

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

AMERICAN LADIES.

There is no complaint more common than that of the intense dullness of our ordinary society. This is so well understood that no one is surprised at hearing an invitation spoken of as an infliction, and the acceptance of it as a thing to be eluded by any and every social art and fiction. We venture to say that ours is the only country under the sun where this is the case. And the reason is but too obvious; it is, that as a general thing, unless there are people hired to amuse in some way, there is absolutely nothing expected at a social gathering but dress and display, for which not every one has means or inclination. Nobody goes into company intending to contribute in the smallest degree to the pleasure of others, and so the whole thing is vitiated and hollow.

Do we mean, then, to say that American women, as they are, are not accomplished? Let us summon all our courage—nay, all our benevolence, and confess that that is just what we do mean. (We have thrust sticks into a hornet's nest before now, on purpose to pull it down and get at some lovely pearls that were growing above.) We do say—and let our unhappy bachelorhood take the blame if we are wrong—that American ladies, spite of thousand dollar boardings-schools and immensely mistreated teachers of everything, are not practically furnished forth with the knowledge and skill for which their parents have paid so much; do not carry with them into their married homes, habits which demand the exercise of talent, taste and perseverance, with the single object of pleasing those with whom they live, and making home the centre and natural theatre of their best graces. We do say, and with a deeper sorrow than the subject may seem to warrant, that music, dancing and French are the only accomplishments, technically so called, cultivated to any considerable extent, and that the first of these is so entirely perverted from its divine uses, that no young lady plays in company for the sole purpose of giving pleasure, or without an idea of competition or display. "No young lady" we hear some indignant voice exclaim; alas! dear reader, have patience—if there are exceptions, they are too few to be considered. Ask any splendid singer of your acquaintance to sing an old-fashioned song, one popular twenty or thirty years ago, and not yet "revived" by some musical genius in public, and you will be convinced. Ask your daughter to play for your country cousin, and see if she will play any but the most difficult music, such as is mere confusion to unskilled ears. Request the young lady who sang very sweetly last evening in a company where there were only ordinary performers, to oblige you again to-night, when her rival at Madame — has astonished the room. But this is a little aside from our theme. What we ought rather to say is, see how large a proportion of the fifty married ladies of your acquaintance who have had a musical education, play and sing at all, after two or three years' housekeeping. Music is no longer a home accomplishment, a family treasure, a life-long joy. There is a delusion about it, which an ideal woman will see through and live down. But enough.

The study of the French language is, in most cases, a mere mania of the day, in many a spending of time and money without intelligent end or aim, since it finishes with the school days and never has any intended use as a key to French literature. If here we seem to make rash assertions again we desire to be put to a test similar to the one proposed just now. Ask the six most intelligent married ladies of your friends how many French authors they have read in the original since they left school. Would we then discourage the study? Far from it; we would fully continue it through life; we would undertake it without meaning to do so. The only other feasible object of so much toil would be the chance of marrying one of our numerous foreign ambassadors or charges, who would certainly be made much more respectable in the eyes of people abroad if even their wives had this indispensable competency for the position.

As to drawing, that lovely home talent, in the exercise of which British ladies so generally excel, how small a proportion of ours who know anything about it. A lady artist is almost a *busse nature* among us, and even a tolerable skill in sketching from nature is extremely rare. Of all the educated American women we know, and that includes a goodly number, encountered in the course of our wanderings, there are not six who can make a drawing they are willing or ought to be willing to show. Why is this? Let us not enter on the ungracious exposition.

One of the great Dutch painters represents the Holy Family after a courageous fashion: Joseph painting at a carpenter's bench, with shavings falling all about him; Mary, with a basket of family mending, plying the needle industriously; and the Saviour, a youth of fourteen neatly sweeping the floor with a broom. More could hardly have been done for the dignity of household labor.

