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THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the future cries,
"On! on!"—but o'er the past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of life is o'er!
No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams,
And where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what etheral dances,
By what eternal streams.

MESMERISM AND MATRIMONY;

OR,

SCIENCE VERSUS WIDOW.

Martin Speed was a bachelor. He had backed and filled, and hesitated and doubted about entering upon the "blissful estate" of matrimony, until the fire of youthful passion was all spent, and matrimony had become a problem to him as dry and formal as one in old Walsh's arithmetic; to be ciphered out for an answer as much as that proposition about carrying the fox, goose, and bag of corn across the creek, that everybody "problemly" remembers. Being a phrenologist, he left the province of hearts altogether, and to examining heads, to ascertain by craniological developments a woman's fitness for the position of a wife to Martin Speed, Esq., as letters came addressed to him at the Speedwell post-office. The town of Speedwell was named for an ancestor of his, and boasted of several thousands of inhabitants; and, as it was a factory place, it had a goodly share of good-looking marriageable girls.

Martin studied Combe and Spurzheim, and Gall, and grew bitter as disappointment saw him enter his forty-first year a bachelor. He looked back on the past, and saw the chances he had neglected, and the happiness of those who had started with him, and were now portly people, the heads and fronts of families; and the delicate damsels he had slighted, respected mothers in Israel, and exemplary and amiable wives. He sought every opportunity for examining the heads of such as would submit themselves to his hand with a hope of catching the bachelor; for they knew his weakness, and he was well-to-do, and an eligible match.—But in vain he looked for perfection. The bumps would not be arranged as he wished them. If he took a liking to a pretty face, phrenology impertinently gave it the lie straight, and he at once avoided it.

It was at this juncture that a biological lecturer—a grave professor in that science—came to Speedwell and gave a series of exhibitions.—These Martin attended, and biology at once became an "intensity" with him—a "new emotion." He attended all the exhibitions; saw men personate roosters and crow; hens and scratch; shiver with cold or burn with heat, at the will of the operator; saw a miser endeavor to clutch an eagle held out to him while under the influence of the wonderful spell, and the tongue of a woman stilled who for twenty years had been the pest of Speedwell by her loquacity.

This put the mind of Martin on a new track. He sold his old phrenological works, and devoted himself to the study of the wonderful science through which such marvels were performed. The professor was a fine teacher, and Martin placed himself under his tuition. He succeeded admirably. In a short time he surpassed his instructor, and had more than his powers in influencing the susceptible among his weak brethren and sisters.

He formed a resolution to himself that through this means he could gain a wife. Could he find one that his science could control—one that at a glance he could transfix, like the man who was stopped by the mesmerizer half way down, as he was falling from the roof of a house—he would marry her; for the reason, dear reader, that Martin had not married was, that he had heard of wives wearing the —— authority over their lords, and he was a timid man. In this new science he saw security, and sedulously sought for one of the right description. At every party where he was invited, at every sewing-circle, at every knot of factory girls in which he mingled in the summer evenings, he tried his art, but without success. At last, when on the point of despairing, accident gave what he had failed of obtaining by earnest seeking. A widow—dangerous to bachelorie peace, as edged tools are to the careless hands of the inexperienced—came to the village on a visit. The weeds had not been removed that marked her bereavement, and the merest touch of melancholy rested on her brow; but her eye was laughing, and a sweet curl strayed away and lay like a cherished eddy upon the marble of her cheek. She had a jewel on her hand, and the black dress she wore was cut judiciously—the milliner that cut it had been a widow herself, and knew how to manage such matters—showing a beautiful white shoulder, and revealing a bust of rare loveliness.

