

little things it shows itself. You shall watch a man talking with men; mark how natural his tones are, how easy his attitude and gestures, if he indulge in any. But see the same man go up to a woman and talk with her: in nine cases out of ten you see a sudden and total change of bearing and demeanor. His voice has a sort of affectation in it; his body has acquired a sort of ungraceful movement, or is stiffened into a more constrained repose. It is clear that he is acting a part; and a similar change is observable in the woman, who has, generally, one manner for her own sex, and another for the other. While conversing with a man, she is much more alive, and eager, and vivacious, and often thinks it necessary to affect an interest in things in which she feels no real concern. She is playing the man, as the man is playing to her. They are showing each other the varnished side of their respective selves.

Now, in all social intercourse there is more or less of this sort of admitted and conscious deception, but it is much more elaborate, goes further, and is used more as a blind between persons of the opposite sexes; and it has more serious ill-consequences as between men and women than as between man and man, or woman and woman. It is never so much practised as when people are falling in love with each other, and afterwards, during love-making, and the earlier stages of married life; and then, all of a sudden, the husband or wife lays aside the mask from sheer impatience of it, or it gets knocked off in some sudden collision, or it slips aside, and then is the first bitter appointment and disenchantment, on the one side or the other, as the case may be.

Married people, however, must come to an understanding sooner or later, and at more or less cost. With them the deception is sure to be found out, though the discovery not unfrequently saddens the future of two lives. But in the common give and take of social life, between men and women who are not lovers, nor like to be, this habit of mutual deception leads to a sort of general falseness, unreality, and contemptible, though tolerated, affectation.

It belongs to women to say what they think of men, but it strikes the writer (who is a man) that he may be pardoned for saying some things which he has observed men think of women, in the hope that he may hit some real "blots," and, perhaps, touch a quick conscience or so, and thus help, perhaps, to the correction of a bad habit.

As a general rule men like natural easy mannered, frank, and unaffected women. It is true that some men will tell you they "like affectation." But inquiry into this will prove that they only like an affectation: some trick perhaps, or peculiarity, which has for them a mysterious attraction, altogether inexplicable, and which no woman need ever give herself the trouble to seek for, in order to employ it. It is not, indeed, uncommon for a man to declare he likes affectation, because he happens, for the time being, to admire and like an affected woman. But the real charm, then, is not in her affectation: "She's an affected woman," in man's criticism of woman, is blame. So much women may be assured of.

"I DID AS THE REST DID."

This tame, yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did"—has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or the gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply, "doing as the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers, and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others learn,—to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several other useless matters. In time they marry; their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished.—"Trully," says she, "I did as the rest did."

The sinner, following the example of others, puts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till, unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare. And he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

A sophist, wishing to puzzle Thales, the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in rapid succession these difficult questions. The philosopher replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety and decision our readers can judge for themselves:

- What is the oldest of all things? God: because he always existed.
- What is the most beautiful? The world: because it is the work of God.
- What is the greatest of things? Space: because it contains all that is created.
- What is the quickest of all things? Thought: because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.
- What is the strongest? Necessity: because it makes men face all the dangers of life.
- What is the most difficult? To know thyself.
- What is the most constant of all things? Hope: because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.

An Inquisitive and Indignant Young Lady.

A young lady that lives near a railroad crossing, appears to have no occupation but continually poking her head out of the window. A wag hailed her the other morning from the street—

- 'Hallo, Miss?'
- 'What do you want?' said she, after the first flush of indignation at thus being accosted.
- 'The bell ain't rung yet,' was the answer.
- 'What do you mean?' asked the Miss.
- 'Why,' was the reply, 'that sign says you're to look out' when the bell rings, but you are looking out all the time.'

The young lady's head disappeared with a jerk and the window went down with a slam.

An Orament to Society.

The ensuing anecdote of Charles Lamb has never appeared in any English sketches or anecdotes of his life, but it is pronounced to be entirely authentic:

At a dinner-table one evening, a sea-faring guest was describing a terrific naval engagement, of which he was spectator, on board a British-man-of-war. 'While I was watching the effects of the galling fire upon the masts and rigging,' said he, 'there came a cannon ball, which took off both legs from a poor sailor who was in the shrouds.—He fell toward the deck, but at that moment another cannon ball whizzed over us, which, strange to say, took off both his arms, which fell upon deck, while the poor fellow's limbless trunk was carried overboard.'

