The Indiana American.

A NEWS AND BUSINESS PAPER--DEVOTED TO FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, MORALS, TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF SOCIETY.

VOL. XXV.--NO. 3. BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1857. WHOLE NUMBER 1251.

Original and Selected Poetry.

WHEN WE HUSKED CORN.

Octobers scorching fires the trees,
And naked lies the shivering vine;
While dimly o'er the distant seas
The fading lights of summer shine,
Along the lawn the negro blows
Deep summons on his noon-day horn,
And homeward troops the girls and beaux
From husking of the corn.

I mind me well that autumn day,
When five and twenty years ago,
We turned our labor into play,
And husked the corn for neighbor Lowe.
Ah! wife, we were the blithest pair
That e'er to wedded love were born;
For I was gay and you were fair
A husking of the corn.

O! how we sung and how we laughed!
Our hearts sat lightly on our lips,
As we the golden cider quaffed,
And passed the bowl with rustic quips,
And when sly hints of love went round,
You glanced at me with pouting scorn,
Ye tamiled, tho' you fain would frown,
A husking of the corn.

Then when I found the scarlet ear,
And claimed the old traditional kiss,
You bade me not approach too near,
And pleaded that, and pleaded this—
Away you fled, and pursued,
Till all too faint you were to warn,
And—know not how well I wooed
A husking of the corn.

"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

A father and his little son
On wintry waves were sailing;
Fast from their way the light of day
In cloud and gloom was failing;
And fiercely round their lonely bark
The storm winds were wailing.

They knew that peril hovered near;
They prayed, "Oh! Heaven deliver;"
But a wilder blast came howling past,
And soon, with sob and shiver,
They struggled in the icy grasp
Of that dark rushing river.

"Cling fast to me, my darling child,"
An anguished voice was crying;
While silvery-clear, o'er tempest drear,
Rose softer tones replying,
"Oh mind not me my father dear—
I'm not afraid of dying;
Oh! mind not me, but save yourself,
For mother's sake, dear father;
Leave me and hasten to the shore,
Or what will comfort mother?"

The angel forms that ever wait,
Unseen, on man attendant,
Flew up, o'erjoyed to heaven's bright gate,
And there, on page resplendent,
High over those of heroes bold,
And martyrs famed in story,
They wrote the name of that brave boy,
And wreathed it round with glory.

God bless the child—ay, he bus bless
That noble self-denial,
And safely bore him to the shore,
Through tempest, toil and trials
Soon in their bright and tranquil home,
Son, sire, and that dear mother,
For whose sweet sake so much was done,
In rapture meet each other.

MAIDEN RESOLUTIONS.

BY MARY F. TUCKER.

Oh! I'll tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white or yellow,
But is altogether green!
Then his name isn't charming,
For it's only common "Bill;"
And he wishes me to wed him!
But I hardly think I will!

He has told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees,
And don't you think the gawkey
Tumbled down upon his knees!
While the tears the creature wasted
Were enough to turn a mill;
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will!

Oh! he whispered of devotion,
Of devotion pure and deep,
But it seemed so very silly,
That I nearly fell asleep!
And he thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journeyed down the hill,
To go hand-in-hand together,
But I hardly think it will!

He was here last night to see me,
And he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead
Never meant to go way.
At first I learned to hate him,
And I know I hate him still;
Yet he urges me to have him,
But I hardly think I will!

I am sure I wouldn't choose him,
But the very duce is in it;
For he says if I refuse him
That he could not live a minute;
And you know the blessed Bible
Plainly says, we "musn't kill,"
So I've thought the matter over,
And I rather guess I will!

DO YOU OWE THE PRINTER?

BY REUBEN RAINBOW.

Come sinful debtor, in whose breast
Some conscience may resolve,
Come with your coward fear oppressed,
And make this wise resolve:

I'll seek the prin ter, though my debts
Have like a mountain rose
I know his wants, I'll pay him off,
Whatever may oppose.

Perhaps he may take my excuse—
Perhaps believe I lie—
But if I perish I will pay,
And then his thoughts defy.

Straightway I'll to his sanctum go,
And see him face to face;
I'll boldly "fork the tin" that's due,
And thank him for his grace.

Although ashamed thus late to go,
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away I know
In infamy I'll die.

I know his patient nature well,
Delinquents he'll forgive;
He'll kindly pardon debtor's sins,
And bid such supplicants live.

FASHION—1856-7.

Time was when girls their bonnets wore
Projecting half a yard before;
When beauty was thus hidden deep,
'Twas something e'en to get a peep;
But now—oh! woman's fickle mind—
They wear their bonnets all behind
The ladies go with faces bare,
And fancy all admire who stare!
So this will pass in history's page
As English woman's bare-faced age.

KISSING.—A gentleman wrote:

"Men seem to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other."

