D. R. Hooper
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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

THE ROAD OF LIFE.

BY S. LOVER.

Oh, youth, happy youth, what a blessing,
In thy freshness of dawn and of dew,
When HOPE the young heart is caressing,
And our griefs are but light and but few.
But in life as it swiftly glides o'er us—
Some musing for sadness we find;
In youth we've our troubles before us—
In age we leave pleasure behind.

Ay, trouble's the postboy that drives us
Up hill till we get to the top,
While JOY's an old servant behind us,
We call on forever to stop.
Oh, put on the drag, JOY my jewel,
As long as the sunset still glows;
Before it is dark 'twould be cruel
To haste to the hill-foot's repose.

But there stands an INN we must stop at—
An extinguisher swings for a sign;
The house is but cold and but narrow,
But the prospect beyond is divine!
And there, whence there's never returning,
When we travel, as travel me must,
May the gates be all free for our journey,
And the tears of our friends lay the dust.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

My father died, God rest his soul,
When years I numbered two,
And left me 'midst the world alone,
To paddle my own canoe.

A step-grandaddy, now no more,
Taught me my P's and Q.—
And ever in my ears he dinn'd
You'll paddle your own canoe.

My home was no Elysian spot
Of bright and sunny hue,
And therefore I the sooner left,
To paddle my own canoe.

And thro' the world I roamed at large,
O'er land and ocean blue;
And though the struggle oft was hard,
I paddled my own canoe.

For thus I argued, man to man
Is often times untrue;—
Then while with health and strength you're blest,
Just paddle your own canoe.

As partners in the strife for gain
Self-interest will pursue;
And leave you with their debts, perhaps,
To paddle in your canoe.

And then no sympathy you'll find
From friends that once were true—
They knew you lost when first you ceased
To paddle your own canoe.

But I one cherished object sought
And ever kept in view—
A friend of pure unsullied heart,
To paddle in my canoe.

A friend she is in need and deed—
Her interest mine is too—
We twain are one—I still may say
I paddle my own canoe.

Miscellaneous.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

In passing along one of our streets the other day, a little fellow fell in with an old salt, who was shivering, with three sheets in the wind.

"Ship ahoy?" hailed the tar—and the little chap hauled up alongside. "Where away may be the Seaman's Mansion?"

The lad proffered to show him, and they held along together—the sailor steering very wildly, sometimes hard up, as though he had struck a heavy sea, and then yawning off to the right or left, as the case might be.

"I am not exactly water-logged," said he, "but have too much of a deck load, and my top hamper is rather heavy for my ballast; eh! A little too much of the critter aboard—hick! you understand.—Shun the rum, the *blue rum*, my little man, as you'd avoid old Timbertoes! Shiver my topsails! but it has been the ruin of me.—Shun the critter, my lad, as you'd shun a pestilence!"

The lad promised to bear in mind this advice, and then asked him why he did not sign the temperance pledge.

"And where may that temperance pledge be found?" inquired he.

His young comrad informed him that there was to be a temperance meeting at the Exchange that evening, and offered to go with him if he would sign the pledge.

"What a child urging me to sign the pledge! I'll go. Come in here, my little one, (by this time they had arrived opposite the Seaman's Mansion,) and take supper with me; as soon as we've got the ballast in, we'll haul up for this same temperance meeting. Stave in my bulwarks, if we won't."

The little fellow stuck to him, and as soon as supper was over, went with him to the temperance meeting, where the old salt signed the pledge. As he did so, he remarked that whenever he was tempted to drink, he would think of that little boy's care for his welfare.

We doubt not but that warm-hearted old tar will keep his pledge so long as his "timbers" hold together. The next day he went to sea, not forgetting to call upon his juvenile friend before his departure. And he assured him that he should seek his wife and family on his return.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—Dow jr., who preaches a short sermon through the columns of the New York Sunday Mercury every Sabbath, thus talks of Autumn and its glories. It is eloquent, and the last sentence is sublime:

"When I look upon the wan features of the fields—take a survey of the devastated dominions of Flora—and then behold with what a gorgeous apparel the woodlands are arrayed—I can't help thinking that some spirit hand has collected all our bright and favorite flowers, thrown them into a cauldron, boiled them together, and poured the dye-stuff upon every grove and forest!—yes, and be-sprinkled the whole with the powder of past summer's rainbows. How calm!—how quiet!—how beautiful! The skies have assumed a more tranquil hue—the atmosphere is milder than of late—the distant mountains have donned bluer mantles—and heaven touches the hill tops nearer home—and the sunsets!—the golden sunsets!—glorious sunsets—Oh! they are enough to make a man holler for somebody to hold him by the coat-tail!"

