

LETTER FROM A FARMER'S WIFE.

ABOUT WIVES WITH SEPARATE INTERESTS FROM THEIR HUSBANDS.

[A lady correspondent writes to the Rural New Yorker the following sensible letter, which some city wives may take to heart as well as their country sisters.]

I have often been puzzled to understand why some of the really intelligent ladies of my acquaintance should seem to have an interest separate from that of their husbands. One would think to hear them talk, that they almost hated their "liege lords," and studied constantly to overreach them, or to get money so as to gratify their love of display. I will explain what I mean, by giving instances.

Not many weeks ago, I heard a lady boasting to an acquaintance how she *managed* to get some silver spoons. She said—

"Lawyer B——and his wife were here to dinner, and I had been teasing Mix to get some spoons before they came, but he said, 'we could not afford it,' and so on, just as men always do.—But I was determined to have the spoons, so, when Mix handed the soup, I observed—

"I am sorry we have no silver spoons to offer you, but Mr. Mix thinks we cannot afford it."

"Mix turned red and looked very angry, but did not say a word till they were gone; then, throwing twenty dollars upon the table, he said—

"Here is all the money I have got, Jane, but take it and get some spoons, and tell Mr. Newton that I will hand him the rest soon. I would rather work night and day to earn the money than have this scene repeated."

"I felt almost sorry I had spoken so. I know it was 'most too bad, but I have got the spoons now, and don't care."

Since then, I heard her remark—

"I want a new set of chairs for my parlor; those we have look old fashioned, and I shall give Mix no rest till he gets them."

I could not help thinking what a happy fireside Mr. Mix must have to come home to after his weary day's toil; and yet, Mrs. M. would be shocked should any one tell her she was wanting in a proper regard for her husband.

A farmer's pretty little wife said to me, recently—

"All the money I get for eggs, and butter, and chickens, is mine, and I do not take it to buy groceries with, either, as Mrs. Maxon does. I think that belongs to the men."

But this does not sound quite so absurd as Mrs. Few's talk. It so happened that she had before her marriage, considerable property of her own, which was used in purchasing land; so therefore, she calls it all hers. She says—when Mr. Few is present, too—

"Oh! dear; it is hard times. I don't know what I shall do, but I am going to have some of these horses and cows sold, for I do not intend to buy hay this Winter." Turning to her husband, she adds, "I tell you what, Mr. Few, I am going to have a well dug, next Summer; and as it is a good day to draw stone, you may as well go to work at it, and get them on the spot."

Mr. Few walks quietly out of the house, with his head hanging down, as if he wished his wife did not know so much.

I know more than one man who, report says, will not buy or sell even a sheep or a pig without his wife's consent. Now, I should be ashamed to have people think my husband did not know enough to manage his own business, or that I could not find profitable employment without being troubled with all the minutiae of my husband's farming concerns.

Equally vulgar, and still more distressing to witness, is a scene like the following. Mr. Perkins is putting on his overcoat. Mrs. Perkins' bustling about the house observes the movement, and asks, in a loud tone—

"Where are you going?"

"To the village," answers Mr. Perkins surlily.

"Well, I want you to get some tea, and four yards of the brown and white gingham I saw at Mr. Pratt's store."

"Yes, I presume you do; I never went to a store and you knew it, but you wanted something. It is nothing but get, get, get, and I am tired of it."

"There, Mr. Perkins, now that sounds pretty.—Yesterday, I was at Mr. Snow's, when he was getting ready to go away, and he stepped up to his wife, and said—

"Is there anything you wish me to get to-day, Emily?"

"Now I should think the world was coming to an end, if you should ask me such a question."

"No danger of my asking you. You never give me a chance," added Mr. Perkins, hastily, banging the door after him, for fear of hearing a reply.

For myself, I felt as if I would like to creep out

of some back door. They had undoubtedly forgotten my presence.

But it is time my gossiping was brought to a close. Should any of my neighbors recognize their own peculiarities, they will please pardon the liberty, and endeavor to profit by the picture.

THE BATTLE IN THE DARK.—On the 17th of February a conflict took place by mistake between two columns of the Russian army. The Turkish positions are extended in an easterly direction as far as the village of Cinperene, which is about a mile distant from Kalafat. For several days a Turkish corps, about 4000 strong, under the command of Col. Mirelar, had been posted in front of this village, and in the direction of the Russian outposts. On this corps the Russians determined to make an on-slaught during the night of the 16th. For this purpose two Russian columns were brought up of from 4000 to 5000 strong, one by the road which leads to Kalafat from about the village of Scribeza, and the other from the left side of it from about Poisua—Prince Milosch's property—to advance unexpectedly upon the Turks, to surprise, enclose them, and cut them to pieces. The Russian columns commenced their march at 3 o'clock in the morning, and by 4 o'clock reached a position from whence they were only half an hour's march from the Turkish pickets. The second column seems either to have missed the direction by mistaking the road, or to have come up long after its proper time. Be this as it may, the latter column, in the obscurity of a foggy night, concluded the former one to be a body of hostile Turks, and instantly opened upon them a terrific cannonade, which the others, who labored under the same mistake, returned with yet more deadly effect.—Pressing toward each other, it came ere long to a close fire of small arms. This ill-omened combat lasted for an hour and a half, until when day dawned the combatants saw with horror the error they had committed. The loss in killed and wounded in the course of the night's encounter is reckoned by themselves at several hundreds. The Turks were naturally alarmed at every point, and at Widin, which is but a league and a half distant, Omer Pacha, on hearing the cannonade, took all the requisite measures for defence. The Turkish corps at Cuiperenti stood to arms in readiness for action at any moment, but did not advance, as it was at a loss to imagine or comprehend what the Russians were about, murdering one another in that style. It was not till between 7 and 8 o'clock, A. M., that the Russian columns withdrew to their respective positions, carrying their wounded along with them.—*Morning Times.*

