPY is the man whose habits are his friends," says the proverb.

Now, are Business Habits among the list of habits which men and women should cultivate as their friends?

It is very usual for literary men to depreciate business, and all that belongs to it, as a mere money-making craft, beneath the notice of thoughtful and intellectual men. Hazlitt, especially, used to "gird" at the trading class, setting them down as the creatures of habit—the habit of plodding, saving, and accumulating. He put his thoughts on this subject in his usual brilliant but extreme form;* holding that men of business are put in a go-cart, harnessed to a trade or profession, yoked to fortune's wheels, and so they plod on, and succeed: their affairs conduct them, and not they their affairs. All they have to do is to let things take their course, and not go out of the beaten road. If a man (engaged in the business of farming), says he, has a grain more wit or penetration than his neighbours, if his vanity gets the start of his avarice only half a neck, if he has ever thought or read anything upon the subject, it will most probably be the ruin of him. Again he says, "The great requisite, it should appear, then, for the prosperous management of ordinary business, is the want of imagination, or of any ideas but those of custom and interest on the narrowest scale; and, as the affairs of the world are necessarily carried on by the common run of its inhabitants, it seems a wise dispensation of Providence that it should be so."

This is certainly placing business upon the very lowest level. Business habits, according to this view, consist simply in not thinking, and plodding on. What Hazlitt doubtless meant, when he spoke of Business, was Trade—though this is only one department of Business. And even in Trade, the man who does not think, is very soon outstripped in the race of life by those who do think, as the experience of every day abundantly proves.

But Business Habits mean more than capacity for Trading. They mean aptitude for affairs, ability for action, competency to deal vigorously and successfully with the practical work of life, whether the spur of action lie in trade, in domestic government, in social organization, or in political progress. And viewed in this broad light, we are accordingly disposed to regard the cultivation of Business Habits to be essential to the happiness and well-being of men and women in all conditions of life.

The dictionary definition of the word "Business," shows how large a part of practical life arranges itself under this head. There it is, "Business—employment; an affair; the subject of business; serious engagement; a point; a matter of question; something to be transacted; something required to be done." From this definition it would appear, that women have quite as much to do with business as men, and that the cultivation of Business Habits is quite as necessary on their part as on that of men. A woman has to do her part in the affairs of life: in the management of her household, she requires a capacity for affairs, a knowledge of government, an insight into character; she needs to have an acquaintance with a number of particular circumstances, ought to be able to resort to a variety of expedients, and she must cultivate a tact for finding out what will succeed the best in the management of her household, and the government of its inmates. And when you find such a woman, you

* Hazlitt's Essay On Thought and Action.



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