

A GOOD ONE.

Ludicrous blunders sometimes occur in cases where ignorant persons attempt the use of language about the meaning of which they know nothing.

Not long since, while travelling from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, two rather verdant specimens of the female sex came on board the boat at one of the landings, who, for the sake of distinction, we will call Mary and Jane. Now Mary had cut her eye teeth, or, in other words was acquainted with the rules and regulations of genteel society. Jane, the younger, had never mixed in society to any extent, and was, therefore, in blissful ignorance as to any of the rules which govern refined people. Her language, too, was only such as she had heard amongst her rustic associates. Mary was aware of the fact, and had therefore cautioned her to observe how she (Mary) acted, and to govern herself accordingly. Jane promised implicit obedience. Shortly after, while seated at the dinner table, the waiter asked Mary what part of the fowl she would have.

She informed him, in a very polite manner, that it was "perfectly immaterial." He accordingly gave her a piece, and then inquired of Jane what part she would choose. The simple-minded girl replied with all the self-assurance possible—

"I believe I'll take a piece of the immaterial, too."

The scene that followed this declaration is beyond the power of pen to describe. The assembled company were compelled to give vent to their surcharged feelings in peals of boisterous laughter; whilst the poor girl, her face suffused with crimson blushes, left the table, declaring, as she fled to the cabin, "They won't ketch me aboard of one of these pesky steamboats soon agin."

MR. CLAPP'S SOLILOQUY.

BY EANNY FERN.

ANOTHER girl! What can Mrs. Clapp be thinking of?—it's perfectly ridiculous! There's four of them now; and that's four more than is necessary. I don't believe in girls;—lovers and laces, ringlets and romances, jewelry and jump-ropes, silks and satins! What's to be done? There's a whole chest full of my old coats I've been saving to make boys' jackets.—I wish Mrs. Clapp ever would think as I do.—Another girl!—who's to keep the name in the family, I'd like to know? I shall be extinct! And now she wants me to put up a note in the church for "blessings received!"

Well,—I suppose my girls will turn to boys, one of these days. (It's hard to be facetious when a man's to be crossed and thwarted in this way once a year.) Mrs. Clapp has a very obstinate streak in her disposition in this respect. It's waste powder to reason with her: it seems to go into one ear and out at the other. If she gets going on one particular track, you may just fold your arms and let her take her time to get off it. She knows I prefer boys, (that woman does,) just as well as she knows her name is Hetty. Well—there's a limit to human patience. I shall tell her, very decidedly, as soon as her gruel probation is over, that a stop must be put to this. It's no use for a man to pretend to be master in his own house when he isn't!

FEMALE OCCUPATION.—Women in the middle rank are brought up with the idea that if they engage in some occupations, they shall "lose their position in society." Suppose it to be so; surely it is wiser to quit a position we cannot honestly maintain, than to live dependent upon the bounty and caprice of others; better to labor with our hands than eat the bread of idleness; or submit to feel that we must not give utterance to our real opinions, or express our honest indignation at being required to act a base or unworthy part. And in all cases, however situated, every female ought to learn how all household affairs are managed, were it only for the purpose of being able to direct others. There cannot be any disgrace

in learning how to make the bread we eat, to cook our dinners, to mend our clothes, or even to clean the house. Better to be found busily engaged in removing dust from the furniture, than to let it accumulate there until a visitor leaves palpable trace where his hat or his arm have been laid upon a table.

ABSTEMIOUS DIET.

Many cases of illness, both in adults and children, may be readily cured by abstinence from all food. Headaches, disordered stomachs and many other attacks, are often caused by violating the rules of health, and in consequence some parts of the system is overloaded, or some of the organs are clogged. Omitting one, two or three meals, as the case may be, gives the system a chance to rest, and allows the clogged organs to dispose of their burdens. The practice of giving drugs to clear out the stomach, though it may afford the needed temporary relief, always weakens the system, while abstinence secures the good result without doing any injury.

Said a young gentleman to a distinguished medical practitioner in Philadelphia, "Doctor, what do you for yourself when you have a turn of headache or other slight attack?"

"Go without my dinner," was the reply.

"And if that does not cure you, what then?"

"Go without my supper."

"But if that does not cure, what then?"

