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Poetry.

For the Intelligencer.

MATTERS MATRIMONIAL.

BY REA REED.

"Father, where is our Sammie to-night,—
Sammie so bold and so gay?
The twilight shadows are falling now,
Why does he stay away?
Sammie is handsome and manly, too,
And he will be good and great;
But, father, why is our darling boy
A staying away so late?"

"Our noble boy is a child no more,
He has grown to man's estate;
He has gone a courting Sallie Ray,
The reason he stays so late;
For her golden hair and eyes of blue
Have stolen his heart away,
And he goes in the holy twilight hour,
A wooing sweet Sallie Ray."

"Why does the maiden lur- him away,
Now we are growing so old?
And we have shielded him all his life,
Our love has never grown cold;
The maiden can never love as we
Have loved him all his years,
Who have led him along the path of life,
Sharing his smiles and tears."

"But, Mollie, remember long years ago,
When I was handsome and gay,
And you a maiden so fair and sweet,
That you stole my heart away,
I had a father old and gray,
And a mother kind and true,
Who loved me fondly all my life,
But my heart went out with you."

A blush crept over her withered cheek,
Her eyes shone clear and mild,
No longer she chided the lovely maid
For winning away her child;
She thought of the long ago, when she
Stood close to her lover's side
In the little church, where the man of God
Made her a happy bride."

SMYRNA, June 27th, 1870.

WHEN THIS OLD HAT WAS NEW.

BY AN EXPERT.

Before this hat was made,
King George was on his throne,
Our fathers all were rebels then,
And fought for Washington;
The Tories fought for old King George
The Revolution through,
And bragged about their loyalty,
Ere this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new,
The sons of that base crowd,
Revived the cry of loyalty,
And hurrahed it aloud!
The government our fathers made
For them could never day;
And they have torn its bulwarks down
Since this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new,
There was no public debt;
No greenbacks took the place of gold;
No millionaire had yet
His pile in seven-thirties spent
On which no tax was due;
But each man fairly paid his tax,
When this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new,
The land was in its prime;
Misegenation was unfought
In all this happy clime,
And white folks then were taught as
Good as Sambo, Cuff, or Sue;
But things have sadly changed about
Since this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new,
The poor white man was free
And never sent a brand new boy
Could dandle on his knee;
But now for every child he has
He is taxed till all is blue;
But things I tell you were not so
When this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new,
Gold dollars did abound,
And not a stamp in all the land
Could any where be found;
But now you dare not kiss your wife
Unless you stamp her, too;
Such things I tell you were not so
When this old hat was new.

Miscellaneous.

Dollie and the Two Smiths.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

My father was an Irishman and a writer of articles for Magazines. I have never written [pa]r a Magazine article myself. My mother I don't remember. She died shortly after my birth. One of my earliest arithmetical efforts consisted in the discovery that I had nine brothers and sisters, concerning whom, as they are all alive and are some of them Britons, I desire to speak only in complimentary terms.

