

# Life Illustrated.

A JOURNAL OF ENTERTAINMENT, IMPROVEMENT, AND PROGRESS.

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.—NO. 24.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1856.

WHOLE NUMBER, 76.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,  
IN ADVANCE, BY  
FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Page.	Page.
General Literature—Attraction Between the Sexes: Its Conditions and Its Influence. 158	Spirit of the Medical Journals: Personal and Literary. 159
Between the Scars: America's Mightiest Inheritance. 158	Literary Notices: Reflections on the Business World; The Market. 159
Dreams: Houses for Working-Men. 158	Notes and Queries: Business Notices. 159
Letters From the Country: One "Night" Something. 158	Royal Affairs—Parsons' Gaudes: Miscellaneous—Statistical Origin of Names; Language of Kings; Type-Printer's Dues in the Olden Time. 159
About Japan ("A Wish"). 157	
Shoemaker and Patrons; Margaret Fuller's Travels; Walt Whitman's Article; The Show; Launch of the Adirack. 158	

## General Literature.

(Written for Life Illustrated.)

### ATTRACTION BETWEEN THE SEXES. ITS CONDITIONS AND ITS INFLUENCE.

Our life is dual. The fact has puzzled philosophers; but it is a fact, that through thousands of years, under all skies, in ever-repeated millions of instances, the wonderful life-force goes on multiplying itself in two almost exactly equal divisions of beings—each individual but a human moiety, and each prepared by union with its complement to assist in forming a new social unit. Man and woman are to-day, as in Eden, "the same restless north and south—positive and negative—magnetic poles. We say positive and negative, meaning to express *oppositeness*, not the superiority of either. And here, as elsewhere in nature, opposites attract.

Miss Hydrogen is a light, airy creature, but warm-hearted withal; Mr. Oxygen is a vigorous youth, ardent in his attachments, tenacious of purpose, and full of life. Let these two young people meet where fire or electricity forms a medium of communication, and they fly instinctively into each other's embrace; the hymeneal kiss of the affianced elements rings out with explosive energy, and the resulting product of their union, if neither very beautiful nor very bright, is certainly one that is very grateful to thirsty lips, and indispensable in the economy of the world. So it has been with "Benedict" and "Beatrice," with "Darby" and "Joan," and all the way down the catalogue to "Jack" and "Gill," ever since the world was; and so, if Mr. Miller will but postpone his grand *gynotechnics*, it is likely to be for some time longer.

It has been well said that Love never grows old, and that Love's story is never stale. How can it be otherwise! Shall the young magnolia show no blossoms because the parent tree blossomed full and richly before it! Not so. *Life repeats itself*, as does inanimate nature. The rainbow of to-day has as many colors and as beautiful as that which saw its reflection in the waters of the deluge. But beyond the power of inanimate nature, *life exalts itself*—at least it may do so under proper culture. The rose of to-day is more lovely and fragrant than that of centuries past. The old may be satiated with life's experience; but their youth has passed over as their best bequest to their children; and the latter should love life as we speak, and may have cause to love it better. We speak of what ought to be.

Love is the blossoming of life—the harbinger of its fruition. But the blossoms of the spirit have powers that are denied to the mere material flowering which crowns the plant with its glory. The fragrant of the former is an ethereal force that takes the emotive nature captive, an almost irresistible attraction which, where it exists, works out the most wonderful results in our every-day life, shaping character, determining efforts, and largely tinging success; and where it is not, leaving a vacancy, an incompleteness, and a forcelessness that lead to results of a negative kind, but equally striking and characteristic. This is so because the love-power is part and parcel of the life-force; and, as a rule, the more the individual has of one, the more is possessed of the other. The more vigor the plant has to flower, the more vigor it has to grow, to bear leaves and fruit, to withstand winds and drouths—in fine, to discharge, plant-fully, all the duties and offices of a responsible and exemplary plant. Only, it were well for this very reason that the plant should rather have abundance of vigor to flower than make a great expenditure of that vigor in the blossoming process; for in the latter case the sum-total of force may be wastefully consumed, and a scanty production of leaves, fruit, and vital stamina may, in the end, mark to the philosophic eye the prodigal of

Heaven's bounties. A hint, by the way, to the strawberry-vine and the apple-tree; and to some that are neither of these! That love-power and life-force are sometimes disproportional to each other is true. Excessiveness or knots in the tree may consume the vitality that should subserve nobler uses; and sometimes avarice, or vanity, or base cunning may in the same way mar the symmetry of manhood or womanhood.

