

vegetable had spattered her form from head to foot. For myself the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket; but the contents remained.

'What a monster it must have been,' observed a young lady as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation. 'I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower.'

At that moment I felt some one touch me, and turning I saw my companion who had come with me.

'Look at your pantaloons,' he whispered.

Already half dead with confusion at the disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting on the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft potato-like vegetable, which had dabbed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if I was actually dissolving in my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

'Sacr-r-r! he! he! Sacr-r-r! he! he! Sacr-r-r! he! he! he! the r in the last syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name, than any angry Frenchman never speaks, was heard ringing like a fierce tempest without the door. Suddenly there was a pause, a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and then the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained. We had exchanged hats; and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustaches, and dripping gently forward; his eyes forcibly closed, his arms held drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter at every pore. I stood no longer; but, retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a stage, and arrived safely at home; heartily resolving, that to my last hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

ORIGINAL. SUNNY SPOTS IN LIFE.

Oh, yes, there are bright sunny spots in life! All, all is not one scene of endless strife From the cradle to the tomb. Along the way sweet flowers bloom, Yielding their fragrance of perfume To cheer our weary pilgrimage below. Such are the moments which we sweetly spend 'Neath smiles and glances of a valued friend: Such the fragrance which fond memory sings Over the shadow of departing things. When hope no longer in the bosom springs, And disappointment fills the heart with woe. Millbrook, October, 1853.

W. H. P.

THE WRONG HAT, OR THE WRONG MAN.

About the time of the inauguration of President Pierce, a gentleman named Parker, belonging to Concord, joined in the general rush to witness the great ovation. Our friend, who is an attorney of note, has not been much of a traveller, but he takes the New Hampshire Patriot, and is well aware that there are such things as the swapping of umbrellas and hats at big hotels. To guard against the loss or exchange of his new 'flic,' therefore, Mr. P. got a printer to strike him off a four-inch square card, upon which looked out of the top of his hat, in bold two-line pica, 'Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire.'

There was a great rush at Willard's Hotel Inauguration Day—indeed there was a perfect rush every where—and our friend Parker found some difficulty in getting down to the dinner table along with some of his fellow-townsmen. The dinner was a fine one, champagne delicious, and after an hour's sitting, the New Englanders left the table in the merriest mood imaginable.

'Now fellows,' said Parker, as they emerged from the dining-room, 'every man look out for his own hat! I've got a mark on mine that nobody can mistake.'

But there was a sort of mistake somewhere, notwithstanding. It was sometime before Mr. P. found his hat at all, and even then he labored under the impression that it had grown a trifle older since he went to dinner. But the placard was in the crown, all right, 'Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire,' stared him in the face as he looked inside.

'All right, fellows,' said Parker, raising the tile to his gourd. 'Nothing like making sure of things when you are going into a crowd. My hat's safe anyhow.' But he only put the hat on the top of his head, for it was certainly too small to go on.

'What's the matter, Parker?' inquired one of the party, as the attorney attempted to put on the hat.

'Oh, nothing,' responded Parker, again looking into the hat—'nothing; it's all right, of course. Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire.' And again he attempted to pull on the hat.

The party around could illly suppress laughter at the comical motions of the embarrassed lawyer, but he did not appear to notice it, and industriously endeavored to make the hat fit somehow. In a state of the most absolute bewilderment, he at length turned to one of the party, and presenting the hat, desired him to tell him what name was in it. The man read, 'Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire.'

'All right, of course,' exclaimed Parker, again attempting to pull on the hat, only to his still greater bewilderment.

'Will you have the kindness to tell me who I am?' said he, still more perplexed.

'Certainly,' said the man addressed; 'you are Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, of Concord, New Hampshire.'

'Of course,' said Parker, 'I know it.' And he made one more trial of the hat.

It would be very difficult to say whether Mr. Parker knew himself from 'a hole in the ground' about this juncture. He looked again into the hat and read the inscription, and then at his friends, who still preserved straight faces, and finally cried, 'Gentlemen,' said P., with intense gravity, 'if I am Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire, all I have to say is that my head has swelled most confoundingly since I went to dinner.'

Who changed Mr. Parker's card into somebody else's hat?—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the wisest men.

MR AND MRS PRINGLE

An obstinate man had a scold for his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle; They led, you'll suppose, a queer cat and dog life, Like tavern bells always at jangle; Mr. P. was a man, to his word who stuck fast, He declared—when he said it, he'd said it; Mrs. P. stuck to her word, and would have the last, So for comfort you'll give them some credit— Poor souls.

To Richmond by water determined to go, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle; He wanted the sail up, but she said "No!" The thought of it made her tingle He insisted it should be put up with a frown, And declared when he'd said it he'd said it; She vow'd if it was put up, she'd pull it down; So for firmness you'll give them some credit— Queer souls.

For the sail then beginning to pull and to haul, Mr and Mrs. Pringle; Says the boatman, "you'll into the Thames both fall, With other odd fish to mingle" And into the river they sure enough roll'd, As soon as the waterman said it; So out of hot water they got into cold, For extremes then you'll give them some credit— Wet souls.

A GENTLE HINT.

I never saw such silly beaux As dwell in Norwich city; I wish they had some enterprise— Were smart, polite and witty.

I wish they would step gaily round, And ban the girls about; I wish some funny love affairs And weddings, would turn out.

I wish a beau would call on me, And make a sly suggestion About connubial happiness,— And then would "pop the question."

I wish he would, I do indeed, For surely 'tis a pity, For maidens fair to stroll alone The streets of Norwich city.