SAYING FROM THE PERSIAN.

The horse that is ever bounding, makes a short journey long. The man who is ever vaunting performeth little.

Muscles open their mouth only to swallow the pearls dropped from the stars.—Wise men open theirs only to utter words more precious than pearls.

The King has many servants, but no friend. The Arab has no servants, but he has his horse. The Arab is richer than the King.

The rose is sweetest when it first opens and the spikenard root when the herb dies. Beauty belongs to youth, and dies with it, but the odor of piety survives death, and perfumes the tomb.

The fishes are mute, lest they should reveal the secrets of the great deep. Solomon knew them, and yet he died.

The traveller in the desert, when his camel runs his nose into the sand, throws himself upon his face and death flies over him. What the prudent man sees the Viziers do that doeth he likewise, and so saveth his head.

Fire createth all things and destroyeth all things. A little is life, a gr[illegible] death.

Love is like a diamond [illegible] It is precious but imperfe[illegible] desert. It makes wise me[illegible] makes not folly discreet.

The Nightingale sings not by day, [illegible] then the angels sleep. They wake wh[illegible] the stars, and she cheers them in their watching.

Life, to the young, is a fairy tale just opened—to the old it is a tale read through, ending with death.

The wise man was asked, what cures all misfortunes? and he answered—death! A fool was asked the same question, and he answered—nothing!

A sage and a poor shepherd looked for truth. The sage searched for her among the stars. The shepherd found her at his feet.

Poetry is like a mirage. It magnifies small things, and gives to common things singular forms.

Happiness, like a snail, is never found from home.

Misery is written on the portals of Paradise. Joy is written on the gates of Hell.

The Rose prayed for a gift, and the Genius gave it thorns. The Rose wept, until it saw the Antelope eating Lillies.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

A STORY OF POCKET PICKING.

The adroitness of the nimble-fingered gentry who make pocket picking their *profession*, is often a matter of astonishment to the unpractised. We have heard of a case which illustrates the *legerdemain* of this wide-spread and dangerous species of villainy more thoroughly than any other we have heard of. It may be relied upon as authentic.—*Albany Citizen.*

A few weeks since, a gentleman at the Astor House, in New York suddenly missed a gold watch, which was worth more to him than it could be to any body else. He marvelled much at its absence, for he knew he had only been in and out of the Office and Reading Room of the Hotel since he noted the hour by it. In the hope of recovering it, he advertised his loss and offered a reward of $50. The same day he received a note, informing him that he could have his watch by calling at a certain house in an obscure part of the city. After some little hesitation he resolved to go. The watch was too valuable to him to be given up without at least this attempt to recover it. So he went. His call at the door was promptly answered by a very gentlemanly looking person, who in reply to his inquiries, replied that he had in his possession the advertised watch, and that on payment of the offered reward he would deliver it up. The loser promised to pay the $50, provided he was convinced the watch was his. It was exhibited, and the gentleman recognised it at once, paid the reward, and gladly placed the recovered treasure in its place in his vest pocket. As he was turning to go away he remarked.

"I am glad, as you may suppose, to get my watch back again, but I should really be pleased to know how you took it from me."

"That I will inform you," readily replied the pick-pocket. "Now you remember holding an animated conversation with two other gentlemen in the Reading-room of the Astor house on the morning you lost your watch?"

"I do," replied the loser.

"Well, do you not also remember that a gentleman who stood near by left his newspaper, drew near, and finally joined in the discussion?"

"Very distinctly" replied the other "and also that he engaged in it with much warmth."

"Precisely," continued the narrator, "and do you not remember that he at one time, in his earnestness, tapped you two or three times on the left breast *thus*?" (suiting the action to the word.)