But the rule is as we have stated: All persons respond to, and most persons are capable of exerting in greater or less degree, the magnetism of sex. In the street, in the public assemblage, in the social gathering, in the home circle, we feel and witness the mutual play of this all-pervading influence. All genuine gallantry is a part, and a small part, of its natural language. The complimentary allusions of public assemblages, and of anniversary occasions, whether they be formal or sincere, are but so many frank confessions of its ubiquity and power. The universal plot of romances and novels—the rough "course of true love"—that without which yellow covers would lose their value, novel-readers grow scarce, and novel-writers be left to starve, is such a confession. And so are poetry, the drama, and the best half of painting, sculpture, and music. The soldier feels this power on the field of battle, the orator on the rostrum, the inmate of society everywhere, and even the pastor little knows how it colors, and orders, and impels his holiest efforts.

Persons of large and strong vitality have strong impulses, and call forth strongly whatever there may be in others. The stalwart knight-errant and the busy soldier of a half-civilized age had their adventures of love that deserved the name. They were men, too, who could stand to be hewed down on the field of battle; but they could not commit suicide except upon some sudden and overwhelming disaster. Life grows insipid when we are so. Had Cleopatra been trained in a modern boarding-school, and left its "hallowed precincts" the victim of spinal complaint or dyspepsia, who can say what changes might have been read in the world's subsequent history! Or suppose Helen had been "delicate," or Paris as empty of sense or vitality as "fast young men" of the present day, who knows that "Troja sui" could even yet have been written! Force is the grand agent in the social as in the material world.

How totally mistaken, then, are those unfortunate ones of the fairer sex who, in the hope of rendering themselves interesting, covet debility and delicacy. Weakness of constitution, like weakness of mind, can only be a recommendation with men whose ignorance or perversion of taste must render them any thing but desirable as companions or flatterers as conquests. But this delicacy does more still, and worse, for its possessors. It actually robs them of the magnetism of sex, strips them of their coveted power, denies them the capacity to make conquests, and leaves them to be accepted through pity—a feeling that with such an object is akin to contempt—or totally passed by as ciphers in the mart of life. Ill health renders married life unhappy, single life a nuisance. For those who esteem a delicate constitution attractive, allow us to recall a passage from the life of an ancient patriarch. "Lash was tender-eyed; but Rachel was beautiful and well-favored [that is, healthful]. And Jacob loved Rachel." Here are cause and effect plainly stated. That women are far from intentionally sacrificing their influence over the other sex is conclusively proved by the interminable subsidies in the way of dress, fashion, perfumery, accomplishments, and faultless grace, which not one of them fails, as far as in her power, to bring to the aid of her natural charms. How can they forget, then, as they often seem to, that it is the personality only—the soul and self—and not their bedizennments, that must win admiration and esteem; for otherwise the wax figure in a perquier's show window might easily take precedence of them all.

Man, with his rough, practical sense, can hardly be accused in the same degree of mistaking the shadow for the substance. But his error is hardly less fatal to the complete play and power of the magnetism of sex. That fundamental error of the general masculine life—of so many particular lives—is excess. The turbulent stream of his impulses carries him "too fast and too far." Thought, work, care, enjoyment offer themselves and are accepted in too rapid a round. But excess generates

exhaustion; and so the highest completeness in its highest manifestation is not often met with. Shakespeare, in "As You Like It," makes Adam, a servant, say:

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did I with unwholesome forked woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lush winter,  
Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities."

Here is true philosophy. Temperance and chastity will surely confer that largeness of soul-force which in turn shows itself not alone in a manly attraction toward female society, but in such degree as may be possible, in courage, magnanimity, generous impulses, the comings of wit, and the steady blaze of an intense and deep intellect. He who possesses this fund of conserved life will not waste his time in gallantry. "As doubt-and-hesitance ought to show itself courageous to petticoat," he will not be found remiss; but be sure that in other fields some good and true work will report the skill of a clear-sighted, strong-handed workman.