Martin met the widow at the residence of a friend, and liked her. He had never seen so prepossessing a woman, he thought. But she had buried one husband, and that was rather a drawback. One visit led to another, the liking still increasing, until he broached the subject of biology, with a wish fervently felt that this might be the woman he sought. She was fully acquainted with it, and, in answer to his question if she was susceptible to its influence, she replied that she didn't know, but was willing to have the fact tested. What a position for Martin! Seated by her side on a sofa, with her hand laid in his, her rich dark eyes resting upon him with a look equal to that which the widow Wadman poured into those of the unsuspecting Toby in the stillness of a summer evening! But science held him secure, and his nerves were calm as the summer day of that evening. By and by the beautiful lids drooped, the head bent gently forward, and the widow, with a sweet smile upon her lips, lay fast asleep. Martin could have shouted "Eureka," in his delight at the discovery. Now his pulse quickened, and he stooped to kiss the lips that lay unresisting before him; but he didn't. By the exercise of his power he awakened her, and she was much surprised at being caught napping, and blushed at the strangeness of it; and blushed more when Martin told her how he had been tempted, and how gloriously he had resisted; and laughed a little when she slapped his cheek with her fingers as he took pay from the widow's lips for his self denial, and went home half crazy with joy at his new found treasure, more like a boy of nineteen than a matured gentleman of forty.

Every night found him a visitor at the widow's, and every night the success of the science was proved, until by a mere look or wave of the hand the beautiful widow became a subject to his will, and he became at the same time a subject to hers. She was such a splendid creature, too!—You would not find in a long journey another fairer, or more intelligent, or more virtuous. The question might be asked, which magnetism was the most pleasant or most powerful, his or hers? But he thought only of his own, not deeming that he was in a spell more powerful, that was irrevocably binding him. What could an old bachelor know of such a thing?

This state of things grew to a crisis at last, and Martin formally proposed to the widow that the two should be made one by the transmutation of the church. To this she assented; and it was announced soon after, to the astonishment of all, that Martin Speed had married the widow Goode. The punster of the village made a notable pun about Good Speed, at which people laughed very much; and the editor of one of the papers, who was a very funny man, put it in print.

It happened, shortly after the marriage, that they had a famous party, and some of the guests bantered Martin about his marriage, upon which he told them of the manner it came about. They were a little incredulous, and he volunteered to give them some specimens of his remarkable power over his wife. She was in another room attending to some female friends, when he called her to him. She came obediently, and he asked her to sit down, which she did. He took her hand and looked into her eyes, to put her to sleep. Her eyes were wide open, and a lurking spirit of mischief looked out of them broadly into his. He waved his hands before them, but they remained persistently. He bent the force of his will to their subjugation, but it was of no use.

"Mr. Speed," said she, laughing, "I don't believe the magnetism of the husband is equal to that of the lover; or, perhaps, science and matrimony are at war."

She said this in a manner to awaken a strong suspicion in his mind that she had humbugged him, and had never been put to sleep at all. His friends—as friends will when they fancy a poor fellow has got into a hobble—laughed at him, and told the story all round the village. For months he was an object of sport to everybody. People would make passes over each other as he passed, and women would shut their eyes and look knowing. But, whether *his* power had gone or not, *hers* remained; and he cared not a fig for their laughing, for he was happy in the beautiful spell of affection which she threw over him, that bound him as a chain of flowers. The attempt to close her eyes was never repeated, for he was too glad to see them open to wish to lose sight of them. Life with Speed sped well, and Martin became a father in time. He never regretted the expedient he adopted to get his wife, though he never could make out exactly whether she humbugged him or not.—*Knitting Work.*

The Labor of Making Hoops.