"Go without my breakfast. We physicians seldom take medicines ourselves, or use them in our families; for we know that abstinence is better, but we cannot make our patients believe it."

Many cases of slight indisposition are cured by a change of diet. Thus, if a person suffers from constipation, has a headache, slight attacks of fever or dyspepsia, the cause may often be removed by eating rye-mush and molasses, baked apples, and other fruits.

How to fix a Faithless Husband.

Not many weeks ago, a citizen residing up town, who was the recipient of an income of some seventy-five dollars per week, was found to neglect his family. He failed to supply it with the allowance which his ample means afforded. His wife complained that she was not cared for, and that her children were grossly neglected. She demanded explanation; none was given. The husband remained cold, incorrigible, and evinced a determination to withhold supplies. His wife became urgent, and demanded the why and wherefore, she and her offspring were left to starve.—The husband finding himself in a position that forbade disguise, plumply told her that he had resolved to quit her and take another to his embraces.

"And then you mean to abandon me, and live with another woman?"

"Certainly, even so."

"And do you really think that this will be right?"

"I do."

"Have I proved myself a frugal, faithful, and loving wife?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, do you wish to leave me?"

"Because I love another woman better!"

"Is she married or single?"

"O, married, to be sure."

"And what do you intend to do with her husband?"

"Why, I expect to support him."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do."

"And the money you ought to spend on me and my children, you mean to apply in this way?"

"To be sure I do."

"Well, I shall see."

"And so will I."

The dialogue concluded, the wife bit her thumb and left the recreant husband.

The next day she called on her friends, told her story, and it was agreed that the husband should be induced to go up the river, and take her back to her father. To this proposition he gladly assented. The husband and wife departed. They had not proceeded over fifty miles before they came in contact with a lunatic asylum. The wife said she wished to

look in to see a demented friend. This was readily agreed to. The husband stepped across the threshold, when he was seized, placed in a straight jacket, and thrust into a cell. There he remains—though he swears he is not mad—to cool his courage at his earliest leisure and convenience.

WHAT MRS. SMITH SAID.

"Saint Agatha! not been out of the city this summer?"

"No; Jones said he could not afford it."

"My dear innocent Abigail!! Mr. Jones smokes his forty-nine cigars a day as usual, don't he?"

"Yes."

"Well; he rides horeback every morning?"

"Yes."

"Well; he plays billiards, and takes his sherry and hock, and all that sort o' thing down town, don't he?"

"Yes."

"Well; put that and that together! Just so Smith told me—'could not afford it.' I didn't dispute the point. It was too much trouble. I smiled just as sweetly at him, as if I didn't know it was all a humbug; but I very quietly went to my boudoir, and despatched a note to that jewel of a doctor, —, saying that I should be taken violently ill about the time Smith came home to dinner, and should not probably recover, till after a trip to Saratoga, or Niagara, or some of those quiet places.

Well, he is as keen as a briar; and when Smith sent for him, he came in and found me in a state of *foreordained exhaustion*, in the hands of my maid Libby. He felt my pulse, looked wise and oracular, and said I "must have instant change of air." Of course I objected; declared I never could bear to be moved; was quite entirely run down, &c.—Doctor said "he wouldn't be answerable for the consequences," and finally, to oblige Mr. Smith, I gave in! Understand? Nothing like a little diplomacy. Always use the check-rein! my dear, if you want to start Jones off in a new direction. Men are a little contrary, that's all. They'd be perfect treasures, every mother's son of them, if it wasn't for that.—*New York Dutchman.*

AN EXTENSIVE BAKING.—We once heard of a fashionable young lady in the metropolis, who was led to the hymenial altar by a thrifty Broad Street merchant. He casually expressed a wish, one day, that some brown bread might be baked. The girl in the kitchen was ordered to bake the bread. She knew her duty, but at the same time knowing that her mistress did not know hers, simply inquired how much meal she should bake. She lady hesitated a moment, but the inquiry must be answered.—"About three pecks of each kind," she said, "would be sufficient." Abigail went at it, and the next morning the gentleman had a specimen of *twenty-seven* loaves of brown bread, made by the direction of his wife.

"Julius, suppose there are six chickens in a coop, and the man sells three, how many are there left?"

"What time ob day was it?"

"What time ob day was it?" Why, what the debble has that got to do with it?"