How may we know when life is at the flood-tide! By various signs, but all of one family. An erect and confident carriage, not from the flatteries of self-esteem; a springy, elastic step, not by means of study and effort; a fair degree of flesh, not from dropical or morbid accumulation; a clear, smooth skin, not the work of cosmetics; a flashing eye, not kindled by anger or scorn; a calm gaze, eye to eye, not sustained by impudence; a full, sonorous voice, not the product of attention; true nobility of feeling, generosity of purpose, clearness and force of thought, and delicacy and propriety of intuition, in as high a degree as the mind is capable of these manifestations—these are among the marks of a *plus condition*—a manly selfhood. The minus life is but too palpably betrayed in the absence of these character-giving signs. Yet here we must discriminate closely, and not cast upon native bashfulness, often an attendant on the fullest vitality, the opprobrium that belongs to *acquired timidity*. This last should be the plainest hint to one who suffers it to keep out of society, until there is accumulated a fund of force sufficient to proclaim him a man among his fellows.

How, we are now prepared to ask, may man or woman hope to win affection from some chosen one! Philosophy has already answered, and her answer is on the side of virtue. Not by artificial aids, not by false incitements, not by unhallowed associations, which are the death of love. By simply being within one's self what one would gladly be taken to be, resting assured that no captain ever possessed in a higher degree than genuine love the ability to marshal all the powers and faculties of the man or woman into the field, whether for diplomacy or for action. The difference between *excitement* and *power* is fundamental, and must never be lost sight of. Excitement disappoints itself. But "conscious power is calm," and competent to all emergencies. *Use is loss*: the power we would have, we must save by abstaining largely from its exercise.

"Who rises from a feast  
With that keen appetite that he sits down!"

How sadly ten thousand times has the tale been told, and ten thousand more the woes suffered, but untold, of love's power lost in the hour of love's fruition, and she whose helplessness could least afford the coat, doomed the life-victim! What a lesson to those who would maintain to its rightful consummation the affection they prize! But beyond that consummation, of how many young men and women of promise might the early epitaph be written: "Suffered marriage at so or so years, and disappeared from the world's thought." It is not a law of celibacy only that *use is loss*.

The moral we need hardly stop to draw. "He who runs may read." *Large power* is the true gravitative tie that must secure, and must maintain, the interest and affection of any unperverted heart—the only sort worth the possessing. He or she who has such power will create a "sensation" in the social circle, and win attention, regard, companionship; he or she who has it not will be suffered to pass indifferently by, as the grains of a sand-hed glide upon each other, and catch no cohesive bond from their proximity in space.

(Written for Life Illustrated.)

### AMERICA'S MIGHTIEST INHERITANCE.

ARTICLE BY WALT WHITMAN.

*The English Language*.—What would you name as the best inheritance America receives from all the processes and combinations, time out of mind, of the art of man? One besueth there is that subordinates any perfection of politics, erudition, science, metaphysics, inventions, poems, the judiciary, printing, steam-power, mails, architecture, or what not. This is the English language—so long in growing, so sturdy and fluent, so appropriate to our America and the genius of its inhabitants.

The English language is by far the noblest now spoken—probably ever spoken—upon this earth. It is the speech for orators and poets, the speech for the household, for business, for liberty, and for common sense. It is a language for great individuals as well as great nations. It is, indeed, as characterized by Grimm, the German scholar, "a universal language, with whose richness, sound reason, and flexibility, those of none other can for a moment be compared."

*Language cannot be Traced to First Origins*.—Of the first origins of language it is vain to treat, any more than of the origin of men and women, or of matter, or of spirit. We go back to Hindostan; we decipher the hieroglyphics of Assyria and Egypt; we come onward to Hebrew and Greek records, but we know no more of actual origins than before. Language makes chronology petty; it ante-dates all, and brings the farthest history close to the tips of our ears. No art, no power, no grammar, no combination or process can originate a language; it grows purely of itself, and incarnates every thing. It is said of Dante, Shakespeare, Luther, and one or two others, that they created their languages anew; this is foolish talk. Great writers penetrate the idioms of their races, and use them with simplicity and power. The masters are they who embody the rude materials of the people and give them the best forms for the place and time.

*Stock and Grafts of English Speech*.—The Angles, one of the Saxon tribes that passed from Germany to Britannia in the year 1326 before American Independence (or A. D. 450), have, from some preference, not now to be clearly traced, given name to this mighty dialect, by naming the wonderful nation of whom it took shape. Saxon speech is the trunk or stock; on it Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian have been plentifully grafted. The Norman conquest of England brought in profuse buds and branches of the French, which tongue seems always to have supplied a class of words most lacking, and continues its supply to this day. Latin and Greek have been steadily adopted as their aid has been found convenient or necessary. The intercourse of trade with other countries annually brings back, and has long brought, words as well as wares; the best of these, in time, become familiar, and have a home look.

