

SELECT POETRY.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

Speak it not lightly—'tis a holy thing, A bond enduring through long distant years, When joy o'er thine abode is hovering, Or when thine eye is wet with bitter tears; Recorded by an angel's pen on high, And must be questioned in Eternity.

Speak it not lightly—though the young and gay Are thronging round thee now with tones of mirth, Let not the holy promise of to-day Fade like the clouds that with the morn have birth, But ever bright and sacred may it be, Stored in the treasure cell of memory.

Life may not prove all sunshine—there will come Dark hours for all—O woe when the night Of sorrow gathers thickly round your home, Love as ye did, in time when calm and bright Seemed the sure path ye trod, untroubled by care, And deemed the future, like the present, fair?

Eyes that now beam with health may yet grow dim, And cheeks of rose forget their early glow; Langour and pain assail each active limb, And lay perchance some worshipped beauty low; Will ye then gaze upon the altered brow? And love as fondly, faithfully as now?

Should fortune frown on your defenceless head; Should storms o'er take your bark on life's dark sea; Fierce tempests rend the sail so gaily spread, When Hope her syren strain sang joyously— Will ye look up, through clouds your sky o'ercast, And say, "together we will bide the blast?"

Age with its silvery locks comes stealing on, And brings the tottering step, the furrowed cheek, The eye from whence each lustrous gleam hath gone, And the pale lip, with accents low and weak; Will ye then bid upon your life's gay prime, And smiling, think Love triumph over Time?

Speak it not lightly—O beware, beware! 'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word, Lo, men and angels list the faith you swear, And by the High and Holy One 'tis heard; O then kneel humble at his altar now, And pray for strength to keep your marriage vow.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

HOME.

Let what will be said of the pleasures of society, there is after all "no place like Home." How beautiful are the relationships of Home! how exquisitely touching to the feelings! All are linked to each other by the most intimate and endearing ties—husband to wife—wife to husband; parents to children—children to parents; brothers and sisters to sisters and brothers; a power like that of electricity seems to run through the family group, so that one cannot enjoy pleasure without the others participating therein, one cannot sorrow but all must mourn, nor one be honored but all must share the joy.

And, as Home is that place which has the strongest ties upon the feelings, so is it the place in which woman has the power of exerting her influence in the greatest degree. This is her true and proper station—the duties of Home are peculiarly hers; and let it not be thought that in assigning Home as the appropriate sphere for her action, we are assigning her a mean and an ignoble part. It is, in truth, far otherwise. The sphere of her operation may be a limited one; but, as many rivers make up the ocean's waters, so the conjunction of many homes makes up the world; and therefore, in performing her duties at Home, she is performing her part in the world at large; and as a man carries with him through the world those same habits and feelings he gathered in his Home—and as these habits and feelings are principally derived from the influence of woman—woman in performing her Home duties takes a vast share in the concerns of the community.

In the days of ignorance, it was thought that to give women education would only unfit them for the duties of Home; but, instead of this, education, in place of lessening, adds to the zeal for performing them, and when most enlightened, then are duties performed with the greatest readiness, and, at the same time, with the greatest prospects of success.

A strange miscalculation was made by those who held that to keep woman in ignorance would secure the best chance of having household duties properly performed. They never reckoned that it is at Home all the principles are imbibed which are carried into the world; and thus, that if ignorance reigned in every household, ignorance must be the great evil carried into the world at large.

The influence of woman extends through all the concerns of life, and this influence is acquired at Home; therefore, it is incumbent upon her that she discharge her duties with the most scrupulous care. Let her not think that the things of Home are of trivial importance—they are far otherwise; for they affect the sphere of every man's actions, whether high or low—and in well regulating a household, and performing her duties with assiduous care, a woman may be the instrument of the well-organization of a parish, her country, or the world.

Whatever it may be in other countries, to an Englishman is there the sweetest melody in the word Home. All his ideas of happiness are connected with his Home; and especially is this true of all those who are in any way connected with the concerns of life. With the exception of those to whom Providence has assigned such a portion of wealth, that they need not exercise any powers, either mental or physical, to procure subsistence, all look to Home as the centre from whence all their happiness is to diverge; and from the highest to the lowest, this statement holds good—all look to Home for happiness. And if this be true, how much depends upon woman, particularly on those who are placed in the relationship of wives, mothers, or daughters!

