

In the Country
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Yes: in the country once more; the sweet, fresh, breezy, dewy country. Our dear, beautiful old friend, the country! Far away from city sights and sounds; close to the very heart of nature; nestled down in one of her most precious little villages. Good by, city! Welcome, country!

No more shall morning dresses be broken, and the half-freed spirit summoned to the realms of the real, by the tones of the fish vendor – “sell-e-o-porgies! Porgies – sell-e-o-h-h-h!” – or the equally euphonious – “radishes, ma’am, radishes!” Instead thereof, when our side this great earth has again turned sun-ward, the fact is heralded by a thousand tiny feathered songsters, who fill the air with the melody of their own joyous little hearts; and the genial sun shines in brightly at the window of the east bed-room, as if in haste to awaken its inmates to the enjoyment of another beautiful day. No more, upon taking a peep at the outer world, is the vision greeted by house maids sweeping walks and cleaning out gutters, or bargaining with milkmen for their daily supply of chalk and water; but the broad fields and forests on either side, bounding only by the distant hills, give one a feeling of expansion – as if one had found room to *grow*, body and soul.

No more going shopping! Hurrah! Farewell to Grand St., and Broadway! Farewell to “berages,” “organdies,” “laces,” and “ribbons!” Farewell to aching eyes, confused heads, and bargain-driving clerks! Farewell, a long farewell, to milliners and dressmakers. No more going marketing! Farewell to sugar-barrels, and butter tubs, to baker’s bread and baker’s pies, to greasy meat stalls and stands of wilted vegetables! Here, mother nature keeps things fresh and green, in her own groceries, and cellars, and refrigerators, till her children are ready to take them out and use them, and the only price she asks is industry and perseverance.

Nature is not dressed up, here, in her “Sunday-go-to-meeting” – or rather gas-light-go-to-ball – apparel; as those find her who resort to fashionable watering places. She is true *mother* nature, in her every day dress, which is not too good for every day work, or her children’s play, and which is fresh, and new, and beautiful every morning. She needs no ornaments; she is herself beautiful – perfect.

Our dear little village is in keeping with the “mother” in whose ample skirts she is nestled. The cottages are comfortable, convenient, pretty, unpretending; and contains, I ween, many happy hearts. Apropos: for society – well, we shall see! No doubt “in keeping” also. I know what some are, at least --, and I know what two rosy cheeked, blue-eyed children are, to an “auntie’s” heart! Ah! Would that you might see them, dear reader as they play around the door-steps of the “Red parsonage!” The elder one, perchance, is all the dignity of regimentals, “marching” up and down the plank walks, or laying plans for the capture of Jeff. Davis and even the “wee toddling, tottering” one picking up a stick and saying “bang!” For – yes – the sound of war has reached even our green retreat, and the clover-scented air has resounded with its trumpet note. We do not hear the clangor and clash of arms, nor see the hurry and hustle of preparation; but a softened murmur of what is going on, in the outer world is wafted to us over the hills. And while we read the condensed weekly summary of news, instead of the ponderous

Dailies, with their long half-columns of large capitals, we can scarcely realize that our country is in the midst of a civil war. Well, we *will not* realize it – unless indeed duty should call us to action – it is so delightful to forget every thing but the present and the beauty around us!

L.G.