Our language is, therefore, a composite one, differing from all others. Still, it is simple, compact, and united. None other has the elasticity it has, with such perfect precision. Whatever we want, wherever we want any addition, we seize upon the terms that fit the want, and appropriate them to our use. Objects, acts, sentiments, art, wit, religion, freedom, physiology, the house, the field, the tastes of the common people, joy, dislike, amativeness, despair, resistance, self-esteem, war, land-life, sea-life, machinery, the sights of cities, ceremonies, reforms, new doctrines, discoveries, disputes—all these, as their occasions have arisen, have been furnished with additional words from far and near, where they could be found, as a workman is furnished with tools, or a soldier with arms. The same process must continue as long as our blood is a growing one.

*Asiatic Stock—Movements of Races*.—A farther retrospect is necessary. The English language, and all other European tongues—Greek, Latin, German, etc.—are but varieties of an ancient, long precedent, Asiatic stock. Language-searchers (a modern corps, to whom history is to be more indebted than to any of the rest), go unerringly back, taking the English, and all other speech, to the vale of Kashmir, to the Sanskrit and the sacred Zend, the burning-breasts of all the lore that comes home to us. Doubtless they too received from others long antecedent, and they again from others. 3400 years before the American era, or Year 1 of these States, the Celts entered Europe from Central Asia; 2600 years be-

fore our era, the Goths, from the same continent, to the northwest, found their way also into Europe. The Celts fled before the imperious muscle of the last comers, or submitted to be absorbed; many Celts retreated to Britain, supposed to have been then either uninhabited, or but sparsely inhabited; Europe became Gothic. About 1200 years before our era, the Slavic race (from *slava*, glory) descended from north-western Asia, and spread over what is now Russia, Poland, and Hungary. To these three enormous movements the English language recurs as one recurs to the events of forefathers; it, too, is of Asiatic transmission.

You see how the history of language is the most curious and instructive of any history, and embraces the whole of the rest. It is the history of the movements and developments of men and women over the entire earth. In its doings every thing appears to move from east to west, as the light does.

**Contributions and Parts.**—The Anglo-Saxon stock of our language, the most important part, the rude and strong speech of the native English for many centuries, mainly serves for sensible objects, specific thoughts and actions, home, and domestic life; it has the best words for manliness, friendship, and the education of childhood. The Celtic contribution consists much of proper nouns, given by the earlier inhabitants of Britain to towns, lands, woods, and mountains. The French contribution is large; the words refer to taste and the arts, poetry, manners, science, and law. Latin and Greek contributions refer to religion, science, the judiciary, medicine, and all learned nomenclature.

**Only Language Endures.**—Of all that nations help to build, nothing endures but their language, when it is real and worthy. Then it descends through centuries and scores of centuries. There are, doubtless, now in use every hour along the banks of the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the Sacramento, and the Colorado—as by the Rhone, the Tiber, the Thames, and the Seine—words but little modified, or not modified at all, from the same use and sound and meaning they had twenty thousand years ago, in empires whose names have long been rubbed out from the memories of the earth. The Celts, that melted under the northern tread of their Teutonic invaders, have left themselves to the lakes, hills, valleys, and streams of the British Isles. Thus, also, the American aborigines, of whom a few more years shall see the last physical expiration, will live in the names of Nantucket, Montauk, Omaha, Natchez, Saok, Walla-Walla, Chattahoochee, Amahuac, Mexico, Nicaragua, Peru, Orinoco, Ohio, Saginaw, and the like.

**Diffuse and Showy Use of Language.**—Words, however, are arranged much for mere show, especially by American writers and speakers; illiterate people are not one quarter as guilty. To use language properly is a rare art; the passionate and honest heart, perfect knowledge, and native idioms underlie this art. Writers, without exception, lack the self-denial to reject showy words and images, and employ terms in their beautiful exact meaning, using only what is applicable; they prefer using what appears elegant and effective. Every newspaper in America, the best as well as the worst, is full of diffuse and artificial writing—writing that has no precision, no ease, no blood, no vibration of the living voice in the living ear. Because language tells the interior, and has a higher service than to be pretty. While American writers bow, defer, say what they know is a lie, leave unsaid what they know to be true—arc cowardly, fractional, dyspeptic, subsided to other men's or nations' models—their compositions, fitted to the narrowness of recs and castes, adopting stale phrases and stereotyped avoidances, will fall dead on the American soil. So far, we wait for writers that give the mass of the people, body and brain.