Whereupon, a lady pencilled this reply, and left it for the fool's instruction:

"Men do not kiss among themselves,
And it's well that they refrain;
The bitter dose would vex them so,
They would never kiss again.
As some men's on poor woman's lips
Is applied this nauseous lotion,
We have to kiss among ourselves,
As a counteracting potion."

An Interesting Story.

From the London Leisure Hour.

CHARLES STANLEY.

OR, THE CHEERFUL GLASS.

On a clear frosty morning in the beginning of January, a few years ago, a young couple might have been seen walking at a brisk pace through the long, narrow suburban town of B——. There was an air of neatness and good taste about their dress; they conversed with animation, tones of mirth often mingling with words of kindly affection; they were on the way to the house of a friend to join a dinner party.

"Dear Charles," said the young wife—for such she was—"do not be angry if I ask a favor—a great favor—do, for my sake, be careful what you take to-day—I mean, of any thing intoxicating. Remember, dear, what took place the last time we dined out, and pray forgive my reminding you. I do so, not in reproach, but in purest love."

"Say nor more," replied Charles, "I shall drink chiefly water with my dinner, and only so much wine after it as you shall not be able to disapprove."

Charles meant what he said; he felt that at their last visit he had taken a step or two beyond the line of moderation, which had grieved his wife and made him ashamed of himself; and now he determined that he would show Elizabeth that it was only a slip, not a link in the chain of habit. Charles wished to do well; but he had no decision of character—no firmness of purpose. Fond of intelligent companions, and well able to contribute his full share to any kind of conversation which was on the *tapis*, he was a general favorite. With warm feelings, he possessed easy and agreeable manners; and when among associates to his taste, he soon became excited, and would talk and sip his wine much faster than he was aware of. The young couple smiled affectionately on each other as they arrived at their friend's house, and Charles's kind pressure of her hand and his look, conveying an assurance of good intentions, set the wife's mind at ease.

A waiting-maid conducted the visitors up stairs, Elizabeth joining the ladies, who were putting finishing thouches to their dress, while Mr. Charles Stanley was announced and introduced to a circle of gentlemen in the drawing-room—a groupe displaying varied taste in costume, and equal variety of countenance and deportment. All, however, manifested great suavity of manner, and smiles and small talk prevailed around. The ladies soon joined them, to be speedily conducted to the dining apartment, which was well arranged, the table being also set out with every elegant convenience. Lamps shed a soft luster over every part of the well-warmed room; fairy-like lights and shadows, rainbow-tinted, glanced from chandeliers upon the snowy damask of the cloth; and glass and silver, of beautiful workmanship, vied with ice and frost in mimic forms upon classically-shaped vessels for various uses. Substantially viands sent forth "epicurean frankincense," accelerating the arrangement of "that great dispute of courts and cabinents, the choice of places"—warm, snug quarters for elderly and delicate ladies, suitable companions for the young, and an accomplished carver to assist the hostess in her onerous task at the head of the table.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the face of a man that of his friend." A social party doubtles the enjoyment of our meal, and if digestion waits on appetite, the effect is complete. On the present occasion cheerfulness and good humor reigned; light, exhilerating wine passed round, and did its duty; tongues were unlocked; the reserve of the ladies gave way; topic after topic was introduced, and discussed with more or less wit and varied skill by the gentlemen. Charles became interested; his remarks displayed shrewedness; he argued with force and perspicuity, drawing to himself the notice of a few congenial spirits. A debate was commenced and sustained with ability, the glass taking its round rapidly.

The mild eye of Elizabeth every now and then met that of her husband; but with a smile he gave a little shake of the head, so light as to be unobserved by another, but plainly indicating to Elizabeth thus much, "No, you need not fear; for I am on my guard." Alas! Charles deceived himself—he was not so fully on his guard as he thought he was. Animated in his friendly dispute, he met his antagonist with convincing proofs, and, feeling his advantage, thrust home, one argument after another till his victory was acknowledged. Glowing with conquest, the hero of the hour, he laughed and chatted triumphantly over his wine till the ladies rose to leave the room. Already his eye had become fiery in expression; his words were louder and more voluble than the occasion required. Fear awoke in the heart of Elizabeth. One imploring look, in which an almost agonized entreaty might be read, passed to him from her glistening eyes as she, with the other ladies, left for the drawing-room

Glad was she to change the air of the now heated appartment for cool and quiet. Ladies flocked to the toilet-glass to readjust their curls and arrange their ornaments; specifics were extolled for expunging the stains of port wine, and economic recipes for the revival of superannuated silks and satins. The young wife had no ear for all this; she bathed her throbbing temples, and the air revived her sinking heart. She had sat watching Charles, as if future weal or woe hung on the course he took, and she could not collect her thoughts.

For a moment Elizabeth was the observed of all observers. Ladies in their after-dinner talk, however, do not dwell very long on any one theme. The new stitch in crochet, the leather work, the last Paris fashion, gossip of deaths, births, and marriages, a little scandal, and a little religion, with the passing events of the time—subjects as these filled up the short interval which to Elizabeth appeared interminably long and tedious, till the order was given to announce coffee to the gentlemen below.