A correspondent of the Hartford Times gives the following curious facts respecting the manufacture of steel hoops for ladies' skirts, at the mill of Henry S. Washburn, of Worcester, Mass.:

He showed us a specimen of No. 62 iron wire, finer than a hair. It weighed only seven ounces, and was 68,900 feet, or 13 miles, 15 rods, 12 feet and 6 inches in length! It was drawn cold from a piece of iron ⅛ inch in diameter. Mr. Washburn manufactures 20,000 yards a day of steel crinoline, or flat wire, which is hard tempered and covered, all ready for the ladies' skirts. The manufacture of this kind of wire, or hoops, is immense. Mr. Washburn estimates that at least 5,000 tons of steel and iron are usually in this way for the ladies of the United States, South America and Mexico. It is sold, when covered, at wholesale, at about fifty cents a pound, and about three-quarters of a pound is required for each. Indeed, we suppose that his estimate of 5,000 tons of hoop a year is quite too low. There are, undoubtedly, ten millions of females in this country and the South American States who wear hoops.—Many of them wear out half a dozen skirts a year; suppose the average to be three a year to each, and that the iron of each weighs only half a pound—we have 15,000,000 of pounds of steel and iron hoops used up by the ladies of the United and South American States every year, or 7,552 tons costing $7,500,000.

Number One.

One hour lost in the morning by laying in bed will put back all the business of the day.

One hour gained by rising early is worth a month in a year.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once.

One diseased sheep will spoil a flock.

One unruly animal will teach all others in company bad tricks.

One sinner deseroyeth much good.

One drunkard will keep a family poor and make them miserable.

One wife that is always telling how fine her neighbor dresses and how little she can get, will look pleasanter if she talks about something else.

One husband that is penurious or lazy, and deprives his family of necessary comforts, such as their neighbors enjoy, is not as desirable a husband as he ought to be.

One good newspaper is one good thing in every family, and—

One who don't take a good paper and pay for it, is one unworthy citizen, and disregards the best interests of his family.

"Who are Responsible?"

The Baltimore American, in the course of a trenchant article, in which it deals vigorously with the important issue involved in the above questions, has the following paragraphs:

When Mayor Swann violated his plighted word to the sheriff to arrest and hold the disturbers of peace until the closing of the polls, he gave vitality, power and an assurance of protection to the hands grasping the pistol, the bludgeon, the knife and the awl—and those who advised, encouraged and volunteered legal opinions to sustain him in this most fatal deed, must share with him the odium and responsibility attached to it. When Acting Mayor McPhail appointed John Hinesley a judge of election, and sanctioned the withdrawal of Sergeant McComas, and every other officer who had shown a disposition to do his duty at the council election, he gave direct encouragement to all the deeds of violence perpetrated on the day of the State election, and is as morally responsible as if he had been a participator in those acts himself. When Marshal Herring allowed a tax for the use of the clubs to be levied on the salary of every man in the police department, which was *deducted* from their pay and handed over to the treasurer of the clubs at the City Hall, his complicity with subsequent violence was too strongly established for excuse or palliation—and when he was aware that houses in the vicinity of nearly every poll were arsenals for use against a large portion of his fellow-citizens, and failed to seize and remove them, the moral responsibility of every act that was perpetrated with them must irresistably attach to him. If Marshal Herring, from whose antecedents no course like this was expected by his fellow-citizens, was *compelled* to give his assent to the compulsory deduction from the pay of the police at the city and State elections, and to take no notice of the warning given him of the concentration of fire-arms at certain places, he owes it to himself and the public under whose order and authority he acted. When Acting Mayor Spicer succumbed to the demands of a delegation of out-laws to re-appoint a judge of election who had been rejected by the city council, he virtually gave them the promise of encouragement to carry out their intentions in all other respects, and when he failed to remove at least one-half of the police force for direct complicity with deeds that led to the maiming and murdering of good citizens, he has cast off the last and only means he had in his power of recovering the position he held in the community prior to his unfortunate accession to the executive chair.