**A Perfect English Dictionary has yet to be Written.**—Largeness of mind is no indispensable in lexicography than in any other science. To make a noble dictionary of the English speech is a work yet to be performed. Dr. Johnson did well, Sheridan, Walker, Perry, Ash, Bailey, Kenrick, Smart, and the rest, all assisted; Webster and Worcester have done well; and yet the dictionary, rising stately and complete, out of a full appreciation of the philosophy of language, and the unspeakable grandeur of the English dialect, has still to be made—and to be made by some coming American worthy the sublime work. The English language seems curiously to have flowed through the ages, especially toward America, for present use, and for centuries and centuries of future use; it is so composed of all the varieties that preceded it, and so absorbs what is needed by it.

**Meanness of the Tuition of Schools.**—The study of language, dictionaries, "grammar," etc., as pursued in the public and other schools of New York, Boston, Brooklyn, and elsewhere through the States, is worth nothing but the scornful and unrestrained laughter of contempt. Probably not one teacher of them all is possessed of the few great simple leading principles of the mighty science of speech.

**Read the works of modern language-searchers—** that majestic and small brotherhood. They will open and enlarge your mind. You will see, interwoven like the network of veins, regardless of different continents, colors, barbarisms, civilizations,

all the races of men and women on whom the sun shines and the night drops shadows. Discrepancies fall into line. All are of one moral as well as physical blood—the blood of language. Fables, creeds, miracles, disappear as bubbles. Romulus and Remus, Hengist and Horsa, sink helplessly into the land of myths.

**APPENDIX FOR WORKING-PEOPLE, YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN, AND FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.**

**Pronunciation.**—What vocalism most needs in these States, not only in the few choicer words and phrases, but in our whole talk, is ease, sonorous strength, breadth, and openness. Boys and girls should practice daily in free, loud reading—in the open air, if possible. Most of the conventional laws observed in the schools are unworthy any notice whatever. Open your mouth—sound copiously and often such rich sounds as *ei* and *ed*—let your organ swell loudly without screaming—don't specify each syllable or word, but let them flow—feel the sentiment of what you read or say, and follow where it leads. These are some of the main requisites of a beautiful mode of talking, a beauty rarer than that of the finest faces or forms. Yet it is of little use to give rules; frivolous persons, mean dispositions, merely polite persons, will show all in their accents. What is wanted is a harmonious and healthy mind; no voice of man or woman ever makes the true melody while it is deficient in that. The primness, painful precision, nasal twang, dread, weak vocalism, of so many Americans, are not entirely the faults of the chest, throat, mouth, and nose. A cultivated or naturally fine ear is also, of course, a part of a good pronunciation.

In pronouncing French, or any other foreign words, in the way of adopting them into their usual speech, not a few accomplished American and English people prefer boldly to bend them at once as high as possible to the English tongue. This only anticipates what must happen at last. When a word loses its learnedness and novelty, and gets to be generally used and understood, it will surely be deprived of more or less of its original sound, and made to conform to common ears and lips. Might this better be done at once! Or should foreign words be held as long as possible to their native pronunciations, that those who may, if nothing more, their eventual pronunciation!

Few Americans or Frenchwomen do well to attempt the Frenchman's or Frenchwoman's accent of French words—or to copy the German's or Spaniard's accent of theirs. Learn the words, if convenient, from the mouth of some educated native; otherwise from a pronouncing dictionary; or then give them out of your own uncramped mouth. It is enough if you make no bad slip or violation. Understand the meaning of the word exactly before you use it. Do not use it at all if there be an English word that fully expresses your meaning. Also, do not use any new word when the person or persons you address will probably not understand it.

In the pronunciation of the following words the orthoepist is as near to the original as it is ever likely to be uttered by our national organ. These lately arrived contributions, nearly all French, are merely given as fragments, by way of example or illustration. Fresh words will always be introduced amid an expanding people. If any thing is to bend, they must bend to the people; the attempt to bend the people is in this always distressing and laughable.

**A few Foreign Words, mostly French, put down Suggestively.**—Some of these are tip-top words, much needed in English—all have been more or less used in affected writing, but not more than one or two, if any, have yet been admitted to the homes of the common people.