We shall therefore, as we hope, not shock any body by saying that, to our thinking, our ladies of fortune show bad taste by their studious avoidance of those household occupations which their sisters without fortune are in duty bound to practise daily. This brings these occupations—necessary for the comfort and happiness of every human family from the palace to the hut, and therefore proper objects to every one having a human heart and sympathies—into disrepute and contempt. We contend that domesticity is the honor and glory of woman, whatever her fortune and abilities; and that when she performs all its duties by means of hirelings, she is untrue to herself and her birthright. Nature's revenge is severe enough, for the loss of real pleasure and in earnest is incalculable, and there is no computing the *ennui*, inactivity and ill health that come of the error. But the punishment is seldom recognized as such, certain as it is. The lady becomes "nervous," and accuses her cruel stars; or "dyspeptic," and talks of her stomach till she turns every one's else; or consumptive, and goes down to the grave in the prime of life by what is called a "mysterious dispensation." But she never believes nor can you persuade her, that the dulness and monotony of an objectless and wasted life has anything to do with these sad results. She would laugh at you, if she could laugh, should you tell her that the woman who, with no choice in the matter, flies from the needle to the churn, from the

broom to the pie-board, and from putting children to bed to knitting stockings for them, is far happier and better off, and would be still more blessed, if in addition, she had the cultivation, the taste, and the abundant means thrown away upon her idle sister, without losing her own activity and the habit of various employment.

"Want of time" is much talked of, as if from the shortness of life we could wisely attempt but little. But this is a great error. The complaint is oftenest made by the idle and inefficient. It has been proved a thousand times that those who have most to do, have the most effective leisure—i. e., that they are the people to apply to if you need aid unexpectedly. Our working hours are carefully reckoned by the clock; that slip by unprofitably, do so unrecorder. There is time for the highest cultivation and the highest usefulness; those who doubt it, accuse Providence, as if powers were meant to run to waste. The languor of too much rest is not repose, but imbecility; the intervals of intense action are sweet, and full of life and promise. The excitements of a true woman's life, under favorable circumstances are gentle, but they are incessant. She has no occasion for severe labor, she has no excuse for wilful idleness. Our ideal woman will not think idleness lady-like.

The ideal American woman—would that her time were come!—will govern her children, which certainly the American woman of to-day does not. We will venture to say that so many utterly uncurbed children are not to be found anywhere as in the United States; perfect nuisances to everybody who is unhappy enough to come in contact with them—an expression perhaps suggested by the fact that we are still black and blue from the kicks of a little boy whom his mamma very complacently allowed to assault us repeatedly during a long stage-ride this last summer. We should perhaps have been more indignant if the good lady had not been kept in countenance by all the American mothers we encountered during a pretty long tour. It is hardly possible to exaggerate in describing the behaviour of American children to their parents, their nurses, their unhappy teachers—and why is this so little noticed? In conversation it is a never-fading topic, especially among travellers, who experience its effects in every steamer, car and carriage. Ask our teachers to what extent parents aid them in the government of children. If they dare they will tell you sad stories.

Now, begging pardon of all the dear good women of our acquaintance who allow their children to treat them with disrespect, there is pitiable weakness in this, and our ideal woman will put it to shame by the firmness with which she will insist on her rights, and the tenderness with which she will grant her children theirs. She will not, for the sake of seeming amiable, let them grow up in unchecked insolence, which, in the end, she is unwilling to bear as other people. She will neither be the tyrant of her children, nor allow them to lord it over her; she will not harass them by incessant governing, nor permit them to despise proper restraints.

MARRY IN HASTE—REPENT AT LEISURE.

In one of the Western papers we observe an account of a marriage ceremony performed on board of a steamboat, the parties never having met until they began their voyage together to the Crescent City. The narrative is given with various flourishes of rhetoric, as if the affair was a subject of pride and imitation. Perhaps in the present instance, the editor may be correct. But as a general rule, the old proverb is right, which says that people who "marry in haste repent at leisure."

We cannot approve, consequently, of the applause bestowed on transactions like this. There are foolish couples enough in the world, ready to rush into matrimony without forethought, and prepared to think that it is a very fine thing to have the ceremony come off in some stirring manner, so as to attract public attention, without laying this weakness to rest by eulogistic newspaper paragraphs. This evil is becoming a really serious one. Every few weeks some new paragraph appears respecting a pair who have wedded on short intimacy. The last one we believe, chronicled a marriage after a few hours acquaintance. If things go on, accelerating in this fashion, American weddings will emulate to Chinese ones, for it will be considered most in the mode to marry without meeting at all.