The true wife will fully enter into Elizabeth's feelings as one gentleman after another entered—some cool and composed as when they sat down to breakfast; others cheerful and full of merriment; here and there one—few and far between in the present day, I am happy to think—unsteady in their step, with deadened eyes gazing on vacancy, and words uttered thickly and without meaning; and now comes the one in whom she was most interested. And, alas! how did he enter? Blundering up to where Elizabeth sat he threw himself heavily on the sofa beside her, and, nearly upsetting her coffee, began joking, not in his usual refined and delicate manner, but coarsely; and, roughly handling her gloves and reticule, and as if regardless of the presence of others, he played all kinds of dull and witless tricks, bringing upon himself the laughter of some, and from others sneers and disdain. Charles, however, was equally regardless of all this, as of the imploring looks, the sighs, and efforts to check him, of his best friend.

"Why, how foolish you are, Lizzy," said he, in a choking whisper, audible in every part of the room. "I have taken"—here hicup interupted him—"nothing—a mere nothing, since you left the—dining-table."

"Pray do not talk," said his wife, whispering so that he only might hear her; "let us get home soon; and, dear Charles, pray be silent while we remain."

"Well," he again muttered, in surly tones and with a constant hiccup, "well, I can only say you never were more disturbed—I mean, deceived—in your life."

"Hush, pray hush!" said she, very softly.

"O! well, if you choose to be cross and silly," he roared out, "I shan't think of going home. So, now then," folding his arms and leaning back.

Elizabeth attempted no reply. She remembered the torrent of abuse, and the cruel speeches heaped upon her after the last dinner party. She felt that to speak or reason with Charles sober, was to appeal to a clear-headed, thinking man, of noble dispositson and kind heart; but to reason with Charles tipsy, was quite a different affair. It was Charles no longer; a changeling, an evil spirit had entered that form, and was dwelling there. He half spilled, half drank a cup or two of coffee; and seeing others depart, he in surly mood commanded his wife to "get her things on."

Glad of the summons, she looked out on the dreary winter night. The fine clear frost had given way to dense fog; clouds of gray and offensive vapor dimmed the gas-lights, and clothed every thing in chilling moisture. Few were passing in the streets, except the police, with their shaded lanterns; and now and then suburban omnibuses, of the localities around, came hurrying through on their journey to London, the horses' breath smoking, and the steam of their bodies enveloping them amid the fog.

What a convenience are these conveyences! thought poor Lizzy, as at the lamp-post she propped up her husband to hail the driver, trusting to be shortly safe at home. Down stepped the conductor at her summons, and was about to offer his obsequious services, when, with a staggering lunge, Charles discovered but too unmistakably his state of intoxication.

"Gent's drunk, marm; can't let him into the 'bus on no account," said the conductor.

Elizabeth began to entreat, and would have paid double fare for each; but before she could utter her request, the "bus," with its thoughtless guide, was rolling onward. Had Charles been sober and the night fine, the walk home would not have occupied twenty minutes; but under present circumstances the distance rose before poor Elizabeth like a pilgrimage. Little was said, except now and then an almost unintelligible word or two—sometimes of abuse, sometimes of unmeaning joke. It was hard work to keep Charles upon his feet; strength often failed, and at last, tripping over a stone, the weight of his body brought him and his poor wife to the ground. She was unhurt, and rose instantly, but found it impossible to raise him. What should she do?

At last a policeman made his appearance. She immediately begged his help, and promised a fee if he would convey the gentleman home. He shot back the shade of his dark lantern, and with characteristic taciturnity proceeded to raise and half carry Charles along the muddy streets and past lamp after lamp, each of which displayed the battered hat and daubed coat of the misguided husband. Long and wearisome were the steps which brought the three to their destination.—Charles was assisted up stairs amid the wondering looks and inquiries of his domestics, whose cunning glances gave note that they fully understood the excuse Elizabeth offered of illness!

Left alone, the unhappy wife now turned the key upon all the world, and gazed on her husband with unutterable anguish of spirit. "Charles dearest Charles!" she began—and tears dropped like rain upon his heated brows—"my own Charles can you listen to me?"

A sneer of bitter contempt, a half-uttered oath, and a volley of inarticulate abuse followed, terminating in the deep, leaden sleep of the drunkard. It was useless to say a word. She rendered his position safe, removed from his neck a beautiful silk stock which her own hands had put together, wrapping him warmly, laid herself down beside him to consider her best plan of acting.

Morning found her awake, after a troubled sleep with disturbed dreams. She sat down alone to the breakfast-table, and Charle's vacant chair stood opposite.