- (as in star; as in law)
- Accouchement (ak-kooh-'ment, or ak-kooh-'mân)—Act of giving birth to offspring.
- À la mode (à-kooh-'shar)—Man-midwife.
- À la mode (ak-kooh-'shoo)—Midwife.
- Atelier (at-'al-er, or at-'lee-er)—Workshop; studio of an artist.
- Attache (at-'la-sha)—Subordinate of a newspaper, or of an ambassador, or some official department.
- Attache (at-'el-er, or at-'el-er-er)—To saddle; to make sorrowful and heavy-hearted.
- Audience (aw-'de-lee)—Place of the audience in a public building.
- (The last two terms are needed in English.)
- Allons (al-'lon, or al-'toon)—"Let us go."
- Abrégé (à-'bra-jé)—Abridgment or epitome of a book or books. (This word, applying exclusively to books, would come in well in our literary era and land.)
- À propos (à-'pro-poz)—Periphrastically, self-command.
- Appui (ap-'poo)—Support. Point d'appui—point of support; fulcrum.
- Abattoir (à-'la-toir)—Slaughter-house.
- Ambulance (am-'bu-lân-s)—A military carriage for the sick and wounded.
- Amie (ah-'me, masculine)—Amie (ah-'me, feminine)—Dear friend.
- Bon (b as in song)—Good, friendly.
- Bonnes (bôn-'se-koz)—Propriety, elegant manners.
- Bien (byen-'shu)—"Well." Bijou (by-'shu)—"Jewelry."
- Bonne (bôn-'se)—"Wife or mistress." White or whitish.
- Bon jour (bôn-'shur)—"Good-day."
- Bon soir (bôn-'swar)—"Good-night."
- Bon mot (bôn-'mô)—"A witty word."
- Bon vivant (bôn-'vân, or bôn-'vân-ân)—"A lover of good eating and drinking."
- Brochure (bro-'shoor)—A pamphlet.
- Bourgeois (boorzh-'zâ, or boor-'jâ-â)—A citizen. Bourgeois (boorzh-'zâ, or boor-'jâ-â)—Citizens.
- Boudoir (bood-'wâr, or bood-'wâr)—Private apartment.
- B. à la mode (bô-'la-â-â)—A promenade.
- Bianco mango (byân-'mân)—A jelly.