It has been said that "marriage is a lottery." No one ever questioned that it was, when people wedded on a short acquaintance; but the remark is not true, if made respecting marriages after a due intimacy. No doubt, the closest friendship before marriage, will be insufficient to meet entirely the mutual characters of the pair to each other. But, in proportion to the length of the acquaintance, and the common sense of the lovers, will be their knowledge of the foibles of one another. Nor is this all. Even in the case of very young lovers who have not yet taken to observing character, who if they are thrown familiarly together, in the social circle of the bride's family, they cannot but assimilate to each other in time, so that the risk of marriage is greatly lessened. But when matrimony is contracted upon an acquaintance of but a few hours, or even days, the chances are frightfully great that the pair will not suit each other.

Another ridiculous, if not culpable practice, much lauded in some newspapers, is oddity, and therefore peculiar notoriety in the marriage. Some time ago, a wedding was held in Mammoth Cave. Before that, one occurred on a Bridge, just at the dividing line, if we remember correctly, between two States. All these freaks are perpetrated for a secret love of publicity. They flow from the same unmaidenly spirit which aspires after ornate-bridal chambers at hotels, and on board steamboats. It is not flattering to the sex of this country, that just where a truly feminine woman shrinks from all notoriety, so many brides are found to brazen it out, counting notice by the oddity of the ceremony, or by the marked character of their dress and demeanor.—Phil. Ledger.

MOTTO ON THE BRIDAL RING.—A young gentleman of fine intellect and noble heart, was suddenly snatched by the hand of death from all the endearments of life. Surrounded by everything that could make existence pleasant and happy—a wife that idolized him—children that loved him as they can love, and friends devoted to him, the summons came, and he lay upon the bed of death. But

a few short years ago, she to whom he was wedded placed a bridal ring upon his finger, upon the inside of which he had a few words engraved. The husband would never permit the giver to read them, telling her the day would come when her wish should be gratified, and she should know the secret. Seven years glided away, and a day or two since, when conscious that he must leave her forever, he called her to his bedside, and with his dying accents told her that the hour had at last come when she should see the words upon the ring she had given him. The young mother took it from his cold finger, and though heart-stricken with grief, eagerly read the words, "I have loved thee on earth—I will meet thee in heaven."

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

"THE OLD WOMAN"

It was thus, a few days since, we heard a stripling of sixteen designate the mother who bore him. By course husbands we have heard wives so called occasionally, though in the latter case, the phrase is more often used endearingly. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ear and shocks the sense. An "old woman" should be an object of reverence above and beyond almost all phases of humanity. Her very age should be her surest passport to courteous consideration. The aged mother of a grown-up family needs no other certificate of worth. She is a monument of excellence, approved and warranted. She has fought faithfully "the good fight," and come off conqueror. Upon her venerable face, she bears the marks of conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous of the ills of life have been hers; trials untold and unknown only to her God and herself, she has borne incessantly; and now in her old age—her duty done! patiently awaiting her appointed time—she stands more beautiful than ever in youth, more honorable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands, or stood triumphant upon the proudest field of victory.

Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and even courteously, tenderly of her. But a little time and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls gravely. Others may love you when she has passed away—kind-hearted sisters, perhaps she whom of all the world you choose for a partner—she may love you warmly, passionately; children may love you fondly, but never again, never, while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of your old, trembling mother has been.

In agony she bore you through pining, helpless infancy, her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support in wayward boyhood. She bore patiently with your thoughtlessness, and nursed you safe through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moistened your parched lip; her eye that lighted up the darkness of your nightly vigils, watching always in your fitful sleeplessness by your side, as none but her could watch. Oh, speak not her name lightly for you cannot live so many years as would suffer you to thank her fully. Through reckless and impatient youth she is your counsellor and solace. Into a bright manhood she guides your improvident step, nor there forsakes nor forgets. Speak gently, then, and reverently of your mother; and when you too shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins—to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to the "old woman."—Harrisburg Telegraph.