"A good deal, honey. If it was after dark, dar wouldnt be none left, dat is, if you happened to come along dat way."

"Look heah, nigga, just stop them persomalties. If you don't, I'll explode your head wid a pump handle. I will, sartan as Moses."

What are you writing there, my boy?" asked a fond parent the other day of his hopeful son and heir, a shaver of ten years or over.

"My composition, thir."

"What is the subject?"

"The higher law, thir," replied the youthful Parkerite. "But really I shall be unable to concentrate my ideas, and give them a logical relation, if I am to be constantly interrupted in this manner by irrelevant inquiries."

Printers have a good many jokes at the expense of greenhorns. The other day a youth came from the *Times* office to borrow an Italian paste-pot and a lower-case mallet. It is unnecessary to add that he found both alongside of the bourgeois shooting-stick.

A NEW SECT.—"Sir," said a little blustering man to his religious opponent, "I say, sir, to what sect do you think I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other, "but to judge from your size, make and appearance, I should say that you belong to a class called the *in-sect*."

Digby sat for a long time very attentively, considering a cane seat chair. At length he said, "I wonder what fellow took enough pains to find all them holes and put that straw round them?"

Many ladies have two faces; one face to sleep in, and another to show in company; the first is generally reserved for the husband and family at home; the other is put on to please strangers.

Miss Dublois, on being asked what she had done with Captain Bullet, her lover, replied, "that she had served him as he had a town in Mexico, sacked him. Spunky gal, that. Whether Bullet will pop the question now, depends on circumstances."

Mrs. Partington says, the only way to prevent steamboat explosions, is, to make their engineers "bile their water" ashore. In her opinion all the bustin' is caused by "cooking the steam" on board.

A man out west was lately elected constable. He was so overjoyed that on returning home he proudly looked at his cow, exclaiming, "Ah, crummie! don't run with Stanley's cow any more—you're no longer a common cow—you're a constable's cow!"

CAUSE WHY.—"Does Pa kiss you because old he loves you?" inquired a little urchin of its mother.

"To be sure, sonny, why?"

"Wal, I guess he loves the kitchen girl, too, for I seen him kiss her more'n forty times last Sunday, when you was too meeting."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

The American ship *Mobile*, Captain Furber, of which sailed Sept. 27th, from Liverpool, England, with 40 passengers, and a crew of 30 men, for New Orleans, was totally lost on Oct. 3d, at Blackwater Bank. The scene on board the ill-fated ship a few minutes after striking baffled all description. Captain Forber, with all on board, except eight of the crew and one passenger, perished. The *Mobile* was a fine ship of 1,000 tons burden, and nearly new.

A circular has been issued by the heads of the Liberal party, suggesting that it would be desirable to offer any factions opposition to the present government, on the meeting of Parliament, but to await the announcement of their measures. A pretty significant sign of weakness.—*English Paper.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Advices from St. Petersburg, of the 2d of October, state that the whole Russian army had been ordered to wear mourning three days for the late Duke of Wellington.

THE "DUKE OF WELLINGTON" MAN OF WAR.—As a mark of respect to the memory of the late Great Duke, on the day of whose death the *Windsor Castle*, screw three-decker, was launched, the name of the ship has been changed, and will henceforth be known in the official Navy List as the *Duke of Wellington*.—The two largest screw ships of war now in the world belong to the French and English navies. France has still her "Napoleon," and his great rival's name is perpetuated in the largest ship of war ever built—the "Duke of Wellington."—We from whose broadside more than 4,000 lbs. weight of metal will be hurled at one discharge. Such ships may more truly be called members of the "Peace Society," than Messrs. Hunt, Cobden, or Bright. The "Duke of Wellington" is now at Pembroke, to be navigated to Portsmouth, is under orders to be fitted for command as expeditiously as possible.

General Viscount Hardinge, the new Commander-in-Chief, is a native of Wrotham, Kent, and was born in 1785. He is brother-in-law to the Marquis of Londonderry. The gallant officer, who holds a Waterloo medal, has already holden the offices of Master General of the Ordnance, Governor General of India, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of War. He is in the enjoyment of a pension of £5,000 a-year for his services in India.

Ericson's Caloric ship, to be propelled by heated air, is launched. The world will soon know whether she is to prove a failure or a triumph.