- Braquet—Abrupt in manner, no soft politeness.
- Belle lettre (bel-'let-tr)—What relates to poetry, refined literature, and the arts.
- Éboulement (bool-'vân-mân, or mout)—Smash, overthrow, extreme confusion.
- Boites (booi-'te)—A purse.
- Café (ah-'fâ)—Coffee.
- Charge d'affaires (shâr-'jâ-'d'affair)—
- Cashe (kash)—Hanging-place. (Used toward the Pacific regions in buying provisions for afar use.)
- Canaille (kan-'ail)—Dirty low people.
- Carra (sh-'kâr)—"I shall go on."
- Coup de main (koo-'p-de-mân)—A military term, meaning a sudden, strong, unexpected attack.
- Coup de grâce (koo-'p-de-grâs)—Mercy stroke to one executed.
- Carte blanche (kart blânsh)—A card blank or assigned; free permission.
- Comme il faut (kom-'el-'fâ)—As it should be.
- Clé d'ant (se-'d-vân)—Formerly, heretofore.
- Clerone (sis-'er-ô, or ch-'ch-er-ô-ân)—A guide or overlooker.
- Cuisine (koo-'zeen)—Cookery, kitchen.
- Cabaret (kab-'re-ét, or kab-'ra-ân)—A tavern.
- Chiaroscuro (ki-'sh-'ro-'skoo-ro)—Mingling of light and shade.
- Cure (koo-'r)—A priest.
- Concealer (kon-'se-aler)—Person that takes care of the house, keeps the rooms clean, shows people through, etc.
- Debutant (deb-'u-tân)—One who makes a first public appearance.
- Dieu et mon droit (dy-'u mo-'dwa)—"God and my right."
- Docent (dok-'sent)—Swearer; a bribe.
- Edouard (dy-'u-â-er)—Loose dress, or undress.
- Éclaircissement (e-'klâr-'sis-ment, or e-'klâr-'sis-ment)—Explanation; clearing up an affair.
- Écuelle (e-'koo-ell)—Female condition with young.
- En famille (ân-'fâ-mil)—Like one of the family, without ceremony.
- En passant (ân-'pas-sân)—Same as our colloquial phrase "by the way."
- En route (ân-'roo-é)—On the route or passage.
- Ennui (ân-'wâ)—Dread, low spirits, "the horrors."
- Ensemble (ân-'sân-â)—Wholeness; the whole so considered that each part has reference to the aggregate. (This expressive and long-needed word is now almost at home in English.)
- Entresol (ân-'tré-sôl)—A little floor, between two larger floors.
- Entremets (ân-'tré-mê)—Dainties, side dishes.
- Entrepôt (ân-'tré-pô)—Warehouse or receptacle.
- Embonpoint (em-'bon-pwân)—Fat, "plump."
- Embouchure (ân-'boosh-ur)—Mouth of a river—aperture of a musical instrument.
- Être (ân-'tré)—Appearance, first coming in public.
- Étits (e-'lê)—Rich and accomplished persons, high society.
- Escrivoire (e-'skri-voir)—Writing-desk or private case for papers or cash.
- Equivoque (e-'kri-'vok)—Ambiguous word or phrase.
- Exposé (e-'pô-zé)—An exposure.
- Exposé (e-'pô-zé)—"One more."
- Facade (fâ-'sâ)—Front elevation of a building.
- Façon (fâ-'sôn)—Ward or portion of a city.
- Feu champêtre (fê-'shân-pâ-tr)—A merry-making outdoors.
- Figurant (fig-'urân)—Opera dancer. (This word is getting to be used to describe any one who attracts public attention.)
- Finition (fîn-'yôn)—Little leaf.
- Garçon (gar-'sôn)—Boy, waiter.
- Genre (jân-'z)—Style, species, one style in painting.
- Je ne s'exprime (jân-'de-è-è-è)—Play of wit.
- Insouciance (ân-'soo-sâ-â)—Careless, free from preparation, just as any thing transpires in nature.
- Livraison (liv-'ra-zôn)—Delivery; a part or number of a book.
- Mélange (mê-'lânsh)—A mixture.
- Mêle (mê-'le-è-è-è-è)—Scuffle; rough fight.
- Morceau (môr-'so)—A bit; a portion.
- Morceau (môr-'so)—Dead, corpse.
- Négative (nê-'gâ-tiv)—Not dressed up.
- Nonchalant (nôn-'shâ-lân)—Easy, without bashfulness or formality.
- Pendant (pên-'shân, or pân-'shân)—Dedivity, bias.
- Prétexte (prê-'têst)—Happy idea, luck, illusion.
- Patois (pâ-'wâ)—Montgri dialect.
- Portfeuille (port-'foil-ye)—Portfolio; department of an officer of city or state.
- Protege (prô-'tê-ze)—One under protection.
- Protege (prô-'tê-ze)—Legs, hind legs talk.
- Propriété (prô-'pri-été)—Property of persons belonging in the army, navy, or any where.
- Preoccup (prê-'koo-'p)—"I have stoned."
- Rapport (rap-'port, or rap-'pô)—Subtle, moral and mental sympathy.
- Répertoire (rê-'pê-'toir)—Alphabetical list.
- Restaurant (rê-'stô-'rân, or rês-'tô-'rân)—Eating-house, restorative.
- Raisonné, Latin (râ-'sô-nâ-â)—Inner reasons or theory.
- Resumo (rê-'zô-mô)—Last brief recapitulation.
- Régule (rê-'gool)—Duty; also government or rule.
- Rôle (rô-'lê)—A person's part, to be performed.
- Roue (roo-'â)—A seducer of women, a bad liver.
- Sol d'ant (pronounced e-ter just as spelled, or awa-'d-zang)—pretended, would-be.
- Sans—Without.
- Sans culotte (sân-'koo-'lô-è-è)—One without decent trousers—ono of the rabble.
- Suite (swit)—Companies following a distinguished person; also used for apartments connected.
- Trottoir (trô-'toir)—Walk for foot passengers.
- Vaincu (vân-'kyoo)—A light gay composition, or ballad.
- Via-vis (vî-'vî-è-è-è)—Face to face.
- Voligier (vô-'li-jê-è-è)—A valet, a soldier of the light cavalry.

[Written for Life Illustrated.]

**DECENT HOMES FOR WORKINGMEN.**

The legislative inquiry in the condition of our tenement houses (some facts connected with which were furnished a few days since) has been decided upon sufficiently late not to offend the most obstinate sticklers for things as they are. Years since the want of proper accommodation in these buildings in which our working population are obliged to live—their positive unhealthfulness, with the extravagant rent demanded—were demonstrated as social evils by men anxious for social well-being and progress; and now, as it will be seen, our State Assembly has taken up the burden of the complaint, and really seems anxious to do something toward the removal of the scandal.

