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I WISH I WAS A PRINTER.
BY ANSIE A. SUTTON.
I wish I was a printer,
I really do indeed;
It seems to me that printers
Get everything they need.
(Except money)—*Ed.*
They get the largest and the best
Of everything that grows,
And get free into chrome,
And other kinds of show.
(By giving an equivalent)
The biggest bugs will speak to him,
No matter how they dress;
A shabby coat is nothing,
If you own a printing press.
(*Policy*)
At ladies' fairs they are almost hugged
By pretty girls who know
That they will crack up everything
That ladies have to show.
(A slander)
And thus they get a "blow out" free
At every party held,
The reason is because they write
And other people read.

ITEMS FOR LADIES.
ANSWER TO J.—A.—AND R.—
Of course we extract the most of the
items in our "Ladies Column" from ex-
changes, but we are pleased to inform
you that the items you refer to as being
"so very satisfactory to you, and which
upon comparison with the highest author-
ities, you find so accurate," were furnish-
ed us by a lady of refined taste and judg-
ment; formerly of Stanford, now a resi-
dent of our metropolis. We thank you
ladies for your kind expressions of appre-
ciation. We certainly have no idea of
"giving up your space to any dry old
farmer to expatiate on hops, crops, &c.,"
as long as we can interest the "fair sex."
"DOLLY VARDEN."
As the questions, "What is a Dolly
Varden?" "Who invented it?" "Where
did it get its name?" &c., have been asked
us (by horrid old bacchus of course)
we have consulted the proper authorities
and are now prepared to answer.
The "Dolly Varden" is "fashion's last
emprise"—an English style of feminine
street dress, which is alleged to have an
individuality of character rigorously in-
compatible with an adoption by any
other style of possessing the youthful beauty
and captivating grace of the "Dolly Varden."
The "Dolly Varden" is "fashion's last
emprise" of the novel of "Barbary Rudge,"
from whom its name is taken. It is a dress-
material of calico, muslin or silk, on
which immense bunches of the brightest
flowers—large roses, dabbias, peonies, and
other horticultural monsters, are blazoned
in endless confusion. It is probable
that some admirer of Dickens, the late
great novelist, perceived a similarity
between the street-bellies of numerous
youthful belles of the present, and the
sprightly illustrations of Catermole and
Browne, in an edition of "Barbary Rudge,"
and was inspired to make dress-
goods merchandise of the title. Perhaps
the "Dolly Varden" calico &c., is a little
too gay for dames and dowagers but that
is a good movement, as it will tend to
compel different fashions of dress for
youth and maturity. Bright colors and
picturesque contrasts are natural and
typically becoming to the young, and the
brighter and more youthful they are the
less will be the inclination to hazzard
their adoption amongst women who are
no longer girls. Upon the whole, we
endorse the "Dolly Varden" style, and
if it cannot be risked by the Mesdames
"Skewton," though becoming and not
very costly to a "Florence Dombey," it
merits all the honorable consideration given it.

Answers to Correspondents.
DISPUTE—We cannot now answer your
question to our own satisfaction. Per-
haps we might answer it correctly, but
prefer to say nothing about it unless we
felt sure of being correct.
ANCIENT—Yes, Egypt was conquered
by Cambyses 525 years before Christ.
Many conquests were made, and at that
early day the people looked upon a suc-
cessful warrior as a sort of deity.
SCHOOL—By all means. The study
of Hebraic Mythology will improve your
mind. Every young man and woman
should be well informed in this class-
ical study. We are astonished that your
teacher thinks otherwise.
VIOLATOR—We have always found that
a mixture of leaf mold and rich earth,
sifted fine, the best possible manure for
flower seed. The tiny things should not
be covered an inch deep, but sprinkled
on the surface, then gently pressed with
the back of the fingers, and only a quar-
ter of an inch of dirt put over.
ORGAN—This correspondent asks our
opinion of instrumental music in church.
We always approved of it. It is highly
proper, and to our mind, nothing adds
more to the enjoyment of the sermon
than good music before and after its de-
livery. If the ancient christians could
see this "Dolly Varden" girl, why should
it now be thought wrong for modern
christians to have church organs?
ENQUIRER—Lycurgus was an orator
of Athens, Greece the most renowned of
all places, for great men, poets, orators,
sculptors, &c. His surname was this,
and he was famous for his impartiality
as a governor. Alexander once de-
manded that thirty orators be given up
for imprisonment, and the Athenians
refused to give Lycurgus up, because he
was so much loved and respected. Only
a few of his speeches are extant. We
wish we were able to furnish them to you,
for we always desire to aid young men in
search of solid information. In addition
to being an orator, he was a celebrated
law giver.