"Yes," replied the gentleman.

"*Then* I took your watch," said the other, and turning, shut the door and disappeared.

The gentleman returned to the Astor, musing on this strange occurrence, and while relating it to some of his wondering friends, was astonished to find that his watch was again missing! When the adroit knight of the nimble-fingers described how he had *once* filched from him his watch, he took it again! So the gentleman finally lost his watch, after having paid to the thief the reward for its recovery.

ON PRAYER.

Prayer [illegible] of our spirit, the stillness [illegible] the evenness of recollection [illegible] meditation, the rest [illegible] calm of our tempest [illegible] quiet mind of [illegible] the daughter of [illegible] weakness; and he [illegible] angry, that is, [illegible] posed spirit, is [illegible] battle to meditation [illegible] in the outquarters [illegible] a perfect alienation [illegible] and therefore [illegible] attention, which [illegible] a right line to [illegible] seen a lark rising from [illegible] grass, and soaring upwards [illegible] as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb over the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud singings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings: till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes thro' the air about his ministries here below; so is the prayer of a good man.

Prayers are but the body of the bird; desires are its angel's wings—*Bishop Taylor.*

[illegible] VERY [illegible] Apply to [illegible]

AGR[illegible]
THE [illegible] for [illegible] meeting [illegible] of B. M[illegible] Wednes[illegible] By orde[illegible]

Chris[illegible]
THE AN[illegible]

Lake [illegible] their [illegible] were [illegible] fated [illegible]

H[illegible]

MORE[illegible]
THE [illegible] fresh [illegible] which, [illegible] will ma[illegible] They [illegible] altar [illegible] soul; [illegible] consisting [illegible] which the [illegible] time for th[illegible] ness— [illegible] 23, 18[illegible]

[illegible] recollecte[illegible]
His smile [illegible] with splendor
The blue arch above.

Confiding, believing,
Oh, enter always
"His courts with thanksgiving—
His portals with praise!"

Not come to the temple
With pride in thy mien;
But lowly and simple,
In courage serene.

Bring meekly before him
The faith of a child,
Bow down and adore Him,
With heart undefiled;

And "by the still waters,"
And through the green shade,
With Zion's glad daughters,
Thy path shall be made!

THE BLESSINGS OF CHRISTIANITY.—A beautiful writer says that Christianity enters the hut of a poor man, and sits down with him and his children; it makes them contented in the midst of privations, and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks thro' cities amid all the pomp and splendid, their imaginable pride and their unutterable misery, a purifying, ennobling, redeeming angel. It is alike the beautiful champion of childhood, and the comforting associate of age. It ennobles the noble, gives wisdom to the wise, and new graces to the lovely. The patriot, minister, poet, and eloquent man derive sublime power from its influence.

ANAGRAM.

If you transpose what ladies wear—VEIL—
'Twill plainly show what bad folks are— [VILE.
Again, if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name—LEVI.
Change it again, and it will show
What all on earth desire to do—LIVE.
Transpose the letters yet once more,
What bad men do, you'll then explore— [EVIL.

An apothecary in Salem has written over his door—"All kinds of *dying stuff* sold here."

RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES.—☞According to 'The Bankers' Weekly Circular' there are 104 Railroads in the U. States, measuring in the aggregate 4,624 miles and built at a cost of over 130 millions of dollars. The longest road is the Central Railroad of Georgia, which is 190 miles in length, but its cost is put down very much below several other routes of not more than half the distance. We compile from the table a list of the roads which have cost over two millions, viz:

	Miles.	Cost.
Boston & Worcester,	44	$2,914,071
Western (Mass.)	117	6,186,202
Stonington,	49	2,600,000
Camden & Amboy,	61	3,200,000
N. Bruns. Branch,	26	
Trenton do	8	
New Jersey,	34	2,000,000
Phila. & Baltimore,	93	4,400,000
Baltimore & Ohio,	188	7,623,600
South Carolina,	136	5,671,452
Columbia Branch,	60	
Central, Geo.,	190	2,581,723
Eastern,	54	2,338,631
Norwich & Worcester,	66	2,170,366
Utica & Schenectady,	78	2,168,165
Columbia, Pa.	82	4,204,990
Reading,	94	9,457,570
Balt. & Susquehanna,	58	3,000,000
Georgia,	192	3,000,000

In New Jersey there are 9 Rail Roads, running in the whole 190 miles, and their aggregate cost was $6,600,000. In Great Britain there are 1768 miles of Railway, built at a cost of $68,144,961. In Germany there are 3565 miles of Rail Road.