Look, for example, at that man whose deeply-marked brow proclaims a heart ill at ease, and in whose every feature we can trace that care and trouble are pressing heavily upon him. Would you were pressing heavily upon him. Would you were pressing heavily upon him. Would you were pressing heavily upon him.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it. On no occasion to relate it.

Always take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never show levity when people are engaged at worship.

self, and now, after years of honourable industry, he sees nothing but ruin and bankruptcy as his future portion. But, nevertheless, his energies are not entirely crippled, though his means of using them are restricted, and he is endeavoring to turn the wreck of his property to good account. And thus battling with difficulties, and struggling manfully to get the upper hand even when pressed down with this weight of woe, he spends the day; but so many things arise to dishearten and dismay him in this unequal struggle, that, with feelings of despondency well-nigh bordering on despair, he returns home in the evening. But no sooner does he enter, than he finds himself surrounded by kind and faithful hearts, who, though they can do little to lessen his burden, yet make it supportable by solicitude and kindness. He reads in the countenances of an affectionate wife and lovely daughters a desire to lose all, could they but see him happy—and a wish to lighten the cares which press down his heart, by transferring them to their own. The world and its cares then lose much of their bitterness; he knew not before how tenderly attached to him were his family. He seems to escape from the perplexities of life, to forget his cares and troubles, and to have entered a brighter and happier sphere by merely crossing the threshold of his own dwelling. And when the morrow comes, he goes with renewed energies to his conflict with the world; and his endeavors are crowned with such success, that he is enabled still to maintain his position in society, though with impoverished means and scanty finances. And now comes the most trying time. His present resources are totally inadequate to support his former opulence of life. In place of the splendid house in which he has formerly dwelt, one with fewer rooms and more scanty apartments is taken; the rich and costly furniture, which would ill suit his present mode of life, is parted with, and the luxuries—and indeed many of the comforts—of Home are given up. And these privations are cheerfully submitted to by the female portion of the family; they live as contentedly and happily in the straitened and scanty apartments as they ever did in the opulent and roomy. There is no murmur that the dresses are not so costly as they have hitherto been, and that the dismissal of the servants has caused many duties to devolve upon them which they had never been accustomed to perform; but all seem ready to take their part in the general share of domestic duties, and to contribute to the general happiness. And now, too, in order to save as much as possible the scanty revenue, the boys, in place of completing an education of literary attainments, are sent to push themselves forward in the world; and by this arrangement is opened a way for the power of their sisters' love to be shown in a far greater degree than formerly it could have been.—Woman's Worth.

THE ART OF ARRANGING THE HAIR.—How often do we see a really good face, says Blackwood, made quite ugly by a total inattention to the hair. Sometimes the hair is piled into the cheeks, and squared at the forehead, so as to give a most extraordinary pinched shape to the face. Let the oval, where it exists, be always preserved; where it does not, let the hair be so humored that the deficiency shall not be perceived. Nothing is more common than to see a face which is somewhat too large below, made to look grossly large and coarse, by contracting the hair on the forehead and cheeks, and there bringing it to an abrupt check; whereas, such a face should enlarge the forehead and cheek, and let the hair fall partially over, so as to shade and soften off the lower exuberance. A good treatise, with examples in outline of the defects, would be of some value upon a lady's toilet, who would wish to preserve her great privilege—the supremacy of beauty. Some press the hair down close to the face, which is to lose the very characteristic of hair—ease and freedom. "Let her locks," said Anacreon, "lie as they like: the Greek gives them life and a will." Some ladies wear the hair like blinkers; you always suspect they will shy if you approach them. A lady's head dress, whether in a portrait or for her daily wear, should, as in old portraits by Rembrandt and Titian, go off into shade, not to be seen too clearly, and hard all round; should not, in fact, be isolated, as if out of sympathy with all surrounding nature. The wigs of men of Charles II.'s time had at least that one merit of floating into the background, and in their fall softening the sharpness of the lines of the dress about them.