"I must do my duty," said she, "however he may be wrong; I must not, as his wife, reproach or taunt him; and though in his mistaken moments he talks like a madman, I must recollect that it is not my Charles; it is the enemy which has crept into his head to steal away his brain, that pours out curses and abuse. His mind is deluded, and I must forgive his false views as I would those of the insane. Meantime I will set myself steadily to try and allure him back again to the path of peace."

Then she returned to where that inanimate mass of humanity lay, bound in the chains of drunkenness. At length he awoke. She was instantly at his side, but not with sulky looks or passionate rebukes. Ah! what an object of pity is the last evening's drunkard, when next day's repentance comes! Ill in body, and with a fearful collapse of spirit, pangs strike like arrows through his conscience. He would fain sleep again, and forever, but it can not be. He half remembers the past words of unkindness spoken by him—words too, alas! which he can not recall, give what he would to do so.

Unimportant as our faults appear beforehand, or pleasant as they seem to us in the act of commission, when conscience calls us to its bar, we review them as through a magnifying glass; every minute circumstance then stands out clearly; every secret of the heart is brought from its dark recess.

Elizabeth had no occasion to recount her husband's faults; like a lion roused from sleep, the inward monitor stood now ready to vent its rage upon the defenseless victim. His wife's Christian spirit was his most severe accuser, and in uncontrollable anguish of mind he turned this way and that to seek relief; but there was no physician no balm in Gilead, sought, by poor, unhappy Charles. Had he sought the aid of God's Holy Spirit in fervent prayer, the evil habit might have been broken; but, alas! he did not do so. He rose, left his room, wandered out of doors to get rid of his wretchedness; and, ah! that I should say so, he remembered the sedative effects of the glass, and argued thus in his own thoughts: "I will never again allow myself to be overcome in the manner I have been. I am now really ill, depressed in body and mind. I will take only just so much as shall restore me to comfort, and then I will have done with it forever."—He was within sight of the poison palace—the gin-shop. Should he enter? Conscience said, No; but a delusive propensity pleaded strongly the motive; he only went to relieve his bodily sufferings, and to nerve himself to tell his wife how fully he felt the necessity of abstaining at such parties from excitement, which led on to all the rest. The present moment's indulgence gained the victory; he entered the bar, and the first fatal link was forged in a chain which bound both body and soul, though to Charles it seemed but like casting over him a spider's thread. He took another cheerful glass. He felt its exhilarating influence, unhappy subjects fell into the background, fresh excuses came to his remembrance with which to satisfy his angry conscience and his uncomplaining wife: true he had been foolish, but it was at the social table; and the unkind words to Lizzy were, after all, only words. It was the liquor which spoke, not him; and he would now make all right, and tell her how grieved he was.—He felt greatly relieved, and wondered that a little time ago he could have judged himself so harshly.

On returning home, this pleasant change in his mood raised the sunken spirit of his wife. The evening fire was burning briskly, and, closing the shutters, they sat down to their usual comforts; but the effects of the magic potion was fast ebbing off, and Charles thought that just one glass, which Elizabeth would deem the first, might enable him to conclude his task better than tea. So pleading his injured stomach's relief, another strong goblet was despatched. The wife was pleased to see the improvement in his manner, though something whispered to her, "All this is unreal."

Time is required to rivet the force of habit; but by degrees, from this fatal period, Charles whose early virtues had put forth such hopeful promise, began to give way to drunkenness, first in secret, and then, alas! openly.

We must not weary the reader by detailing the numerous gradual steps by which, act after act, scene after scene, this drama of real life was, after some few years, brought to a close. I have related the opening page of the history; the succeeding ones are of common occurrence. A single episode more and we close the sad story.

The wind whistled and howled; the day had closed; night was coming on with heavy clouds and darkness; driving showers of sleety rain soaked the flimsy rags of a slip-shod female, as, drawing them closer together over her high, thin shoulders, she shuffled through the sludge with eager haste. Turning the angle of a street, a sudden gust lifted for an instant her starved frame from the pathway, and hurled her like a dead leaf across the road. Recovering herself, she staggered, and, stemming the boisterous gale, plowed her way onward to the glaring crimson light of a chemist's shop, which she entered, and begged to be trusted for another bottle of medicine.

A demur ensued: the smart, genteel youth at the counter had "no right to send out his master's goods without payment."

"For the love of mercy, sir, do not deny me," pleaded a soft and tuneful voice. "I am promised a shilling to-morrow, and indeed I will bring it the very moment I have it. Could you see my husband's agony, when he has none of this sedative to take, you would not deny me."

These were words of truth; the youth was human, and could no longer withhold her request. He replied that he would trust her, even though he should have to make good her failure.

The haggard face assumed a look of gratitude; and again she is making her way through the storm. Let us follow.—Pad, pad, pad, her foot-steps are heard, down a miry staircase, dismal as a coal-pit and leading to a large cellar, divided into sections by coarse unplained boards. She opens a door and enters one of the divisions.

