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MR. PEPPER'S WIFE.

How she shut her up.

"Mrs. Pepper, I labor under the impression that it is high time you were getting breakfast. As my former housekeeper understood all my wishes with regard to these things, I found it unnecessary to give any orders respecting them; but with you it is different. As you have never got a meal in this house, of course you know nothing of the regulations of the household."

"In the first place, you will make a fire in the kitchen, put on the kettle, &c.; then you will make a fire in here. That done, you will cook the breakfast and bring it in here, as I have always been accustomed to taking mine in bed, and do not consider it necessary to depart from that custom on your account, but should you prefer it, you can eat yours in the kitchen, as it is perfectly immaterial to me."

"This occurred the morning after Mrs. Pepper went to housekeeping. Mrs. Pepper was a sensible woman—she made no reply to Mr. Pepper's commands; but as soon as her toilet was finished, she left the room, and sitting down in the kitchen, she thus ruminated:

"Make the kitchen fire! Yes, I'll do that. Then make a fire in the bedroom! I'll see to that, too. Then take the breakfast to my bedside! Just see if I do! And then Mrs. P. sat and thought deeply for a few minutes, when, apparently having arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she proceeded to business."

Having got a nice fire kindled in the kitchen, she carried some coal into Mr. P.'s apartment, and filled up his stove, having first ascertained that there was not a spark of fire in it. That duty performed, she next prepared the breakfast, of which she partook with a great relish; and after matters and things were all set to rights in the kitchen, she went down town on a shopping excursion.

Meanwhile Mr. Pepper began to grow impatient. He labored under the impression that the atmosphere of his room did not grow warm very fast, and he began to feel unpleasantly hungry. Peeping out from behind the bed-curtains, he saw how affairs were with regard to the stove. Something like a suspicion of the real state of affairs began to dawn upon his mind. He listened for a few minutes, but all was still about the house.

Hastily dressing himself, he proceeded to investigate the affair. He soon comprehended the whole of it, and was very wrathful at first; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he had the power to punish Mrs. P., and he felt bound to do it too. After some search he found the remains of the breakfast of which he partook with a gusto, and then, sat down to wait for Mrs. P. She was a long time in coming, and he had ample time to nurse his wrath. While sitting there, he thus soliloquized:

"That ever I, Philander Pepper, should be so treated, and by a woman, too, is not to be believed. I can't believe it, no, not I won't either. But she shan't escape that; certain; if she should, my reputation for dignity would be forever gone! For haven't I told Solomon Simpleton all along how I was going to make my wife stand round, and how I was going to make her get up and make the fire every morning, and let me lie abed, and how I was going to shut her up, and feed her on bread and water, if she dared to say she wouldn't do it?"

"A cozy little arrangement, Mr. Pepper," said a soft voice behind him.

Mr. P. started up, and there stood Mrs. P. right behind his chair, laughing just as hard as she could. Mr. Pepper put on a severe look.

"Sit down in that chair, madam," he said, pointing to the one he had just vacated; "while I have a little conversation with you."

"Now, I should be pleased to know why you did not obey my orders this morning, and where you have been all the forenoon?"

"Where I have been this forenoon, Mr. P., I have not the least objection to tell you; I have been down town doing a little shopping. I have purchased some lovely napkins; just look at them, said she, holding them up demurely for his inspection; "I only paid a dollar for this piece for them—extremely cheap, don't you think so?" she added.

Mr. Pepper was astonished; how she dared to turn the conversation in this way, was a mystery to him. Suddenly his bottled wrath broke loose. Daring boldly upon her, he said:

"Betsy Jane, you disgust me; you seem to make very light of this matter; but it is more serious than you imagine, as you will find to your cost presently. If you do not instantly beg my pardon in a submissive manner, I shall exert my authority to bring you to a proper sense of your misconduct, by imprisoning you in one of my chambers, until you are willing to promise strict obedience to my wishes."

At the close of this very eloquent and dignified speech, Mr. Pepper drew himself up to his full height, and stationed himself before Mrs. P., ready to receive expressions of sorrow and penitence; he had no doubt that she would fall down at his feet and say:

"Dear Philander, won't you please forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more."

And he was going to say, "Betsy Jane, you'd better not," but instead of doing all this, what do you think she did? Laughed him right in the face!