POLITICAL.

[From the Boston Post.]

WHO IS JAMES K. POLK?

"Who is James K. Polk?" was the question that, all through their camp was asked by the Whigs in derision, and answered in scorn, when the nomination of the Baltimore convention was made. He was an obscure man—they pretended to believe—a third rate man, of little mental calibre, of small views, of but a local reputation, of narrow statesmanship, who had a tyrant for a patron, and a tory for a[illegible] Even Henry Clay showed something of this in one of his letters, where he counselled his friends to work just as hard for him as though a larger man had been selected by the Democrats to run him down. From the stately National Intelligencer down to the pettiest local newspaper, the question was put—"Who is Jas. K. Polk?"

The Democrats, in reply pointed to the long and efficient and consistent services their candidate had rendered in the national legislature—to his lucid reports and able speeches—the firmness in the thickest of the fight where the blows fell the hardest—and to his irreproachable life, for an answer to the question. Still the Whigs pretended to shake their heads and scatter their doubts; the very men that went tooth and nail for Harrison, professed to question the ability of Polk; they still kept asking,—"Who is James K. Polk?"

The Democrats, again pointed to his course as Speaker of the House of Representatives, when he controlled the fiery spirits of Congress with perfect ease and dignity; to his patriotism in complying with the wishes of the people of Tennessee in leaving Congress and going into a local contest then regarded as hopeless; to his splendid success, and to his admirable administration of the Gubernatorial affairs of his State. They kept up their old derision and scorn. "Who," they asked, "is James K. Polk?"

The battle day came; the canvass bro't forth on the one side a perfect shower of letters from Clay, exhortatory, exhibitory, explanatory; driving up his friends in this quarter, coaxing them and encouraging them in another; while Col. Polk remained calm as a summer's morning awaiting the issue, referring inquirers to his past life as a pledge of his future career. Observing Whigs, thinking men, shook their heads as they read Clay's epistles, while they secretly approved the appropriate course of his opponent, and felt every day less disposed to ask in scorn and derision, "*Who is James K. Polk?*"

At length Henry Clay was beaten, and Whig rage knew no bounds. Col. Polk was now represented as a smaller man than ever, who, with nothing but a partisan political capital, had unhorsed the greatest statesman of the age. How hot and fast did Whig tears flow for our country!—How low had it sunk itself in the eyes of the world! And the people—how was it that they were so misguided and deluded into the triumphant support of a candidate for so exalted an office, that was so intellectually unfit for this station? Look at Clay, they said, with his long line of service; and they renewed the question,—"*Who is James K. Polk?*"

Soon the President elect was called upon to act—to make a few replies to congratulary addresses. These replies were dignified, moderate, appropriate. He was obliged to do the same thing in his journey to the seat of government. Thus he mingled extensively with his fellow-citizens, and his bearing was appropriate, his replies considerate. The cabinet appointments next occupied the public mind; the new President kept his counsels to himself. By this time the Whigs had become somewhat calmed; or rather they were extensively occupied in getting up a commercial panic, and telling who of laboring men should first be dismissed from employment. But the common sense portion of the party—the candid—noted the wise course of the new President, and now began to ask in seriousness, "*Who is James K. Polk.*"

After that came the inaugural address; the people everywhere approving of it.—The Executive action was in reference to the Texas question; and here it is enough to say that intriguing European diplomatists were placed *hors du combat.* Then came Mexican bravado—threats of war.—To meet invasion, the Executive was prompt and ready to assume the responsibility, and our border bristled with bayonets. The turn had now come for Democrats to speak. They pointed proudly to these evidences that there was a man of nerve, a statesman, at the head of government—one worthy to be there—and to many a mortified Whig has the question been put, have you found out "*Who is James K. Polk?*"

And now the country has before it the first annual message of James K. Polk.—To say that it is clearly, manfully, ably written, with nothing of the non-commital about it, is but what the Whigs admit.—But this is not plain enough. It is a document worthy of the occasion, and yet such a paper as those who knew thoroughly who James K. Polk was expected, and, from his whole political course had a right to expect. It is wholly an American production; American in feeling and in principle. It places this nation in a proud and commanding attitude in the eyes of the world; and establishes James K. Polk's claim to be regarded in fact, as he is in name, the head of the nation.