Propped in one corner of this dreary vault lay a man on whom death's unmistakable mark was set. An inch of candle was lighted at the handful of exhausted cinders in the grate; the medicine was poured into a cup and swallowed with avidity. The effort was to much; a fearful coevulsion followed. The worn-out nurse gazed breathlessly in terrible suspense. No—not quite gone; the struggling energy of the living principle held on, faintly but tenaciously.

"Lizzy," whispered the dying man—for the glass had done its work—it was Charles Stanley and his wife—"Lizzy, raise my head."

Tenderly, as she would have handled a new-born infant, she adjusted the pile of rags and straw which supplied the place of a pillow, and putting her lean arm under, supported the head, looking earnestly for symptoms of revival.

"Lizzy," he gasped out, in the thickening tones of the dying, "O that I could call back the past! not for myself—for you—to convince you how I now abhor myself; but 'tis too late—too late.—When the power was mine *I trifled*—I refused to struggle with my foe, till the time came when I could not do so. I had put an iron chain about me. When I look at this horrible state of things—this place—when I look on you—what you were—what you are—and on what is close before me—how can I do any thing but sink, sink, sink, into the fathomless gulf of despair!" And he sobbed convulsively.

In accents of soothing, she told him to forgive himself; that she forgave him; and that with God there might still be found, on a true repentance, forgiveness to the uttermost.

He could no longer speak, but with effort tried to shake his head. Stupor came on. Lizzy reached her Bible—read a little—paused—glanced at the bed—all was still—the spark of life had fled!

Such were the scenes of misery engendered by, and such was the final result of yielding to the allurements of "The Cheerful Glass."

What did the Clock Say!

The clock upon the tower of a neighboring church tolled forth slowly and solemnly the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked:

"Mother, what did the clock say?"

"To me," said his mother, sadly, it seemed to say, gone—gone!"

"What, mother! what 's gone?"

"Another hour, my son."

"What is an hour mother?"

"A white winged messenger from our Father in Heaven, sent by him to inquire of you—of me, what we are doing? what we are saying? what we are feeling and thinking?"

"Where has it gone, mother?"

"Back to him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all thoughts, words, and deeds, while it was with us."

"Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"

Reader, what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high for you.

TAKING NOTES.—"Well, Cuffee," said a minister to his colored servant, "what where you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Taking notes," was his reply.

"You taking notes?" exclaimed the master.

"Sartin, massa; all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, let me see them," responded the master.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen spiders, dipped in ink, had crawled over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the notes.

"Well, massa," responded cuffee, "I thought so all the time you was a preaching it."

☞ When is a watch chain like a rowdy?

Ans.—When it is a blackguard.

Select Miscellany.

Pierce Pungent's Peanuts—Hoops.

Little did Pierce Pungent think, when he trundled his hoop sixty years ago, that he was playing with the petticoats of a future generation!—We had certainly heard our aunt Pearl say that the fashionable ladies of her youth had certain whalebone expanders, but we maintain that the genuine hoop has never been in active operation before now!

Boys, in olden time, spoke in a spirit of prophecy, when they cried,

Come with a hoop,
And come with a call,
Come in your petticoats,
Or come not at all!

Perhaps the hooping cough may have been named after some fair one, whose damp hoops, being made of green wood, disagreed with her, and gave her a cold!—How beautifully also has nature provided a variety of woods to suit that diversfied sex, the female! Weeping willows for widows! Oak for sailors' wives! Hickory for strong-minded women! Rosewood for belles! Pine for damsels! Crab-tree hoops for old maids! And so on! especially bamboo for those dear maids who bamboo-zle us out of our bachelordom, and make us pay for the operation!

We were deep in the cogitation of the hoop mystery, when we accidentally met with an old friend, who is a member of the family. It was John Hoope, that capital Democrat. We brought him suddenly to his senses by asking him what he thought of hoops?

"A most respectable family," he replies; "I belong to it!"

Putting the question in a plainer way, he asked us into his little office, where he sits throned on piles of gold, like Fisher, the pirate of Mrs. Sippy. He reminds me of Longfellow's verse:

John Hoope was in his office,
Acounting out his money,
While the ladies walked Broadway,
Assweet as yellow honey!

When we were seated, he thus commenced:

"My dear Pungent, the origin of hoops is lost in obscurity, nor is it possible to decide, at this late day, whether woman stole the hoop from the cask, or the cooper stole the hoop from the women! Certainly, in the dark ages, hoops were considered as the natural protectors of the washing-tubs, barrels, puncheons, and every other species of casks! It is, however, a question, whether they don't more effectually defend a women than they do a hogshead!"