The inquiry ordered at Albany has resulted in one report. In that report many, if not all, of the evils attached to the tenement houses in New York city are enumerated. We may look for more in future reports, and probably when the affair is finished for that most essential addition, a suggestion for future improvement. In the interval, however, it may not be out of place for us to glance at the evils concomitant of our tenement houses—perhaps not to be found in the official report—and then to submit what long experience in such matters inclines us to consider as the best remedy.

In New York the house-rent of a working-man averages a fourth of his income while in full employment. This is a large proportion, even in the abstract; at the same time, the actual money given to the landlord, if compared with the equivalent rendered by the latter, is really enormous. For a rental of ten dollars per month (paid in advance, too), there is no reason why a mechanic and his little family should not be housed with some approach to comfort—that cleanliness, a free ventilation, light, and room, should not be vouchsafed him. But what is the true condition? For ten dollars per month thousands of our operative classes find themselves constrained to pass their days in cells ill-constructed, close, and filthy. Many of these tenement houses are built in direct violation of law as well as of common decency. It has been our task to examine them. Rooms not larger than properly-sized cupboards, stair ways narrow and dark, a melancholy deficiency in light, air, and water, equal everywhere, and what ought to be water-closets on the roof, with a passage for accumulating soil all down the premises! these have been among the health-destroying agencies we have found in such places—these the items in the poor man's domestic economy, which have explained how disease is fomented in our midst, and how, when brought by other causes, its stay is continued, and its victims outnumber those it can more properly claim on its own exclusive account.

The physical evils of these tenement houses are obvious enough. They have others—moral evils—which may not be recognized so soon or so plainly. The working-man should, in an especial degree, be able to count on his decent relaxation at home; and that he might enjoy were his home more decent than it is. Finding it, then, so different to what it ought to be, is not the inference allowable, that he is tempted elsewhere to pass his evenings! On the corners of his street (indeed, on the corners of nearly all of our streets) there are the cheap groggeries. At one he deals for a portion of his necessities; it is a place familiar to himself and family on that account, if on no other. For a pleasant change, as he thinks at the moment, he enters. He finds others like himself there, and, what is worse, the Dutch "boos," or clerk, behind the counter, ready to furnish him with colored poison at three cents per glass. That is quaffed—another, and another; and thus do habits of intemperance grow upon a man not naturally predisposed toward them, and to which he never would have resorted had his home been cleanly and comfortable.

Some stress has been laid upon the extravagant rent charged by the landlords of these tenement houses. That is bad enough in itself, and deserving of condemnation; but what will be said when we add that, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the requests of tenants for a few necessary repairs are sure to be evaded; and when expostulation is resorted to, that the intimation is coolly given, that if — does not like the place he can leave it—others will take it after him, and perhaps give a higher rent.

Unfortunately the landlord is too correct here. Others will take his apartments, and it is his certainty of that class that renders him careless and insolent to his decent tenants. Let us avoid all ambiguity here. The tenants so desirable by these landlords are women whose pursuits we best indicate by the avoidance of direct mention. Whole hords of these have been advancing up town of late years, and outbidding the working-men on the question of rent, although leaving to him the complaints on the score of repairs, etc., to which allusion has been already made.

Thus far we have exposed the evils of our tenement houses. Let us now give what we conceive the best remedy for their continuance. That, it strikes us, is to be found only in the erection of what are called "model lodging houses." The original plan is European; but surely not, for that

**HON. MISS MURRAY'S OPINION OF AMERICAN WOMEN.**—The national character of women in the United States more resembles that of self-indulgent Asiatics than of energetic Anglo-Saxons. Instead of being queens they are playthings—dolls—things treated as if they were unfit or unwilling to help themselves or others; and while we in England have nearly cast aside arts of the toilet worthy only of dolls, I see here false brows, false bloom, false hair, false every thing—not always, but too frequently. Dress in America, as an almost general rule, is full of extravagance and artificiality.

—A green-looking fellow hailed an omnibus driver, as he was dashing down Washington Street, with "Go in" to Roxbury!" "Yes," said Jehu, reining up his horses. "Wal, so I thought!" responded the gawky, and passed on.