LIBRARY—We agree with you fully.
Every town of 500 population should
have a public library, under the control
of a Board of Trustees, and under the care
of a librarian. If necessary, the Trust-
ees of the town should appropriate a
sum sufficient to purchase enough to be-
gin with, and private donations would
soon swell the number to large propor-
tions. If men of wealth would donate
money for such purposes, much good
might be accomplished. If one fifth part
of the money which is expended for
liquors, was thus appropriated, how much
better, wiser, and happier the world
would be? We wish we had space for
all your excellent letter.

HISTORIAN—We do not know cer-
tainly, but presume from the mere cir-
cumstances of the case, that the city of
Cincinnati was named for the celebrated
Roman, Cincinnatus, who flourished
about 460 years before Christ. He was
in his field plowing one day, when a mes-
senger came and bore him the informa-
tion that the Roman Senate had chosen
him dictator, whereupon he left his plow
reluctantly, and took his position as a
warrior, where his countrymen were
closely besieged by the Volsci and Aequi.
He conquered them and returned to his
agricultural pursuits. He, on another
occasion, acted as dictator, successfully
overthrowing his enemies, and again re-
turned to his plow.

SWORD—This correspondent asks what
is meant by the expression—"the sword
of Damocles?" We cannot give the ex-
act meaning, but if our memory of the
history of the ancients serves us, would
say that Damocles greatly admired the
wealth of Dionysius the elder of Sicily;
and said to him one day, "you are the
happiest man on earth." Whereupon
Dionysius prevailed upon him to sit upon
the throne of royalty for a time, and then
judge how much happiness there was in
royalty. Thus persuaded, Damocles as-
cended the throne and beheld a sword
suspended over his head by a single horse
hair! This so terrified him that he begged
to be at once relieved of his perilous situ-
ation. Such is the position of all Kings
and Emperors. Behold Napoleon III.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Human hair stands third in value on
the list of articles imported into the
United States.
Battiste and Tasso lines are to be worn
very much this summer for suits.
Bonnets and hats have deeper crowns
and the former are diadem shaped.
Parasols are in every conceivable style

The Loves of the Angles.
We take the following excellent article
from the Cincinnati Commercial. Many
of our readers will enjoy its perusal: Our
readers doubtless remember the case of
the unhappy man who some months ago
"fell in love" with Mademoiselle Nilsson
in New York, and who pursued her with
such persistence and determination that
he had at last to be locked up in jail, to in-
sure her safety from his affectionate de-
monstrations. It now appears that an-
other individual, said to be a respectable
citizen of Providence, has actually be-
come insane out of unrequited passion
for the same lady. Of course these ex-
treme cases give a feeble idea of the num-
ber of heads turned, more or less, or the
number of hearts which have been bro-
ken, more or less, by the charms of the
charming Swedish singer. We sup-
pose it would be safe to say that she has
never, during her year's stay in this
country, made her appearance in opera
or concert, without playing havoc with
souls, and putting them in peril of the
jail for the mad-house. When she first
came to America, it was announced that
she was engaged to be married, and soon
after she got here we heard of the arrival
of a young Frenchman, to whom she had
long been betrothed, and who was a lat-
er to have the happiness of leading her to
the altar. But the Frenchman, for some
unknown reason, quickly went back to
his own country, and the gossips at
once proclaimed that the wretched man
had been jilted, and had returned to France
in despair. We never learned that he had
been killed on the ramparts of Paris in
fighting desperately for the Commune,
but we can not imagine any other taking
of that would have become him so well
as this. Had it been his fortune to die
during the last year, and to know of the
sultors who were besieging the heart of
that gossip once gave him control, he
would certainly have been compelled to
debate with Hamlet whether it was
better to be or not. It can not be said
that, if she had got married immediately
after her arrival here, she would have
been wholly secure from the advances of
infatuated admirers; but we must sup-
pose that, in that case, the hopelessness of
their suit would at least have had a re-
straining effect upon them.
The experience of Miss Nilsson in this
matter has been the experience of nearly
all celebrated actresses and songsters.
Who can tell how much the magnificent
Parepa suffered from countless admir-
ers before Rosa blasted all their hopes?
Every one has heard the stories about
her suitors who persecuted Miss Kellogg,
and who, it was at one time re-
ported, compelled her to resort to the
most extraordinary means for securing
seclusion. Poor Julia Dean, in her
day, had no rest from adorners who turned
up wherever she appeared. Even the dash-
ing Lydia Thompson has "fired the
amorous flame" in who can tell how
many hearts? We might go on indefi-
nitely giving such illustrations.