Our handsome young cordwainer whom Beattie celebrated in his minstrel thus:

Now, Edwin Brookes, he was no vulgar boy, &c,

assures us that he wishes hoops in the cellar; indeed, anywhere except around a young woman, thus usurping the privileges of a lover's arm! But to the tale our murmuring Brooks relates:

"Left alone with a pretty girl, she asked for a kiss. Alas! the top of Latting's observatory might as well have done it! I could not get within kissing distance!—She stood, surrounded by her fortifications. No goose was ever more firmly secured in the middle of a gooseberry bush than my fair friend, who, despite her wish to aid me, stood like a Sebastopol with her Malakoffs, Redans, outworks, and *chevaux de frieze!* At last, the beautiful besieged, in her natural desire to meet me half way, lost her balance, and, as I am a New Yorker and a Christian, she rolled about the room like a barrel of *lager bier* that had tumbled off its stand. As the old song says:

I sent for a cooper,
At last to unhoop her,
Before she could stand on her end."

Trundling a hoop down Broadway, with a woman inside, is a vast improvement on the old game of our childhood. One man in speaking of his wife's petticoat, says it must have been raised like a barn. Another, a lawyer, assures us that his daughter's skeleton skirt is large enough for a small law office. And then, how fearfully made! Why, Mrs. Hoope's hoop is latticed, cornered, stiffened and jointed, like the frame of the Crystal Palace! I don't see what a woman wants with a husband, if hoops are her natural protector. A girl is as safe in her hoops as she is in a convent. She cannot be more shut up from the world if she were in a nunnery. Then, how are we to get along in our thoroughfares with the women in full possession? Francois Ravel has given up walking altogether. He lives on flying leaps. Councilman Wild practiced his famous summersault from Fremont to Fillmore by jumping through his wife's skirts.

Colonel McArdle assured Brougham the other night at the Bowery theatre, that a dozen women in the fashionable costume, marching along in file or column, would, at a distance, look like a regiment, and a battalion might easily retire and re-form behind a Belle of Broadway. And, just fancy, observes Colonel Harper, how easily a small detatchment might be smuggled into an enemy's town under a woman's modern petticoat. What the wooden horse was to Troy, one of these great whalebone petticoats might be to some modern beleagured city. As to a lover hiding under a lady's skirt, it would be a solitude for its vastness.

It is a nice calculation, how many square miles a hundred fashionable ladies would occupy, if they ever became squatters.

Our architectural friend, Thomas, declares that it is an improvement upon the Egyptian Pyramids. We, ourselves, have a niece whose circumference is rapidly approaching those of Babylon. The ancients considered a Sabbath day's journey three miles; that is now about equal to walking once around a woman. We shall soon be compelled to have speaking trumpets to make the dear girls hear our whispers of undying affection. Walking arm in arm is quite out of fashion, and we are confidentially informed that Genin, the celebrated hatter, has turned his unrivaled genius to the invention of an elongating anchor, or hook and eye, which will enable a polite gentleman to offer his arm to a lady.

Stuck up Folks.

"I don't like those people, they are so dreadfully stuck up," was the remark we overheard the other day. What are stuck-up people? thought we, and we have been looking about to see if we could find any.

Do you see that young man over yonder, leaning up to the post at that hotel piazza, twirling a shadow walking stick; now and then coaxing the hair on his upper lip, and watching every lady that passes, not that he cares to see them, but is anxious to know whether they observe him, he belongs to the stuck up folks.—What is the occasion! Well, he happens to have a rich father, and foolish and vain mother, who have taught him that he isn't common folks at all, and that poverty is almost the same as vulgarity and meanness, and so he has become stuck-up; he doesn't take pains to learn anything, for he doesn't feel the need of knowing any more; he dares not work, for he was never required to, and he is so extensively stuck-up that he hasn't the idea that he will ever come down; he doesn't know, however.

There goes a young woman—lady she calls her self—with the most condescending air to no one in particular, and an all-pervading consciousness that creation and the rest of mankind are looking at and admiring her; she has never earned the salt she eats, knows a little, very little, of a good many things, and nothing thoroughly of anything, is most anxious lest she should be troubled to make a selection out of fifty young men, all of whom are dying for her, she supposes; she is one of the stuck up folks, and that is about all she is.

The oldish gentleman over the way, barricaded with a half-a-yard of shirt collar, guarded with a gold-headed cane, with a pompous patronizing air—do you see him? Well, he is one of those stuck-up folks, too. It has been about ten years since he got off his leather apron, and began to speculate successfully in real estate.

Thre are other folks of this class; some stuck up by having at some time been constable, a justice of the peace, an alderman, and in various other ways they got stuck-up notions. They are not proud people, for they do not rise to dignity of pride; they are not distinguished folks, for they have not ability or character enough to make them so—they are just what they appear to be—"stuck up." Let them stick.—*Ex.*

Pa Does It.

You, Tommie, my son, what's that you are saying.

La! me, I just said, confound it.

Why, my son, mother's astonished to hear you talk so. That's naughty.

I says worser things than that sometimes. I just cusses right out like anybody. You know all men cusses!

Ah, my son, gentleman do not cuss!—Low, trifling men, curse, but gentlemen of good manners and good sense don't.