HONOR THY MOTHER.

"Come on boys, come on boys!" shouted Harvey B. to a group of his playmates. "Where! where?" "Let's go down on the river and have a good skate; I'll show you how to cut your names scientifically."

"Yes, come on! let's go!" answered they. "Where are you going, Millard?" "I am going home." "Come on, don't back out." "I dare not go without the consent of my mother."

"Coward! coward! coward!" cried the boys. "I would not be such a child as to ask my mother to permit me to go where I wanted to." "I'm not a coward," replied Millard, his eyes flashing, and his manly form erect; "I'm not a coward! I promised my mother I would not go where there was danger, without first obtaining permission from her."

"He is right," said George; "I am going with him to ask mother, also." "You can wait, or go on as you choose," said Millard; "I am going immediately, and if she consents, I'll join you," and he turned on his heel and walked off with George.

"Let them go," cried Harvey; "they're the milk sops; we're the braves," and he ran towards the river, followed by all the boys. It was early in spring, and the sun was thawing the ice very fast, which made it dangerous to go on it, and for that reason Millard would not go.

Harvey was a bad boy, he respected neither his father or mother; he prided himself on his manliness, smoked segars, and was coming on very fast. Millard respected his mother, obeyed her in all things, loved all his playmates, and feared God. How many Millards and Harveys I wonder there are who read the Sun every week? I think not many Harveys.

Dear boys, do you always obey your mother? Do you respect her? If I was to say you did not love her, you would be very much shocked, would you not? Well, you must prove your love, by obeying her always.

As soon as a boy thinks he is too old to obey his mother, scorns her counsel, smokes segars, runs with fire companies, stands at corners making remarks on all who pass, then it is all up with him. I would not think much of him, but pity him, and think of his poor mother, his wasted youth and unhappy old age. Many a ruined man looks back to the time when he first disobeyed his mother, when he was tempted to do wrong, as the stepping stone to all his misery. If you have the moral courage, you will never fear to be called a coward. The real coward is he who disobeys his mother from fear of ridicule.—Sun.

Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe; it leaves no opening to the lurking fiend.

FARMERS' DEPARTMENT.

PLEASURES OF FARMER LIFE.

Horace Greeley concludes a recent agricultural address in the following beautiful style:

"As for me, long-tossed on the stormiest waves of doubtful conflict and arduous endeavor, I have begun to feel, since the shades of forty years fell upon me, the weary, tempest-driven voyager's longing for land, the wanderer's yearning for the hamlet where in childhood he rested by his mother's knee, and was soothed to sleep on her breast. The sober down hill of life dispels many illusions, while it develops or strengthens within us the attachment, perhaps long-smothered or overlaid, for "that dear hut, our home." And so I, in the sober afternoon of life, when its sun, if not high, is still warm, have bought me a few acres of land in the broad, still country, and, bearing thither my household treasures, have resolved to steal from the city's labors and anxieties at least one day in each week, wherein to revive, as a farmer, the memories of my childhood's humble home.

"And already I realize that the experiment cannot cost so much as it is worth. Already I find in that day's quiet an antidote and a solace for the feverish, festering cares of the weeks which environ. Already my brook murmurs a soothing even song to my burning, throbbing brain, and my trees, gently stirred by the fresh breezes, whisper to my spirit something of their own quiet strength and patient trust in God. And thus do I faintly realize, but for a brief and glittering day, the serene joy which shall irradiate the farmer's vocation, when a fuller and truer education shall have refined and chastened his animal cravings, and when science shall have endowed him with his treasures, redeeming labor from drudgery, while quadrupling its efficiency, and crowning with beauty and plenty our bounteous, beneficent earth."

FIGS AND FIG TREES.

Some writers stated that it took figs two seasons to ripen in Maine. This was a blunder of pen or types. Two crops will probably ripen on the same tree. Mr. Prince says they will at Flushing: one in June and one in October. Planted on the south side of a wall and covered with straw in winter, the fig tree endures our winters. Figs are grown for market to some extent, and may be grown further north. This fruit is healthful, and is deemed a great luxury in its fresh state. The fig tree never shows any blossoms.