A FACT FOR THE LADIES.—According to present appearances, in the Virginia Penitentiary, there is no such thing as crime amongst the females of our State. There are two hundred and sixty-four male convicts at present in that institution, and not a single white female. This is a fact worthy of record in the annals of our State. It speaks volumes in favor of the Virginia women. In numbers there is scarcely any disparity between the men and women of the State; and the laws which apply to one apply to the other, in all criminal cases. Consequently, the females may claim to be 264 times better than the males.

We feel inclined to make a comparison between this and other States of the Union, on this subject, more particularly in reference to the Northern penitentiaries; but, as comparisons are said to be odious, we will only remark that no other State out of the thirty-one can, we believe, make a similar boast.—Enquirer.

TRUTH.—How beautiful is truth! Like the sun smiling out amid the angry storm—like the bright stars shining through the heavy night-cloud—like friend clasping the hand of friend—like heaven upon earth, and God in man, is Truth. Precious and priceless! Dearer than smile of friend, love of parent, or pomp and fame.

CARE WITHOUT BETTER.—Take five eggs, and the weight of three eggs in sugar, and two in flour; when the eggs are well beaten, gradually add the sugar, and then the flour, with a little grated lemon-peel, or a few caraway seeds. Bake in a tin mould, in rather a quick oven.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it. On no occasion to relate it.

Always take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never show levity when people are engaged at worship.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

From the Child's Paper. "I should like above all things to be famous," cried a little boy one day in my hearing. "And what should you like to be famous for?" I asked.

"Oh, for almost anything," was his answer, and I did not think much of it, for there is a bad sort of fame, and a great many ways to get it. Now the truth is, all the fame that is worth having has to be earned by hard labor, and hard labor in the pursuit of some noble end. See how it was with Newton, and with Henry Martyn, and with Washington. See how it was also with Harvey, who is famous for having discovered the circulation of the blood, and thus brought about a new era in medical science.

William Harvey was born in 1578, nearly three hundred years ago, in the town of Folkstone, England, and while a little boy showed a great thirst for knowledge. He loved his books, and took great pains to understand and to master the most difficult lessons. After leaving college, which he did at the age of nineteen, he travelled in France and Germany for the sake of adding to his stock of knowledge, and then studied medicine at a celebrated university in Padua. The studious habits of the young Englishman won the respect of the professors, and he graduated with honor to himself and his country. On his return home he settled in London, where his industry and ability soon gained him a large practice; and his patient study of the human frame led to one of the most remarkable discoveries of his age; this was the circulation of the blood.

Almost every body now knows that the heart sends the blood all over the body by a set of tubes or pipes called arteries, and that another set called veins bring all the blood back again which is not needed and used to make flesh, and thus the blood is in constant motion throughout the body. It was Harvey who first brought to light this interesting fact. Before his time, the arteries were supposed to be air vessels like the windpipe, and it was supposed the veins did all the business of carrying the blood. In examining the veins, Harvey noticed that those which went from the heart were provided with a set of nice little valves, which readily opened to let the blood into the heart, but which shut up and stopped the blood flowing back into the veins. "Here is a curious contrivance," thought Harvey; "it means something which I will study to understand;" and he went to work to find some other vessels whose office it was to take the blood from the heart over the body, for it was evidently only the duty of the veins to bring it back again. He discovered this to be the office of the arteries; and he also found they were provided with valves opening out from the heart, unlike those of the veins, and shutting up if the blood flowed back again to the heart.

He tried many experiments and made very searching investigations before he was sure of the facts; for the doctors of that day laughed at him for it, and disputed with him, and talked against him. But they could not deprive him of the fame of his discovery, which soon spread all over Europe; neither could they destroy his reputation in the eyes of all thinking men. The king, Charles I, made Harvey's acquaintance, and was delighted with him; for king Charles loved to lay aside the cares of the crown for the pursuits of science. When Charles was driven from his throne and quitted London, Harvey went with him, resolved to follow the fallen fortunes of his prince. Some of the doctor's enemies secured this opportunity to plunder his house in London, and what was always afterwards a source of grief to Harvey, they burnt his library and many valuable papers relating to his scientific researches, which neither love nor money could restore.