THE PAPISTS AND THE BIBLE.—Dr. Butler, a convert from Popery, made, in a speech at Taunton, the following statements on the use of the Bible in the Papal Church.

"He studied at Rome seven years, although every subject in theology was supposed to be passed upon some text of Scripture, it was never explained to him; his tutor never attempted to explain it. He was trained for the priesthood, and was sent as a Clergyman to the colony in which he was brought up, and he for some years discharged the duties of a priest—but he had never read the Bible. It was some years before he had an English Bible put in his hands; he had certainly a Latin Bible—but he never read it, and it was to him a sealed book. In controversy with Protestant soldiers he was often put to shame on hearing them quote the Scriptures with such facility, while he could not quote any passage. If Dr. Wiseman were here, and any one were to ask of the children from the Sunday School a question from the Bible that child would give a better answer from the Word of God than even the Cardinal himself.

"Whenever an opportunity occurs Rome destroys the Bible. They often heard of the priests burning the Bible in Ireland. One of his duties was, to receive converts from the Church of England into the Church of Rome. In the first place he was to ask the candidate—had he or she a Bible? You must give up the Bible. Have you any other Protestant work? It must be given up.—And he was obliged on pain of suspension to proceed to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of the island, and to give them to him, and he was bound by Rome to destroy them. He held in his hand a little work entitled 'The Catholic Doctrine on the use of the Bible,' by his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman. He says with regard to the use of the Bible, 'We must deny to Protestantism any right to use the Bible, much more to interpret it.' That was plain speaking, and told them what Dr. Wiseman would do with their Bible if he had the power. Again he says—'If, therefore, we be asked why we do not give the Bible indifferently to all, and the shutting up (as it is called) of God's Word, be disdainfully thrown in our face, we will not seek to elude the question or meet the taunt by denial,

or by attempts to prove that our principals on this subject are antagonistic, and we glory in showing it.' If a man possesses a Bible he is strictly charged by Dr. Wiseman not to interpret it. He further says—'Though the Scriptures may be here permitted, we do not urge them on our people; we do not encourage them to read them.'

Wearing the Hat in doors.

Have you noticed, reader how this ungraceful and unhealthy practice is gaining ground among us? You walk into a counting house, and there are the members of the firm sitting at their tables with their hats on. Go into a broker's office and there he is with his hat on; and so on through a number of the callings of men.

We desire to say a few words against this senseless and injurious practice, premising that none of our remarks are intended to apply to those who make it a part of their religion to keep their hats on in doors—all we have to say to them is, that we wish they followed a more healthy mode of devotion.

The object of a hat is to protect the wearer's head from the sun and rain, but as there is none in doors, the hat should be removed on crossing the threshold. A man who should insist on moving about a room with an open umbrella over his head would be just as wise as he who wears his hat in such a situation.

One of the rules of health is to "keep the head cool," but wearing the hat heats the head, produces headache, and causes the hair to become thin and fall out. One who always wears his hat, will feel but little benefit from it when in the air, and will feel ill effects of bad weather more sensibly.

Reader, let your influence be exerted to assist in banishing this ridiculous and pernicious usage.—*Bizarre.*

Boots.

A cotemporary tells the following mirth-provoking anecdote of an African boots in one of our Northern hotels. The story is as amusing as one of Horn's "lasts":—

A countryman recently arrived at one of our third rate hotels, late in the evening, and inquired for a boot-jack. Boots soon appeared with one of the cast iron pattern.

"How the deuce do you s'pose I'm going to get off my boots with that thing?" ejaculated the countryman.

"Boots" eyed the countryman's pedal extremities for a few moments, and then scratching his head, said:

"Dat am a fac! he, he, yah! yah!" he shouted.

"What the mischief are you laughing at, you thunder cloud?" demanded the countryman.

"Nuffin—nuffin—only I advise you to go to de crotch of de street, and dar pull off dem boots!—Yah! yah! yah! whew!" and the darky vanished.