The climate of California is peculiarly favorable to the growing of figs for commerce; also for growing prunes, raisins, zante currants, dates, and all other dried fruits, the climate being free from rain during the fruiting season, and more pure than that of southern France or Italy. Besides the well known fig of commerce, the catouche, or India rubber tree, also produces figs. The figs elastic is the tree which has been primarily denominated the India rubber tree; but there are more than twenty species of this genus that can be used, and the most of which, doubtless, are used to furnish the catouche. The banyan tree of India, so highly revered by the Hindus, is one of them. The loftiest, wide-spreading trees on the Mexican Cordillera are three or four species of the figs, yielding the gum, and producing edible fruit, and these constitute almost the only large trees that skirt the barren shores at Acapulco, forming a broken avenue from the town to the fort. It is well known that Brazil and other parts of South America produce many distinct species of gum-yielding figs, and that all these are specifically distinct from the species produced in the various countries of Asia.

COOKING AND WARMING BY GAS.—A patented improvement is noticed in Brooklyn, N. Y., by which a common gas pipe is tapped at any point, an India rubber tube attached, and the gas applied to the heating of the room, and the cooking of the meats:

"The gas is conducted to a small iron plate—not much larger than one's hand—that forms what may be called the stove. This plate is filled with perforations, containing asbestos, which concentrates and diffuses all the heat. The computation made by the inventor, goes to show that a small office may be heated for the trifling sum of fifteen cents a day. Admitting that a much larger amount will come nearer the truth, the advantages of the inventor are obvious. For lawyer's and similar offices, where it is desirable to avoid the dust, dirt, and trouble of a coal fire, to say nothing of the expense of keeping attendants, it is peculiarly adapted. A man can enter his office in the morning, turn on the gas, apply a match thereto, and the fire is instantly started, and by the time he gets comfortably settled down to his desk, the room will be warmed. To cook 3 lbs. of mutton chops takes just ten minutes of time, and cost only one-third of a cent; to boil a kettle containing half a gallon of water occupies exactly twelve minutes, and consumes less than a cubic foot of gas. To get up a breakfast of four dishes, say one for meats, a second for coffee, a third for potatoes, &c., and a fourth for eggs, or whatever else you please, will cost only three cents, and can all be done within fifteen minutes. The gas of one of our ordinary burners supplies fifty jets—forming a distributed and attenuated flame—resembling in appearance the bluish alcoholic flame, and saving every particle of heat. The cooking is all done by downward radiation; the fire is brought to the meats, not the meats to the fire. In roasting, the fire keeps basting the meat all the time, thereby saving the cook all the trouble which he is now compelled to take."

THE RICHEST MINE.—The manure applied to the soil of England amounts to three hundred millions of dollars, being more than the value of its whole foreign commerce, and yet the grateful soil yields back with interest all that is lavished upon it. And so it would be here, if we would only trust the soil with any portion of our capital. But this we rarely do. A farmer who has made any money spends it not in his business, but in some other occupation. He buys more land when he ought to buy more manure, or he puts out his money in some joint stock company, to convert sunshine in moonshine. Rely upon it, our richest mine is the barnyard, and whatever temptation stock or shares may offer, the best investment for a farmer is live stock and plow shares.

HOW TO RAISE FRUIT EVERY YEAR.—If rightly understood, few trees, unless absolutely dead or rotten need occupy ground without yielding a plentiful crop. After a long and varied series of experiments, I gradually adopted the following mode:—

As soon as the winter has sufficiently disappeared, and before the sap ascends, I examine my trees, every dead bough is lopped off. Then, after the sap has risen sufficiently to show where the blossoms will be, I cut away all the branches having none on, and also the extremity of every limb, the lower part of which bears a considerable number of buds, thus concentrating the sap of the tree upon the maturation of its fruit, and saving what would be a useless expenditure of strength. In the quince, apricot and peach trees, this is important, as these are apt to be luxuriant in the leaves, and destitute of fruit. You may think this injures the trees, but it does not, for you will find trees laden with fruit which formerly yielded nothing. Of course, all other well known precautions must be attended to, such as cutting out worms from the roots, placing old iron on the limbs, which acts as a tonic to the sap, &c. Try it, ye who have failed in raising fruit.—Farmer & Mechanic.