I believe publishers did not pay so liberally in those days as I have reason to hope they do now, or possibly my father may have acquired dissolute habits through his contact with literary men; but from some cause or other I was so slenderly provided with food, clothing and education, and my home was so inconveniently crowded and uncomfortable, that I left it at the age of fifteen with an outfit consisting of one extra shirt, one ditto pair of socks, a comb, and thirteen-and-sixpence that I borrowed, without alluding to it at the time, from my eldest sister, who was keeping house and acted as treasurer generally, and whose balance in hand consisted of that amount. I have since paid it her back, with interest at 5 per cent. As, however, my present purpose in writing is not to dwell upon the varied and striking incidents in my own fortunes through life, so much as to portray certain scenes into which its destiny has led me, I will skip over the first twenty years after leaving home, and land myself in a neat white clapboarded house, with green venetians, and a verandah half round it, situated on a wooded hillside, and commanding a lovely view of a secluded lake about ten miles long and three wide, on the shores of which a few scattered clearings indicate that we are near the Atlantic, and in a part of the country not yet very thickly settled. Nevertheless we are in one of the eastern States of America, at no very great distance from a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, and can hear the shriek of the engines as the cars arrive at the little village, the head of the lake. As to whether that lovely creature with fair hair and blue eyes, and hands so small and white that it is a marvel how she can do so much house-work and preserve them as she does, and a pleasure to look forward to eating bread that they are now kneading,—I say, as to whether this young lady is my wife, or the "chattel," to take the legal English view of her, of that handsome broad-shouldered man unyoking a team at the door of the barn, is a matter in which we three only are concerned. It does not signify, either, who the farm or the two lithe, chubby children belong to; the point to which I wish to call my readers' attention is this. Here I am, an Irishman by descent, an Englishman by birth, a citizen of the United States by naturalization, and of the world by a considerable knowledge of it. I confess to only one inveterate prejudice, acquired doubtless from a long residence among pure and simple Asiatics, and this is an intense abomination of, and contempt for, all society calling itself civilized, and especially for that mongrel race of money-grubbers, whether they are located on this side of the Atlantic or the other, which calls itself Anglo-Saxon, and which, to an inordinate conceit, adds an almost inspired faculty for "peddling." If, therefore, the extremely sensitive feeling of my American readers are hurt by this record of my experiences of village life in their country, I only request them to wait until I publish a few observations upon which I am engaged in regard to the commercial morality of London as compared with that of New York, when they will have an opportunity of judging for themselves of my extreme impartiality, and of venting their spleen against England, by republishing my very original and uncomplimentary criticisms on that country, and pocketing the entire proceeds of the labor of my brains. I give them fair notice that for every dollar of which I am thus robbed I shall stick a pin into them somewhere; and people with such very thin skins had better make friends with me in time. I am to be bought. I have not purchased and paid for so many of my fellow-citizens without knowing to a cent what my own price is. My stock-in-trade consists of a certain faculty I have for wishing the dirty "soiled" we call it on this side—"dirty" is considered coarse here—linen of the Anglo-Saxon race in public. So much as regards myself.

The name of my broad-shouldered companion and fellow-laborer is Orange Z. Smith. As there are two other Orange Smiths in the neighborhood, we have to be very particular about the Z, pronounced zee, and not zed, in America, and so taught throughout the schools and colleges of the country. In the case of Orange, it does not stand for the first letter of any name, but is simply a distinctive middle initial; hence it follows that he is popularly known as Orange Zee. When our first little cherub was born, we called him Zuyder Zee, out of compliment to a Dutch ancestor on his mother's side. I may here remark that my name is also Smith. I dropped my Celtic patronymic and appropriated the English one upon the occasion of my taking the thirteen-and-sixpence from my sister above mentioned. The name of Zuyder Zee's mother is Mary, but she is called "Dollie." All the pet diminutives of female names in the States end in *ie*, and not in *y* as in England, perhaps because there is a more refined flavor about *ie* than about *y*; and all Dollie's correspondents address their letters to her, not by the Christian name of her husband, or even by her own Christian name, but tenderly and affectionately as "Mrs. Dollie Van Snook Smith," thus as it were inviting the affectionate sympathy and interest of the clerks in the post-office. So when I was so unfortunate the other day as to upset her out of the buggy and she broke her leg, the editor of the "Van Snookville *Democrat*" touchingly alluded to "the limb of Mrs. Dollie Smith, one of the most beautiful and highly respected residents of this township." Dollie's grandfather, Van Snook, had been the first settler here, and the town was called after him. When Zuyder Zee was born I asked Orange Zee whether the event ought not to be announced in the "Van Snookville *Democrat*," but he said it would not be considered proper to make any public allusion to the incident; and I remembered afterwards that I never saw a column for births in any American newspaper.—Long may it be before our Dollie figures in any other column! but whenever she does, her affectionate relations will stick to the pet diminutive, and will announce the departure, not "of Mary, wife of —— Smith," but of "Mrs. Dollie Van Snook Smith."