Well, anyhow, my pa does it.

Run along to play Tommie, and be a little man. Don't say such naughty things!

Enter Father—Pa, are you a gentleman.

Yes, my son, I try to be one, but what makes you ask such strange questions, Tommie? Who says otherwise?

Nobody, sir, but I was thinking that somebody telled me a story—you or me one.

Thomas, what do you mean?

I jest mean pa, that you cusses, and ma says gentlemen don't. And I know you do, cause I heard you cuss the carriage driver the other day, and I been a saying it ever since.

Peggy! Peggy! come take this boy to bed?—*Mobile Tribune.*

A PUZZLED IRISHMAN.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party. The two Crogans was one, myself was two, Mike Finn was three, and-and-who the mischief was four, counting his fingers—the two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, myself was three, and—be dad, there was four of us; but St. Patrick could'nt tell the name of the other. Now its meself that have it; Mike Finn was one, the two Crogans was two, myself was three, and—and be the powers, I think there was three of us after all.

☞ "Look here, Jim!" said a young fellow the other evening to an old soaker who had evidently taken a deep interest in *spiritual* matters, and was still, with the peculiar obstinacy of those in his condition, vociferating for another "smile"—"Look-a-here, old fellow! you'll spoil your constitution by this style of thing—better hold up."

"Constitution be blowed!" said the old fellow, "I have broke that long ago!—Been living on the by-laws this six months!"

"What are you doing with that lumber?" cried a steamboat captain to an Irishman who was staggering towards the boat beneath the weight of a huge plank just as the bell was ringing for the last time.

"What am I doing—sure wasn't it yerself as said, all ye's as going 'get a board,' and isn't this an illegant one, intirely," said the Hibernian, triumphantly, amid the laughter of the spectators.—The captain gave him his board and passage that trip.

Fat Meat.

The following is from the *Scalpel*, a medical journal published in New York, and edited with great ability:

"With young girls, fashion sometimes deters from eating fat meat, which is regarded as a sign of grossness and want of delicacy; and many, between the ages of thirteen and twenty years, manifest the injurious consequences of this error. The skin is flabby, cool, and blanched, and the whole system appears exsanguineous: the cheeks are sometimes flushed with a transient, irritant, feverish heat, but there is a persistent coldness of the hands and feet, and the aggregate heat of the body is deficient. The lymphatic glands of the body become enlarged. The appetite is irregular and fastidious; especially in the morning, food is taken reluctantly, or utterly refused. In short, the general assemblage of symptoms indicate a scrofulous constitution. In most cases, there is a morbid thirst, and the symptoms become aggravated by an excessive use of cold water and other drinks. If, perchance, the friends indulge in a hydropathic monomania, the external use of water is bro't in requisition, still more to lessen the vital heat, depress the powers of life, and aid in the full development of phthisis.

"Most individuals who avoid fat meat also use little of butter and oily gravies, though many compensate for this want, in part at least, by a free use of these articles, also milk, eggs, and various saccharine substances. But they constitute but an imperfect substitute for fat meat, without which, sooner or later, the body is almost sure to show the effect of deficient calorification.

"That these striking facts are commonly unnoticed, the truth of which is rendered evident by observation and inquiry, is conclusive proof that this subject has received little attention. Its importance can hardly be doubted or over-estimated when it is considered that full one-fifth of the human race is destroyed by phthisis. To parents, whose children have this aversion to oily food—this fearful sign of early dissolution—the subject is one of the deepest interest. It also deserves the careful consideration of insurance companies, of young persons in making matrimonial alliances, and certainly of physicians, the professional, public guardians of human life and health. The presumption will commonly hold true, that a person who habitually avoids fat meat at the age of twenty-one, will die of phthisis before forty-five.

"But the great importance of oily food, in relation to this disease, consists in its preventive efficacy. In most cases of unequivocally developed phthisis, all curative plans of treatment fail. Prevention is the great object; to accomplish which, I feel assured that a rational plan of diet—proper combination of nitrogen and caloric food—may be employed with the most salutary effect. The significant fact that the subjects of phthisis are, with a few exceptions, those who avoid fat meat, should be generally known. Young persons should be fully warned against this dangerous error. The gay miss of eighteen, whose countenance, to the practical observer, clearly shows the want of caloric nutriment, should be plainly told that if this error of diet is continued, phthisis will claim her as a victim before forty-five."

Mistaking a Gentleman's Intentions.

'Twas evening! Two ladies walked together leasurely over a narrow sidewalk, and ever and anon casting timid glances behind, as if apprehending something unpleasant from that direction. One whispered to the other, "Let's call a police man!"

This remark was heard by a gentleman close at their heels, who politely volunteered his services to call one.

"Impudent puppy!" said one of the ladies.

"Madam?" said the gentleman inquiringly.

"You are following us," said the lady addressed.