Mr. Pepper was awfully wrathful. He spoke up in a voice of thunder and said:

"Mrs. Pepper, walk right up stairs this very minute, and don't you let the grass grow under your feet while you are going, because, you have begun your wickedness in good season, and I'll have you know that it won't pay to continue them any length of time with me. Mrs. P. Again I command you to walk up stairs."

"Well, really, Mr. Pepper, it is not at all necessary for you to speak so loud—I am not so deaf as all that comes to; but as for walking up stairs I have not the least objection to doing so, if you will wait until I have recovered from my fatigue, but I can't think of going before."

"But you must, Mrs. P."

"Then all I've got to say to this, you'll have to carry me, for I won't walk."

Mr. P. looked at his wife for a moment with the greatest astonishment; but as she began to laugh at him again, he thought to himself: "She thinks I won't do it, and hopes to get out in that way, but it won't do; up stairs she's got to go, if I do have to carry her; so here goes, and taking the form of his lady in his arms, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her safely lodged in her prison, and carefully locked in; he stationed a little red-headed youth on the front door step to attend to callers and also see that Mrs. P. did not escape; and then he betook himself to a restaurant for his dinner, and after despatching that, he hurried off to his office, and was soon engaged in business."

About the middle of the afternoon, our young friend rushed into the office, and after never stopping to take breath, he said:

"Mr. Pepper had better run home just now, as he can't go for a woman who's about to make a awful racket, and she's beating around there and rattling things the dearest innocent kind, and if she beats splitting up something or other, she'll don't know what splitting be."

Without waiting to hear more, Mr. P. seized

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his hat, and hurried off, home at a most undignified pace.

Opening the hall door, he stole up stairs as carefully as possible, and applying his eyes to the keyhole, he beheld a sight which made him fairly boil with rage.

Mrs. P. was sitting in front of the fire-place, reading his love-letters. The one she was engaged in perusing at that particular moment, was from a Miss Polly Primrose, who it appeared at once looked favorably on the suit of Mr. Pepper; but a more dashing lover appearing on the scene, Miss Polly sent him a letter of dismissal, promising her undying friendship and accompanying the same with a lock of her hair and some walnut meat.

But it was not the love-letters alone that made Mr. P. so outrageous. He had been something of a traveller in his day, and had collected a great many curiosities in his rambles which he had deposited in a cupboard in the very room where he had confined Mrs. P., and she had got at them.

She had split up an elegant writing-desk with his Indian battle-axe, in order to have a fire, as the battle was rather chilly. In one corner of the fire-place, was Mr. P.'s best beloved filled up with love-letters.

On a small table, close to Mrs. P., was a beautiful flat China dish, filled with bear's oil, in which she had sunk Mr. P.'s best satin cravat, and having fired one end of it, it afforded her sufficient light for her labors—for Mr. P. had closed the blinds for the better security of the culprit.

On some coals in front of the fire, was Mr. P.'s silver christening bowl, in which Mrs. P. was popping corn, which she ever and anon stirred with the middle-bow, meanwhile occasionally punching up the fire with the tiddle, for Mr. P. had, with commendable foresight, removed the shovel and tongs.

Mr. P. condescended to peep through the keyhole, and he had obtained a pretty correct idea of what was going on within. Never was a Pepper so fired as he. He shook the door, it was securely fastened within, and raised all his efforts to open it. He ordered Mrs. P. to open it or take the consequences; but as she did not open it, it is to be presumed that she preferred the consequences. Mr. P. darted down stairs like a madman.

"I must put a stop to this," he thought, "or I shall not have a rag of clothes to my back."

Procuring a ladder, he began to mount to the bedroom; but Mrs. P. was not to be taken so easily. She knew he had left the door unlocked, for she had examined it as soon as he had left; but she had no idea of letting him have the benefit of her fire; so, hastily seizing several large bottles of cologne, she threw the contents upon the fire, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing it entirely extinguished. That duty performed, she left the apartment, and locking the door, she stationed herself in a convenient position to hear everything that transpired within.

In a few moments Mr. P. was safe in the apartment, and as soon as he had closed the window, he stood bolt upright in the middle of the room, and said in a deep voice:

"Jezabel, come forth!"

No answer.

"Jane, you think to escape!"