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Romantic Failures.
Saugerties, in this State, is a place the
very name of which should infallibly se-
cure it from every possible romantic as-
sociation; and as any essay of romance
there must, consequently, be against na-
ture as it were, a late lamentable failure
therein, as described by the Roundout
Freeman, should surprise no one familiar
with the genius of nomenclature. A too
imaginative girl of that incongruous vic-
inity, the daughter of a respectable
farmer residing on the outskirts of the
village, had her fancy excited not long
ago by a somewhat lackadaisical mat-
rimonial advertisement which appeared in
the "Literary" weekly, or "unquaint,"
wherefrom her general ideas of life were
particularly taken. The advertiser, who
frankly described himself as "either
handsome nor the reverse," wished epith-
etary favors from some intellectual young
lady "who could understand and sym-
pathize with him upon the common
ground of high literary views," and this
rather nifty requirement struck the
daughter as being exactly in har-
mony with her own nature. Her own
literary views, she thought, were neither
shared nor understood by her family, and
it was probable that "Mortimer," as the
advertiser signed himself, was kindred to
her in this respect. Thus profoundly
thinking, she wrote an answer to "Mor-
timer," inviting a literary correspondence,
the result of which was that there pre-
sently ensued a cross-fire of letters in
which high literary topics quickly gave
place to agonies of personal sentiment.
The writers convulsed each other that
two such sympathetic minds and hearts
as theirs was not to be found elsewhere;
and although the literary maiden had
not yet let her parents into the secret of
the correspondence, the gifted "Mortimer"
was invited to visit his fair friend at her
home without further ceremony. The
authors of matrimonial advertisements
are generally but sorry escapers, intent
upon the slightest kind of prey; yet there
is now and then amongst them some crude
and harmless youth who enters the busi-
ness sentimentally, and is more likely to
be egregiously fooled than to fool. The
writer of the advertisement in the above
case was as shallow a scoundrel as ever
plunged himself into matrimony, and his
venture, and upon first meeting his
assumed to meet his appreciative cor-
respondent face to face at last, was seri-
ously frightened at the project. From
very shame, he dared not refuse, and on
the fatal day of appointment made his
appearance in the village. But the moment
he approached the actual tower of his
fair correspondent, the more tremendous
became his trepidation, until, coming to
a tavern, he was prompted to try that
stimulating nerve which he had heard
was speedily recuperative of courage. In
his agitation, he must have taken too
much, or, from being unused to it, re-
alized an effect more immediate than he
had anticipated. At any rate, upon re-
turning his quest of the home of his lit-
erary affinity, he could neither remember
the exact address nor make sense of it as
it was given in the affectionate letter of
invitation that he carried with him. Un-
der these confusing circumstances, it oc-
curred to him that a visitation from house
to house through the whole village would
be the most thorough manner of gaining
the particular house he sought, and ac-
cordingly the village families, one after
another, were amazed by a call from the
now excessively sleepy and low-spirited
young man, who, inquiring haphazardly
from Miss Nilsson, and betraying utter
insensibility to the answers given, pro-
ceeded to read aloud the whole romantic
epistle inviting him to Saugerties. The
young lady being known to everybody in
the village, this extraordinary revelation
of her romance and rather depressing in-
troduction of it to her produced an intense
sensation, and some one was sufficiently
thoughtful to hasten to her at the farm-
house with the news while yet the drowsy
confused "Mortimer" was busily in-
quiring and reading from mansion to
mansion. The mortification of the girl
at hearing the ridiculous report was suc-
ceeded by a feeling of contemptuous in-
dignation against her recent love ideal,
whose coming she awaited in fear and
trembling. It was 10 o'clock at night
when the bewildered and unhappy "Mor-
timer" did finally knock wildly at the
door of the right house, and it was in
one second thereafter that a basin of
water was showered upon him from an
upper window. "If you do not go right
away I'll call on!" said a voice in the air.
"Goway!" answered he. "I will if you
lead me 'umbrella. It's raining." "Down
went the window, without response, and
after was lying around the doorway un-
til almost morning, the wretched "Mor-
timer" departed no one knows whither.

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