KNOCKED BACK.—A pious old negro was set to plowing in a very rough piece of new ground. Every few feet the plow would run against a rock or stump. The horse moreover, was dull, so that, when thus stopped, it was very hard to start him again; the poor negro of course had a hard time of it, and his piety and patience were severely tested. At last they began to give way. The altercations between him and his horse became more violent at every fresh occasion for getting him in motion again. Finally, in a moment of frenzy, he swore away at the horse in a terrific manner. A moment's reflection, however, filled him with distress, and addressing his horse, he said, in a plaintive tone:—"Dar now, you miserable brute, see what you've done! You've jes gone and knocked me right back in the world again."

FOR TYTO'S.—"of existence give me an em—," said a Printer to his sweetheart. She immediately made a— at him and planting her L— between his I—, nearly put a . to his existence. "Such an outrage," was the ! of Faust, looking †† at her, is probably without a ‡ in this † of the country, and is a good subject for a ‡.

NEW KINDS OF DRESS.—"Broomers," is the name which the Journal of Commerce gives to the ladies' long dresses which sweep the sidewalks.

PITHY.—A negro who was called on as a witness in one of the courts of North Carolina, on being examined as to the nature of an oath, was asked if he knew what would be the consequence here and hereafter if he swore to a lie.

"Yes," says he, "earn off, and no share in the the 'kingdom.'"

"I thought you were born on the first of April," said a Benedict to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birth-day. "Most people might think so from the check I made of a husband," she replied.

An Irish girl in Gotham, who pined herself on being employed in a "gentle" family, was asked the definition of the term. "Where they have two or three kinds of wine and the gentleman sweats!" was the highly satisfactory reply.

LETTER.

When Harry was old, to Mary he said, 'My dear, if you please, we will marry;' But Mary replied, with a toss of the head, 'I never will wed the 'old Harry.' He waited till all her gay suitors were gone, Then cried, 'A fine dance they have led you; The hand that I offered, you treated with scorn, And now the 'old Harry' won't wed you!'

VISITORS AT NIAGARA.—During the present season, 47,000 persons are crossed the bridge leading to Goat Island, and paid their tribute of 25 cents each. The number is about 20,000 larger than last year.

Within the six years ending March, 1852, as many as 4,319,216 persons left the shores of Ireland, the number for 1851 being 24,532, and, for 1852, 224,997.—London (England) Times.



Ladies' Department.

OH, WEEP NOT THE MAID.

The following lines were suggested on the lamented death of a lovely and amiable young lady, Miss Harriet Taylor, of Newcombe, Devonshire, England, who died on the 9th of July, 1843, aged 21 years.

Oh, weep not the maid, she is gone to her rest, To the land of the faithful, the home of the blest; Where joy knows no change, where the day knows no night, Where the glory of God is the fountain of light.

Oh, weep not the maid tho' she sleeps in her grave, She trusted in One who is mighty to save; And the Saviour she trusted hath taken her home From the foibles of earth from the evil to come.

Oh, weep not the maid nor mourn her as dead, Tho' soon the gay flower may bloom o'er her head; To mingle with Angels surrounding the Throne, To the bright beams of glory her spirit hath flown.

Oh, weep not the maid, tho' dim'd be that eye That beamed with delight when fond parents were nigh; Again it shall sparkle with holier love As it welcomes them back to the mansions above.

Then weep not the maid but remember the day When again you shall meet her is not far away; If believing in Jesus and trusting his word, They only are happy who die in the Lord.

A FRIEND OF THE DECEASED.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, makes some observations upon the health of American women, which seems to us as just as they are forcible. It observes:—

"That an English woman lives half a century before she begins to wane, while our females reach their prime mostly at little over half that age, and that another lazarum finds them on the decline, ought strongly to arrest our attention, and induce us to examine whether we are right in attributing all this difference to climate, and whether we might not find in some error of habits of early life, at least a partial explanation of the disparity. To be brief, then, after this preface—to state broadly our convictions—we think it is a radical error to make a difference between the physical training of a man child and of a woman child before nature has made a difference in their physical being. So long as there are the same muscles to develop, the same organs of digestion and assimilation to be stimulated, the same apparatus of respiration to be strengthened—so long should the means of doing this be the same in each sex. A system of physical training so planned should we also hold, only be varied as new functions come into play, which, in the further development of the being, may require special care, and then we allow that this training may be modified—but then, only so far and at such times as the demand of the last may be paramount—no longer so further.

We cannot but believe that, were the physical female under twelve years of age looked upon in the light in which we here placed her, and that were the course which we have sketched out pursued in bringing her forward to the uses of womanhood, those uses would be more properly performed, and with far less wear and tear to the system, than that which is now the daily gain of almost every physician to witness, and which, indeed, often makes her a wretched being before she has reached her ultimate physical development—her crowning office as a mother. We would go further, and say that the same error is made in her moral training also—and with the close connection in view between the moral and physical being, this cannot be unimportant. Her moral training should be such that while it made her not less a woman, it should enable her to rise above the hundreds of arbitrary conventionalities that now every way fetter her—that mould every thought and control every judgment—but under the name of 'propriety,' 'refinement,' 'conformity,' 'fashion,' exert an absolute tyranny over her, from the cradle to the coffin. This tyranny is broken through only in a few individual cases, and then by a rebellion which, for want of the very moral training that originally permitted the oppression, is often so outrageous in its aspect as to expose her to the charge of seceding herself, and to render her if not repulsive, at least the object of ridicule and sarcasm. In short, we wish that women should be taught to know her proportion and to make herself fit to fill it—not as the antagonist in the slightest sense, but as the complement of man, the other half of a beautiful unity.

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN NEW YORK CITY.

The recent publication in the Sun, of the Reports made to the Chief of Police, showing the number of places open on Sunday for the sale of intoxicating liquors, has produced a profound impression on the public mind. The disrespect of the Canon