

more tempting style. Well, this is human nature, and I do not quarrel with it; we all require a little humoring and coaxing to do what is right. We are a young country, Mrs. Editress, but we are growing old too fast; we walk before we creep, and if we do not take care, our little ones will get ricketty by being too soon suffered to run alone.

Now, I wish to give the sentiments of our club, which consists of a number of plain farmers, like myself, who have marriageable sons and daughters too, and we hope our opinions may have some weight.

We think that plain, hard-working men require plain, hard-working wives; not fine, fashionable young ladies, who will despise their husbands because they drive the plow or wield an axe, and labor for the better support of their families. There is an old proverb—"Can two work together in a yoke unless both be agreed?" Certainly not. Well, the way in which people of our degree now-a-days bring up their girls, will unfit them for the duties they will have to perform as wives and mothers. In other words, they will not make good yoke-fellows.

A farmer's son should choose his partner from among the farmers' daughters;—but in a few years he will find very few of this sort to mate with. A girl that is educated only for show, will not do for the sober, steady farmer's wife. If her time can be spent in rattling the keys of the piano, dancing the polka half the night with flashy young tradesmen from the town, working pin-cushions and chair bottoms, and flaunting about with bits of lace and silk on the back of her head, nick-named bonnets (why don't they call them caps at once), and wearing gay ribbons and flowers, and such like gauds;—such a girl will hardly be contented to sit down quietly on a farm and take her part as an active, industrious woman should do in her husband's house. She thinks she is fitted to shine as a fine lady, and is discontented and dull; her temper becomes sour, she gets cross to her servants and children, the husband goes off to the tavern, the house is divided against itself, and falls,—and great is the fall thereof.

I want to see farmers' daughters brought up for farmers' wives; but by sending them to improper teachers, you uneducate them for the station of life which God destined them to fill. But I am writing too long a letter, and must ask your pardon. Another time I will tell you how my wife and I got on together when we married. By-the-by, I cannot now remember the sort of bonnet my good woman wore on her wedding day; but of one thing I am sure—

that it covered her head and hid her blushes a little and that's more than any of our modern brides can say.

OAK HILL, C. W.

Yours, very respectfully,

IZAAR HUFF.

[We are afraid our young ladies will hardly thank this honest farmer for his tirade against boarding schools and fashionable bonnets. Like many sturdy reformers, he is for sweeping reformatations. Fair and softly goes a great way, Mr. Huff. We live in an age of progress; we must not rudely rend away the ornamental, or we may chance to leave only a rude and ragged garment behind. We must try and blend the useful with the ornamental. The solid column is not the less stable for its capital being adorned with fluting and foliage.—We shall be happy to see the promised sketch of conjugal life—we are sure it will be truthful and practical.—EDITRESS.]

RUB SOFTLY.

"Tis all very well," said my grandfather putting in his oar, "Tis all very well that rubbing down and polishing off, provided it is done in moderation; but let me tell you there is such a thing as rubbing too hard.

"I have seen an Indian rubbing two pieces of rough wood together; after a little time they became a great deal smoother and had a pleasant warm feel; but when he rubbed away some time longer, harder and harder, they took fire, blazed up, and cracked and sputtered in all directions. Now it is just the same in married life; rub quietly and only a little at a time, and all will go on smoothly, but if you stick to it hard and fast from morning till night, take my word for it, you will kindle up a blaze at last that you may not find easy to put out."

[A good illustration—mark it well, all who are inclined to rub too hard and too long; learn in your daily intercourse to RUB SOFTLY.—EDITRESS.]

TO PREVENT THE JUICE IN FRUIT PIES BOILING OVER.—Place an inverted cup in the pie, and when the pie is removed from the oven the cup will be found nearly full of syrup. The reason why is this: When put into the dish the cup is full of cold air, which expands by the heat in baking, driving out all the syrup and a portion of the air it contains, in which state it will remain till removed from the oven, when the air in the cup will condense and occupy but a very small space, leaving the remainder to be filled with syrup.