Still no response. Mr. P. began to feel uneasy and hastily commenced to search the room, but had not proceeded far when he hears a slight titter somewhere in the vicinity of the door. He listens a moment and it is repeated. Daring to the door, he attempts to open it, but he finds himself a prisoner. There is one more chance, he thinks, and hurries to the window; but alas for Mr. Pepper! his wife has just removed the ladder, and he cannot escape.

He sits down on a chair and looks ruefully around him, and presently he arises and picks up a few fragments of a letter which is lying on the carpet, and finds it is from Polly Primrose. He wonders what she has done with the lock of hair.

At this moment his eye falls upon his daughter, who is lying on the table before him—mechanically taking it up, he opens it, and sees—What? nothing but his own face.

All the rest of him being rubbed off, and around his lovely child is the missing curl, and the walnut meat is carefully stored in the corner of the case. Mr. P. fairly blubbered aloud.

"Good!" thought Mrs. P. "when you find your level, I'll let you out, and not till then."

"A little wholesome discipline will do you good, and I am fully prepared to administer it."

How long Mrs. Pepper kept her liege lord to duress vile, deponent saith not, and as to what passed between them when he was released from captivity, we are not any better informed, but of this we are sure, Mr. P. might have been seen, a morning or two afterwards, to put his head into the bedroom, and heard to say, in a weak manner:

"Betsy Jane, I've made the kitchen fire, and put on the tea-kettle; won't you please to get up and get breakfast?"

"THE SAVAGE AND THE MAIDEN."—Many of our readers doubtless remember having read, some ten or twelve years ago, of the marriage of a lady in Maine, young, handsome, well educated, and withal romantic, to an Ojibwa, or Chippeway Indian, named Jones, whose fortunes she followed to his home in the then unsettled West. For days it was a subject of conversation throughout the land, and many thought she would soon regret her choice, and return again to civilization and friends; but we learn that Mr. Jones, who had previously been educated at Hamilton College, N. York, has met with various ups and downs in life since that day, but now resides with his tribe near Lawrence in that territory, and that he and his New England wife live in excellent style, and have all the comforts of civilization around them; are intelligent, and well acquainted with Kansas, its climate, soil, wants and resources. So the union of the savage and the maiden proves to have been as happy as many formed under more auspicious circumstances. —Herald.

"ROMANCE IN INDIAN LIFE."—A private soldier writing from Fort Parana, March 12, mentions the following incidents of the massacre of Lieut. Gratton.

"I will give you a few facts connected with the massacre. A mission—one of the persecuted or married Indians, and on that unfortunate day when she was danger-threatening the troops, she called her father and brother to preserve her person. When she fell, she rushed to him to protect him from the ar-

rows or parish with him. Her father shot several arrows at the other Indians, and was wounded himself in the ankle, and the soldiers. Then he sat down and wept, as he could do no more. The hostile Indians then rushed on the wounded soldier, tore him from the embrace of his faithful spouse, and scalped him before her eyes. After this she could not be prevailed upon to eat or drink, and starved to death, dying in nine days, and glad to go to regain the presence of the spirit of one she loved so dearly.

"COUNTRY FARMERS AND CITY MECHANICS."—Country people generally are very much mistaken in their impressions as to the average wages and salaries received by city mechanics, clerks, &c. I have often been surprised at the opinions expressed by my country friends on this point, and am somewhat at a loss to account for so general misapprehension. But then so it is in everything. Let twenty men go to the city, to the West, or to California, nineteen shall utterly fail in their expectations of bettering their circumstances, may even die among strangers or by the way-side, or become wretchedly poor, vicious criminals; one shall succeed as a merchant prince, a rich farmer, or the lucky possessor of a large pile;—and in the minds of the people, as on the canvas of the painter, the nineteen will be placed far in the background—mere pigmies, it seen at all—while in the foreground, and in bold relief, stands out the twentieth, large as life and twice as handsome, filling up the whole picture. Thus it is with wages. The foreman of a shop or overseer of a number of hands, in the city, may get his ten to twenty dollars per week, while the workmen under his direction earn from five to ten dollars, and we shall find, in the country, that everybody has heard of the twenty dollars a week, while not a word has ever reached them of poor five dollars a week. This misapprehension, inoffensive and harmless as it is, is a very dangerous one to act upon. Under its influence many a young man, becoming disgusted with the fifty cents a day that are offered for his hard labor on a farm, resorts to the city with expectations as vague as they are certain to be disappointed. I have watched the progress of many such, and have learned to look upon their position as peculiarly unfortunate and dangerous. From the wages which they regarded as so contemptible in the country, they could lay aside from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, as a fund for future independence, while in the city they find it is about as impossible, as it is unfeasible, to lay by anything at all. They become disheartened, reckless, imprudent; turn radicals, agrarians, infidels; rail against corporations, the money-power, &c., while they make themselves unhappy by brooding over the wrongs of the "working classes."