'Heavens!' exclaimed Lamb; 'did't you save him!'

'No,' replied the naval Munchausen; 'he could not swim, of course, and he sank before assistance could be rendered him.'

'It was a sad, sad loss!' said Lamb, musingly; 'if he could have been picked up, what an ornament to society he might have become!'

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—A Warning to Young Men.—A friend writing us from Circleville, under date of June 8th, gives the following graphic account of the suicide of a young lady named Fullee, who was living with a Mr. Brown, in Dareyville, Pickaway county.—*Portsmouth Tribune.*

'A young lady, living with a Mr. Brown, in Dareyville, drowned herself in Darby creek yesterday. It seems some young man had been paying his addresses to her for some time; on that day he sent a note to her by Mrs. Brown, advising her that he did not intend to marry her, and was about to leave the place, "My God, what will become of me!" She crossed the street, passed through a house without noticing the family, rushed up stairs where the false one was at work, and caught him round the neck—kissed him—said she had come to bid him a long farewell. She then ran across a field, and plunged into water fifteen feet deep. A man ploughing near by, supposing something was wrong, ran after her, but only reached in time to see the bubble where she had sank. She was taken out in about two hours.'

'The young man fled to escape the indignation of a deeply sympathizing community. He will, no doubt, realize that he cannot escape the bitter recollection of the irreparable wrong done his unsuspecting victim.'

RESULTS OF ROPE JUMPING.—Little girls seem to be now-a-days beset with a mania for intemperate exercise in "jumping the rope." Several have died, within our own observation, from excess of this kind, and two victims have been reported within a few days—one in Newark, New Jersey, who died outright; and another at Northampton, Massachusetts, who lies in a very dangerous condition, in consequence of jumping five hundred and fifty-four times without cessation.

D—, being in the west, and short of cash, could not tell where to get the necessary Wilnot proviso for internal improvements, but finding a widow who had shot one husband and wounded several others, he concluded to marry her, so as to get a boarding house.

Shortly after the yellow garlands of Hymen were faded, D—, came in one night slightly muggy, as the Choctaw poets express it, and found his new spouse awaiting his arrival. She pitched into D. like a thousand of brick, and spread herself like a fan-tail pigeon, drawing a single barrel pistol upon D. who instead of traveling, pulled out a revolver, and remarked as gently as the sigh of an Æolian harp:

"Mrs D., I see that one, (hic) and go five better!"—*N. O. Picayune.*

PLEASANT THINGS.—It's very pleasant to take a lady to the theater, and to find on reaching the door that you've left your purse in your other pocket at Peckham.

It's very pleasant to ride in an omnibus opposite a baby who is sucking sugar-candy, and playfully wipes his dear little hands on your best black kerseymeres.

It's very pleasant to endeavor to open your door with the latch-key at two in the morning, and be at length compelled to desist from a conviction that it's boited inside.

It's very pleasant to overhear some one remark, that you're not so good looking as you used to be.

It is openly stated that the Turkish soldiers are better lodged and fed than any soldiers in Europe. Their tents, in the first place, are double, while the interior is perfectly clean, and is covered with matting, on which are laid very thick bed covers of camel's hair. In the middle is a stand of arms in beautiful order; in one corner an excellent fire-place or cooking apparatus. The soldiers all carry large thick cloaks over their uniform, and under their coats they have waistcoats, with cotten sleeves, wadded—a precaution very necessary to a climate so variable as that of Turkey.

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eva brought *wo* to all mankind,
Old Adam called her *wo-man*;
But when she *woo'd* with love so kind,
He then pronounced it *woo-man*;
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husband's pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of *whims*,
The people call them *whim men*.

SWEET INNOCENCE.—A young lady of Harrisburg, Pa., was out riding, a few days since. The horse commenced kicking, when she, in the most simple manner, requested her companion to get out and hold the horse's leg, or he might injure the vehicle.

A GHOST.—A philosophic and self-possessed ship captain was passing through a church yard at midnight, when a sheeted ghost rose up behind a tomb stone and approached him with menacing gestures. The ancient mariner coolly raised his stick and gave him a crack over the head, asking him, 'What he meant by being out of his grave at so late an hour?'

'I remember,' says Lord Biden, 'Mr. Justice Gould was trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed:

'Here is only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?'

'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven 'he has gone away about some other business but he has left his verdict with me?'