SAVE THE DEAD LEAVES.—If every horticulturist would reflect for a moment on the nature of fallen leaves, which contain not only the vegetable matter, but the salts, lime, potash, &c., needed for the next year's growth, and that, too, exactly in the proportion required by the very tree and plant from which they fall; nay, more, if they would consider that it is precisely in this way, by the decomposition of these very fallen leaves, that nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forests, it would scarcely be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist to allow these leaves to be swept away by every wind that blows, and finally lost altogether. A wise horticulturist will diligently collect, from week to week, the leaves that fall under each tree, and by digging them under the soil about the roots, where they will decay and enrich the soil, provide in the cheapest manner the best possible food for that tree. In certain vineyards in France, the vines are kept in the highest condition by simply burying at their roots every leaf and branch that is pruned off such vines, or that falls from them at the end of the season.—Horticulturist.

BIRDS.—The shooting of small birds has become a besetting sin in many parts of our country.—Their value as food is not sufficiently great to excuse either the inhumanity or impropriety of the practice. Birds are destroyers of insects, and their destruction is to be attributed the inordinate influx of insects within the last few years. The Legislatures of New Jersey, and of many other States, have passed effective laws on the subject, and we hope that farmers will not be scrupulous in using the protection furnished them by law.—To see a full grown man patrolling the country, treading down crops, wasting his time and shooting small birds, each one of which is of ten times his usefulness to the body politic, is too see a selfish fool who values his own amusement higher than he does the well being of society. Such a fellow should be feathered, and this coating underlaid with tar.—Working Farmer.

LONGEVITY OF FARMERS.—It appears from the Massachusetts register of births and deaths, that the duration of the lives of agriculturists was 13 years above the general average, nearly nineteen above that of common laborers, and 19 per cent. above the average age at death, of mechanics.

TO FARMERS.—To double the crops on most farms, about all that is necessary is for our agriculturist to sell off one-half their land, and with the proceeds buy manure for the other. The larger a farm, the less a man grows to the acre.

FOR PICKLING EGGS.—If the following pickle was generally known it would be more generally used. It is an excellent pickle to be eaten with cold meat, &c.:— "The eggs should be boiled hard, say ten minutes, and disested of their shells, when quite cold put them in jars, and pour over them vinegar—sufficient to quite cover them—in which has been boiled the usual spices for pickling, tie the jars down tight with bladder, and keep them until they begin to change color.

TO FARMERS.—Mr. Stephenson, of Virginia, said to the farmers in a speech at the cattle show dinner recently in Springfield:— "You have not taken the stand you should in the affairs of government, while you have passed them all over into the hands of lawyers and the politician."

THE COTTON CROP.—A planter in Jasper county, Geo., writes to his friend in Charleston, that he will not make more than 50 bales of cotton, where he made 187 last year. The whole county, he says, will not make more than half a crop. A planter in Rutherford county, Tenn., in the best cotton region in that county, says that the crop there will not be above a half to three-fourths. Most of the planters had picked as fast as their cotton offered, a thing never seen before.

At Marion, Miss., the crop will be shorter, it is stated, than was anticipated a few weeks ago. The Selma, (Ala.) Sentinel says, that the crop in that section will be far above an average one.—Fayetteville Observer.

HOPS.—There has been a great rise in the price of hops. From 3 to 5 cents per bushel, they have advanced to 47 to 51 cents in New York. A single county in the State of New York produced this year, it is estimated, about 5,000 bales, worth about \$385,000.

We suppose, of course, that large quantities of these will be consumed at the South, which might as well raise all it needs, and a surplus for export.—Fayetteville Observer.

PLANTING FRUIT TREES.—In planting Fruit Trees, be very careful not to set them too deep. Many fine trees are annually lost, by planting them much deeper than they were in the nursery, which should never be done. Set your trees no deeper in transplanting than they originally stood when in the nursery.

KEEP your fence rows clear from briars.

HUMOROUS.