Who is James K. Polk? do the Whigs still continue to ask? Democrats may reply [illegible] a statesman worthy of his exalt[illegible] who has the sagacity to compre[illegible]tion and what his country [illegible]nds, and the firmness to per[illegible] with fearlessness and independe[illegible], in our foreign relations, takes a sta[illegible] that will astonish Europe, and as to our domestic relations, proposes a policy that will command its admiration. Fortunate for the democracy, fortunate for the people, fortunate for America, fortunate for international freedom the world over, is it that James K. Polk is the man that is President of the United States.

Report

OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

From the Report of the Hon. Cave Johnson, Postmaster General, accompanying the President's Message, the Constitution has compiled the following facts, which we copy for the information of our readers:

Extent in miles of post roads over which mails were transported on the 30th of June, 1845.	143,844
Amount of transportation during the year ending do.	36,631,269
On horseback & in sulkies, 11,225,631	
By stage and coaches, 17,924,046	
By steamboats & railroads, 6,484,592	
Which cost	$2,905,594
On horseback and in sulkies, $648,482	
By railroads & steamboats, 1,476,079	
For local [illegible] agents and [illegible] incidental to [illegible] steamboats,	37,513
Num[illegible] employed by the de[illegible] 1845,	8,278
[illegible] agents,	90
[illegible] messengers,	114
[illegible] local agents,	13
[illegible] of miles of transportation exceeding [illegible] year,	224,645
[illegible] less by	$62,791
Number of post offices 30th of June, 1845,	14,183
Do. do. established preceding year	352
Do do. discontinued do.	269
Do do this day.	14,003
Do. Postmasters adpointed during year	3,033
On account of deaths or resignations,	1,897
Do. change of site of post office,	17
Do. removals,	753
Do. commissions expired and not re-appointed,	14
Do. establishment of new post-offices,	353
516 contractors have been fined to the extent of	$10,511 50
The revenue of the department was	$4,289,841 80
The expenditures	4,320,731 99
The nett revenue, after deducting commissions of postmasters, and contingent and incidental expenses,	$2,942,217 27

Estimated falling off from change in rates of postage, at 45 per cent. Assuming this to be correct, and that the saving on contracts let and to be let will equal the expenses of new routes and improved service, there will be a diminution of means $1,323,997.

The reduction of cost of transportation of mails in New England States and New York, for the year ending 30th June next, while the same amount of service will be performed as last year, will be $252,752.

The letting of new routes in the above States will amount to $36,200.

Of sixty seven railroad contracts in these States, only thirty-five have been adjudged in consequence of exorbitant demands. The railroad service performed in one tenth part of the whole, the pay they receive one fifth part.

Should there be a similar saving in the other divisions in letting the new contracts, there will be further saving—

In the Western section in the year ending 30th June, 1847, $235,000.

Southern section in the year ending 30th June, 1848, of $238,000.

Middle section in year ending 30th June, 1849, of $180,000.

The compensation to postmasters and expenses of offices for the year ending 30th of June, 1845, $1,400,875 18.

The resignations consequent upon the new law, previous to the issuing of the circular, giving the postmaster the same compensation as last year, amount to over two thousand.

Alludes to the frauds committed under the weight system, one envelope which accidentally broke, was marked post-paid $1 60; containing one hundred letters, which were liable to $10 postage.

Recommends, if the weight system is to be continued, its reduction to a quarter of an ounce for a single package.

In 1828, the weight of the mails for one week in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond, and the whole weight amounted

to	-	55 211 lbs.
The newspapers weighed		44 868 "
Periodicals	do	8,857 "
Letters free & taxable weighed		1,916 "

At present he believes the printed matter is nine tenths of the weight conveyed, and that it pays only one tenth of the expense.