These evidences of the direct complicity and responsibility of the authorities of the city for the sad record of crime perpetrated on the 2d of November, crowd upon us in sickening and sorrowful detail, leaving room for neither doubt, denial nor prevarication. When a U. S. Senator presided at a town meeting surrounded by emblems of intended fraud and violence, without denouncing and condemning them, and when a member of Congress applauded and apologized for deeds perpetrated under "the full flow of freemen's spirits," they recorded their names side by side with those who were ripe for the renewal of the crimes that were thus palliated. When another member of Congress congratulated the assembled mass on the night of the election for the "victory" they had obtained, he endorsed and countenanced, and virtually gave his approval of the desperate and infamous means employed for its accomplishment—and when he attempted to charge the fault of the violence and outrage on the reformers, even his hearers must have felt that truth was being sacrificed on the altar of political ambition. In short, it was in the power of the mayor and authorities of the city, and the leading men of the party, to have met their opponents in a fair and honest contest, and if they had not been aware of the fact that certain defeat would be the result of good order, it cannot be doubted that they would have so exercised their power and influence as to have prevented the violence and bloodshed of the 2d of November.

When the friends of law and order and the advocates of right and justice met in town meeting a short time since to express their views on the "deplorable condition" of Baltimore, they honestly thought that we had reached the lowest possible position that a community could attain in the present age of civilization and progress. They vainly imagined that there was some latent sense of personal responsibility left in the minds of the managers and influential men of the dominant party, that would lead them to an effort to control and check the excesses that had been hitherto practised on their fellow-citizens—that they would at least endeavor to make some show of returning virtue, even if they had it not. Time has, however, shown that they have passed the Rubicon, and that the moderate signification of the word "deplorable" is now changed to that of "degradation" and "infamy."

This downward course had, we thought, reached its culminating point with the closing of the polls on the 2d of November. The bold and daring suppression of the elective franchise, and the shameless acts of the censors of the ballot—the open and defiant complicity of the city authorities with the perpetrators of the grossest acts of violence and outrage: these, with the almost innumerable instances of private injury and public wrong which have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of every honest man who directly or indirectly sustained or countenanced the organization, ought to have been sufficient to check the downward career in which the city has been plunged. But like all other tyrannies its course is to strengthen the few and oppress the many. Having stifled the voice of the ballot, it now proposes to establish a censorship of the press and exert the unhallowed power it has wrested from the people to prevent the expression of any murmurs of dissatisfaction—and in fact to compel us to submit without a whisper of disapprobation as to past wrongs or intended acts of outrage against the personal and civil rights of the community.

Molly and the "Ile of Patch Chewley."

At the boarding house where Dave and his friends "put up," there are a number of servant girls, and it is the idiosynocracy of servant girls, to take their share of toilet articles, such as hair oil, perfumes, &c., while they are rejuvenating the apartments of the boarders. Dave and Robert were very careful of their toilets, and being in a courting way, had been paying extra attention to personal adornment.

They were in the habit of getting a pint of hair oil made up by the druggist at one time; and finally they were in the habit of finding that a pint of this costly hair oil wouldn't last a week, and that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfumes that they did. It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening, when the hair oil cruise was empty, they took the bottle which contained it, and straight they went to the drug store. There was a clerk, and a mixing of various articles in a pint bottle, and the following was marked on the prescription books as the contents:

Of Lac. Asafœtida, which, for the information of our readers, we will state, is a highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug—of this one ounce.

Of Liquor Potasse, (a fluid celebrated for its corrosive power, having the power of taking the hair off a dog in ten seconds,) half an ounce.

Of Balsam Fur, (the stickiest and gummiest article known,) one ounce.

Of honey one ounce.

Of Alcohol, to make the ingredients fluid, half a pint.

This was well "shuck" and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair oil. The next day, (Sunday,) Davé and Bob dressed themselves for church, and after finishing, traveled down stairs. But they came up another way in a few minutes, and secreted themselves in the room adjoining theirs, where they could see everything that went on. After the people of the house had gone, two or three servant girls came into Dave's room.