It is not necessary to say how Orange Zee and I first became acquantances and then frends, and then decided "to go to farming" together, and were attracted to this pretty hillside, and to the immediate neighborhood of the farm where Dollie was living with her parents. I had to trust to Orange Zee's farming experience in everything. My ignorance was so great that he never ceased wondering where I had been "raised." I should like to know how many of my readers know how to drive a nail so as not to split the wood. I think the profound contempt with which Orange Zee regards all Englishmen, to whom he owes his origin, is principally based upon the information which I gave him that there were actually many people in England who did not know how to drive a nail. Nor does he yet understand—as of course everybody must be constantly wanting to drive nails in England as in America—"what on earth they do, if they don't know how."

After Orange Zee and I had seen Dollie, and found that the adjoining farm was for sale, we determined to buy it; and by accidentally speaking to Dollie's uncle, to whom it belonged, and told him that the fences were all out of repair and the house was falling to pieces, and the meadows were all "run out," and that it was a miserable old place "any way," and not worth taking at a gift, Dollie's uncle saw at once from this that we were about to get hold of the place, and, as he was equally anxious to sell, he said that he had now given up all idea of selling, and intended to "hang on" to it. Orange Zee told me afterwards that the great art of buying and selling was to appear as if you did not want to buy or sell, and always to seem to hang back. So we hung back. As we were boarding with Dollie's parents, I found "hanging back," quite a pleasant occupation. At last one day Dollie's uncle came and said that he had been offered 75 dollars an acre for it by a farm, and that if we wanted it we had better speak, as he was going to let it go at that. To my surprise Orange Zee said he had just offered 50 dollars an acre for a better farm on the other side of the lake, and expected to get a decided answer from the proprietor to-morrow. I felt quite angry with Orange Zee when I heard this, as I hated the looks of the other side of the lake; and when Dollie's uncle went away, I told him he might go there if he liked by himself, but that I should continue to "hang back." He laughed at my innocence, and assured me that he had told Dollie's uncle was only as big a lie as what Dollie's uncle had told him, and "how else could we expect ever to get hold of the farm?" So then, of course, I said that it was all right, and we went on "hanging back." Finally, we had a talk with Dollie's father on the subject; and he said that if we would give him a hundred dollars down, and a note of hand at six months for a hundred more in case he succeeded, he would get the farm from his brother at 50 dollars the acre; but in that case we must leave the place for the present and seem to have given up all idea of settling here. Orange Zee told me afterwards that the old man (we always called Dollie's father "the old man") had held a mortgage over his brother, and by threats of foreclosure had induced him to sell. The old man was highly respected and looked up to for many miles round, as being the best horse-doctor and the "smartest" man at a trade generally to be found in that part of the country. He was also an elder of the Baptist Church, and exercised a most powerful gift on the occasion of "revivals" and "protracted meetings." When he found out how matters stood between Dollie, Orange Zee, and myself, he got nearly all our money out of us by secret promises of Dollie—first to one, and then to the other; and nothing but the precedent of Dollie herself taking a decided stand of her own, prevented our being turned out of the house Dollieless and penniless. The whole details of this financially romantic transaction were afterwards reported in the "*Van Snookville Democrat*;" and the old man's rival in politics and in piety, and who is to obtain a percentage on the whole amount resulting from the transaction. After we had obtained possession of the farm and of Dollie, we found that it would be necessary to improve our living accommodation; and instead of building we determined to buy a ready-made house which was for sale half a mile distant, and moved it to our own land—a proceeding which involved a great deal of the process known as "dickering." To dicker successfully, one must have a great aptitude for chewing straws and whitling. The great art is to force your opponent to be the first to put a value on the article to be bought or sold. You choose a morning when you are not busy, for it is ruinous to let any indication of anxiety or haste appear. You walk slowly with your opponent to a fence rail, and both sit leisurely across it, and chew straws thoughtfully. I say opponent, because, in one sense, every man is your natural enemy—all the members of the community, whether they are engaged in agriculture, commerce, or politics, being trained from their earliest infancy to prey upon each other's pockets. You find yourself engaged in a gigantic game of grab (which means getting all you can, and giving as little as possible in return), and the weakest goes to the wall. Some win the game as bullies, others as sneaks; but you have very little chance unless you are either the one or the other. Moreover, it is important to remember that if you do not treat every man with whom you have any dealings upon the assumption that he is both a liar and a rogue, he considers you a fool; nor is there the least danger of his feelings being wounded by your openly doubting and requiring proof of his assertions and assertions. This entire absence on your part of any gentlemanlike feeling excites his respect for your "smartness," and leads him to doubt equally every statement made by you in return as the highest compliment he can pay you. I remember my first attempt at a trade was made in Dollie's presence, and what I imagined were feelings of delicacy she called weakness, and my sense of honor she said was *non* sense, —a fossil sentiment which had its origin in ages fifty called "dark," when idiots in armour devoted themselves to the protection of weak-minded women when they might have been making money, and sacrificed their material progress to an abstraction called chivalry. I explained to Dollie that among the Anglo-Saxons on the other side of the Atlantic it was only considered honorable to tell the whole truth when it was necessary to screen the woman you had betrayed; and that, according to modern ideas of chivalry, it was not considered important that you should respect the virtue of your friend's wife, if you religiously paid him your gambling debts. Nor could I get this obtuse Dollie into anger, and maintain the scrupulous pursuit of dollars by men of business in the New World, was a more degrading occupation than the unlicensed pursuit of women by men of pleasure in the Old.