But Harvey long outlived the coolness and opposition with which his views were at first received, and enjoyed an honored old age, highly esteemed by all the first men of his time, who were ready to give honor to whom honor was due, and his name will always be famous as one who has rendered important service to the cause of science and human good. He died in his eightieth year; and it is said that his modesty and discretion, those qualities which give a lustre to true worth, were only equalled by the patience with which he pursued his studies, and the earnestness with which he defended the truth.

"NAKED TRUTH."—The late eccentric John Holmes used frequently, in his addresses to different juries, to explain the meaning of the phrase "naked truth," by relating the following fable: Truth and Falsehood traveling one warm day, met at a river, and both went to bathe at the same place. Falsehood coming first out of the water, took his companion's clothes and left his own vile raiment, and then went on his way. Truth coming out of the water, sought in vain for his own proper dress—disdaining to wear the garb of Falsehood.—Truth started so swift of foot has never overtaken the fugitive. Ever since he has been known as "Naked Truth."

THE STORK'S LESSON.

See the stork laborious tending Onward through the vaulted sky, 'Neath those aged pinions bending That had taught his own to fly.

Still his parents' burden bearing, Patient o'er the trackless way; Fondly for their comfort caring, Never wearied night or day.

Father, when thy head is hoary, When thine eye is dim with shade, Will it be my pride and glory Thy declining steps to aid?

Mother, when thy spirits languish, When thy strength and youth are spent, Shall I seek to soothe thine anguish— That who o'er my cradle bent?

Ever tireless, kind and tender, Shall I watch lest they are grieved? And the same affections render That I owe from them received?

Blessed lesson! gentle teacher, May it not be lost on me, Lest a simple winged creature Should my just reprover be.

FARMERS' DEPARTMENT.

Extract from a recent Address of the Hon. Wm. C. Rives, before the New York Agricultural Society.

Barons of every class, in the language and according to the precept of their rural poet, "venerate the plough." A taste for agriculture and the love of country life, are the predominant attributes of the national character. Whether a banker amasses a colossal fortune, or a modest tradesman gets a little beforehand in the world, the ambition of both is to be a landed proprietor, and lord over stone and the mechi, because equally the patrons and promoters of agricultural implements. The throne itself obeys the universal passion, and not to speak of the laudable example of the present Prince consort, who has established one of the best model farms of England, it is well known that our former liege lord and master, George III, affected no title more than that of Farmer George, and that he actually contributed papers for Young's Annals of Agriculture, under the homely name of Ralph Robinson, (who was his bailiff,) farmer of Windsor.

I need not recall the long list of illustrious Englishmen and Scotchmen, both commoners and noblemen, from Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, Justice of Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VII, and author of the first English Treatise on Husbandry, to Sir John Sinclair, the friend and correspondent of Washington, and author of that great work, the code of agriculture, and who has signalized their zeal and their services in the same favorite cause. But in glancing at this instructive list, I have been too much struck with the connection between English liberty and English love of rural pursuits not to venture a single remark on that point. Burke, in his letter to a member of the French National Assembly, in 1791, attributes the ill success of their efforts to find a stable system of constitutional liberty to their never keeping the holy rest of the Sabbath, and never enjoying the quiet of the country. He says, "you never give yourselves time to cool. You never go into the country soberly and dispassionately, to observe the effects of your measures on these subjects."—That sobriety and calmness of mind, and without which the grave and reasonable duties of freemen can never be properly discharged, I shall not pretend to say is the exclusive attribute of the country.

