

PLEASANT PINE PLAINS, Jan., 1873.

MR. GODEY: I did not think to trouble you again with my epistles, but really I cannot resist the temptation of telling you about Miss Polly Ann Peachblossom's wedding, which took place a few weeks since. The girls wanted me to write you beforehand to ask your advice and opinion about their dresses for the occasion, and various other matters, for they said they wanted the wedding conducted very stylishly, now that Pleasant Pine Plains was becoming such a fashionable place. But I told them very bluntly I would not, for I did not think it was right to annoy Mr. Godey with so many useless questions; we would just discuss the matter among ourselves, and do the best we could. They took my advice, so we met in conclave and arranged it all ourselves.

Miss Araminta Jones, before leaving for the city, told the bride she must dress in pure white, with a wreath of orange flowers and a veil; and that according to her taste, the bridesmaids ought to wear dresses of "ashes of roses," trimmed with silver stars and white lace. We did not know where to get the silver stars, and were greatly puzzled to know what color ashes of roses was, and we were ashamed to write to Miss Araminta and expose our ignorance by asking her. Miss Araminta takes great pride in dictating about bridal dresses and wedding fixing; it is to her the most delightful thing next to being led to the altar herself.

Sally Sapiens said if it was the rosy time of the year she would burn some roses and let us see the ashes, so we would know what color they were. I told them I thought to come as near it as guesswork could; they had better trim their dresses with flounces, a pink one and an ash-colored one alternate.

"Yes," says Sally Sapiens, "that will look a little more lively, and do you not think, Mrs. Worthy, that something green mixed with it will be appropriate?"

I wish that girl would stay at home, she is so pert. She told them that faded flowers were worn by stylish people, and that her grandmother had a trunk full of old artificials that she had kept as a memento of her girlhood, and she guessed they were faded enough to suit the taste of the most fastidious, and perhaps she would let us have them. The girls sent for them immediately, and obtained them. We would have to send to Mobile for the orange wreath, and did not know whether it ought to look fresh or mashed up.

Miss Cally Salerhorn said, "I think if people will be so foolish as to get married, they need not make so much fuss and folderol about it; but if you can't get orange flowers, I've got some yaller flowers at my house, if they was open, would do 'bout as well, co-coris they call 'em." We laughed, and asked her if she thought orange flowers were yellow. "Why, yes," says she, "ain't oranges yaller?"

Old Mrs. Peachblossom said she did not have a wedding at her house every day, and she wanted Polly Ann to have a mighty fine supper, and begged us to try our best to make nice cake; but the cake would not rise, neither would the light-bread, and we had all sorts of mishaps, though we managed to make a pretty good supper at last.

Squire Fant said it was the wrong time of the moon, if the moon had have been on the increase we would have no trouble with the cake nor anything else.

"I expect that is the very reason," replied Miss Cally Salerhorn, "and the wedd'n ought to be put off on account of it. I have knowd my mother to try to make soap on the wane of the moon, but it wouldn't make, and she stirred it with a crooked sassafras stick, too, and throwd away the pothooks for good luck. Don't tell me! I know it's bad luck to undertake any kind of a job on the wane of the moon."

But Polly Ann could not be persuaded to put it off; she said she would not disappoint her intended if the cake was all dough.

Squire Fant is the oracle of the neighborhood. When any of us want to know the state of the weather beforehand, we consult him, and he can tell us to a minute, by the changes of the moon. I suppose the late Commodore Maury would have called Squire Fant and all the rest of us "moon worshippers," for I do not think he believes in that kind of moonology. But you may depend upon it, Mr. Godey, there is something in it, science or no science, seeing is believing. When the Squire predicts rain on the change of the moon, it is almost certain to rain, if not exactly at the specified time, either a few days before or a few days after, except in a dry spell. The Squire's the best gardener in the neighborhood, all the seed he does not plant on the fourteenth of February, he plants on the increase of the moon.

The wedding went off with great eclaw (Sally Sapiens says I did not spell that right, it ought to be *éclat*, but I don't believe it, that looks like I meant to say the wedding went off with a great clatter).

Miss Ella Fant, the Squire's daughter, was the finest looking lady there; she is quite a large young lady, and with all her flounces and furbelows, like Mr. Dickens's Mrs. Pardigle, when she walked on one side of the room she would knock down chairs on the other side. The young men call her Miss Ellie, and when they put the whole name together it sounds like they were speaking of that huge animal with the snout that we see sometimes with the circus.

Really, I have forgotten all this time to say anything about the bridegroom; well, he is not of much importance any way, only it is necessary to have a bridegroom in order to have a wedding. He looked as if he had just jumped out of a band-box, he was so starchy, and stared around with his pop-eyes as if he were astonished to find himself in the world again. His name is Jenkins Jones, and he is a cousin of Miss Araminta's. As soon as the ceremony was over he settled down in a corner, shook out his handkerchief, which wafted the odor of cinnamon to our noses, and there he sat like patience on a monument, not smiling at grief, but staring at space, until aroused from his stupor to conduct the bride to supper.

Respectfully, MARY ANN WORTHY.

ANCIENT DWARFS.—History has preserved the name of Conopas who belonged to Julia, the daughter of Augustus; he was two feet nine inches high. She had also a freed maid, called Andromeda, of the same diminutive proportions. Marc Antony had a dwarf below two feet whom, by way of irony, he called Sisyphus. Augustus exhibited in his plays a certain Lucius, who, as Suetonius relates, was born of honest parents, was less than two feet in height, weighed seventeen pounds, and had a very strong voice. Augustus caused his statue to be made, and so little did he consider expense that the apples of the eyes were represented by precious stones. This statue, formerly in the cabinet of the kings of France, represented an ill-proportioned, rickety abortion, with nothing of the air of a little adolescent, as natural dwarfs usually have. He might be supposed to be about thirty years old. Tiberius admired a dwarf to his table, and allowed him to ask the boldest questions, which he, taking advantage of, hastened the punishment of more than one State criminal. Domitian assembled such a number of these little creatures that he formed them into a troop of miniature gladiators. Pliny says, "Marcus Varus reported that Marius Maximus and Marcus Tullius were but two cubits, or two feet eleven inches high, and yet were they both gentlemen and knights of Rome; and, in truth, we ourselves have seen their bodies, as they lie embalmed, which testify the same thing." The taste for dwarfs continued to the reign of Alexander Severus; but that prince expelled the whole race, male and female, from his court, upon which the fashion for rearing them for traffic soon ceased throughout the empire.