He recommends that the rates of postage be hereafter 5 cents for a single letter under 50 miles.

10 cents for a single letter over 300 miles.

These rates he proposes to continue until the 30th of June, 1848, and then abolish the 15 cent. rate, and restore the rates as at present. He recommends also the restoration of the former rates of postage on printed matter, giving the right to the publishers of conveying such matter out of the mails if they think proper; also, a limitation of the number of exchange papers which the other may send and receive free of postage, instancing the fact that there are now from 1700 to 1800 newspaper establishments, as proof of the abuse which may be practised under the law as at present. Also, the restoration of the franking privilege to the postmasters; and that all persons who, under the old law, being in employ of Government, had the privilege of receiving letters free, should have that privilege restored to them. He also recommends most strenuously and energetically the making the *payment of all postage imperative upon the senders.* The report states that there are estimated to be not less than 300,000 dead letters returned to the Post-office Department quarterly; and, during the first quarter under the operation of the new law, 400,000, the postage on which is lost to the Government, as well as an immense amount of printed matter which is never taken out of the offices. The magnetic telegraph between Baltimore & Washington has cost, between the 1st of April and 1st of October, $3,244 89, (including Prof. Morse's salary, and the receipts have been $413 41.

DEMOCRATS.

Who resented the insult offered to the nation by the impressment of American Seamen, prior to the war of 1812? The democrats. Who repelled the aggressions committed by a proud and insolent foe?—The democrats. After every means to obtain satisfaction had been resorted to and failed who procured the declaration of war for the purpose of vindicating the rights of man and maintaining the national honor? The democrats. Who voted supplies and raised the forces requisite to a successful prosecution of the second war of Independence? The democrats. Who fought our battles and led our armies to victory and glory! The democrats. When France had violated her plighted faith by refusing to fulfil the stipulations of a solemn treaty, after a delay to do us justice of more than a quarter of a century, who threw themselves in the breach between the rights, honor and dignity of the nation, and insult degradation and infamy? The democrats. In no emergency have they failed promptly to perform their duty as citizens and patriots. In the most critical junctures which the history of the nation records, they have been found foremost to repel any insult offered to national dignity; to turn back the tide of war upon the invaders; to exhaust their treasures, to pour out their blood, for the preservation of our rights and independence; and while they have, on all occasions, evinced a readiness to defend the rights and interests of the country, at the peril of life and property, is there not a corresponding obligation on the part of the country to support them?

COINCIDENCES.—We were struck, the other day, in looking at a work called the Lives of the Presidents," with a few curious coincidences of numbers which relate to the line of 5 Presidents, beginning and ending with an Adams. Here is a table, for instance, of the periods in which they were born and went out of office.

Born.		Retired.
1735,	John Adams,	1801
1743,	Thomas Jefferson,	1809
1751,	James Madison,	1817
1759,	James Monroe,	1825
1767,	John Quincy Adams,	1829

Now, it will be seen by this that Jefferson was born just eight years after his predecessor Adams; Madison eight years after his predecessor, Jefferson; Monroe eight years after Madison, and John Quincy Adams eight years after Monroe. Another curious fact to be observed is, that Adams was just sixty-six years old when he retired; Jefferson was sixty-six; Madison was sixty-six; Monroe was sixty-six; and John Quincy Adams, had he been elected to a second term, would have been sixty-six. Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe, all died on the 4th of July.—*U. S. Journal.*

Put this in your Pipe.—Here is what the New York Courier and Enquirer, one of the leading whig papers of that State, said about the present tariff, just after it became a law:

'Our tariff is too high for the best interests of the country—*higher, far higher than Mr. Clay approves,* and beyond all question public opinion will compel its modification.'

AN EGYPTIAN BRIDE.—Mehement Ali is making splendid preparations for the marriage of his daughter, which is appointed to take place early next month. The viceroy has caused to be decorated after the European fashion several apartments of the palace, destined for the use of the married couple. He has ordered from London and Paris complete and magnificent sets of furniture; and the other marriage presents are also on a scale of extraordinary magnificence, the diamonds alone are valued at 5,000,000f. (£200,000.)

Ringing in.—Beau Hickman is flourishing at Washington, living luxuriously on shape and talent

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