Upon the subject of the average of wages earned by mechanics in the city, I have lately made some inquiry, but with small success, so far as respects the collection of facts that can be of use in this place. I regret this, because I believe the truth of the case would do more than anything else to satisfy country boys with the farm and its hard work and small profits.

Thus much was written several months ago, when I stopped with the hope of receiving some statements that had been promised by several city establishments. So few and unsatisfactory, however, were the facts obtained, that my article has been delayed, until the question of high or low wages is of little importance in the minds of thousands of city mechanics, compared with that of work or no work.

I will, however, here make one or two brief statements in respect to wages.

Among my personal acquaintances, there are a few who receive from fifteen to twenty dollars a week; at my business, while the journeyman whose bills I have made out for the last seven years—varying in number from one or two to eight or ten a week—have not averaged over six dollars a week.

A shoe-maker in the city told me his men averaged rather over six dollars a week, and I have been told by men who have worked there, that the shoe-makers of Lynn do not average a dollar a day.

A friend of mine, who is engaged in another kind of business, and employs some seventy hands, boasted that his workmen averaged eight dollars a week; which he said was higher than the average at any similar establishment in the city.

Where large wages are paid we often find some reason or qualification, that did not appear at first sight. Carpenters, masons, and some others have little to do in the winter season. Some kinds of business depend upon the weather; some are irregular and fluctuating; now, in a great degree, now, nothing doing. A ship-carpenter told me that five days work a week was considered a pretty good average for the season; on account of weather, &c. This business, besides, is somewhat unsteady. Before the California demand for shipping the business was so dull that a neighbor of mine went off chopping wood by the cord one winter, earning seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter a day, hoarding himself of course, while his country friends probably supposed he was earning two dollars and a half or three dollars every day. Such are all the facts and figures that I have to offer upon this wages.

I might adduce almost any number of "estimates" and "guesses" by those who have good opportunities of forming opinions on the subject; but these are so low that I fear to use them, lest my country friends should think I was joking, or suspect me of exaggerating purposely to keep them away from the city, and of comparing with us for the large wages they hear of. It was with some such feelings, I well remember, that I listened some twenty years ago, to a conversation one Saturday night, in a shop in the city of New York, where I had then worked but a few weeks. The "old opinion" of the foreman was assented to by most of the hands, that, counting all those in the city, he claimed to be journeyman at work and out of work, their whole earnings, not work with another would not exceed an average of three dollars a head!

Admitting this to be a wild statement, admitting that city mechanics generally obtain higher prices for their labor, they will remain as fast to which I ask particular attention, and that is, the probability of being out of work.

"Out of work!" How differently this expression falls upon the ears of country farmers and city mechanics! The one thinks only of a holiday. His crops harvested,—his barn,

bellows and woodhouse filled, Out of Work has so terror for him—only a brief relaxation, a little spell of enjoyment. To the other it is the sum of all evils, the negation of all conveniences and comforts of life. His house is hired by the month or quarter, his provisions bought daily or weekly, and his fire-wood but little in advance, can he look Out of Work in the face and not shudder? Must his little ones starve, or freeze, or be turned into the street? He trembles at the prospect; but it is not alone that trembles,—the millionaire trembles with him, and well he may, for hunger breaks through walls.

The riots which have occurred in London and Liverpool, and the hoarse mutterings that have been heard in our cities, should be studied by farmer's boys as a practical commentary upon the ideas of the wages of city mechanics, and of the city as the place for the enjoyment of life.

"Long may our country be saved from the disgrace of deeds of violence, committed by starving mechanics, and long may the farmers of our land appreciate the blessings of that independence which saves them from an appeal to the charity and tears of the community for a plate of beans and a bowl of soup."

[Cor. of N. E. Farmer.]

"Where are we drifting?"

It is often asked, if the North is so immeasurably superior to the South in intelligence, moral power, and wealth, why has the South gained political power so rapidly for the past fifty years, until now she controls the policy of this nation?