"Whist, Molly," said a large red-headed one—"Misther Dave has more of the ile, and my hair is as dhry as powdher; let's have a regular fix up wid the folks all away." This was acceded to, and they all went to oiling their locks, being very lavish of the fluid, which was quite thin, in consequence of the alcohol. In a few minutes red-head says:

"Whirra, what smills so?" with her nose turned skyward.

"Sure it's the parfume," interrupted a short and dumpsy specimen, with her hair down her back.

"Parfume, indade," says the red-head—"that's not perfume; it's the rale bad smell."

"Mebby," says the dumpsey, "it's the Patch Chewley. I've ha'ard folks say that Patch Chewley smills dhreadful at fust; a person must get used to the smill before they likes it. Shure it's a perfume used by the quality."

This satisfied red-head, and, after a thorough "iling," they left the room. In about two hours the boarders came home from church.

"Good gracious, what is it? Bless my soul, Mr. G., I shall faint! Oh! my dear, there must be an unclean animal in the room!" and a thousand other expressions were heard, as the boarders got a sniff at the Patch Chewley, when they entered the house. The master and the mistress of the house were puzzled, confounded, indignant, and in vain endeavored to discover the locality of the smell. At dinner time there were not half a dozen boarders at the table, and those that were there were rapidly thinking of backing out, as the three girls who were "iled" were waiting on them.

Finally, dinner was given up, and with doors and windows opened, the inmates alternately froze and suffocated. The day was a dire one to them, but it soon wore away.

At night the three girls attempted to comb their hair. The alcohol had evaporated, leaving the balsam of fir and honey, and they might as well have attempted to comb a bunch of shingles. At the first dash that red-head made, her comb caught, and the influence of the potasse at the roots, the whole mass of the front hair came off red-head's cranium, which she discovered with a yell that would have made a cannibal envious. The same result attended the rest of the hair, with the exception of enough to do up as a scalp lock, to ornament with feathers, in Indian style. The other two girls met the same fate, and about ten o'clock that night they might have been seen wrapping up their lost Patch Chewley locks in pieces of paper. The next morning they were informed by the mistress that she did not desire to employ bald-headed servant girls, and with their "chists" they departed in almost a scalped condition.

The discovery of Dave and Bob's connection with the transaction was not known till lately, but their toilet articles since then have been as sacred from touch as the tomb at Palestine.

☞ The following recipe, says the American Farmer, was kindly furnished at our request, by a lady of Frederick. It is not that by which a premium ham was cured, but one which required neither premium nor other certificate of merit to commend it to our most kind consideration. A Maryland bam, in fact, of the days that are past. A State institution, which the boasted progress of the times has not improved, any more than it has improved upon another State institution, the Maryland Gentleman of the old school. We would not disparage the present times, but we confess to a weakness for many things that belonged to "the good old days"—hams especially:

RECIPE FOR CURING BACON.—For pickling one hundred pounds of Pork, Hams, Beef, &c. Take six gallons of water, nine pounds of salt, mixed, (half and half of course,) three pounds of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, three ounces of saltpetre, and one ounce of potash. Boil and skim it well, and let it stand till entirely cold, then having rubbed your meat with fine salt, pour this brine over it; let it remain six weeks over it; then hang up and smoke.

A HAPPY CONVERT.—A girl out West having professed religion, was so extremely happy, that she was ever afterwards heard singing at the top of her voice that old hymn, "The love of God is coming down," &c. Nothing stopped her from singing this song. One day old Jowler, the house dog, came in while she was singing, and helped himself to a piece of meat that was on the table. Polly, observing the movement of Jowler, continuing her favorite hymn, said:

"If you don't go out I'll knock you down,
Halle, Hallelujah;
You nasty, stinking, lop-eared hound,
O, glory Hallelujah."

CHOICE OF WORDS.—When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew the fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks.

A new sewing machine, to collect rents, and repair family breaches, is much needed.

If corns are hereditary they might properly be called patrimonial achers.

More credit may be lost in a moment than can be gained in years.

Death and fire make no distinctions.

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