PERFECT WORKMEN.—A laborer tells us outsiders, that the Saturday evening's industry of sons are usually instructed in the mechanical trade, such as lock-making or "bowing." Judging from the accounts of the Moslems contrive to make of the "bowing" when in after years occasion of the "bowing" said to be very proficient indeed in the "bowing."—Pick.

We still have a lively recollection of the which a South Sea Islander served in the polygamy. A missionary rebuked him for the polygamy, and he was much provoked. After or two he returned, his face radiant with joy. "Me all right now; one wife. Me very christian."

"What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary. "Me eat her up."

INDISPUTABLE.—The Ohio census, just published, says under his Agricultural Head, "Corn more certain crop than wheat." So Mr. Pick says. He will wager any amount that if he only had "perambulation" through twenty bar rooms, surety is that he finds a "corned crop" in individual spot.

A country carpenter having neglected to saw a gallows, the judge himself went to the man's aid.— "Fellow, how came you to neglect the gallows?" "I was very sorry, for had I known it was your lordship, it should have been done long ago."

Without intending any sarcasm on the matter, "I am very sorry, for had I known it was your lordship, it should have been done long ago."

"CAN S'CH THINGS BE?"—Lucy Stone says that women are as well qualified as the others for all kinds of mercantile situations. It is then, for a "strong minded woman" to make a good silent partner? Where is she?—Pick.

"Do you see anything ridiculous in this?" said a brother Judge to Curran, "Nothing the head," he replied.

"I have very little respect for the 'free world,' as the chap said when the rope snapped round his neck.

One day, as Judge Parsons was jogging on horseback, over a desolate road, he came to a log house, dirty, smoky and miserable. He stopped to contemplate the too evident poverty scene. A poor, half-starved fellow, with matted hair and unshaven beard, thrust his head into a square, which served for a window, with a Judge. I ain't as poor as you take me to be; don't own this 'ere land!"

"Will you take the life of Pierce or Scott, morning, marmale?" said a new-boy to an aunt Betsy. "No, my lad," she replied; "you may live to the ends of their days for me; nothin' agin 'em."

WOMAN.—The last and best of the series may have her for a toast, we won't ask the butcher.

THE SIEGE OF BOLOGNA.—This bombardment has just been pictorially carried by a French paper. It consists of a bombardment tugging at an overgrown sausage.

The man who always drives a good horse never uses a whip.

Somebody advertises to "set up" with for \$1 50 per night; delirium tremens doubtless very near losing her balance.

The man of "vaulting ambition" is the circus.

An Irish post boy having driven a gentleman long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah! I don't care about being wet, but, please yer, honor, I'm very dry."

Mrs. Harris says, what puzzles her is why the sailors get their fresh breezes from in skirts.

"That's my business," as the butcher said to the dog that was killing his sheep.

For the Southern Weekly

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

BY A DEAF MUTE

I am composed of 50 letters. My 1, 2, 17, 9, 19, 30, 36, was one of the popular of English poets. My 3, 6, 13, 19, 9, 31, 19, was one of the scholars of modern times. My 4, 10, 16, 11, 31, 19, 15, was one of the celebrated poets of Persia. My 5, 11, 11, 20, 29, 30, 45, was one of the men of English literature. My 7, 35, 31, 24, 41, 36, 40, was one of the distinguished poets of Italy. My 21, 20, 11, 8, was one of the most eminent modern Latin poets. My 14, 22, 31, 12, 18, 9, 13, 30, was an eminent female artist. My 23, 27, 42, 47, 33, 30, was Greek poet. My 25, 41, 29, 44, was a distinguished painter. My 24, 28, 39, 26, 49, 37, 24, 34, was one of the wits and gallants of the court of Charles II. My 29, 33, 50, 14, 29, 55, 48, 44, 53, 10, was of the greatest dramatists of Europe. My 32, 30, 31, 23, 19, 50, 40, 36, 38, was one of the great talents. My 51, 50, 19, 23, 53, was one of the greatest of Italy. My 52, 43, 51, 38, 48, 45, 39, 46, 54, 29, was a celebrated mathematician. My whole is a very popular opera troupe. Answer to Enigma in last week's Post: Natural Bridge of Virginia.