The reason is two-fold.

1. The North is a community of industries. Every man is busy in building up his home, and enriching it for his children. Our Northern people are educated to intensely mind their own business. But the South has a different state of society. Slave labor sets free from industry a large class of men, who being aristocrats, not by nature alone, but by the organization of southern society, have any degree of leisure to attend to politics.

There is, then, a very different aptitude for power between the North and the South.

Northern society is democratic; Southern, aristocratic. A democracy tends to produce power, but distributes it. An aristocracy produces but little, but it absorbs and concentrates power, never distributing. The North strengthens society; the South, government. The North makes the citizens full, self-reliant, productive, independent. Such men do not cohere easily into pliant parties. The South finds an easy task in forming parties of plastic elements, and wielding them effectively. The first reason for the gradual superiority of the South in political power, then, lies in the fact that an aristocracy, in its very nature, is better adapted for the absorption and retention of power than is a democracy, which, in its nature, generates power, but disperses it among individuals.

2. There is a second reason yet more subtle and more dangerous.

The North is industrious and productive. Each man thrives, and seeks to thrive. The interior idea and essential spirit of our community is, for each man to build up his little kingdom of a family.

It is not the arid love of money. It is not a grasping, avaricious, selfish spirit of commerce. It is a national disposition to strengthen the individual and the family by productive industry. Out of this grows, sometimes, to be sure, selfishness; but generally an over-concern for one's own affairs, and a neglect of national affairs. Citizens want a national policy that will leave them room to work, and a certainty of acquiring.

Now, it is through this known feeling of the North, that the South has contrived to bribe and seduce her from fidelity to her own more sacred principles.

It has been subtly said: You shall have leisure and peace, if you will only acquiesce in such and such measures. These measures were subtle changes in favor of aristocracy and destructive of republicanism. At each aggressive step the South has been fiercely met at first by the indignant North; but as a thief quietly a dog with a bit of poisoned meat thrown to him, so the South have cast to the North a temptation peculiarly seductive to men who are given to industry. Thus, for the sake of peace, for the sake of avoiding agitations unfavorable to commerce and productive industry, the North has gradually yielded, step by step, until now, if new slave States are carved out of Kansas, there will be no more to give. The balance of power will change. The South will be able to control and dictate policy without circumspection or subterfuges. That day is not far off.

When it comes, what will the North do? So soon as her connection with the South begins to be a practical and home annoyance, and touch the interest of the North, she will rise up like Lazarus, bound hand and foot with grave clothes, and demand that she be loosed and set free. In that day our Union will be like straw before flame. When the Union promotes thrift, its value is beyond all computing. When it is against thrift, it will be found that its value will be less than ash without its savor. It will be cast out, and trodden under foot of men.

We are marching as straight upon disunion as ever people did, and blindfolded. For peace and Union sake, we are giving the South an advantage, which, when once secured, they will use to goad the North to inevitable rupture.

Those men who counsel peace and acquiescence now, counsel disunion and belligerency hereafter. Their words are smoother than oil, but the poison of wars is under their tongues. It is always so. Men will not foresee. Our fathers did foresee; their children have not the gift. We shall probably go on, and when the work is done, and every oven and sagacious prediction come to pass, then will we wonder, and repent and build the sepulchres of the men that now we exorcise. —H. W. Beecher.

"AN INCONVENIENCE."—The following incident is related as having taken place at the burning of the steamer "Win. Knox," on the Ohio river some ten days ago:

At the burning of the "Win. Knox," a woman jumped overboard with a babe. She came to the surface, and taking the babe in her mouth, thus held it out of the water, while she attempted to paddle to shore. A man plunged in after her, and by strong efforts succeeded in getting the mother to where the water was shallow enough to allow them to reach the bottom. "Do not let her hand, now," she was said, said the man to her, while they were wading ashore. She took the child's hand from between her teeth, and simply said, "you do not know a mother, sir." Scarcely a print

of the gentle mother's hold on the poor infant's hand was perceptible.

"What is Respectable Society?"

We heard a man, otherwise intelligent enough, lately sneer at another "because," said he, "one never meets him in respectable society." The speaker did not mean, however, that the person he affected to look down upon was immoral, but merely that his circle of intimates was not composed of the fashionable or the rich.

