

THE FOLLOWING TREATISE ON HOME AND HITS AT FASHION AND YOUNG AMERICA,

Are kindly presented to my children, as a memorial of their father, with a request that they be carefully preserved and handed down to their succeeding posterity. They will convey a pretty good idea of their ancestor, and of the times in which he lived; and, having no public fame to perpetuate, I deem them a sufficient monument to my memory.

Written by **WILLIAM BROWN**, of Wyandot county, Ohio, A. D. 1860,
IN HIS SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

Home, Sweet Home.

There is no two words in the English language that carries with them so many fond and pleasing associations, as those of "Mother" and "Home." They are almost inseparably connected; what relates to one, is rarely foreign to the other. Yet they are distinct subjects, and I shall briefly treat only the latter.

The love of home is not confined to the old, the young, the rich or the poor — all pronounce it the loveliest spot of earth. The old love it for its peaceful comforts and security; the young, because it is the center and almost the bounds of all they know and feel, either of joy or grief; the rich, for its convenience, show, and display; the poor, because it is about all of this world's goods that they can call their own. Home is the great equalizer of happiness; nor is its quality very material. It is true, a change from a better to an inferior home, is at first annoying and painful; but here nature steps in, and by the force of habit and custom, the unfortunate are kindly relieved; and what before appeared a dire calamity, is now not only rendered tolerable, but often agreeable. The poor man in his log cabin, with the necessaries of life, is happier than the prince in his palace, with superfluities. Pope says:—

"Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in King."

And again:—

"More rich, more wise: but who infers from
hence,
That such are happier, shocks all common
sense."

It was fixed habitation that gave rise, progress, and perpetuity to Science and Civilization — the builder

and polisher of civil society; — and there is little prospect of retrograde or decline in these, so long as we properly appreciate Home.

The wayfarer may enjoy, to some extent, objects of curiosity or interest; but it is home reflection that gives them their proper weight and worth. It is at Home the weary of mind or body finds relaxation and rest; and here we may quietly contemplate the past, present, and future. It is the starting and ending point of all our plans of life. It brightens prosperity, and soothes misfortune. Our earliest knowledge, and the last that fades from memory, is that of dear Mother and Home. And, to sum up all in one short sentence: if there is any such thing as an emblem of Heaven on earth, it is "Home, Sweet Home."

Fashion

Is the legitimate offspring of pride, and no doubt her darling pet. She is based on innovation; her superstructure fancy, freak, and folly. — She is capricious, insatiable, arbitrary, and tyrannical. She embitters society with envy, jealousy, and hatred. She creates thousands of real and imaginary wants, and affords nothing to satisfy them. She renders women vain, trifling, expensive, and useless — yea, a downright burthen to parents and husbands. — She drives to indebtedness, dependence, and poverty; and they to deception, servility, and degradation; and, alas! the delusion (for I can call it nothing else) generally terminates in mortified pride and unpitied mis-

ery — for even meek-eyed Charity refuses to commiserate fallen pride. — In short, she has not a single redeeming quality to recommend her: a bane without an antidote — an unmitigated curse. She is laughed at, sneered at, despised, condemned; and, with strange inconsistency, she is admired, loved, idolized, carressed, and adopted by nearly all.

Young Male America

Is a large, vigorous youth, not yet out of his teens. He is of sanguine temperament, and high aspirations; believes all things possible, if not positively certain; has full faith in railroads, telegraphs, patent rights, state fairs, and whisky groceries; loves fashionable ladies, and fast horses to match; would sport a pack of hounds, were they not so provokingly slow; wonders that his daddy, after living so long, should know so little; considers his mamma a first rate sort of woman, but rather antique in manners and taste for modern gentility; thinks prudence and caution well enough when people were honest, simple, and ignorant; but rather tame at this shrewd, enlightened age. He also claims a high destiny, but cannot wait the Lord's good pleasure in bringing it about, but boldly strikes out for it on his own hook, saying (with a leer of his eye and a snap of his fingers): — "The Devil take the hindmost." — In short, he may be aptly compared to that roaring, roistering animal we sometimes see at fairs, that is tho't to have more courage and bluster than sound discretion.

Young Female America

Is not a whit behind her brother in vigor, confidence, and high pretensions. She is more precocious, however, arriving at full maturity in her early teens. It is astonishing how quick the transition now from sweet little pantaletted girls to marriageable ladies; their change is about as sudden as that of the richly-tinted butterfly from the chrysalis, and I am sorry to say their beings, aim, and end appear about as gaudy, vain, and useless as that insect. But to properly estimate these butterfly ladies, I will briefly compare them to the plain, hard-fisted, matter-of-fact women of forty years ago; those who did their own housework, nursed their babies, milked their cows, and clothed their families by the wheel, loom, and needle; in short, when true domestic worth was her only reliable passport to respectability, love, and matrimony; and who so blind, I ask, as not to see, and so stubborn as not to admit the vast —. But, methinks I see some of my fair readers rise in their majesty and exclaim:—

"Hold, hold, old man; you are making invidious comparisons. — You are too rough and bungling to tamper with butterflies; if you are not a little more careful, you will rub off all our tinsel, and that, you know, is about our whole stock in trade. Indeed, if I must say it, take away our tinsel and there is precious little of us left. And are you willing to thus knowingly and maliciously annihilate us? Oh, you ungallant, uncharitable, unfeeling old wretch!"