But all will admit that the retirement of country life, and its remoteness from scenes of excitement, are, in a peculiar manner, favorable to the tranquil and undisturbed exercises of the moral and intellectual faculties of man. Of this, Burke himself was a most striking example, for it is the patriot, farmer and philosopher, of Beaconfield, and not the orator of St. Stephen's, that always speaks with the highest wisdom and authority from his immortal pages. But was Edmund Burke, the great orator and statesman, it will be asked, really and truly a farmer? That he was in the fullest sense of the term, both practically and theoretically, any one who will take the trouble of reading that most admirable paper of his "Thoughts and Details on Scarcity"—presented to Mr. Pitt, in 1795, will be thoroughly satisfied. It exhibits a minute acquaintance with all the operations of practical agriculture, and an exactness of observation and detail in regard to his own system of husbandry, which could be the result only of familiar practice during the seven and twenty years that he says he had been a farmer. This is a part of the history of that extraordinary man, whose profound political wisdom and magnificent eloquence have been the admiration of the world, that has hitherto attracted but little attention, but which, recalled by the incidental mention of his name, is not unworthy of remembrance here to-day. Indeed I know nothing in the history of the human mind more remarkable than that combination of high philosophy in the most abstract questions of legislation and political economy, with practical sagacious knowledge in the ordinary concerns of human life, which the paper in question exhibits; and one rises from its perusal filled with a species of amazement at the compass of the human faculties, and perplexed which most to admire—the farmer-statesman or the statesman-farmer.

If agriculture has been so much honored and cultivated in other great and powerful States, distinguished by their free institutions, it must be yet more so in this land of western liberty and progress. In the first place, there is no other country in which so large a proportion of the population enjoying competence and possessing adequate means for the liberal exercise of the arts, are engaged in the labors of agriculture. In England, according to the most authentic statistical returns, somewhat less than one-third of the industrious inhabitants of the country are so employed. In France, on the other hand, where the sub-division of landed property has been carried to a very great extent under the encouragement of positive legislation, as well as the influence of traditional habits, it is estimated that two-thirds of the whole population are actually engaged or interested as landlords and proprietors, in the pursuit of agriculture.

But great as this proportion is, and accompanied in so many cases in that country with strained resources, which forbid any general attempt at an improved husbandry, it is yet less than the relative number of our own people, shown by the latest complete data in our possession to be employed in the operations of agriculture. The full details of the census of 1850, not having been given to the public, we can only refer for information on this point to that of 1840, from which it appears that out of the total population then existing in the United States of a little more than seventeen millions, an effective 4,629,307 persons were employed in the pursuits of agriculture, manufacture and commerce, and of that number 3,719,951 persons, or 80 4-10 per cent, were engaged in agriculture, 791,749, or 17 1-10 per cent, in manufactures, and 117,807, or 2 5-10 per cent, in commerce.—Though these proportions may have varied somewhat since, and will doubtless continue to vary in a greater or lesser degree from time to time, yet nothing is more certain than, that for ages to come, agriculture must be the chosen occupation of a large majority of the republican people of America.—The vast extent of our territory, now stretching from sea to sea, and embracing twenty-three de-

grees of latitude of the temperate zone, from the Lake of the Woods to the mouth of the Rio Del Norte, and as yet very thinly peopled, make this, by an irreversible law of political economy, the manifest but peaceful destiny of the country, abounding in cheap and fertile lands, with a rapidly increasing and liberally consuming population at home, and an extending commerce with the rest of the world to absorb its productions.

VIOLENT CATTLE.—The common "vice" of jumping and throwing fences is taught to cattle, with scarcely an exception, by their owners and caretakers. Fences half down, soon fall by the rubbing of cattle, and teach the first lesson, especially if cattle have any shrewdness in observing cause and effect. Very fine feed just over a poor fence, is the next lesson; letting down bars and rail fences to the calves, from laziness, so that the animal has to leap, is the third lesson—and this last is often first, second, and third with sheep, until they will scale anything. These three lessons are usually enough; but a fourth is often added, namely, placing one additional rail on the fence each successive day, as they become more skilful, for the ostensible object of keeping the jumper within bounds, but really operating as a most ingenious contrivance to teach the art of vaulting. We have heard of French being "taught in six lessons;" but very few animals require more than the above four to enable them to take "French leave" if of any ordinary enclosure.—Country Gentleman.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.

POPULAR CHEMISTRY.