This notion of what constitutes respectable society, is quite a favorite one with that class of individuals, whom Thackeray has so significantly called "snobs." Empty pretence is always making its own characteristics a standard, by which it strives to measure the respectability of persons at large. In a community of mere money-getters, wealth is the test of respectability. Among the proud, narrow-minded, effete nobility of the Rue de la Paix, in Paris, respectability depends on being descended from ancestors, who have married their cousins for so many centuries, that neither muscle nor brains are left any longer to the degenerate descendants. With the dandy officers, who constitute a considerable portion of the American Navy, respectability consists in having sponged "Uncle Sam," in wearing gilt buttons, and in bilking tailors. Every conceited fool thinks himself, in like way, the only man really worthy, the only person who is respectable.

But true respectability depends on no such adventitious circumstances. To be respectable is to be worthy of respect; and he most deserves respect who has most virtue. The humblest man who bravely does his duty, is more worthy of respect, is more truly respectable, than the covetous millionaire among his money-bags, or the arrogant monarch on his throne. The fine lady, who backbites her neighbor, is less worthy of respect than an honest washerwoman. The profligate noble, though he may wear a dozen orders in his button-hole, is often not really as respectable as the shoe-black that cleans his boots. That which is called "the world" exalts the one and deprecates the other, but it does not make them respectable, according to the real meaning of the word. Their respectability is all a hollow sham, as they themselves frequently feel; and those who worship them bow to a Fetish, a thing of feathers and timber. The selfish, idle drone, who wastes life in his own gratification, and dissipates the fortune of his progeny, is not, and cannot be, respectable; but the hard-working, self-denying father, who wears out his life to bring up his children, is even though he be but a day-laborer. Nothing can make Lazarus fit to lie on Abraham's bosom, while Lazarus is welcomed there, even with the sores the dogs have licked.

This false view of life, which would measure respectability by a conventional standard, is totally at variance with our republican institutions. It creates an "imperium in imperio," for while the law declares all citizens equal, it erects a social standard which endeavors to ignore that great truth. The coarse, brutal, knavish, profligate, criminal—in short all who fall short of their duty to themselves and their fellow-men—are those who are not respectable; and this, whether they are rich or poor. While those who live honestly, and strive to do what good they can, constitute what is really the respectable class, irrespective of the fact whether they eat with silver forks or steel ones.

[Dollar Newspaper.]

"TO MAKE STARCH."—I saw an inquiry in the Dollar Newspaper, asking the best method of preparing starch—clear starching, we conceive to be of so much use in female economy as to deserve particular attention. Take of Potash starch a tablespoonful; add cold water enough to wet it when it is thoroughly dissolved, pour on (stirring it gradually) a pint of boiling water; let it boil five minutes; take two ounces of fine white gum Arabic; powder fine; pour on a pint of boiling water; let it stand all night; in the morning pour off the liquor; a tablespoonful of this gum water, added to a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, gives a fine, glossy appearance; wipe the linen with a dry cloth; roll up to four or five hours in iron I think this recipe excellent.

"To Make Starch for Mending."—Take a pint of pump water to a quart of a pound of starch; put the water in a clean skillet, and put over a clear fire till it is lukewarm; then pour in your starch, after setting with a little cold water; keep stirring it one way till it boils a minute or two; if it boils too long it makes it look yellow; pour it into a clean pan; cover it until it is cold; then take some upon your hand, and some little in your other hand, mix them together; but make it not too blue, (you must use your judgment); take your mauls; double one by one in your left hand, and spread the starch with your right.

"Mauls should be stretched."—Let in the starch ten minutes, then wring out and wipe with a dry cloth and clapped. You can hold it up to the light, and if clapped enough you will observe it to fly asunder, and not stick to your hands; wash your hands as often as you perceive any wet or starch on them. Observe to clap very hard and quick, and when you see no shipping it is enough; never clap by the fire but in frosty weather, for that spoils the color; let all mauls be ironed upon a clean, soft, woolen cloth, two or three times doubled; the thicker the ironing cloth for washed mauls, the richer the work will appear. You must always iron on the wrong side. For calico and lawn, you must make a very thin starch and iron within a damp cloth, laid over and under them, iron on the wrong side.