A GOOD MEMORY.—A young lad had been 'schooled' severely by his mother, for want of memory. This lad was sent to a grocers for some "Salt, Pepper and Ginger." This he kept repeating, till unluckily falling down, he got up shouting: "I haven't forgot it! I haven't forgot it! Tar, Pitch and Turpentine! That's it—that's it!"

MARRIED.—At Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, on the 20th of May, Mr. John H. Frost, to Miss Julia Budd.—*Ex.*

One bright spring day, most strange to say,
O'er slippery roads of mud,
There came a Frost, a killing Frost,
And "nupt" poor Julia Budd!

THE ANGEL GABRIEL SHOT.—A report reached this city last night, that Orr, better known as the "Angel Gabriel," while preaching to the citizens of Lawrence, Mass., last evening, was shot by a man in the crowd. The man was immediately seized by the mob, taken to a tree, and then hung until he was dead.—*N. Y. Tribune, June 22.*

A Conversational Truth.—Women never tire of talking about babies, and men about horses.

The man up in Delphi, thirty-eight years old who boasts that he never took a newspaper, says that Santa Anna, if he persists in his struggle with Russia, will be sure to lose all the territory of the Bosphorus, and be excluded from the navigation of the Amazon Sea!

In England, the Steamer City of Glasgow is the last given up. She left Liverpool on the first of March, under the command of Capt. Morrison with about 400 passengers and 76 seamen. It is supposed she was overwhelmed in the icebergs floating down from the North Pole.

EPIGRAM.

In modern times to find an Ape,
Bring up a Dandy—he's in shape;
And then his beard, you well may note,
Proves cross in blood with mountain Goat

A reverend speaker was earnestly pleading a cause at one of the religious anniversaries in Boston, last week, when a fine set of false teeth, which occupied his mouth, dropped out upon the floor, and he was obliged to recover the wandering ivory before he could proceed with his appeal.

Every family ought to have a newspaper—it is what they owe to their children, if nothing else.—Who wishes his children to grow up in ignorance in order to save the price of a newspaper?

A western paper recommends brandy applications for baldness. 'Apply the brandy externally until the hair is well started, and take the remedy internally in generous quantities to clinch the roots.'

A postmaster, puzzled out a very uncertain subscription on an Irish letter, jocosely remarked an intelligent son of Erin that stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to this country. 'Ah, yes!' replied the Irishman, out they get harder ones after they arrive.

What part of Scripture do two ladies fulfil when they kiss each other? 'Do unto others as they would that men should do unto them.'

In talking over travels, Tom asked Joe, 'if he was in Greece?' 'No,' said Joe, 'but I fell into a thunderin' big tub of soap, once.'

AN IRISH NOTICE.—Whereas, Patrick O'Connor lately left his lodgings, this is to give notice that if he does not return immediately, and pay for the same, he will be advertised.

REMARKABLE.—The testimony in a divorce case in Philadelphia, a few days ago, made one of the jurors so sick that the proceedings had to be suspended. He had never been married,

The San Francisco Sun is responsible for the following:—"We met a grammarian, who had just made an unsuccessful tour through the mines conjugating, or rather cogitating, thus: 'Positive mine; comparative *miner*; superlative, *minus*!'

GROSS LEVITY OF THE CZAR.—When Nicholas compelled the Jews to serve in his army, he took a very unwarrantable method to increase his *Le vies*.

A Catholic priest called at the office of the National Insurance Co., of New York, last week, and restored \$2,289, which had been, at some time or other, fraudulently obtained from the company.

At a foundry in Leeds, Eng., they are casting a queer sort of triangular cannon ball for the use of fleets. There must be something diabolical in such three-cornered compliments.

Four convicts actually died of joy in Dublin lately, on being informed they had got the benefit of a free discharge from penal servitude.

"Sal," said hisping Bill, "if you don't love me thay tho; and if you do love and don't like to thay tho, squeeth my handth."

The following toast was drank at a social gathering in Baltimore. It is hard to beat.

"In ascending the hill of prosperity, may we never meet a friend."

The fellow who "took it coolly," brought it back slightly heated.

Misery and ignorance are always the cause of great evils. Misery is easily excited to anger, and ignorance soon yields to perfidious counsels.

An exchange tells of an eccentric customer, who, dining at a first-rate hotel, ordered a "knot-hole fried," and a "half dozen pigs' feet in the shell."

Why is "Rebecca, the Jewess," like a lady from Bangor?

Because she is from the Fen ob Scott."