Why is salm used in making candles? Because it gives firmness to the tallow. Nitre has very recently been applied to the improved preparation of candles, by steeping the cotton wick in lime water, in which is dissolved a considerable quantity of nitre. By this means is obtained a purer flame and a superior light; a more perfect combustion is ensured; snuffling is rendered nearly as superfluous as in wax-lights; and the candles thus made do not run, or waste. The wicks should be thoroughly dry before the tallow is put to them.—Brewe's Journal, 1829.

Why is sugar refined by boiling the syrup in a vacuum, or place from which the air has been excluded? Because this, and all other liquids, are driven off, or made to boil at lower degrees of heat when the atmospheric pressure is lessened or removed. Thus, the process for refining sugar is to dissolve impure sugar in water, and after clarifying the solution, to boil off or evaporate the water again, that the dry crystallized mass may remain. Formerly this evaporation was performed under the atmospheric pressure, and a heat of 218° or 220° was required to make the syrup boil; by which degree of heat, however, a portion of the sugar was discoloured and spoiled, and the whole product was deteriorated.

The syrup, during the process in vacuo, is not more heated than it would be in a vessel merely exposed to a summer sun. The vacuum is produced and maintained by air-pumps driven by a steam engine, or otherwise; or by the direct admission of steam, which, after expelling the air, is condensed into water.—Arnott.

By this process more money has been made in a shorter time, and with less risk and trouble, than was ever perhaps gained from an invention!

Why do some springs petrify objects by their spray? Because their water is impregnated by means of its carbonic acid, with a large portion of carbonate of lime, which it deposits on issuing into the air. At Clermont, in France, there is such a spring, where Mr. Scrope saw the stuffed skins of a horse and a cow, birds, fruit, &c. undergoing this petrifying process. Its incrustations have also formed an elevated natural aqueduct, 240 feet in length, and terminating in an arch thrown across the stream it originally flowed into, 16 feet high and 12 wide.

Why is it conjectured that there is a difference between solar and terrestrial heat? Because the rays of the first pass through glass without heating it, while the rays of the latter are stopped by the glass, which becomes hot when exposed to them.

Why is heat called latent? Because, when heat liquefies a solid, or converts a liquid into vapour, the liquid or the vapour is no hotter than the solid or liquid from which it was produced, though a great deal of heat has been expended in producing this effect, and has actually entered into the substance. Hence it continues to exist in the product, maintaining it in its new state without increasing its temperature, and is thus latent or hidden. This great discovery was made by Dr. Black, who further proved, that when the vapour condenses, or the liquid freezes, this latent heat is again given out from it.

Why does iron become red-hot by hammering? Because of the condensation of the metal by the force of the blow. Air may also be condensed by pressure, so as to set tinder on fire.

Why does ice, when heated, become water; and the water, when heated further, become steam? Because the continued addition of heat gradually increases the mutual distance of the constituent atoms of the ice, and their cohesive attraction is overcome; till, at length, the atoms are repelled to still greater distances, and the substance is converted into steam! Abstraction of heat causes return of states in the reverse order; the steam when cooled, becomes ice.

Why does a pint of water, when converted into steam, occupy nearly 2000 times the space of the water? Because the heat merely produces a repulsion among the particles, and by no means fills up the interstices.—Arnott.

Why does a loose bladder, tied at the mouth, and held before a fire, gradually swell and appear fully inflated? Because the small quantity of air contained in the bladder is then so much dilated by the heat, that it occupies a considerably increased space, and fills the bladder, of which it before occupied only a small part.

Why does hay, if stacked when damp, take fire? Because the moisture elevates the temperature sufficiently to produce putrefaction, and the ensuing chemical action causes sufficient heat to continue the process; the quantity of matter being also great, the heat is proportional.

HUMOROUS.

GEORGIA FASHIONS.—A NAKED PA...

One peculiar feature of our "peacock" fashions, or of tropical climates—some said it is the corner a little black, is the custom so well known in the West Indies, Brazil, and occasional Southern States, of the little descendants of running about in costume a la Adam and Eve for the fall. We heard a fellow wading for the day, when a tailor presented his bill for the day, when he was forced to plank down his bill for the good old fashion would not be successfully introduced. A long time ago, a little incident which we think has not been in print, and which seemed to strike me as ludicrous.