Orange Zee, who has an immense physique, trusts a good deal to his overbearing voice and manner in a trade, and it was amusing to hear him endeavor, by sheer force of will, to extort from little Deacon Brown a price for his house, and to see the little Deacon wriggle, and writhe, and protest that he had not the faintest idea of how much it was worth, and that he had been offered so much for a house in his life before, and that unless Orange Zee would make him an offer, he felt quite powerless and paralyzed. At least two hours elapsed before either of them would name a figure. I think it was Orange Zee, who, in spite of his browbeating, was forced to name a sum, which so wounded the Deacon's feelings, that he quietly rose and walked off without vouchsafing a word in reply, leaving our big Orange Zee ignominiously chewing his straw on the fence. Then little Deacon made the first score. It was protracted over many days with varying fortunes, and might finally be considered drawn, as I do not think we paid either too much or too little for the house.

The next thing was to dicker with the "house-mover" to transfer our new residence bodily on to our farm, which he did for a hundred dollars, with the assistance of an old broken-winded horse, a man, and a boy. The *modus operandi* is simple enough. You go into the woods and cut down two trees long enough to pass under the whole length of the building, which is of course of wood. By means of screws the house is raised from its under-pinning and placed upon these timbers, which are in their turn placed upon wheels; the old horse walks round and works a sort of capstan in the middle of the road, and attached by a rope to the house, which moves upon the wheels along planks placed under them as it slowly progresses. Most farmers in America are carpenters as well, and build their own houses without any assistance; but we were in a hurry, and Orange Zee had too great a contempt for my powers as an assistant for us to undertake it.

The most expensive operation was the purchase of stock. Twenty-five cows at from 40 to 80 dollars apiece, made a considerable inroad into what the old man had left of our capital.

Orange Zee and I work our whole farm of 100 acres without any help. We have a team for which we paid 300 dollars, and a lumber-wagon and a mowing machine, with ploughs, harrows, and other farm implements. Dollie has a German "help" called Katrine, who is not considered worth more than her board until she can speak English. We are consoled for her stupidity by her cheapness. She and Dollie milk all the cows, make all the butter, wash all the clothes, bake all the bread, cook all the food, and mend and make a great part of our clothing, to say nothing of looking after the children and the house generally.

We have a parlor with some ornaments made with dried "fall" leaves, and some cheap china shepherds and shepherdesses, and a picture worked by Dollie's mamma in worsted-work. This room is kept carefully closed, and its finery covered up, excepting on the monthly occasions when Orange Zee, in his capacity of class leader, has a prayer meeting in it. We live in the kitchen, out of which opened two bedrooms, a buttery, a wood shed, an attic staircase, and cellar staircase, so that the walls may be said to be almost composed of doors. Lizer shares the attic with dried apples and empty trunks.