"AN OLD DOCTOR'S RECIPE."—A lady had been teaching the summer school in a certain town, and a young sprig of the law paid her some attention, so much that he was joked about her. He replied "he should look higher for a wife." It came to the lady's ears; she meditated a bit of revenge. An opportunity soon offered. They were at a party together, and to redeem her forfeit she was to make him epitaph. She gave the following:

Here lies a man who looked high and low for a good wife, and he found her. And they who looked as high as he, declared his wife they would not be. And he, who looked as high as the old Scotchman, and now has gone to the old Scotchman.

"MEMBERS OF A CHRISTIAN HOTEL."—The Boston Telegraph states that Mrs. Webb, the black "Siddons" who is giving Shakespeare readings, and is a woman of education, talent, and refinement, upon her arrival in Boston took lodgings at the Marlboro' Hotel, having heard of the reputation of that house for order and quietude. Her surprise may be imagined when she was informed that she could not be

admitted to the pupils table for her meals, but that she could be furnished with them at her private room, at an extra expense? Even the usual courtesy, upon which the Marlboro' has prided itself so much, of inviting its guests to the morning religious exercises, was omitted towards her! And this, because the gifted lady, as she truly is, in every sense of the word, has a dark skin. It is needless to add, perhaps, that Mrs. Webb speedily changed her lodgings, and found within the less pretentious walls of the Winthrop, that attention to company and equality of hospitality which is the highest recommendation of a well-ordered hotel.

"Polygamy in Utah." Salt Lake, Feb. 26, 1855.

I have detailed to you in previous letters the debased condition of the women of Utah. The Mormons, after their passions (or as they call it, their holy desires to people the earth) are gratified, seldom pretend to support their numerous wives. Brigham Young declared, last conference, that he did not know how many wives he had. "Tell the Gentiles," said he, "I do not know half of them when I see them." The majority of these poor women are compelled to work for their daily bread, and many are in such a destitute condition that they are forced to seek charity of strangers. It is an actual fact that one of the wives of the Chief of the Apostles gains her livelihood by washing for the boarders of a public house in town. Indeed, it is nothing uncommon for these lords of creation to send their wives out in the capens for wood, and any day you can see women chopping logs and driving cattle to the mountains.

Subjected to a slavery worse than can be realized in the South, turned into prostitutes and concubines against their will, denied even woman's chief prerogative, the use of her tongue, there are now hundreds of females who only want the opportunity to abandon forever a life that so illly befits the proud spirit of American womanhood.

It was but yesterday that a widow with her daughters called upon me, and, after asking me to lock the door of my room for fear she should be surprised in the house of a Gentile, unfolded her story of bitter wrongs and sufferings. The bishop of her ward had demanded her whole family, including herself in marriage. She had given up all she had for tithes and other taxes, and was now in the dilemma of either starving or of being compelled to share an incestuous bed with the daughters of her own body. With tears in her eyes, she prayed me to afford her the means of going to California in the Spring. These cases occur every day—indeed, the spirit of dissipation is universal. I have never conversed with a solitary woman who was not discontented with her situation and prospects. This speaks more than all the ingenious arguments in favor of polygamy, and demonstrates that the practical working of the "plurality system" is adverse to domestic love and happiness.

Here would be a great field for your strong-minded women. If a few Bloomers and fast young ladies would come out to Utah, and raise the cry of "virtue and independence" in the valleys of the mountains, the whole Mormon female community would rise in a mass and shake off the shackles that bind them. But there is no one here to lead them on. The fear of being cut off from the church, and of being sent to eternal hell across lakes, as Brigham classically expresses it, deters them from such a course, and the desert plains that hem them in on every side, prevent them from slipping secretly away to California or the States.

"QUESTION."—A certain rich man, showing his wealth, opened a chest of drawers, and being asked by a gentleman who was viewing it, what number of dollars the chest contained, answered that he had counted them two at a time, and there was one left; three at a time, and there was one left; four at a time, and one left; five at a time, and one left; six at a time, and one left; seven at a time, and one left; eight at a time, and one left; nine at a time, and one left; ten at a time, and one left; eleven at a time, and one left; twelve at a time, and one left; thirteen at a time, and one left; fourteen at a time, and one left; fifteen at a time, and one left; sixteen at a time, and one left; seventeen at a time, and one left; eighteen at a time, and one left; nineteen at a time, and one left; twenty at a time, and one left; twenty-one at a time, and one left; twenty-two at a time, and one left; twenty-three at a time, and one left; twenty-four at a time, and one left; twenty-five at a time, and one left; 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