Selected Miscellany.

THE QUILTING.

BY ANNA BACHE.

The day is set, the ladies met,
And at the frame are seated;
In order placed, they work in haste,
To get the quilt completed.
While fingers fly, their tongues they ply,
And animate their labors,
By counting beaux, discussing clothes,
Or talking of their neighbors.

"Dear, what a pretty frock you've on"—
"I'm very glad you like it."
"I'm told that Miss Shecmicon
Don't speak to Mr. Micat."
"I saw Miss Bell the other day,
Young Green's new gig adorning!"—
"What keeps your sister Ann away?"
"She went to town this morning."

"'Tis time to roll"—"my needle's broke"—
"Sam Martin's stock is selling;"
"Louisa's wedding gown's bespoke"—
"Lend me your scissors, Ellen."
"*That* match will never come about"—
"Now don't fly in a passion;"
"Hair-puffs, they say, are going out"—
"Yes, curls are all the fashion."

The quilt is done, the tea begun—
The beaux are all collecting;
The table's cleared, the music heard—
His partner each selecting.
The merry band in order stand,
The dance begins with vigor;
And rapid feet the measure beat,
And trip the mazy figure.

Unheeded fly the moments by,
Old Time himself seems dancing,
Till night's dull eye is op'd to spy
The steps of morn advancing.
Then closely stowed to each abode
The carriages go tilting;
And many a dream has for its theme,
The pleasures of "THE QUILTING"

From the Springfield Republican.

Female Accomplishments.

Every school for young ladies rejoices in its teachers of drawing, painting, &c., as well as its teacher of music; and under the hands of these two individuals, the whole school, as a general thing is desired to pass by teachers and parents. French is studied as an accomplishment. Dancing, in some schools, is taught as an accomplishment. The result usually is, that when a young lady is finished off, she can play six tunes on the piano, has executed three pieces of drawing or painting which papa buys frames for, and hangs up in the parlor for exhibition to visitors, has 'done' a little portfolio of water colors, in which the teacher's hand is frequently visible, has learned to dance, and has achieved a free run of nineteen French phrases which she could not pronounce correctly to save her life. So far there is nothing but show. Principles have not been comprehended, and she has in her hands nothing, not even the instruments for winning the accomplishments which she and her friend imagine she possesses.

We have seen such finished off young women by hundreds. They are picked up by the hundred by infatuated young men, and made into wives and housekeepers. Our readers call upon such wives every fair day. They will see the school-girl efforts in drawing transplanted from the old home where papa placed them, to bloom upon the walls of the husband—an evidence that she was once 'accomplished.' There stands the piano. You ask her to play. She sits down reluctantly, and gives you one of the immortal six that she made you sick of when she first returned from school. She has not learned a tune since. Her husband says, with a sigh, that she hasn't played any since she was married. She cannot even play a piece of simple, of sacred music at sight, to accomodate a company of singing friends who happen in upon a Sabbath evening. You toss her a *bon mot*, and she stares; or you ask her to render a French quotation against which you stumble in a Review, but she has 'forgotten her French.' You meet her at an assembly, and she walks a quadrille like an automaton, or stumbles at every change of the dance. So you come to the conclusion that she was just accomplished enough to accomplish her marriage, and that being out of the market, her accomplishments could be of no further use.

What we mest need in our American system of female education is the making of the "accomplishments," as they are called, practical. Music, drawing and language are sciences. Therefore thorough induction into the principles of these should be the first object, and not the simple manual or lingual practice that may be necessary to show results that have been arrived at without a passage through the legitimate channel.—How many misses can sketch from nature? How many are taught to sketch thus? How many, when they return home "accomplished," can sketch even the old domicil in which they were reared? How many can paint the tiger lily that occupies the corner of the door-yard? How many can take a simple piece of music and play or sing it at first sight? How many go on from the foothold they have achieved, and become mistresses of the delightful art, soothing the husband when weary and alone, or entertaining his friends when they call upon him? How many read a French book after leaving school? We suppose not one in fifty. Their accomplishments are a guilded cheat. The money spent to obtain them is a dead loss, and the time which they have occupied should have been devoted to more solid studiees, in which three-fourths are deficient, from the simple fact that their time has been so unprofitably occupied.

We can think of nothing more charming in a married woman (after a pleasant temper and a true heart,) than the ability to amuse herself and cultivate her own tastes and powers in the pursuit of ornamental art, and charm her friends by the production of her pencil, or the music of her voice. Yes—we mistake—there is one thing better than this—the ability to write a sensible letter, crossing her *t's*, dotting her *i's*, and obeying the rules of syntax. But then, we can't expect every thing, particularly if a women be accomplished.

SABLE WIT—"What part ob de ceremonies do de ladies most admire when dey go to church? "Well, Pompey, I can't tell dat—what is it?" "Why, Julius, it's looking at de him's."

AN exchange prper tells of a person who prefaced his sermon with "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

DISTRUST the man who finds every thing good, the man who finds everything evil, and still more, the man who is indifferent to everything.