The cooking is all done at a stove, not an open fireplace, a thing never to be seen in an American farmhouse. The staple articles of food are pork and beans, and apple-sauce; besides which Dollie is an excellent hand at corn-bread and griddle-cakes. We get up at five, and Orange Zee and I go out and do "the chores"—in other words, attend to the stock, draw water, and make Dollie's fire, chop wood, &c. At six we breakfast, and at mid-day we dine, and at six we have supper and do our "chores" again. The quantity of things Dollie does by machinery is surprising. She washes with a machine, and she dries with a machine, and she sews with a machine, and can knit a pair of stockings in half an hour with a machine, and makes butter with a machine, and pares apples with a machine; and she "cans" tomatoes and sweet corn, and preserves blackberries, and saves woodashes, and makes soap with "lye" which is water that has soaked through them), and is a perfect repository of domestic receipts; and turns out on Sunday to go to meeting with a big 'chignon' which she calls a 'waterfall,' and a long train as neatly *chausee* and *gentee* as if she lived on the Boulevards instead of on Beaver Lake. How she manages to effect these sudden and entire transformations is only one of the mysteries which attach to Dollie, and are a source of perpetual wonder and admiration to Orange Zee and myself. Then she takes in "The Revolution," and seems to me to have more advanced opinions on "Woman's Rights," than Susan B. Anthony herself; and she reads "The Radical" regularly, and watches the new development of the religious idea of Boston with such keen relish that I sometimes suspect she is a secret contributor. I verily believe she is cosresponding with those two strong-minded opponents of stringent ceremonial observances, Olive Logan and Eleanor Kirke, on the marriage question; but she does not at present admit either Orange Zee or myself into her reasons for always going to the post-office herself for her letters. We have perfect confidence in her, and are waiting without alarm for the results.—So long as she is the most efficient housewife in the county we have no right to complain; and I believe that It is when she is on her Knees scrubbing the floor that her most brilliant inspirations come to her, and suggest those abstruse problems of theology with which she occasionally plies Elder Fisher, much to that poor orthodox minister's embarrassment. Notwithstanding all which, there is not a Sunday School Teacher in the district (pronounced *dis*-strict,) more universally respected and beloved; and no "sewing bees" are so popular as those which our pretty little Mrs. Dollie gives alternately with Orange Zee's prayer-meetings in the front parlor. Upon these occasions the neighboring farmers' wives flock to the manufacture of our "pants" and petticoats, and discuss the latest inventions in sewing-machines and theology over an abundant supply of tea. Dollie is a specimen of a new type developed since the race was transplanted to America, and is as peculiar to the soil as are the beavers which used formerly to inhabit our lakes; and I believe, notwithstanding her regular attendance at Elder Fisher's, she is surely but silently sapping the foundations of his theology in the minds of a large section of his congregation. Like the beavers often used, I sometimes think that Dollie acts entirely by instinct, and without any exercise of the reasoning faculty. She always speaks under some strong, quick impulse, which is irresistible to the listener. A beaver is taught by instinction how to make use of his tail; why should not the same instinction teach a woman how to use her tongue? The fact that it has never done so yet, does not cause me to despair. Since I have known Dollie I have become sanguine. Orange Zee and I both feel that she is rapidly developing us into something, but we don't yet know into what. Time will show.

Meantime, like Dollie, we do as much farm work as we can by machinery too. We have a sowing machine and a mowing machine and a reaping machine.—In the hot hay-time we mow before breakfast, and rake and cure our hay with horse-rakes and tedders, and have it in on a patent process on to our wagon, and get our bright "Timothy" into our barn with another patent thing like a harpoon, the same afternoon. Think of that, you poor befogged farmers of the old country! The amount of hay that we can cut, cure, and mow away in one day is a great deal, but not equal to the quantity of cut grass that I would not mow when they might have been making money, and sacrificed their material progress to an abstraction called chivalry.