A lady from Georgia, that State of cotton and courtesy, politics, pine trees and nesses—after spreading a while in one of our cities, invited her hostess to return to her in the course of time she did so. The first day her stay with her hospitable entertainer, a young ebony appeared to wait upon her "clothed with nakedness," which seemed to shock the Northern matron's notions of propriety. The kind hostess seeing her guest's confusion, guessing the cause, instantly ordered the youngster out, and to dress himself before she undertook to wait upon the table. The youngster boy grinned "yes, missus," and departed exactly comprehending the meaning of the word, unheard of order. Now his ideas of propriety were somewhat vague, and as for his hostess, her tailor hadn't yet sent it home; but she had given him a cast of stock, one of the best when high stocks were in fashion. The youngster ball, wishing to obey orders as to the adjusted the stock around his neck in such a manner as almost to preclude the possibility of anything lower than the ceiling, and making the room as proud as a Broadway dame, the latest cut, paid for suit on, reported that he entered all smiles and simplicity, "Now, here I is, dressed and ready."

AMATEUR ACTING.

The Abolitionists having been steadily bringing about dreadful tragedies very often, in view of their recent success in securing a farce at the National in this city, have been on trying their hands at a drama. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be played with following cast. It will be a rich treat. The will be got up regardless of expense, and the pan, Esp. of this city, is to superintend. I don't know yet where it is to be played, but following is the cast.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin." Uncle Tom, (a pious negro) Mrs. H. B. St. Claire, Mrs. M. G. Gumpston Cate, Miss L. S. Fletcher, Mrs. H. B. St. George Harris, Squire Legree, (one who whips everything).

Rev. Antoinette L. Perry, Mrs. Lucia H. Perry, Mrs. H. K. Bluff, Mr. C. C. Bluff, Topsy, a colored person, Fred Bluff, Eliza, (almost white), Wm. Bluff, Crazy Cassy, W. L. Bluff, Ophelia, an old maid, Harriet Bluff, Emeline, Rev. Mr. Bluff, Maria, Rev. Mr. Bluff.

This representation wherein the ladies represent male parts, and vice versa, will be another treat for Women's Rights. Oh, this drama will sell the conventions during the early part of September, by long odds. The ladies "entire" and the gents in woman's clothes. This be fun and progress combined.—Pick.

VERDANT.

Among the wants in the Herald last week noticed one with this heading: "A good vegetable and fruit garden's ed. &c."

Now, we think a man must be both good and mellow to answer for any such application, accordingly leave it in the hands of such as further comment.—Pick.

A young woman, on alighting from a stage, stepped a ribbon from her bonnet in the bottom of a coach. "You have left your bow behind," said lady passenger. "No I haven't—he's gone a-begging," innocently rejoined the dame.

"My dear fellow, said Beau Hickman to water in a hotel, "I have respect for flies; but I may say I am fond of flies—but I like to keep them and my milk in separate glasses; they do so much better when you have control of both ingredients."

A Yankee has invented a machine which will churn, pound clothes and pump water, when complete will milk the cow, get tea, and whip the children.

NEWS.

The "India-rubber question," is still on the stretch.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

BY A DEAF-MUTE.

To young Students in Mythology.

I AM composed of 15 letters. My 1, 11, 5, 9, 12, 1, sea-monsters, who charmed people with the sweetness of their music, and then devoured them. My 2, 11, 2, 4, 12, made war against Satan, with the assistance of his brothers. My 3, 9, 12, 4, a goddess worshipped at Rome, and supposed to preside over women. My 4, 2, 9, was goddess of revenge. My 8, 13, 2, 6, 5, 8, priests of Bacchus, half men, half goats. My 10, 13, 5, 8, was a god of war. My 10, 13, 5, 8, 15, 4, 7, was a proud musician, challenged in music by Apollo. My whole is one of the most prosperous and useful Institutions in North Carolina.

Answer to Enigma in last week's paper.—Pick.