"Excuse me," said the gentleman; "I appreciate your error, and see the cause of it; being somewhat in a hurry, I have hastened my steps to pass you, but the narrowness of the sidewalk and the width of the prevailing fashion have combined to place me at a disadvantage in your estimation."

The frankness and gentle bearing of the stranger promptly dissipated these unpleasant impressions, and a collapse of two skirts like twin figs in a drum, enabled the gentleman so unjustly suspected to go on his way rejoicing.—*N. Y. Sunday Ledger.*

OBSTINATE CUSTOMER.—"Are you an Odd Fellow?"

"No, sir; I have been married for a week."

"I mean, do you belong to the Order of Odd Fellows."

"No; I belong to the Order of Married Men."

"Thunder! how dumb! Are you a Mason?"

"No; I'm a carpenter."

"Worse and worse! Are you a Son of Temperance?"

"Confound you, no! I'm a son of Mr. John Gosling."

The querist went his way.

☞ A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front, towards the North.

"Now, what's before you, John?"

"The north, sir."

"And what's behind you, Tommy?"

"My coat tail, thir," said Tommy, trying at the same time to get a glimpse at that part.

A Column of Fun.

☞ There is a time for all things.—The time to "leave" is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

☞ Why is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride? Because the bridegroom is usually sold.

☞ A mirror is the only tolerated medium of reflection upon woman's beauty, and it is the last that is discarded.

☞ One of the toasts drank at a recent celebration, was—

"Woman! She requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself!"

☞ He who marries for beauty alone, is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

☞ A country girl writing to her friend, says of the polka, that the dancing does not amount to much, but the hugging is heavenly.

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATING SOCIETIES.—If a man has an angry bull by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on, or let go?

☞ A sailor looking serious in a chapel in Boston, was asked by a minister if he felt any change?

"Not a cent," said Jack.

☞ A western editor puts up on the door of his sanctum—"Lady visitors are requested to go to the devil when they wish to obtain an interview with the editor."

☞ A Western editor wants to know whether the law recently enacted against carrying concealed weapons applies to doctors who carry their pills in their pockets.

☞ A printer setting up the sentence, "we are but a part of a stupendous whole," by the mistake of a letter, made it read, "we are but parts of a stupendous whale."

A SHARP LAD.—"Come here, boy, and tell me what the four seasons are."

Young prodigy answers: "Pepper, mustard, salt, and vinegar; them's what mamma always seasons with."

☞ "I don't care so much about the bugs," said Mr. Wormley to the head of the genteel private family in which he resides, "but the fact is, marm, I hav'nt got the blood to spare; you see that yourself."

☞ "You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar, who asked for alms.

"I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the reply of the mendicant.

☞ "I'll tell you, sir," said Mr. Porton to an unfledged poet, "what I think of your poetical works, they will be read when Shakspear's and Milton's have been forgotten," (every eye was instantly turned upon the speaker) "but not till then!"

☞ A young lawyer who had paid his court to a young lady without much advancing, accused her one day of being insensible to the power of love. "It does not follow," she replied "that I am not to be won by the power of an attorney."

ARTLESS WOMEN.—Men are not attracted by highly polished women, so much as by truly natural and artless women—women sufficiently educated to speak and write accurately, and sufficiently childish not to despise common things.

☞ "Neighbor Jones," said a rigid church member, "I have been informed that you often drive your team, and even go a fishing or a hunting on the Sabbath."

"True," replied Jones, "but then, on these occasions, I always whistle psalm tunes."

☞ A lady, a disbeliever in the science, asked a learned phrenologist, with a view of puzzling him:

"What kind of people are those who have destructiveness and benevolence equally developed?"

"These, madam, are those who kill with kindness."

☞ "Let me," said Heinrich Heine "become an old man, still loving youth, in spite of feebleness of years, sharing in its gambols and its dangers; let my voice, tremble and weaken as it may, while the sense of the words it utters remains fresh with hope, and unpalsied with fear."

A young lady, returning late from the opera, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk, but was still unable to step across the gutter.

"I can lift you over it" said coachy.

"Oh, on'," said the sweet miss, "I am too heavy."

"Lor, miss," replied John, "I am used to lifting barrels of sugar."

☞ "Come here, my lad," said an attorney, to a boy about nine years old. The boy came, and asked what case was to be tried next?

The lawyer answered:

"A case between the people and the devil; which do you think will be likely to gain the action?"

The boy replied:

"I guess it will be a very tight squeeze—the people has the most money, but the devil has the most lawyers."

☞ "What are you staring at, sir, may I ask?" said an imperialed, mustached "blood" to a "Hoosier" on a Mississippi steamboat, who had been watching him as a cat watches a mouse, for some fifteen minutes.

"I thought so!" exclaimed the Hoosier, the moment the other spoke; "I said you had a mouth, and I was only waiting to be sartain about it to ask you to 'licker.'—Stranger, what'll you drink? or had you rather fight? I don't care which, myself!"