Show us a lady's bonnet and we'll tell you what sort of an institution she is. If it is showered with red ribbons, cupids, bows, &c., she is as full of love and poetry, as a country inn of politeness and loafers. If it goes in for simple wrinkles, plain colors, and a couple of modest knots, she is a perfect jewel, sweet, sunny, mild, but as affectionate as a fresh nursed kitten. If it is "stuck all over" with a paradise of clover, three story ostrich feathers, wax holyhock and juniper berries, put it square down that the calico is a single establishment, and will never see a fortieth birth-day.—Bonnetts are a true index of women.

The Supreme Court of Michigan have practically declared the Maine Liquor Law unconstitutional. The Court consists of eight Judges, four considered the law constitutional, four unconstitutional. Any Judge trying a case before a jury cannot participate in the decision of the law in the case. So that Liquor cases hereafter tried stand thus. If tried before a Judge who declares the law unconstitutional the case is dismissed, and it cannot be carried up; if before a Judge who believes the law constitutional, the case goes up to the other seven who stands four against the law, to three in its favor.

SLAVE ADVERTISEMENT.—We copy the following curious advertisement from one of our Southern exchanges.

For Sale.—A negro girl about eighteen or nineteen years old, a good cook and washer, and a capable, and valuable house servant. She is offered for sale because she has so many beaux that she has no time to attend to the duties of a family.—This servant is too likely to keep in town, but with a family in the country would be very valuable; she is honest and somewhat impertinent, having been too much indulged. Enquire at this office.

STRONG PRAYING.—In Northern Illinois are two brothers, who officiate, as occasions offer, in the church as exhorters, or something of the kind, and flatter themselves on the peculiar spirit in which they at times enter upon their humble calling.—On one occasion the elder brother in discussing at some length upon the characteristics of each gave the following forcible illustration of his "spiritual superiority." "Brother George," said he, "can exhort and sing, but he can't pray. I can pray his shirt off!"

THE BRITISH LION AROUSED.—In the last number of *Punch* is a good engraving representing the British lion in a fury, gnashing his formidable ivory-ribs, and striving to escape from Lord Aberdeen, who is hanging on his mane exclaiming in despair—"I must let him go!" In the distance—across the water—is seen an enormous bull frog, with a French plume in his cap, making his way with convulsive leaps across the country. The lion is evidently anxious to join him.

A certain Judge out West (singular fellows, these Western Judges!) it is said puts the following interrogatories to witnesses to test their credibility:—"Witness, do you take a newspaper?" "No," or if the answer be "Yes;" "Have you paid for it?" "No." In either case, his Honor instructs the jury to "give such credit to their testimony, as they may think it entitled to under the circumstances."

THE GRATITUDE OF AN ALDERMAN.—In Springfield, recently, there was an Alderman elected, whose "gift for gab" was not of the first order.—So, when a party of his political friends gathered together to congratulate him on his success, he "returned thanks" as follows:—"Gentlemen—I am d—— glad I am elected. You will find bread and cheese and brandy in the next room."

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.—A physician, who had attended a patient a great length of time, one day called upon him when in rather a bad humor.

The invalid complained, and stated that he could neither sit, stand, nor lie down.

"Well, replied the doctor, 'there remains one expedient yet; suppose you hang yourself!'"

A Plea for Eggs.

'Tis but a little while, at best,
That hens have power to lay;
To-morrow eggs must addled be
That were quite fresh to-day.
O, let the touch be very light
That takes them from the egg;
There is no hand whose cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg!

We once heard a Vermonter express his opinion of a person in the following style of classics: "I could take," said he, "the little end of nothing, whittle it down to a point, punch out the pith of a horse-hair, and put in forty thousand such souls as his, shake them up, and they'd rattle!"

A little girl was taken by her father to witness the representation of Uncle Tom's Cabin. When questioned as to what she thought of it, she replied that she liked it very well, all but the last part, when they took Uncle Tom up to Heaven with a red shirt on!

An urchin, not quite three years old, said to his sister, while munching a piece of ginger-bread, "Siss, take half dis cake to keep to afternoon, when I get cross." This is nearly as good as the child that bellowed from the top of the stairs, "Ma, Hannah won't pacify me."

Two men in Eltona, were conversing about the ill-humor of their wives. "Ah," said one, with a sorrowful expression, "mine is Tartar!" "Well," replied the other, "mine is worse than that; she is the *Cream of Tartar*!"

A lover wishing to concentrate his ardor into one burst of passion, exclaimed:—"Oh, Angelina Augusta, I feel toward you just like the burning bush which Moses saw—I'm all a fire but ain't consumed."

A stiff upper lip is as essential to success as three meals per diem is to living. The man who preserves a proper degree of dignity is twice as certain to receive what he asks for as the man that goes down on his marrow bones.

AN EXPLICIT SUBSCRIPTION.—"Care of Mr. Henry Dawes, Cohasset, Mass., North America. For Jane Reardon's Brother, requesting that this letter will not be opened until Dan Carrigan gets it."

The first bird of Spring
Attempted to sing,
But ere he had rounded a note,
He fell from the limb—
Ah, a dead bird was him—
The music had friz in his throat.